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The Poise of a Fraser

A Little Pinkerton Work May Reveal That All Auditors-General Eat Porridge

UP IN a big room in the Eastern block of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa a man is seated before a desk.

There are many men seated at many desks in the Eastern block but this is a small man and before him is a big book in divers volumes. The man is none other than John Fraser, auditor-general of Canada and one of the least imposing, as far as mere physical proportions go, of those who fill the high seats of government service. The book of divers volumes is—no, not a copy of the Domesday Book or the Encyclopaedia Britannica but the annual report of the auditor-general and the biggest and bulkiest bluebook the Printing Bureau ever takes two weeks longer than it should to turn out.

When one, either on business or curiosity bent, eludes the secretary who guards the portal, of the sanctum of the high priest of Canadian government receipts and expenditures and pushes open the green covered door that gives inward to its mysteries one's first impression is that of an excessive tranquillity, a curious aura of quietude that seems to defy rather than invite interruption. The atmosphere of the room breathes a peace not like any other peace and its occupant fairly radiates it! "Here is a man," one's mentality whispers shrewdly, "who has known not worry and been immune to care—one of the fortunate ones whose brain has never had to vex itself with hard material facts or batter against the barrier of stern realities."

But someone is saying something—saying it evenly and unemotionally as though he were not announcing an anomaly, whose very manner of calm statement cries to your sense of the fitness of things as proclaiming the impossible.

"Yes, about \$500,000,000 in accounts passes annually through my hands. Yes—oh yes, I have to check over all of them, just to see they're not excessive or anything, you know," the calm voice informs you. "They're all here in my report. No, that's not all of it: that only goes from Q to Y but possibly you don't want to look over the whole thing just now?"

No, the visitor thinks Q to Y will do. thank you. He's fairly good at ac-

By JOHN MacCORMAC

Two ways at once suggest themselves in which a great financial or audit department might be described to the public. Usually a writer would treat such a subject seriously and would place before the reader the indispensable place occupied in the public service by the Canadian Auditor-General, the character and magnitude of the service, and the restraint it exercises on improvident disbursements of the people's money. The other way, touching the department and its occupants lightly, extracting dry humor from musty accounts, and beguiling the reader away from the edge of saggy monetary muskies to the personal and very human aspect of the subject, is that followed by Mr. MacCormac in his racy and readable sketch. As is obvious, the object of the article is to draw wider attention than is usually given, to one of the most useful agencies in our public service. Very much indeed, of the confidence placed in our various governments is unconsciously based on the fact that the watchdog of the Treasury never sleeps, that not one payment, however small, or however special in character, can be made without the scrutiny of this great office, whose authority is commensurate with the importance of its functions, and whose occupants, happily, have, since its establishment, commanded the merited confidence of Parliament and of the people.—Editor.

counts himself still Q to Y, he considers, will serve his turn. Some day when he is tired of the struggle of life he will start at A to C and when he reaches M to L they will take him away, babbling merrily in his straitjacket, and the country will have to keep him—behind stone walls, with glass on them.

His Coat of Mail

And yet when one has had time to reflect the anomaly ceases to be anomalous and the apparent paradox resolves itself into a simple case of cause and effect. Tranquillity and the checking

over of \$500,000,000 of accounts would scarcely appear synonymous to the average mind but with Mr. John Fraser they have to be—otherwise he would not be auditor-general. No other armor would shield him from destruction beneath the avalanche of facts and figures he has to juggle with every year, take apart and piece together and finally build up into that same monster report you see on the desk before him. It's his mental coat of mail, this tranquillity; when he gets up in the morning he takes it off the end of the bed where he has hung it during the night, puts it on, hooks it up the back, closes the visor and, armed with a magnifying glass and a pruning knife, goes out to cut down what he can, let the chips fall where they may. Or you might consider it as a figurative diving suit, garbed in which he leaps into the ocean of accounts and probes the dark holes of illegal expenditures for ill-gotten gold. Personally, however, we do not favor the latter metaphor; for it has this inherent incongruity that the ocean is undoubtedly very wet while the sort of facts that Mr. Fraser has to deal with are on the contrary very, very dry.

It is in this careful checking over of government expenditures that the true inwardness of the position of auditor-general of Canada lies. No payment of public money may be made without his consent. It is his august prerogative to decide the economic value and necessity for a roller towel or a drydock, a rubber stamp for the Interior Department or a new ship for the Canadian navy. But as with all power, the greater it is the greater the penalty for its misuse. In every case where the auditor-general declines payment on the ground that the money is not justly due or that there is no parliamentary authority for its payment, the Dominion Treasury Board has the right to overrule his objection and order the payment to be made. So far no objections of the present auditor-general have met this fate. When they do—well, it's almost as serious a matter as a vote of want of confidence is to a government. As is only proper with a position of such importance, however, it is one whose occupant may not easily be removed. Only the Governor-General on address from the Senate and the

House of Commons possesses the power to do so and for our own part we would almost cheerfully relinquish any position if the Governor-General, the Senate and the House of Commons wanted to go to all that trouble on our behalf. We could go on the stage with the advertising!

The history of the office is a short one. It was first established in 1878, the late J. Lorn McDougall being appointed on August 1 of that year and superannuated in 1905 when the reins passed into the hands of their present holder, who is assisted by a staff of eighty.

In Intellectual Kilts

Of course Mr. Fraser is a Scotsman and so was Mr. McDougall before him. That goes without saying. They make an Irishman minister of justice and in times past have trusted a Frenchman with a premiership but when it comes to reducing the principles of governorship to actual dollars and cents the position cries aloud for a Scotsman. They say if you scratch an auditor-general in any country in the world you will find a Gael. His name may be Popoff or Herr Wienerwurst or it may even be Ali ben Alkali but that's only an accident of birth; his body may be clad in flowing bloomers but his mind is decked out in intellectual kilts. It's ten to one, too, that a little Pinkerton work on him would bring it to light that he ate porridge in the morning and took no stronger stimulant than Scotch whiskey. Porridge, or to use the technical term, parritch, is the sort of luxurious living they train auditors-general on to give them the proper viewpoint. It's a fine, heartening diet for the sort of work they do and it has the advantage that it doesn't stimulate the brain overmuch. Not, for instance, to the point where the heinousness of the crime involved in paying 11 cents for a totally unauthorized can of string beans would fail to appear in its true light. A definition of the true light would approximate a strong brimstone yellow with lurid touches of fiery purple, for where your Irishman or Frenchman would regard the checking over of expenditures as a business your Scotsman, brought up on the national regimen, approaches it as a religion and with that species of chastened fervor that only oatmeal induces in its votaries. Expenditures containing any suspicion of heterodoxy are promptly burned at the stake.

There are, as stated, two features of the work of the auditor-general's office. One is the auditor-general and the other his report. The latter is a stupendous work. In contemplating it one feels as he feels when he first looks on the mighty face of the Sphinx or gazes over the vast aridity of the Libyan desert. If a visitor from Mars should ask to be shown one of the seven wonders produced by the hand of man they would hand him an auditor-general's report. Similarly if the practice of homeopathy is ever extended to the cure of lunacy one can see in his mind's eye future generations of the mentally unfit becoming sane again



"Expenditures containing any suspicion of heterodoxy are promptly burned at the stake."

over the perusal of A to L, report of auditor-general of Canada for 1909.

It is a wonderful mass of figures, comprising as it does the whole expenditure for the purpose of Canadian government during each year and in its immensity of detail it staggers the ordinary mind. Anyone who has ever—no, not perused—but simply glanced at it cannot fail to be impressed by the bigness of the Big Business of government. When one's eye runs down the columns setting forth how much Churchill, Charles and Company or Jones Brothers are to be credited for supplying the hydrographic surveys with 10 tins of dessicated potatoes and 6 bags of flour or what it costs the country to maintain public buildings in the Province of Alberta and a watchman in a storehouse in a British Columbia drydock—well, one realizes why it is an auditor-general is the nearest approach to omniscience the human race can show.

The Mass of Detail

But there is much information not exclusively of a drily practical nature in this report and it isn't necessary to hit more than a few of the high places to glean it. We are accustomed to think of government as a high and mighty thing (except of course, when we are civil servants when it figures more as an abstraction made real only by the strenuous official efforts of some of its employees whose names modesty forbids us to mention, performed at grossly inadequate pittance). We are accustomed to regard administration, we repeat, as immune from the ordinary hazards that beset the individual unless possibly from the let-not-your-right-hand-know

manipulations of the grafting politician, and yet two whole pages in the auditor-general's report, Division S, Page 118-9, are devoted to a less open form of alienation of receipts, losses from fire and burglary sustained by the Post Office Department. Just \$4,009.57 was lost to Canada under this head in one year and no inconsiderable portion of it was due to dark lantern or second storey methods. It follows almost as a natural consequence, therefore, that the Secret Preventive Service is a head under which a long list of expenditures is cited for everybody knows the old adage about the comparatively cheap ounce of prevention which is so much more effective and adds less to the high cost of living than the pound of cure.

But if the weaknesses of government are mercilessly laid bare in the big blue book of receipts and expenditures its benevolent and even philanthropic aspects are emphasized for all to see. To begin with there is a long list of gratuities credited to nearly every department. Now by gratuities is not meant the expenditure of small sums to grease the itching palm of subserviency, but grants to the wives and families of deceased officials of the civil service. These range from \$500 down in most cases and constitute an expenditure which none but the most unfeeling could well carp at. The hazardous side of government work is emphasized under the head of Compensation for Injuries. The surveyor who makes a misstep and plunges down the steep side of the declivity on whose brink he is working, the Mounted Police constable who staggers into some outlying furtrading post dragging a useless limb which the Frost King has levied tribute on him for, the railway mail clerk who is dragged out, a shattered thing, from beneath the wreckage of a splintered baggage car, all are comprehended, if one but knew it, in the simple statement of names and amounts which seems so devoid of interest as it appears on the printed page.

A nation's mourning for its great King is recalled by some five sheets in the report for 1911 setting forth accounts incurred in connection with the furnishings of trappings of woe for public buildings in every part of Canada. What though it was for a King? It cost Canada something and therefore must appear in the auditor-general's report as inevitably as though monarchs passed with the passing seasons of every year.

Government Philanthropy

Yes, the government is a most philanthropic institution designed chiefly for the uplift of man at any price—Look at the cost of power for the elevators in the public buildings of Ottawa alone last year, 17,081.81. The interesting question here arises whether one, under this head of philanthropy, should also class the various items of expenditure set forth in connection with the upkeep of the Senate, variously referred to by horny handed iconoclasts from the Lower Chamber as a nursing home and mortuary chamber. But perhaps the gentle-

men—no, the honorable gentlemen, for so they are designated in the address from the throne whereas the House of Commons has to be satisfied with the plain, unadorned title in spite of the unfortunate inference that though they are gentlemen they are not honorable ones—of the Upper Chamber might object and maintain that the government was paying for the collective experience embodied within their honorable company and getting it cheap at that, a species of paid-for-what-we-know-not-what-we-do proposition.

But how should one classify, we wonder, another little item listed as Publication of Debates? The natural gas that arises occasionally from the earth's troubled bosom is taken care of under Conservation of Natural Resources but apparently no provision has been made for the preservation under this head of the human output. But hold; possibly the wise men who sit in august council at the head of affairs were satisfied that no provision need be made inasmuch as the supply would be unfailing anyhow.

There are several rather interesting

little things, too, connected with naval expenditures as they appear in the auditor-general's report, as for instance one item which reads: Cab hire, \$29.25. Well, well! It isn't until we peruse items like these we really begin to comprehend the size of some of these big warships. No doubt at the very time of writing there are warships under course of construction in connection with which a taxicab service will have to be provided so that the officers may drive around with sufficient despatch to enable them properly to attend to their duties and possibly the time may yet come when 'motor' bus lines may be the rule on all No. 1 size leviathans.

Air guns might also seem somewhat of an incongruity in connection with a navy yet on Page 11, Section Q, there appears an item to this effect: air rifles, 2 at \$10.22. The account does not state whether this is to make youthful cadets feel more at home or to shoot, possibly, passing seagulls to feed to the dog watch and the bosun's cat. These cadets, by the way, are treated liberally by a paternal government as is apparent

when one reads farther down the page and finds an item of \$112.50 made up of pocket money for cadets, 50 cents per week. It is understood on good authority that they get this even if they don't actually need it.

Canada may treat her Governor-General handsomely but she wants to know what's what in regard to the amounts involved just the same as the almost embarrassing detail in which Rideau Hall accounts are given bears witness. The injurious effects of the Canadian climate on the throat are probably responsible for the need that appears to have arisen for 5 atomizers at \$5.75 or possibly the real cause was instead the natural laryngeal irritation consequent on the welcoming of some hundreds of guests at a State ball. The severity of our temperatures according to British ideas, too, is evidenced by a little account for 108 hot water bottles at \$1 each, presumably to keep the toes of vice-regality warm. But there's a limit to everything and most people will agree it should stop short of prying into the secrets of our first families.

In Bill Hurst's Shack

A Different Code for the Man who Travels in Hendrick's Class

By CLEMENT BANCROFT and MADGE MACBETH

A BITTER-COLD unfriendly wind beat slant-wise through a thick fog as though trying to crush it back to earth; it thrashed against the young saplings and shrubs in its endeavor to strip them of their branches as well as their leaves; it spit in the face of the North Wind as though challenging it to send down ice and snow on this last day of September, when not even the bark of a rifle broke the shrouded stillness of the Big Tongue Lake region, in Northern Ontario.

The hunters retreated before the fierce storm and sought out shack and fire; the hunted crept into what shelter they could find, bowing themselves to the gale.

A man pushed his Peterborough through the creaming waters of the Big Tongue River with difficulty. Although he knelt in the centre of the canoe and paddled with the steady stroke of the expert, a gust of wind frequently flung him broadside to the advance of a froth-capped wave, which beat him back as many yards as he had gained in several moments. The fog was so dense he could hardly see the load of provisions tied in oil-cloth heaped both fore and aft. The bank might have been ten yards, or ten miles away.

The man's figure looked like the torso of a giant, rising from his frail barque. He was bronzed and grizzled, water dripped from his bare head; he was dressed in the rough garb of the northern trapper, even on such a day show-

A story taken from the pigeon-holes of personal reminiscences and recast in story form in collaboration with a friend, into this pleasing bit of fiction, will be found intensely entertaining. An interest always attaches to real occurrences in life, so the many grains of truth in this story, will furnish a bright background for the characters of the plot. Much of the cant and fallacy characteristic of everyday lives of North America's splendid race of people, is here exhibited. Yet the whole truth would be stranger than the fiction.—Editor.

ing an open throat and uncovered forearm. Close inspection would have revealed the fact that his right hand lacked three fingers, none but the thumb and little finger remaining, but his handling of the paddle and the oar was a source of unfailing admiration to the settlers.

The fog closed in until he felt that he was swallowing great chunks of cloth; a sudden gust of wind lifted him high on a wave, then turned him completely round toward Merion which he had left nearly an hour before. Righting the boat at length, he leaned forward straining to pierce the fog for some land or water mark.

"This is the worst ever!" he mut-

tered, yet with the joy of battle in his face. "How I would love to shoot the rapids in such a gale! But if I should capsiz—" he glanced over his shoulder at the bundle in the stern, "we would lose all the papers and the mail!"

Two strong strokes drove him toward the left bank.

"Bill Hurst's shack ought to be along here, somewhere," he continued. "Suppose I'd better take possession for the night. I'll have a chance to go over the mail, then, any way."

Working along a slanting course, the man reached the shore, beached his canoe, and after a few false leads, found the shack. Although deserted a year or more, it was water-tight and fairly clean; it contained a few pans and by good fortune several dry logs. The drenched paddler built a roaring fire before transferring his load from the boat to the shack and gathering more fire wood. Then he spread his outer garments to the blaze and settled himself in scant clothing to dry piecemeal, while he read the week-old papers.

The contents from the glaring headlines "DISAPPEARANCE OF YOUNG WOOD," to "continued on page 12," were absorbing. He smiled grimly as his eyes devoured the closely printed lines—once he laughed outright and the sound was eerie in the rain-beaten cabin. It echoed against the rough beams and filtered through the chinks until it mingled with a fast descending night--

a night which seemed to sit heavily on the lap of the fog. And before it had really died away, another sound burst chokingly through the loneliness above the shrieking of the wind and the clatter of the rain.

The man in the cabin started to his feet. In another moment he was tearing, still half clad, toward his canoe and the river. Arrived there he paused uncertainly, once more straining every faculty to rend the veil which hung between him and the world beyond.

"For God's sake—save me!"

The scream came from the throat of an abandoned soul, staring into the watery eyes of death. It echoed back from the north.

"Rapids!" cursed the man shoving off.

"Hold on," he bellowed, the muscles of his great throat swelling, "Hold on and keep shouting; I'll get you!"

He struck furiously, recklessly into the churning waves. They washed clear over the thwarts and rolled at the bottom of the boat over his bare legs. The rain felt like tiny balls of burning lead, but he pushed on.

"Where are you?" he called. "Shout!"

A wild scream answered him. Another, and yet another ending in a horrible gurgle. Then no more.

By the eddy, the frequent scrape and jar, and the lashing of the canoe, the man knew he had reached the rapids. He could not see the point of the boat; he had no idea where to turn to find the drowning man. He allowed himself to be whirled this way and that, shouting ceaselessly, with no result. Then, something dashed against the canoe in the bow, bumped along the side and finally was flung with stunning force across the stern.

The man loosed his hold of the paddle and fell backwards, clutching blindly. As his fingers closed on the body, he felt the icy water rise above his head and the boat slip away.

His struggles to reach the shore with his limp and heavy burden would fill many pages; his scant-clad body was cut and bruised in dozen places. Blood from a gash on his head spread over his face and disfigured him, horribly. And he sank exhausted on the shore beside the man he had dragged there at the risk of his own life.

As soon as his breath came back, the huge man picked up his burden, and, guided by the red glow of the fire which showed through the open door, he reached Bill Hurst's shack.

He looked long and curiously at the little man writhing in the agony of seasickness; at his neat pepper and salt clothing of latest cut; at his unostentatious but expensive stick pin and his mauve madras shirt. He looked a long time at the small delicate face, ghastly and blotched by turns as spasms of illness gripped him. And he smiled again the grim smile he had worn while reading the newspapers.

Presently, the little man sat up.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly.

"In Bill Hurst's shack," answered the other, turning away and setting about preparing a meal.

"Ah, yes—I remember! The water—ice-cold and deep; the head wind—the rapids—the rocks!" He shuddered. "You must have saved me from that churning hell. Saved me at the risk of your own life. Words are poor mediums of gratitude, Hurst. Believe, however, that Joshua Woods is always your friend."

He rose shakily and extended a soft, blistered hand. The other man had bound his right forearm with a piece of his shirt and he held out his left with a sort of apology.

"You make too much of the service," he said. "I am a powerful swimmer, and I know every inch of the rapids."

"It was a hero's act, just the same, man—a hero's! Had I met you sooner, the accident would never have happened.

Together we could have pushed through to Hendrick's place."

"Hendrick's place? Were you going there?"

"Yes. But for my urgent necessity to see him, I would not have been so foolhardy as to disregard their advice at the station. Although I used to be an expert with the paddle. But you are hurt, man, your face is cut and bleeding!"

"Nothing! Nothing but scratches! If you can collect enough rain water for me to wash in, while I go on with supper, I will be a more presentable object. Smoke?"

"Do you live here, Hurst?" asked Woods presently when they were eating bacon and beans with their fingers and drinking coffee from the tins out of which the beans had been taken.

"Oh no! At least I haven't been here—just here—" he waved a comprehensive hand around—"for many a month. I only came in to-day. But the North country is my home."

"You are a trapper?"

"Oh, I just do whatever comes to hand. Have some more coffee?"

After a short silence, Woods asked, "You know Hendricks, I suppose?"

"Oh yes."

"Pretty well liked around here?"

"I've got nothing against him."

There was another long pause during which Hurst turned his guest's garments and rolled himself a cigarette. Woods fidgeted and began again.

"His wife and daughters don't live with him, do they?"

"They're here part of every year; then they go off to Europe or the watering places or somewhere."

"I wonder if he still cares so much," the stranger mused as though oblivious to the other man's presence. Hurst looked at him curiously and chose to consider the remark addressed to him.

"Cares for them?" he repeated. "I should say he cares more for them than his life, or his soul. Why shouldn't



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"He leaned forward, straining to pierce the fog for some land or watermark."



"The drawn, angry faces of the directors, the easy, almost insolent, manner of the teller."

he?" "Well, I don't know—they're just girls, you see. Now if he had a son—But what's the use? Have you a son? No? I thought not! Then what does any one know about the way a father cares for his son—unless he has one? He'll never understand! He'll laugh at me—maybe he'll curse me—Here, give me another drop of that bottle! My teeth are beginning to chatter!" "It's getting late and there's a train out in the morning, but I haven't seen John Hendricks. Well, 'he broke off suddenly,' why don't you talk? The silence is awful! Yet it is better than that screech of the wind—I tell you, I'll go mad, sitting here doing nothing!" His voice rose to a shrill scream.

"What do you want to do?" asked the other, without emotion.

"I want to see John Hendricks, I tell you! Didn't I come all the way up here as fast as steam would carry me just for that? Didn't I wave them aside at Merion when they told me I couldn't make his place on the River a day like this—and start out just the same? Hurst," his voice broke again, into a kind of hysterical sob, "I've got to see him and I've got to see him quick!"

Bill Hurst lighted another cigarette dispassionately. After he had it going to his satisfaction, he remarked.

"We could probably make it in a day through the bush if the fog lifts!"

"A day! My God man—in another day my son—may be—"

"Dead?" asked the other, calmly.

The father covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"Can't you talk?" he asked presently. "Haven't you a spark of interest in the man you risked your life to save or a germ of curiosity as to what hell has in store for him by keeping him here these awful hours? Haven't you anything to say?"

"We're not much to chatter, in the woods," answered Hurst. "But if you want to talk—go on. Say what's on your mind; I'll listen."

"Did you know that John Hendricks was a criminal, Hurst?"

"Pshaw! We're all that, mostly. Have you lived straight, according to what you think is a Christian life, Mr. Woods?"

The little man bit into his pipe stem.

"We all make mistakes," he muttered.

"Sure, and we're all criminals, too."

"You are right—in a way, Hurst—you are right. But at least I can say that I did not deliberately commit a crime, knowing that I was liable to—"

"Oh, I see what you mean!" The man's eyes were closed at the corners, his lips were drawn down and his voice had an insolent ring. "You mean that you lived 'within the law' so that its tentacles could not reach you; you were probably 'our respected citizen,' and a Church-warden; you underpaid your servants and your workers; you overlooked the proper housing and feeding of them; you squeezed your best friend when it came time to foreclose the mortgage and you likely stinted your family when they might have had plenty. But you would put a costly monument on their graves or found something or even put a window in a church. Sure, you're no criminal, Mr. Woods. You live a Christian life."

"I wasn't introspective—I never looked inside, to see how wrong I was; I just went on," said Woods. "But Hendricks—"

"Well, what of Hendricks?"

"Why, he robbed our bank!"

"And got away with it—or have you come here to arrest him and take him back to justice?"

The irony of the tone jarred, but Woods answered simply,

"This was twenty years ago. I had known him since he was a little bare-foot shaver running around town. He got a job in one of my mills when he was about ten years old, but had some of the fingers of his right hand cut off, then he wasn't much use to us anymore. Later—he was sixteen or so, he came into my office asking for a position in the Bank. We happened to need a boy and took on Hendricks. I was elected to the Senate and did not see him

for ten years. He came into my office again and asked for a raise.

"I've been with the First National ten years, Senator," he said. "Ten monotonous, life-sapping years. I am now teller at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. I am married and have two little girls who, many a time, have not enough to eat and wear. My wife is an invalid and it costs money to be ill, Senator. The doctors are good; they do not press me very hard, but I need more money."

"I answered him then as I would now. Men have no right to marry until they have sufficient incomes. I did not."

"Avoiding his mistakes—and criminality, I judge," suggested Hurst.

"I merely mentioned that to show you that I did not preach what I could not or would not practice."

"So you refused him more money?"

"Yes. And things went on as before for several months. Occasionally, I made a half resolution to institute a salary limit as to marriage in the Bank, such as you have in your Canadian institutions, but other matters drove it from my mind until one morning when I found a letter addressed to the Directors on the Board table. It was from Hendricks asking for a raise. He wanted one hundred dollars a month.

"Some were not adverse to giving it to him. I opposed them. My business training first and foremost urged me to get the best results for the least expenditure of money. I was pretty certain that Hendricks would not leave the Bank if we refused him, and if he did, well, there were other tellers. We sent for him and I told him of our refusal to consider his request. I also told him, he was at liberty to sever his connection with us, if he thought he could do better, and that we wished him well. I remember that he staggered from the room.

"One of his children is not expected to live," said the Vice-President.

"Had I known that I would have offered to help him," I said. "Perhaps even now—"

(Continued on page 142.)

The Half-Open Door

The Poison of Lying Denunciation is Overcome by a Drastic Remedy

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

AS THE market carts began to rumble into Covent Garden, Jack Talbot turned up Wellington Street from the Strand. He had been walking the streets of London all night, since at eight o'clock the evening before he had gone out of Knightsbridge Barracks a broken man. He did not know where he had been; his whole consciousness was shadowed by the one crushing, horrible fact that he was for ever ruined, that all was over for him on earth. He could see now, pictured in the broken sky of the raw London dawn, the icy face of his Colonel, who had stung with cruel words that bit like a steel-lashed whip; the incredulous lifting of the eyebrows that followed his attempt to explain, to justify himself. If his Colonel would not believe him, what chance was there with anyone else? Last night, in Piccadilly (it came to him like a forgotten dream) he had met two men he knew well, and they had cut him dead. In his pocket he carried a letter from the secretary of his club, calling upon him forthwith to send in his resignation. The poison of a lying denunciation had run through the veins of London society like the virus of a snake-bite.

A desperate man, crushed by a bludgeon-blow of fate, is like one hypnotized; his mind is filled with a single idea. Therefore Jack Talbot did not know that he had walked far and fast through the great desert of London, out to leafy Dulwich, and back again in a great curve through unknown southern suburbs of whose very existence he had barely heard, to Waterloo Bridge and the Strand. In Wellington Street, the crushing pressure on his brain relaxed a little, and he came to a consciousness of his surroundings. Flaring gas jets illuminated the flower market. He wandered in, inhaling with an almost childish sense of pleasure the scent of the fresh blossoms. Many eyes followed his tall figure, as he passed in and out among the banks of flowers; market porters winked at one another to indicate a "gent" out for the night; flower-girls, bargaining for their day's stock, stopped to throw a glance of admiration at the "awell," with his pale, set face, his perfectly fitting coat and gloves; his muddy boots and splashed trousers, a strange contrast in the faultless costume.

Jack Talbot passed by unheeding. He walked out into the street, and saw a public-house open, ablaze with light, the swing-doors opening and shutting cease-

A detective case in which the hero is commissioned to find and entrap himself would in itself promise a tale of novel interest. Where the adventure is complicated with love and a question of honor we have a strikingly original and thrilling story. The clever plot and the direct simplicity of the author's style will make this piece of fiction decidedly entertaining for every reader.—Editor.

lessly like valves in an engine. He had never in his life been in such a place. He went in almost without thinking, and walked down a long passage. A man behind the bar pulled back a private bolt, and he entered a thronged room, where a crowd of men were eating, drinking, smoking and talking. He ordered coffee and took a seat in a corner. Close to him two journalists were discussing threadbare politics; three noisy young harristers in evening dress had come in for rum and milk on their way home to the Temple from a dance; the rest were Jew fruit-brokers, a respectable assemblage of night-birds. Talbot sipped his coffee, looked on, and wondered at a sight so new to him. The heavy mill-stones of his brain began anew to revolve, putting to him the same questions that he had been unable to answer during this endless night: "What will you do? How can you stay in London and face it out? Did you ever know a man to live down such a charge? Would it not be better to end it in the river? What will you do? What can you do?"

Stung almost to madness, he jumped up, and went out again into the streets. A clock struck nine. He had sat three hours in the public house. Aimlessly he wandered again about the market, then up to Oxford Street, then back again to Covent Garden. Those terrible questions were beating in his brain, and he had no answer. Suddenly his roving eyes rested on a sign-board that projected from above an office door: "Uriah Heseltine:—Private enquiry agent. Information obtained for divorce, etc. Secrecy guaranteed." He stopped. A maniac suggestion flashed into his mind, the outcome of frenzy. Society had turned upon him, and thrown him from his place; he would retaliate on society. He would be a private enquiry agent; he would make a living, and earn a niche in

the world, by prying into the rottennesses of our social life. He rolled the bitter suggestion on his tongue, and in his diseased condition, with all his wholesome blood turned to gall, it seemed sweet to him. He crossed the road, and mounted a dark, creaking stair to an office on the first floor.

"Mr. Heseltine!" he demanded of a clerk, who was adjusting pieces of paper over his cuffs.

"Have you an appointment? No? What name?"

Some intelligence that seemed for the moment to have usurped the seat of his own, seized Talbot's tongue, and promptly answered for him: "Mr. Terence Osmond."

Next moment he was facing a ferret-eyed man, with a head that bulged above his ears, like a walnut, and the clerk was discreetly closing the door.

"Do you want a spy?" the words came raspingly, as Talbot stood his full six feet two, looking down defiantly at the other, whose ferret-eyes played over him like summer lightning.

The private detective jumped from his chair, and shook a dirty forefinger in the air. "My clerk brought in your name, and said you were a gentleman, Mr. Terence Osmond. If you have any business with me, out with it; but if you're only a swell trying to take a rise out of me after a night out, you've come to the wrong shop. I'm busy!"

"I have business. I offer you my services as a spy, upon your staff. Surely you must have an opening for a man like me—good manners, well dressed, gentlemanly appearance?" Talbot spoke in a tone of perfect commonplace, and the detective, perhaps for the first time in his sordid life, was completely puzzled. He opened his mouth to speak, snapped his lips together, took a quick look up and down the room, glanced out of the dingy windows to the crowds in Wellington Street, then faced his visitor.

"What's your game?" he demanded. "Speak out. You're an officer of course; but what in the name of thunder brings you here? Are you broke, cashiered? Is it cards, women or racing? Who're your references?"

"Oh, references," said Talbot with a deprecating gesture; "I had not thought of them—surely unnecessary in my case. Terence Osmond, my name; lineage of the most ancient in Ireland." He changed his tone and leaned across the leather-topped ink-stained table, fixing the



"Wrenching the knife free, he hurled Porziano across the room."

other's shifty eyes with his own blue one's that burned now with a glint of red, like a bull-dog's in the dark. "I'm broke, ruined; desperate; ready for anything; even to take your ugly body and drop you through the window into the street."

Uriah Heseltine fell back a hurried step, and plumped into his chair. "None of that," he cried sharply. "Sit down and talk sense."

"I have," said Talbot grimly, as he took a chair.

"Look here," broke out the enquiry

agent, after a full minute's pause, "there's a matter—a piece of business—just put into my hands — bah! What folly! How do I know that I can trust you? Yet you are the kind of man I want."

(Continued on page 99.)

Lumber Kings of the Saguenay

The Business Legacy of a Trio of Bachelors to a Nephew from Chile

By W. A. CRAICK

OVERLOOKING the famous gully up which dauntless General Wolfe and his brave followers climbed from the St. Lawrence to the Plains of Abraham, there stands a quaint old house, surrounded by trees and pleasant gardens. From its verandah one can look through an opening in the trees towards the valley of the River and beyond to the high south shore, or better still one may cross the lawn and, descending a short distance by a flight of rude stone steps, come at last to a ledge, whence a closer view may be had of Wolfe's Cove and the steep pathway leading upward. It is all historic ground.

The house, overlooking this notable scene, together with the estate through which the steep ascent was made, bears the dignified name of Wolfesfield. For eighty-five years this property has been in the possession of one of the most prominent families in the Ancient Capital. Within the old house there still lives one of the two surviving children of the second generation. Few families of distinction in Canada can boast so long a tenure of a single place of residence, as this lengthy association of the Quebec family with historic Wolfesfield.

It was in 1828 that the property was bought by a young Englishman, by name, William Price. He had come to Canada several years before, some say to investigate the possibility of obtaining masts for the British navy. At any rate he had settled in Quebec and had gradually built up an export lumber business. In due course he married Miss Janet Stewart, the third daughter of the late Charles G. Stewart, controller of customs, and soon after took his bride to live at Wolfesfield. Fourteen children were born to the couple, seven sons and seven daughters, and all were brought up amid the charming surroundings of the paternal estate.

In the story of the development of Canada, one of the most romantic chapters deals with the operations of the lumbermen. Following the fur traders, who were the pioneers of exploitation, there came the sturdy race of men who penetrated far up the mighty rivers of the country and hewed timber from the virgin forest. Theirs was no delicate task. They struggled hard against the forces of nature in a stern warfare that has no counterpart to-day and bit by bit they drove the fringe of civilization far back into the interior. The day of the lumber kings of the nineteenth century is over and never again on the same scale will there be

For his material the writer of this month's Family Sketch has visited the province of Quebec, where Canada boasts of ancient landmarks and historical wealth. Intimately associated by residence with some very interesting spots, the Price family have a past and a present that stands out distinctively in the business and political spheres of Canadian activity. For three bachelor brothers to found such notable enterprises, and to have them devolve upon the shoulders of three other brothers, sons of one who sought big things in South America, and for the last to be equally as good, if not shrewder in business than the founders—all this is so unique that this sketch more than maintains the high order of the series. A leading family of Ontario will appear in the February issue.—Editor

enacted in the rivers of Eastern Canada those famous logging scenes that form such a picturesque background to the settlement of the country. Lumbering operations of the



WILLIAM PRICE,

Who controls one of the greatest industrial corporations in Canada, is a multi-millionaire and the foremost English-speaking citizen of Quebec City.

present time, extensive though they may seem to be, have lost much of the romance of the older undertakings.

Pioneers of the Saguenay

In the midst of this activity there stand forth conspicuously the figures of William Price and his three sons, David, William and John. They were for many years in the forefront of the Canadian lumber industry, conspicuous by reason of the extent of their operations and the foresight they displayed in laying the foundation of what has since become one of the greatest commercial enterprises in Canada. To them must be given credit for the opening up of the Saguenay Valley and the settlement of large sections of the Province of Quebec. They were men of probity, whose word was as good as their bond, and they lived on terms of friendship with the people who settled around their numerous mills and clearings.

There seems to exist a little uncertainty about the beginning of the Price enterprises. William Price came to Canada in 1810 and shortly after his arrival the War of 1812 broke out. He took a commission in the Quebec Volunteer Artillery and while it is doubtful whether he ever participated in any of the actions of the War, it is known that he was employed on one occasion in carrying despatches from Quebec to Halifax in midwinter, a journey which was accomplished for the most part on snowshoes.

After the War was over, he is said to have entered into a deal with James McGill, the founder of McGill University, and the pair bought land on the St. Margaret River, where lumbering operations were begun. Later he acted as a sort of selling or shipping agent for the pioneer mill owner of the Saguenay, Peter McLeod, buying the product of his mill and sending it across the Atlantic. McLeod died insolvent and, his property being put up for sale by the sheriff, was secured by Mr. Price, who then began to manufacture lumber himself. When his eldest son David grew to manhood, he took him into partnership and the firm became known as William Price & Son.

Meanwhile there were extensive developments. William Price and his agents were active men, who scoured the country and succeeded in annexing not only all the best timber limits on the Saguenay and along the St. Lawrence for many miles, but all the more important water-powers. Looked



HON. DAVID E. PRICE,

A sturdy, aggressive type of man, and born politician, who was a dominating force for many years on the Saguenay.

at in the light of present conditions, the founder of the business was evidently gifted with unusual foresight. He seemed to lose no opportunity of securing what he considered would be of value in years to come and in this he showed himself to be wiser than most of his contemporaries. His policy was continued by his sons with the result that the potentialities of the firm he established are to-day enormous.

It is of course contended at the present time that no one should have been allowed to secure such gigantic slices of the national domain. On all sides are heard complaints that certain interests are waxing wealthy at the expense of the public. But it should not be forgotten that there was a time when governments got down on their knees to such men as William Price and his sons and implored them to undertake development work. They accomplished what the government of that day could not accomplish, the settlement of large sections of the province. Their pay was not regarded at the time as at all excessive and, if to-day what they received has increased greatly in value, that fact should not be reckoned against them.

With all their holdings the firm of William Price and Son was unable to weather the financial storm of the fifties. The company failed during the time of the Crimean War, simply because they could not contend against world-wide disaster. Fortunately the set-back was only temporary and in a short time there was a reorganization and the new firm of Price Bros. & Company emerged. The brothers were David, William and John, a trio of young men of remarkably diverse characters but of decided ability, whose names are still recalled in the corporate title of the big company of to-day.

David Price was the politician of the family. He was a man of rough and ready ways, of sturdy physique, vigorous

and outspoken, who knew everybody on the Saguenay by his or her Christian name, and was as popular as such men usually are. It was natural that such an outstanding personality should take the lead in public life in the settlement which his father had founded, and in 1854 he was returned to the House of Assembly of Upper and Lower Canada for the constituency of Chicoutimi and Tadoussac. He represented Chicoutimi and Saguenay in the Assembly from 1858 to 1864, when he was elected a member of the Legislative Council. At Confederation he was named a member of the Dominion Senate, a rank he retained until his death in 1893.

William, the second of the Price brothers, was the very antithesis of David. He was tall, slight and of delicate constitution, suffering from poor health all his life. This rendered him gentle and retiring in disposition, a person of wide sympathies and one who was universally beloved. He too showed some interest in political affairs and



WILLIAM E. PRICE,

A man of the most genial and lovable disposition, whose memory is still revered among the people of the Saguenay.

for a time represented Chicoutimi in the Quebec Legislature, supporting the government of Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, though he, like all the members of the Price family, was really a Conservative.

John Price represented yet another type of man. While his brothers were principally concerned with the practical end of the lumber business and resided in the main at Chicoutimi, where the firm's operations were centred, he lived in Quebec and took hold of the selling department and the financing and office management of the company's affairs. He was a shrewd business man and to him is due in large measure the development of the Price enterprises to their present dimensions. Like his brothers he was drawn into the political arena, though it is said much against his will, entering the Dominion Senate on his brother's death and retaining his seat

in the Upper Chamber until his own death in 1898.

The three Price brothers are remembered by many people still living, who recall their probity, uprightness and reliability, the generosity of their nature and the kindness of their disposition. Oddly enough not one of the three ever married and there were no sons to whom to bequeath those vast possessions which they had accumulated through the years. David and William are reported to have made wills on the same day, devising each to the other and to John the property of which they should die possessed. William's death occurring first, his share was divided between the two surviving brothers and, when David passed away John became the sole partner.

The Heir Apparent

It now became necessary for the survivor to select an heir to carry on the Price monarchy. His choice fell naturally on the eldest nephew, who had already entered the employ of the firm in a junior position. The heir apparent was the son of Henry Price, a younger brother who had himself enjoyed a rather unusual career. Henry, it appears, had been attracted by the shipbuilding operations carried on by the Gilmours at Wolfe's Cove just below the family residence. In their shipyard he learned the trade of ship's carpenter and then being taken with a wandering spirit, sailed away one day for South America. He landed in Chile, where he spent several years in ranching and development work and became a comparatively wealthy man. Later in life he returned to Canada and settled on a farm in Ontario, whence he ultimately moved to Toronto and there in 1898 succumbed to rheumatism contracted during his South American experiences.



HON. EVAN JOHN PRICE,

The quiet but capable administrator who kept his hand on the lever of the big machine at Quebec. He was a Dominion Senator at his death.



H. E. PRICE,

Painstaking and hard working, he gives large support to his elder brother as Secretary-Treasurer of the Company.

Henry Price was the father of seven children, five sons and two daughters. Two of the sons died in early youth and the remaining three, William, Henry and Arthur, form the present trio of Price Brothers. William, who was born at Palca in Chile on August 30, 1867, probably had little idea as a boy that he would one day come in for the ownership of a great Canadian estate, a circumstance that may have had a good deal to do with the soundness of his management of the property to-day. He was provided with a good education at St. Mark's School, Windsor, England and at Bishops' College, Lennoxville, where he was nicknamed "Chile" Price, on account of his out-of-the-way birthplace. At the age of nineteen he was given a position in the office of his uncle at Quebec where his abilities soon commended him to the favorable notice of John Price.

Few young Canadians have inherited such an estate as that which descended to William Price when his uncle died in 1899. It was wealth in potentiality perhaps rather than in actuality, for had he been compelled to cash in, he might not have been able to realize more than two or three million dollars on the property, but with the expansion of Canada, the gradual reduction of the supply of timber, the development of water powers and the growth of the pulp and paper industry, the cash value of the Price limits is expanding and may soon climb to very large figures.

The present William Price inherited 6,400 square miles of limits in the province of Quebec, and three hundred miles of private lands, made up of something like six French-Canadian seigneuries. This was a total considerably in excess of any other individual or company in the province. It included at least a dozen saw mills located in various sections and there was also the advantage that the business had been long established and ably managed and was in charge of an organization that had been built up during many years.

The Third Generation in Business

Virtually, if not directly, William Price represents the third generation of control in the enterprises associated with the family name. It is usual to find some traces of degeneration by the time a third generation is reached, for rarely does lineal descent exhibit an increasing degree of strength from father to son. Often the second generation undoes the work of the first. Under these circumstances the record of the Prices must be considered exceptional. William Price, grandson of the founder of the business, is perhaps a better man than those who preceded him in the management. He combines in his person all the strong qualities that his uncles displayed individually and under his administration the company has developed remarkably.

When once his own master, William Price reversed at least one item of policy which his uncle had held. Senator Price on more than one occasion had been decidedly outspoken against the proposal to commence the manufacture of pulp. The younger man recognized the possibilities of the pulp business and was not long in harness before he had branched out in this direction. With the assistance of a practical man named Porritt, he established the Price-Porritt Pulp Co. at Rimouski. This was followed soon after by the acquisition of the Jonquiere Pulp Company's mill on the Au Sable River near Chicoutimi, to which was added a plant for the manufacture of paper and cardboard. From this beginning must be traced the construction and operation of the Kenogami Paper Mills, an expansion of the Jonquiere Pulp Co. and one of the finest and largest paper mills in the Dominion.



"Wolfesfield," the old family mansion of the Price's, near Quebec City, situated just above Wolfe's Cove.



A. J. PRICE,

The youngest of the present generation. Assistant Secretary-Treasurer in the Company.

Mr. Price had meanwhile fathered another important movement, the incorporation of the Company, an event which took place in 1904. From being sole partner in the business, he became president of the new company. This change did not involve any appreciable loss of personal control. He to-day holds a large majority of the common stock of the corporation and owns a considerable proportion of the bonds. It is still almost as much a Price enterprise as ever it was. A re-organization of the company in 1910 brought in both the Jonquiere and the Price-Porritt companies, which had up to that time been operated independently.

Reforestation Their Limits

The extent and influence of the Price monarchy of forest, wood and stream to-day may be estimated by a consideration of a few figures. From their big paper mills 50,000 tons of paper are manufactured annually. Their twelve saw and shingle mills produce one hundred million feet board measure each year. They employ an army of 4,800 men, control on contract 250 camps and operate on eleven rivers. Their limits are estimated to contain three thousand million feet of merchantable timber and twenty million cords of pulpwood. At their present rate of cutting, they have a two-hundred year supply of wood in sight, but by conservation methods they aim to reforest their land in thirty or

forty years. Truly this comprises a rich possession for any man to control.

Among the country's captains of industry William Price accordingly takes a prominent position. He is by far the most outstanding personality in the Price connection to-day and one to whom the other members of the family look with admiration. Not only has he achieved much in the directing of the affairs of the company, but he has not spared himself in undertaking onerous work of a public character. Like his uncles he was early drawn into the political arena, running in Rimouski in 1904. He was defeated but in 1908 he captured Quebec West for the Conservatives. Defeated again in the election of 1911, he none the less retained the powerful influence which was his as a supporter of the new government. He became the Conservative boss of Quebec, using the expression in its best sense, and is now employing his opportunities to further the interests of the city.

Appointed shortly after the accession of Mr. Borden to power to the chairmanship of the Quebec Harbor Commission, he has been responsible to a large extent for the important public works that are now being carried on at this port, works the magnitude and importance of which are scarcely as yet realized by the people of Canada. He has set the seal of his approval on these undertakings by investing personally in Quebec real estate and in this way has done much to restore confidence in the ultimate usefulness of this deep-sea port.

In financial circles, Mr. Price takes rank as honorary president of the Union Bank of Canada. He succeeded his uncle on the board of this institution, which then had its office in Quebec, and became its vice-president. When the head office was removed to Winnipeg and it became necessary to choose a Winnipeg



A monument erected by the people of Chicoutimi to the Price family.

man for the position of president, the old connection with Quebec was marked by the election of an honorary president belonging to the latter city. This office was held until recently by the late Hon. John Sharples and on his death Mr. Price was named to fill the vacancy. The Price Company's offices in Quebec are located in the Union Bank Building and there is a close alliance between the two corporations.

Mr. Price's activities are not confined to these but such institutions as the Quebec Board of Trade and the Jeffrey Hale Hospital, and such companies as the Quebec Steamship Company, the Gravel Lumber Company and the Metisse Lumber Company, mark him as a man of wide interests. He is an exceedingly busy individual, working at high tension and accomplishing much in little time.

The Present Price Trio

Associated with him in the business of Price Brothers, Limited, and in responsible positions as secretary-treasurer and assistant secretary-treasurer respectively, are his brothers, Henry and Arthur. Both are talented young men, though they lack the dominating personality of their senior. All three members of the present generation are married and have been blessed with large families. Mrs. William Price was Miss Blanche Smith, a daughter of the late R. H. Smith, former president of the Quebec Bank, and in her maiden days one of the noted belles of Quebec, while Mrs. Harry Price was a Miss Gilmour, a member of the famous lumbering family of that name, whose operations were at one time carried on on an extensive scale above Quebec. Mrs. A. J. Price was Miss Elizabeth Avery of Ottawa, eldest daughter of F. W. Avery, one of the prominent lumbermen of the Ottawa Valley and a director of various big corporations. The three families maintain

fine establishments in the Ancient Capital, and may be said to be the leaders of English society in the city.

It has been mentioned that two of the late William Price's fourteen children are still alive. One of these is Miss Cecilia Price, who resides at Wolfesfield. A woman of fine tastes, her home in the old family mansion contains many treasures, while the extensive grounds give evidence of her appreciation of the beauties of flower and foliage. There is an extensive library in the house and many paintings, with old furniture and relics, which possess considerable historic value.

The other surviving member of the first family is Edward Price who resides in London, England. He was sent across the Atlantic many years ago, by John Price to establish a selling agency for the Price lumber in England and there entered into a partnership with a Mr. Pierce, as lumber brokers. The firm prospered and Mr. Price is reputed to be a very wealthy man. His family consists of three sons and three daughters, of whom two sons are engaged in their father's business and one is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

A Soldier in the Family, Too

Richard Price was the soldier of the family. With Captain Duchesnay he formed one of the companies of the famous 100th Regiment, which was raised to go to the Crimea. On the way out he was taken sick and being landed at Gibraltar died there of fever. Louis Price followed his brother Henry to South America but later returned to Canada and resided quietly in Toronto until his death a short time ago. He has left a son and six daughters.

It would scarcely do to omit, in any account of the Price family a mention of the connection of the Prices with the



HENRY F. PRICE,

Father of the present generation of Price Bros., who led an adventurous life for many years in Chile.



EDWARD J. PRICE,

The sole survivor of the seven sons of the founder of the family in Canada, and a wealthy lumber broker in London, England.

Lakes. A sister of the first Mrs. William Price married William Phillips of Quebec and their daughter became the wife of Lt.-Col. Percy Lake of the 100th Regiment and was the mother of Major-General Sir Percy Lake, K.C.M.G., and his brother R. S. Lake, former M.P. for Qu'Appelle, both well-known names throughout the length of Canada.

The Evidences of Business Talent

The outstanding characteristic of the Prices would seem to be absolute reliability. They have not only been scrupulously honest themselves but have demanded a like honesty from those with whom they have had dealings. As evidenced in the present William Price, this thorough-going aversion to anything that might be characterized as tricky, takes the form of unforgiving hostility towards those who have deceived him. If so strong a man may be said to have any weakness, it has been his openness to accept the word of others without questioning their good faith. Somewhat inclined to be impetuous, he has taken up schemes without due consideration of the reliability of those who have proposed them, with the result that occasionally he has been led into difficulties, which a less unsuspecting man might have avoided.

This characteristic can be illustrated by a story which is told of the late Senator John Price. Senator John, who resided at Wolfesfield, was a regular attendant at the Anglican church at Silvery. Among his fellow-parishioners was a man who once got into some serious straits for money. In his difficulty he bethought himself of the Senator, who had the reputation of being kind-hearted and generous. With some fear and trembling as to his reception, he stated his case.

"How much do you require?" asked Mr. Price.

"I would like to have two hundred dollars, Mr. Price, if it would be convenient to you to lend me such a sum," answered the man.

The Senator promptly made out a cheque for the amount without a single word being said about security. A whole year passed before the borrower was in a position to pay the debt and in the interval not a word was ever uttered about the transaction, though Mr. Price and the debtor saw each other every Sunday at least and, sometimes during the week. The Senator, an honest man himself, believed in the equal honesty of the borrower.

At last the man appeared again before him, stating that he was prepared to pay the two hundred dollars.

"Are you quite sure you can do so without any inconvenience to your family or yourself?" he was asked.

"I don't know about that, Mr. Price," was the reply, "but I intend to pay you now and at once, both principal and interest."

"There is no interest owing me," said the Senator.

"Oh yes there is Mr. Price," maintained the man. "I'm going to pay it along with the principal."

"Then you can give it to the Church, for I won't accept it," retorted the big lumberman, "and I'll add the two hundred dollars to the gift, seeing I must do something to overcome your stubbornness."

In the days when David Price was King of the Saguenay, a like trustfulness was evident in his dealings with the men who worked for the company or sold it supplies and, for that matter, in their transactions with him. A visitor to Chicoutimi was surprised on one occasion to see a farmer come in with a load of hay for the stables. The agriculturist unloaded the hay and drove off without receiving any payment for the produce or anything to indicate that the hay had been purchased by Price Bros. He questioned the man about it, and the fellow opened his eyes. The notion that the Prices would ever doubt his word if he said he had delivered a load of hay to them on a certain day, was beyond his comprehension. If one of the Price



WILLIAM PRICE,
Founder of the family in Canada, a fine type of the old English gentleman.

Bros. ordered anything by word of mouth, it was as good as a written document from anyone else.

Loved by the French

The history of the settlement of the Saguenay River is interwoven with the history of the Price firm. They were the lords and benefactors of the French people who followed their lumber jacks into this hitherto unsettled region. What the relationship was that bound William Price and his sons to these people is exhibited for all the world to see in the granite monument at Chicoutimi that commemorates the kindly deeds of the Father of the Saguenay. When this monument was reared in honor of Wm. Price several years ago, it was a French-Canadian priest who pronounced the warmest eulogy on the lives and character of the men whose memory it perpetuated and it was a throng composed almost entirely of French-Canadians who listened to and applauded his narration.

The monument as it stands to-day contains three stone tablets. One of these bears the coat-of-arms of the Price family. The second commemorates the name of William Price, "Le pere du Saguenay." The third has the following inscription, "Erected by the inhabitants of the counties of Chicoutimi and Saguenay and other sorrowing friends in memory of William Price, M.P.P. Died in Quebec 12th June, 1881, aged 53 years. In life, respected and beloved; in death, lamented." Two years ago the inhabitants of Chicoutimi subscribed money to repair the monument and place an iron railing around it, and a movement is now on foot to add tablets to the memory of David and John Price.

Though Englishmen and members of the Anglican Church, the Prices have always been tolerant of the religion and language of the people among whom they have dwelt. In the days of David and William Price, there was a great display of friendliness between the brothers and the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicoutimi, Dr. Racine. Indeed the three became regular cronies and the two Englishmen were frequent and welcome guests at the Bishop's Palace. Many of the churches on the Saguenay were built by the Prices and in 1874, the brothers donated all the lumber needed for the erection of a large seminary at Chicoutimi to Bishop Racine. When fire and famine threatened to wipe out the settlement, the Prices came nobly to the rescue with provisions and supplies, and it is largely because of their help on this occasion that they are so favorably remembered.

Nor has the family been lacking in military spirit. It has been already stated that William Price, its founder, took part in the defence of the country in 1812, and that Richard Price set forth with the 100th Regiment for the Crimea. The present William Price has also done his share of soldiering. He entered the 8th Royals in 1887 as second lieutenant, and rose to the rank of captain. At the time of the Boer war he assisted in organizing two companies for the Canadian contingent and held open the positions of all his employees who volunteered for service. His brother Arthur actually went to the scene of conflict as a private and served through the campaign with the First Contingent.

He Took King Edward Fishing

As a family all the men-folk have been fond of outdoor life. Fishing has naturally been a favorite pursuit, for the reason that they have had the control of so many fine rivers. When the late King Edward visited Canada in 1860, it was with David Price that he went to the St. Margaret's River for salmon fishing. The present William Price owns a number of fishing preserves and reckons fishing as his special hobby. With his brothers he also enjoys moose-hunting, and to Harry Price belongs the credit for having bagged the finest moose head yet shot in Quebec.

(Continued on page 141.)

How It Feels to Carry Money

Familiarity With the Dollars Does Not Breed Contempt of Fear

By Morley J. Edwards

WHAT WOULD you feel like in a crowd or in a lonely spot with ten thousand dollars in actual cash in your pockets?

"Mighty happy," most of us would be tempted to answer at first thought. "We'd like to have the chance at it."

But would you? In these days of the almost-universal use of the many varieties of negotiable paper few of us are likely to have the experience. One or two incidents, however, led the writer to make rather comprehensive inquiries of a number of people whose occupation necessitates placing themselves quite frequently,—willingly or otherwise, as the case may be,—in the position outlined above. The result is given herewith.

Several weeks ago, for instance, a capable business-looking young woman whose turn at the paying-teller's window of a city bank came just before mine, received in exchange for her cheque a dozen or more fat, rubber-banded rolls of bills and in addition a half-dozen envelopes which presumably contained silver. I was naturally interested, and since I couldn't get near the wicket till she counted those rolls of bills, felt that it wasn't transgressing any of the laws of ethics or good manners to watch her.

The first roll was composed of tens. She counted them crisply and rapidly, and evidently finding the requisite hundred, snapped the rubber band around it again and dropped it carelessly into a rather large leather shopping bag which lay open on the counter before her. Two rolls of fives followed, then four or five rolls of twos, two of which were counted twice, and the counting ended on perhaps half a dozen rolls of ones. The envelopes of silver were tossed without being opened in on top of the bills and the bag snapped shut, while the girl, innately conscious, perhaps, that I had been watching her rather closely, darted one of those sharp, looking-you-over glances at me from a pair of attractive brown eyes, as if to say: "What business is it of yours how much money I carry," as she turned to leave the counter.

With incidentally-awakened interest in her financial operations, not unnaturally my eyes followed her as she left the bank. She carried that innocent-looking bag, not hanging from her arm, as she would probably have done had it contained a new pair of gloves and a yard or two of lace, but held closely under her arm, which was also passed through the loop of the handle. As I continued to follow her through the open doorway, I saw her glance sharply to left and then to right before she started to cross the street. I noticed, too, that her face had taken on a somewhat strained expression.

This world of ours is an intensely interesting place. Perhaps the elements that most contribute to this are the varying human activities, the exciting causes of which are not always manifest on the surface. The larger world that exists where minds roam free of matter, has a great deal to do with the activities of human beings.

The sensations of fear, pleasure or pain are common to all, and the resulting evidences of these on individuals draws our interested attention to our neighbors. This sketch is the result of such an inquiry into the everyday effect of responsibility and fear working out in various human lives. After all men act much alike the world over.—Editor.

"Why, yes," said the teller with a smile, in answer to my friendly query as to the young woman's identity. "She's the confidential clerk of M— Company (mentioning the name of a



— but held closely under her arm, which was also passed through the loop of the handle."

widely-known industrial concern). They pay all their wages, from the heads down, in cash. She's in here regularly about this time every Friday and draws from thirty-five hundred to four thousand." And on further question: "Yes, we have several others who carry money out in about the same way, some more, some less. This is the only woman I know, though, who handles such a large amount of cash.

A few days later, following the newspaper man's instinct for a "story" and by means of some kindly introductions, the writer had the opportunity of a few minutes' conversation with the young woman who does the M— Company's banking.

"Well," she said, laughing a little, when queried as to her sensations when acting as cash-carrier, "I've been doing that work for four years and ought to be getting used to it by this time, but frankly, that quarter of an hour between here and the bank on Fridays is one I dread all week. Thousands of times, I guess, I've reasoned out how there's no danger of anything happening, and yet the bare fact of having that sum of money with me seems to bring on a nervous tension that in spite of me I can't get out from under. Hundreds of times I've fancied people were following me and had hard work to keep from running, even on St. C— street," (a thoroughfare always busy at ordinary hours), "but never yet have I actually had any experience that I could even suspect of being an attempt at trouble. I'm afraid I'm rather unsociable on these days," she went on, "For I don't like to have even my girl friends walk with me. The feeling of fear gets me so hard that I believe I'd even avoid our preacher, if he happened along.

"I've thought a good many times," she continued, after further questioning, "of asking the firm to get someone else to carry that cash or to get me a strong man for an escort, but I don't like to. They trust me so fully I hate to show any dislike for what seems such a simple thing, and I guess I'd be even a little suspicious in an involuntary way, of almost any man in the place, if he knew what I was carrying in that bag."

"I remember you in the bank," she went on again, with another laugh, "and at the time I wondered why you watched me so closely. That day I looked back two or three times to see if by any chance you were after me. That's a sample of the way the strain of the thing comes on one."

Through another bank was located a young man who does the banking for a large printing and publishing house which also pays its wages in cash week-

ly. He was somewhat reticent regarding the matter when first approached but became more freely communicative as the idea went home.

"You'll likely be surprised," his characterization of experiences ran, "when I tell you that I never go out and in the same door twice when I carry that grip full of dough. One week I go out the front door and come in the back and vice versa the next time. I don't think it's fear," he went on. "If I was afraid I'd carry a revolver, which I don't do. But from the moment I leave the bank till I get the cash into the vault yonder, I have a feeling of strain, and I notice that my eyes are mighty alert for any possible source of danger. I'm not particularly stuck on the job but someone has to do it, I suppose, and since it only comes once a week I make the best of it."

This messenger carries his firm's cash in a small grip similar to a physician's kit bag. On being questioned as to how he carried it, he had to stop to think for a moment and then said: "Oh, it goes up under my arm, and I tell you I keep a mighty close grip on it too."

"You read stories," he went on, as an afterthought, "telling how somebody with a coat or a grip full of money accidentally lays them down and goes off without them. The chaps that write those yarns never carried much money"—a very likely statement, by the way. "You don't by long odds forget that kind of stuff you've got with you under such circumstances. I could no more forget my grip when it has our wages' cash in it, than I would forget to go to lunch, or to quit at night."

One would suppose that the express messengers who are day after day held responsible for parcels of specie would become case-hardened, as it were, so that the presence of cash in their care would not bother them to any degree, but such is not the case under actual working conditions. Most of them, indeed, when questioned casually, would under a bold front make light of the responsibility and laugh about it, but if one were to see them alone under actual working conditions their attitude would probably be found to be much different.

A question bearing on the subject of this article was put to one of them, a rough-looking chap by the way, a little time ago.

"You're away off the road," he said, "if you think looking after a little cash works on us. I lock the stuff in the safe and don't think about it again till I have to deliver it. All these stories about express robberies to-day are guff."

This was accompanied by an air of bravado which aroused some suspicion and led to further questioning. More light on the case was given by a mail clerk in the other section of the same car, an older and more dependable-looking man.

"Is that so," he began, with a curious grin, when told of the expressman's story. "George's actions don't bear out his talk. One day a couple of weeks ago we had a big shipment of coin aboard. I knew it without being told for he was strung up like a new man on his

first run and I could see the outline of his 'gun' in his pocket. He swung back his doors and looked up and down the track and around, too, at every stop. He told me that night he was darned glad to have the stuff off his hands."

This testimony, coming from an independent source, seems rather more to be relied upon than the statements of the messenger himself.

A fairly successful drover, who every week makes large shipments of stock into one of our Canadian cities, added still further evidence.

"You're right," he said, when questioned as to carrying large amounts of money. "The farmers seem to like to see straight cash for their cattle better than checks and I've made it a rule to kow tow to 'em in this. So when I drive round every couple of weeks I usually have a good-sized roll with me, sometimes up to three or four thousand. I used to try to brave it out and fight down any quakes but pretty soon I found I felt a good deal better with a revolver in my hip pocket. The last few years I've had one of the boys drive round with me every time I carried that big roll."

"A good many times I've been delayed somewhere and had to come in at nights," the big drover went on, at the suggestion of further questions. "And then's the time it did bother me. You know how you hear and see things in the bush at night? Once when I was pretty well strung up, a young farmer whose voice I knew almost as well as my wife's, called out from the dark at the side of the road, wanting a ride into town, and I was so flustered I pulled my gun and shot into the swamp. For a couple of minutes it was hard to know who was most scared."

An appreciation of the old adage that "familiarity breeds contempt" would seem to apply to the banks' employees who handle money continuously, but inquiry does not by any means bear out the application.

"About as good an illustration of what you speak about as I can think

of," said a manager who has climbed well to the top rung of the ladder, "pops up in connection with my early days in charge of a country branch in a small town in Eastern Ontario. My predecessor there had made arrangements to carry the cash for wages to a mine two or three miles out, every week. It was a rough spot with a lot of loose characters floating around, and one of the juniors had been attacked a year or so before. When the end of the first week came round what do you suppose I had to face? Not one of my staff of three would carry that grip of cash. Two flatly refused, and the other begged so hard that I hated to send him. Finally I settled the matter by going myself, but the funk in those fellows got into me and I remember yet what a time I had to get over that two-mile drive. After that I sent two men until on an exchange I got a plucky chap who was so anxious to make good he volunteered to make the trip himself. He did too—for three or four months—till the once-a-week strain practically broke him down nervously and he quit the bank for good."

"Rather an amusing thing, bearing a good deal on your questions, occurred at another out-of-town branch," volunteered the same manager. "There, as you probably know is usual in towns and villages, two of my juniors slept over the bank. One night both these boys wanted to be away in an adjacent town to a party, and they persuaded the youngest lad, who had just come on the staff a few months before, and lived at home, to occupy their rooms for the night. The lad stayed up reading till about two o'clock, but finally got sleepy in spite of his nervousness and undressed and piled into bed. An hour later he half wakened from a nervous dream and in his semi-conscious condition and in the dim light from the arc lamp on the opposite corner thought he saw a hand on the bottom of the bed. Jerking the 'gun' from where he had carefully placed it

(Continued on page 98.)



"I couldn't get near the wicket until she counted those rolls of bills."

Von Tirpitz—Grand Admiral

An Intimate Sketch of the Man Who Built the German Navy

WHEN the history of Germany's mighty naval development comes to be written one name will stand out in boldest relief—Von Tirpitz. To this giant, fork-bearded sailor-statesman, a magnificent specimen of Teuton physique of the old school, must fall the lion's share of credit for the persistent aggressiveness with which the Fatherland has rushed to front rank as a sea power. He is the real creator of the Kaiser's fleet.

"Tirpitz the Eternal," they call him in Berlin. For nearly fifteen years he has been unbrokenly at the helm. No other German Minister but Bismarck ever survived the vicissitudes of politics so long. Imperial Chancellors have come and gone. War Ministers, Foreign Secretaries, Chancellors of the Exchequer, Home Secretaries, and Postmasters-General have appeared and disappeared by the half-dozen. But the man who designed and launched the Naval Law has gone on for ever—an enduring embodiment of the Fatherland's determined and consistent bid for power at sea. A fulsome "semi-official" book recently off the press, "Kaiser Wilhelm II. and the Navy," acclaims the Supreme War Lord as the architect-in-chief of the German Armada. At the risk of lèse-majesté, I make bold to bestow the laurels where they belong—on Grand-Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, Secretary of State for the Imperial Navy since 1898.

A commoner by birth, with little at his back except indomitable energy, will and ambition, Von Tirpitz has advanced, through sheer force of ability and zeal, from a naval cadetship to the supreme direction of the Empire's sea forces. He is the world's only Minister of Marine who incorporates the rare combination of steamship, executive talent and statesmanship.

Because he is a great politician, report periodically associates Von Tirpitz's name with the Imperial Chancellorship. Germany is not rich in strong men of premiership rank. Von Tirpitz is one of them. His work at the Admiralty may be said to be finished. He has not only hewn the way, but trod it for a decade and a half, and he has bred a school of able subordinates who make the master hand no longer indispensable.

A Von Tirpitz Chancellorship would mean but one thing—a German Government with "full steam ahead" as its naval policy. He is the man who conceived the naval programme. It is he

By FREDERIC W. WILE

The world prominence of the German Navy, which only yesterday was a negligible quantity in Europe's international diplomacy, fingerpoints to one man. That man is the subject of this sketch. He it is also who recently replied to Hon. Winston Churchill's suggestion that the competing nations of Europe take a naval holiday. The article appearing in the February issue will graphically portray why Great Britain and Germany have reached the present mutual understanding, chiefly through the efforts of a German Ambassador.—Editor.

who abetted and promoted the "supplementary" legislation which has raised the Fatherland's Fleet expenditure by steady stages from £6,000,000 in 1898 to £23,000,000 in 1913. His is the astute

diplomacy which has so successfully played upon the passions of people and Parliament for the purpose of incessant naval expansion.

Von Tirpitz's career is an inspiring contradiction of the theory that birth and caste are essential to advancement in German Government service. Born far remote from salt water, at Küstrin-on-Oder, in the Mark of Brandenburg, as the son of a Prussian K.C., there is nothing in his origin to suggest the future admiral and naval statesman. At sixteen, at the end of a gymnasium education, he became a cadet in the modest aggregation of frigates known as the Prussian Navy. Four years later he had won a lieutenantancy, and at twenty-five he had attained the coveted rank of a lieutenant-commander. It was while in this comparatively unimportant position that Von Tirpitz first revealed his amazing capacity for initiative, and his ability to impose his ideas on superior and inferior alike—talents which supply the keynote of his character and which were to prove the foundation of his career. He developed a marvelous habit of thinking and seeing far ahead of comrades afloat and ashore. When he unfolded his ideas he proceeded to win adherents, who found themselves championing Von Tirpitz and his projects with even more enthusiasm than he did himself. He seemed predestined to create and to lead. A practice which rallied around the enthusiastic young officer the keenest minds in the service was his disregard of the ethics of mere seniority and other relics of Prussian militarism and still latent in the budding Imperial Navy. He laid down the principle that merit was the only claim to real seniority, and that any other kind did not count.

In 1891 Von Tirpitz had carved his way to the chiefship of staff at the Kiel station, the headquarters of the Fleet, a position which gave him rich opportunity for his inexhaustible powers of initiative and organization. With far-seeing eye he first turned his attention to the creation and perfection of the torpedo service. The German Fleet's acknowledged strength in that branch of naval warfare is essentially and primarily Von Tirpitz's achievement. It was he who mapped out and mobilized the torpedo-boat division, which, when he took hold of it, consisted of a handful of insignificant mosquito craft. He discovered officers peculiarly adapted to the needs of torpedo tactics,



[Hofphotograph]

E. Bieber, Berlin.

Alfred von Tirpitz

He discovered officers peculiarly adapted to the needs of torpedo tactics,

and by dint of restless example and enthusiasm, welded them into an aggregation of experts who now form the backbone of the Empire's sea-fighting forces. Having founded the torpedo school, Von Tirpitz now dedicated himself to bringing order out of administrative chaos at the Kiel station. He criticized fearlessly and irresistibly. He attacked as archaic the system of co-ordinate authority at the Admiralty in Berlin and the water's edge on the Baltic. It was reserved for him a year and a half later to be elevated to the heights at which he had himself hurled so many vigorous broadsides—the State Secretaryship of the Admiralty at Berlin. He was to be given a chance to prove his theories in practice.

It was a glorious opportunity to fail. There were many ready to trip him. His advance from the quarter-deck to the Cabinet had not left him unscarred by rivals and critics. But Von Tirpitz had acquired the art of succeeding, and so many scalps were dangling at his belt before he had been at the Admiralty two years, that the honor of a vice-admiralship fell to him at the end of that period. He was already known throughout the service by the hardly less flattering unofficial title of "Der Meister" (the master).

Von Tirpitz was already peering sagaciously into the future. Having accomplished the herculean task of administrative reorganization, he began to busy himself with the paramount question of a fleet worthy of the name. Germany's industrial development was in full swing. Her oversea trade and merchant marine were attaining gigantic proportions. Von Tirpitz found the moment propitious for spreading the gospel of a great Navy. Then, in the autumn of 1899, came the historic Bundesrat incident. The seizure of a German mail packet by an English man-of-war was exploited with Napoleonic skill as an ocular demonstration of the constant danger confronting the unprotected German merchant flag. The Naval Law of 1900 was born in Von Tirpitz's brain amid a wave of patriotic fervour which the Bundesrat affair sent rolling across the Fatherland. Its passage earned him the honor of hereditary nobility, the coveted *von*. The launching of the first big battleships under the new Bill, the 13,000-tonners of the Braunschweig class, in 1902, brought him still another distinction, the rank of full admiral. In 1907, after Von Tirpitz had induced the Reichstag, through skilful preparation of public sentiment, to pass the Supplementary Naval Bill, raising the displacement of battleships and battle-cruisers to Dreadnought proportions at the rate of four to six launchings a year, the grateful Supreme War Lord conferred upon his able administrator the Order of the Black Eagle, the highest German reward for distinguished merit.

It would libel Von Tirpitz to stigmatize him as Anglophobe. He is anything but that. He is a profound admirer of everything British. All his children have been educated in England. English naval traditions command his reverential

respect. He has never ceased to hold them up to German sailormen as a model and inspiration. When he designed the Naval Law, he had little idea of entering the lists with Britain as an active competitor. British mistakes—the opportunities offered Germany to catch up with the Mistress of the Seas—gave him his chance. He took it, being a wise man and a statesman, and as often as succeeding events provided fresh opportunities he seized them too.

Manifold and versatile as Von Tirpitz's services have been, they have been pre-eminent on the administrative side. Till he took hold of the Admiralty, German naval conditions were more or less chaotic. They lacked the continuity and system of the Army. The conception of the programme was his first achievement. Then he was confronted with the task of popularizing it and of manipulating public sentiment from time to time, whenever the moment was ripe for extending the ramification of the original project. The triumphs of the Navy League and of the Admiralty Press Bureau—the conversion of the nation to a religious belief in its "bitter need" of sea-power and in its "future on the water" are the triumphs of Von Tirpitz. He may himself disavow them, as he does so persuasively and adroitly from his place in the Reichstag on recurring occasions, but the laurels are his for all that. The pamphlets and Press polemics and periodical campaigns which always precede and accompany German naval increases bear far too plainly the earmarks of a directing genius to be identified with anybody but "Tirpitz the Eternal."

Iron resoluteness is Von Tirpitz's dominating characteristic. It has been the making of him and of the German Fleet. He is the one minister of his imperious master who is not accustomed to yield. He has a will of his own and knows how to enforce it.

It has been my privilege on occasion to discuss Anglo-German naval policy with Von Tirpitz. He is suavity and frankness incarnate. He confesses unreservedly that his idea of German sea-power is that the Fatherland must prepare itself as soon as possible to throw decisive weight into the political scales wherever its vital interests are concerned. If the balance of power is altered to a degree which threatens Germany's capacity to exercise such influence, Von Tirpitz is ready, instantly to demand fresh sacrifices from his countrymen. Specifically, he favors the two-to-three standard as the only goal compatible with German necessities, as far as Great Britain is concerned. He believes religiously in the invincible superiority of German guns—that they will decide the issue to Germany's imperishable glory on the day when the Kaiser's Trafalgar is to be fought and won. He denies Germany's culpability for the ruinous competition in naval armaments. He avers the author of the Dreadnought is alone guilty. He disclaims persuasively the notion that the German Fleet is built for aggression, and he is irrevocably opposed to limiting its development

by agreements of any kind. These are the ideals Von Tirpitz has implanted in his subordinates at the Reichmarineamt. They will live on, long after he evacuates the Secretaryship of State for the Navy, whether for more exalted surroundings in the Wilhelmstrasse or for a life of retirement after eminent national service.

Imperial Germany will be well guided if Von Tirpitz is ever called to the bridge. Sound, sane and sagacious, still young at sixty-three, a fearless, broad-minded patriot, a bluff sailorman in every fibre.

Germany would lose in him a great naval administrator to gain a great Chancellor.

(This is the third of the German Series on Men Around the Kaiser. The first on Ballin appeared in November; the second, on Bebel, in December. The February issue gives a graphic sketch of "Marschall Von Bieberstein, the Giant of the Golden Horn."—Editor.)

Because She Loved It So

By BLISS CARMAN

Within my stone-walled garden
(I see her standing now,
Uplifted in the twilight
With glory on her brow!)

I love to walk at evening,
And watch, when winds are low,
The new moon in the tree-tops,
Because she loved it so!

And there entranced I listen,
While flowers and winds confer,
And all their conversation
Is redolent of her.

I love the trees that guard it,
Upstanding and serene,
So noble, so undaunted,
Because that was her mien.

I love the brook that bounds it,
Because its silver voice
Is like the bubbling laughter
That made her world rejoice.

I love the golden jonquils,
Because she used to say,
If Soul could choose a color
It would be clothed as they.

I love the blue-grey iris,
Because her eyes were blue,
Sea-deep and Heaven-tender
In meaning and in hue.

I love the small wild roses,
Because she used to stand
Adoringly above them,
And bless them with her hand.

These were her boon companions,
But more than all the rest
I love the April lilac,
Because she loved it best.

Soul of undying rapture!
How love's enchantment clings,
With sorcery and fragrance,
About familiar things!

Money-making Fur Animals

How Bank Accounts may be Made by the Man who Buys a Rough Farm

By E. J. MOORE

HAVE YOU got a maple wood-lot on your hundred acres, Mr. Farmer? Or have you by any chance a rocky half-wooded acre or two with a spring creek flowing round one corner of it? Or again, are you by any good fortune the owner of an acre or two of swamp lands where there is or could readily be made a pond big enough for "musk" rats to frisk about in?

If you can honestly say yes to any of these queries, whatever may be your temptation don't ever think of giving up your farm. Don't even yield to tempting offers from representatives of suburban real estate syndicates.

Why? Because the opportunity is coming, and not so far in the future, probably, as the materialization of a good many of the real estate men's dreams and promises, when the above-mentioned features are likely to be worth more to you in downright dollars and cents than you'd ever dream of, when these features, if properly exploited, may possibly bring you in bigger returns than some of the wheat kings of the West are getting to-day from their eight and ten quarter-sections.

"That sounds good but rather inflated," you'll say. "How are you going to do it?"

In fur farming.

A good deal of more or less irresponsible stuff has been written about this fur-farming business during the last year or so and there is certainly room to doubt some of it, but after a good deal of careful investigation and the securing of information from people who know about all there is to be known as yet regarding it, the writer believes that there is room for a development of this new department of farming on the ordinary Canadian farm which shows some prospects of making grain-growing, stock-growing and dairying the least important end of the business, so far as financial returns are concerned.

Foxes Not the Only Fur Animals

You've heard a good deal, probably, about the several Prince Edward Island men who have become millionaires in the past two or three years through the breeding and subsequent financial manipulations in regard to the sale of silver foxes. Leave that aside for the present, at least. The above prophecies are not made on the strength of those facts, undeniable though they are. But are you aware that raccoon, beaver, mink, marten, otter, skunk, muskrat and even common cats are being farmed with good results not only

Fox farming has been much in the investor's eye for some time. The immense profits derived from even a pair of black foxes has served the purpose of calling to the attention of enterprising men the many other similar avenues open to exploration. The writer has studied the situation and offers some suggestions which may be of service. There is an unlimited demand for furs, especially since the North Temperate zone is increasing so fast in population during late years.—Editor.

in Prince Edward Island—they seem to have gone almost wild over the possibilities of the new industry there—not only in the Maritime provinces where the contagion of the thing naturally spread first, but also in Quebec, in Ontario, and even here and there in one or two of the Western Provinces? Now do you see possibilities for your wooded lot or acres of swamp in a year or two?

"Well," you'll be tempted to say, "the thing looks all right at first and a few people are certainly making money out of it, but if it becomes general the supply of furs will be so large the prices will drop and knock the bottom out of it all."

A good many people who didn't know and who couldn't look ahead made the same kind of prophecies about the automobile business a few years ago.

Look for a moment at the following facts: Furs of all kinds are scarcer and higher-priced to-day than ever before. Several things account for this. First,

perhaps, the standard of luxury is raising with the increase in the number of the world's relatively-wealthy people. Fashion has done more than set a seal of approval on furs. She has dictated irrevocably that they must be largely worn, and in consequence the demand has increased enormously. The rapid destruction of the forest regions and the onward march of civilization into formerly uninhabited country, has led to the practical extinction of many species of fur-bearers where they were formerly plentiful.

For instance, the fox which ten years ago was a fairly common animal even in the older-settled farming districts is now rarely seen except in the backwoods regions. Beaver, mink and muskrats were familiarly known to most of us when we were boys in the village and on the farm. How many of the boys of to-day, your own sons, would be able to identify definitely even one of these animals from personal observation? The same thing has gone on to an even greater degree in regard to the more valuable fur bearing animals.

Confronted with this condition of a seriously decreasing supply and the enormously increasing demand, the fur trade has taken steps to remedy matters in several ways. They have utilized the less expensive skins to imitate the high-priced ones. They have diverted the demand to serviceable though less costly furs and again they have largely encouraged the use of furs of domestic animals.

The matter was summed up rather succinctly by one of the Prince Edward Island fox ranch owners the other day. When discussing this very point of the prospects of future over-production and the consequent falling of price he said: "If we came down to a fur basis in Canada right now, we have not enough prime silver fox skins to supply even the New York market for half an hour."

The condition he states will apply, though of course to a somewhat lesser degree, to the less valuable types of skins referred to above.

Some interesting information may be given just at this point relating to one of the facts just stated which incidentally throws light on the point under discussion.

You've heard your wife or daughter, perhaps, after reading one of the departmental store advertisements, speak of a special bargain in a "Hudson Seal" coat at \$250. They probably would regard the coveted garment with considerably less awe if they knew that the "Hudson seal" was nothing more than common muskrat



"A Canadian Mink whose skin when dyed and pulled is sold by the furriers as real sable."

which had gone through a careful process of dyeing and pulling. Giving away a few more of the trade's secrets, you may be surprised to know that several millions of white rabbit skins sent from the American market every year disappear. Eventually, after careful treatment, they turn up again as sable, seal or ermine. Otter, after similar treatment, is sold widely and without difficulty as seal; while hare is disposed of as fox and it is even whispered that particularly skilful fur dealers glue or fasten white hairs in the right proportion in the commoner fox and sable skins and sell these as natural.

Use the Wood-lot

These practices according to the authorities are not all indefensible, though that point is not to be debated here. All these things, however, are tending to produce a very rapidly increasing and what promises to be a permanent demand for not only the more valuable furs, but also, as will be obvious in the light of the above, for the more common pelts. This, coupled with the as well rapidly decreasing supply, is creating a situation in the fur trade that points to only one solution—the domesticating of wild fur-bearing animals. Does this not point directly to the use of your wood lot for a fox ranch, to the rocky acre as a mink-run, and to the swamp as a muskrat farm?

The Prince Edward Island fox breeders have followed the directions outlined in the above facts, with what success we know, though peculiarly the enormous financial returns coming from the fox industry of the island during the past year or so have been produced, not from the sale of pelts—if we are rightly informed, not a single silver fox has been killed within the past three years with a view to the sale of the skin—but by the enormous demand for breeding foxes, with the ultimate sale of the skins kept entirely in the background. A very interesting chapter could be written on this feature of the industry alone.

While present conditions seem to point so strongly to the widespread breeding in captivity in a few years of practically all the animals whose fur is of any material value, it must be confessed that so far at least, leaving the foxes aside again, the industry generally has not advanced very far beyond the experimental stage. However, under present conditions it is rather difficult to pronounce with assurance on what general results have been attained. Naturally, when the men who have gone into fur-farming found they had a good thing and were doing well, they were not likely to shout the matter from the neighboring hill tops. Even those who professed to know something of the new departure of farming were a good deal surprised the other day when a Government report mentioned the fact that there are fifty mink ranches in Canada at the present time. And even the Government's special investigator seemed to be a good deal in the dark as to how far the thing had gone in regard to some of the other ani-

mals. It is easy of explanation that the enterprise has advanced to its present stage with so little publicity. That bids fair to come very soon, indeed has been very evident in regard to some branches of the industry recently.

Fifty Mink Ranches in Canada

Mention was also made of the fact that at least fifty mink ranches are in operation in Canada to-day. Of these it has already been established that this highly-desirable animal can be kept in captivity and its young bred with a large degree of success. What few statements have been secured as to the sale of skins have been most satisfactory and along with these has come the somewhat surprising information that the quality of the ranch-bred pelts is, as a general rule, better than those taken by trappers. When it is known that litters run from two to six, that current market prices for good skins run from \$8 to \$13 apiece, that these prices seem likely to advance rapidly, and that aside from this, every pair of breeders raised can be sold for \$35 to \$40, it will be readily seen that there appears to be mighty good excuse for a good many more than fifty mink farms in Canada.

Another animal of the same family, the marten, seems to promise well under similar treatment, though as yet very little experience has been had with it in Canada. With a litter of from one to five, the members of which, if all goes well, are full grown in six months and are ready to produce their kind in a year, and with a most persistent demand for these pelts there is surely another healthy-looking opportunity here.

Perhaps next to the foxes, otters seem to promise the most satisfactory results in the new industry, though it must be admitted, and the question "why?" cannot be satisfactorily answered, actual trials of domesticating this animal for breeding purposes have not as yet been made public. Those who know its habits however, and have studied its peculiar characteristics are unanimous in agreeing that it should thrive under proper domestic treatment. Ruling prices on a scarce and advancing market for Canadian animals run from \$15 to \$30, or higher. Draw your own conclusions.

Skunk Farming

The idea of skunk-farming at first thought presents rather ludicrous conjectures. In practice, however, the objectionable odor has not seemed to have been at all a troublesome feature. Those who know say these animals, when handled under proper conditions, are less objectionable than the famous millionaire-making foxes. And there seems to be no other serious difficulty in the way of making this animal a commercial enterprise. Good Canadian skunk skins sell readily for \$3.75 to \$4.25, and there appears to be more occasion for an advance than a decline on this price. Recently a skunk farm has been established near Orono in Ontario.

More familiar, probably, than any of the previously-mentioned animals, this

familiarity being occasioned by its interesting habits, is the beaver. And with a steady market offering from \$12 to \$20 for the best skins, it would seem that another opportunity offered itself here for excellent commercial returns on a comparatively small investment. What experiments have been made in attempting to confine this animal in small areas, however, have not been especially encouraging. By reason of its natural habits the beaver seems to require large areas for the satisfactory procuring of food, and apparently the only plan for successful propagation is to let the animal alone in a large preserve, as has been done with such remarkable results in Algonquin Park.

Experiment with the muskrat has been much more satisfactory, and with the large demand for the skins which has come with the popularity of the so-called "Hudson seal," it seems probable that the farming of this animal will be taken up somewhat largely in the near future. The muskrat will, perhaps, be the most easily handled of any of the fur-bearers mentioned, and the original investment required in placing him under control is comparatively small. Beyond the proper fencing of the required swamp or pond area and a small supply of easily-obtained and cheap food, little other attention is said to be necessary. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the prices for muskrat skins are not at all large, running, according to quality, from 55 cents to \$1.25.

One outstanding feature strongly favors the participation of Canadian farmers in the new industry. It is a generally-admitted fact in the fur trade that the colder climates produce a markedly superior quality of fur. Speaking almost without exception, Canadian furs command the highest prices in the world's markets, largely by reason of this fact. Since this is so the opportunity presents itself to our farmers in a way in which it will not come to those further south or to those in Central Europe.

Now for a final word. Kindly don't run away with the idea that the writer is advising every or any Canadian farmer to jump into this business of fur-farming at once and that a fortune will follow immediately. Not a bit of it. If you will look back you will recall that all the prophecies have been of the future. This is something which—like every other department on the farm or in any other business—should only be entered on after a good deal of careful study and some reasonable assurance of the ability to handle it at least intelligently. But it is something that is surely coming and will pay the right kind of farmer mighty good returns to get in on early. This article has been written, primarily, with a view to interesting you in what promises big opportunities for someone. If it has done that it has served a good purpose.

A Conservative Liberal

Blackadar, the Proprietor of a Consistency in Newspaper Ideas

By PETER HOLT

IN a day when salesmanship has become an art and business-getting a science, it is surprising at times to come across instances of an almost total disregard of accepted methods of management. A case in point is that of the Acadian Recorder, a newspaper which has been published continuously in Halifax, Nova Scotia, for the past hundred years. The odd thing about this newspaper is that, while its competitors all over the world are striving to secure subscriptions and advertisements by every possible means, it is content to jog along without making any effort whatever to get or hold a subscriber or to induce merchants to advertise in its columns. Not since the day its first issue saw the light have its proprietors ever solicited either subscriptions or advertisement.

Necessarily there is a personality behind such a paper and a strong-minded personality at that, or else it would long since have cast these old-time notions by the board. The proprietor of the Acadian Recorder, Mr. C. C. Blackadar, holds tenaciously to the principles of management established by his father years ago, when the Blackadar family first came into possession of the property. Though progressive in many respects, he would not consider for one moment relinquishing a tittle of the solid, old-style way of conducting the publication.

Thus, there has been no change for years and years in the form or typographical style of the Recorder. It is still the big blanket sheet that grandfathers and great grandfathers of the present generation used to read half a century and more ago. Despite the almost universal use of type-setting machines in composing newspapers, the Halifax daily is still set entirely by hand, not so much because the proprietor objects to the machines as out of consideration for veteran compositors who would be thrown out of work were linotypes to be introduced.

Some may suppose that nowadays there can be no place for such a staid old-fashioned sheet, which lacks sufficient progressiveness to go out and collect a subscription, never publishes a sensational line, never caters to the sporting element or publishes illustrations or does any one of the thousand things which make a modern newspaper popular. Yet, strange to say, the Acadian Recorder is not published at a loss. It is one of the institutions of the city and the province and among Haligonians and Nova Scotians of the substantial type, not to buy and read the Recorder every day would be to miss an important item in the day's programme.

The Blackadar family came into possession of the paper in 1836, when it was acquired by H. W. Blackadar, Sr. This fine old gentleman conducted the publication until his death in 1863. Its prin-

Following our outline of some months ago, there are appearing in MacLean's Magazine brief, pointed, character sketches of men not prominently before Canadians in all the provinces, but who have become giants in their own spheres of secluded endeavor. There is no more interesting man to Haligonians than the subject of this sketch, and that interest is carried now to many thousands elsewhere. Such a business success might suggest that the scientific business salesmanship of to-day is building a top-heavy superstructure on an insecure foundation.

—Editor.

cipal control then passed into the hands of H. W. Blackadar, Jr., who became in 1874 postmaster of Halifax and still holds that office. In 1869 he was joined in the management by C. C. Blackadar, the present proprietor. He in turn was supported on the retirement of H. W. Blackadar, Jr., by his brother, the late H. D. Blackadar, whose connection with the paper lasted until his death in 1901.

C. C. Blackadar is a gentleman of considerable distinction in Eastern Canada and may be regarded as one of the foremost citizens of Halifax, having many interests in his native city. He is president of the Acadia Fire Insurance Com-



"C. C. Blackadar is a gentleman of considerable distinction."

pany, was formerly a director of the Union Bank of Halifax and since its absorption by the Royal Bank, a member of its advisory board, held office for years as a director of the Halifax Tramway Company, is chairman of the commission in charge of the famous Halifax Public Gardens and is on the boards of numerous charitable and philanthropical institutions. But he is first and foremost a newspaper proprietor, for the management of the Recorder is his chief concern.

Mr. Blackadar is a man of method, whose day's work follows along a well-worn groove. During four or five months of the year he resides at his summer cottage on Bedford Basin, journeying into the city every morning on a suburban train which leaves Bedford at 7.30 o'clock. Summer and winter he is at his office in the Recorder Building by eight o'clock. Though he does not personally engage to any extent in the editorial work, yet he keeps a careful eye on every detail and reads every line of the paper before the press is allowed to start its run.

By four o'clock in the afternoon this man of method has completed his day's work and is ready for that relaxation, which is such a necessary part of his routine. In summer he rows or fishes; in winter he walks, and the sturdy physique of the man bears witness to the benefit of his system. He never reads after dark, which perhaps accounts in some measure for his splendid eye-sight. Though now well on in years, he has never required glasses and enjoys excellent sight.

In the Recorder office, the complete files of the paper, from the first issue, are preserved, a wonderful mine of information on local and national history. Four times have these precious volumes been carried out of burning buildings by friends, for the Recorder has been a prey to the flames that many times. Mr. Blackadar has been besought to bestow the books in some safer place, such as the Archives at Ottawa, but he has refused to do so up to the present time. Now he is said to have expressed his willingness as an ardent liberal to give his files to the country as soon as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the liberal party shall be restored to power.

During the liberal regime, Mr. Blackadar refused a senatorship and later the lieutenant-governorship of the province. He has few ambitions of the sort and is content with his present round of activity. He is, of course, devoted to the cause of liberalism and has fought the battles of his party vigorously in the Recorder. Though loyal to the Dominion, he is one of those easterners who still maintained that from the point of view of the Maritime Provinces, confederation was a mistake.

My Shen Nung Tribute

A Great Chinese Statesman Praises the Unknown God of the Fields

By LI HUNG CHANG

When I sit down and reflect,
And let my mind and my soul tell me of
things so true,
I know that thou,
Most glorious and sublime Shen Nung,
Art the great helper of our people;
The wonderful provider of the world;
The hope of them that have not mines,
Nor great stores, nor forests of hard-
wood.

But all our wealth comes from thee:
All the funds of our banks,
All the strength of the Government,
All the force of our national progress,
All the muscle of our people,
The beauty of our women,
The hard sinews of the workers,
The strong brain of the banker,
The level head of the statesman,
The shrewdness of the diplomat,
The right arm of the Throne.
(There must always be good blood
there.)

We work in the fields:
In the rice,
In the millet,
In the corn,
In the poppy. (The poppy is evil.)
We work in the vegetables,
In the grain,
And all that is good for man.
But 'tis not for their sake alone,
'Tis that by bringing them to fruition
we raise
A Nation,
A People,
The Middle Kingdom!
And when we do this
We are pleasing the Ancestors.
Shen Nung,
You did not teach us mean arts,
You did not show us the way to cheat
our friends,
Our brothers,
Our townsmen,
Our officials,
Even our enemies.
You did not tell us that we should live
by sloth,
Nor smart games,
Nor subterfuge.
Therefore,

The fact that great men in all
nations have wrought our wonder-
ful conceptions of man and his place
in the universe, links together the
whole human race in a brotherhood
totally inexplicable to the agnostic.
The revelations given in a recent
translation of the life of that great
Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang,
will come to most of us as a pleasing
confirmation of our estimate of the
big men of even heathen people.

This Shen Hung tribute glorifies
the God that Provides, peculiarly
and aptly termed the Guardian
Deity of that oldest form of industry
—Agriculture. How well this poem
grips the whole business of farming
and its associated and dependent in-
dustries, will be revealed to the
reader by a careful re-reading of it,
—"The message of ages and ages of
sweet thinking."

Li Hung Chang was a statesman
who will rank among the world's
greatest. His hatred of the English
for introducing the detestable opium
traffic into China may be revealed,
perhaps, in the neat reference in the
poem. Many Canadians will remem-
ber the aged statesman when he
travelled through Canada. These
remember the odd sight of police-
men carrying his Palanquin through
the Exhibition crowds at Toronto.—
Editor.

This day, when I am called to go to the
North,
When vast affairs of state speak to me,
When some might think that I should be
preparing for my journey
I am here saying these things
To Shen Nung.
Even when I was a little boy,
When my father labored,
When my mother scolded,
When there were mean times in the
village,
And I was almost tired of living;
I thought of thee, Shen Nung—

And the green grain thou gavest,
The yellow corn so rich in bread,
The nodding wheat that gives color to
the blood,
The vegetables that give strength to the
bone.

You taught us all these things,
You made them ours,
You made them beautiful, and gave
them to us.
You made our land be fertile, the soil
in which they grew.
Because you smiled, the winds blew fair,
The sweet rain came like drops of glory,
The sunshine did not hurt,
The moon told the crops to keep grow-
ing,
The stars blessed each head of grain,
The dew dropped their blessings
On the corn and the vegetables,
And made them glad,
For the people's sake.
You taught the golden sun to shine,
The night to be cool and refreshing,
The air to be sweet and to soothe,
The trees to hold back the storm,
The grain to bow their heads to meet the
blast.

I see in your art,
Shen Nung,
The message of ages,
And ages of sweet thinking.

I see thy blessings conceived,
Increased and multiplied.
I feel the countless hours of thought
you have given
To make something
So grand and glorious for the world.

You did not sleep,
You did not rest,
You did not tire,
You did not stop,
Until all this
Was ready to be placed upon the head
of man,
For his everlasting blessing.

As though thou hadst spun
The finest silk
And hung it there
A rainbow!

Between Two Thieves

By RICHARD DEHAR

He could not have heard, but he did not give in. . . . He was breathing yet, with his long neck thrown across the charred and floating wreckage of the fallen mainmast when the wild gray dawn broke, and the brig Maggie o' Muirhead and the St. Domingo schooner overhauled the red-hot hulk of 'The British Queen.

The Captain and a trooper were rescued, living, from her mizen channels, the perishing castaways in the boat were saved. Sailors are superstitious. Not being desirous of a mutiny in his fore-castle, the master of the Maggie yielded to the pressure brought to bear by his crew. And they got the bight of a line round Blueberry, and hauled the horse aboard; dosed him, all limp and sprawling—with tincture of ginger—kept by the mate for stomacheic chills—in hot water; doctored his burns with linseed oil—and presently he floundered up on those raw legs of his, and tried to be himself again.

Thenceforth he consorted with the ship's goat until the Maggie reached Lisbon; and, though he bore the scars of that wild night's work all the rest of his life, and the hair, where it grew again upon his flanks, came white in patches, he live to carry his master through the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and die at the long last of cold and famine at the Cavalry Camp on the slopes above Kadikoi.

Said Morty, coming up to a red-headed trooper on the fore-castle-deck of the Maggie: "Look here! I've just found out it was you who saved my life. And I'm obliged to you—tremenjous!—and though all the money I'd got was burned on that dam' ship, my father—Mr. Thompson Jowell—owner—will give you anything you want! See?"

And the speaker, attired in a cast-off pair of trousers of the master's and a pea-jacket lent by the Maggie o' Muirhead's second mate—and wearing a list slipper of the steward's on his right foot, and a half-boot contributed by another philanthropist, on the left one—held out his large hand to his saviour with genuine eagerness.

"Blast your father!" said the red-headed trooper, so suddenly and so savagely that Morty jumped in his odd foot-coverings. "Can he give me back my boy? And do you think—if I'd been let to have a chance o' choosing—I'd ha' put out my hand—knowingly—to save his son? Wait till next time, that's all I ha' got to say!—you wait till next time, that's all!"

And Joshua Horrotian turned his back on the heir of his enemy, and spat over the bulwarks of the fore-castle-deck in loathing, and then a thought occurred

SYNOPSIS

The story has for its main subject the sufferings of the English soldiers in the Crimean War, due to the malpractices of the British Army contractors and the treacherous conduct of the Emperor of the French, who is depicted as having drawn England into war with a view to her defeat and discomfiture.

Hector Dunolasse, the hero of the tale, and the chief tool of the Emperor, in laying his plans, was unaware of the object of the net he himself was engaged in spreading. He is supposed to have perished in the swamps of Southern Russia, but reappears unexpectedly. The present chapter continues the description of a fire on a troopship at sea and the rescue of Joshua Horrotian, a trooper in the army, on his way out to the war, and of Mortimer Jowell, a British officer, son of one of the contractors responsible for the bad forage and stores supplied to the army.

Florence Nightingale, so well known in connection with her hospital work at the Crimea, is the prototype of Ada Merling, whom Dunolasse has met upon two occasions, and for whom he has conceived a strong attachment.

to him that brought his head round again.

His wish had been granted. He had lived to see Jowell's son, half-clad and penniless, with an old boot on one foot and an old shoe on the other—asking—and asking vainly for the hand he had denied.

It was merely an odd chance. That experimental curse of Josh's had had nothing to do with it. And yet—supposing Some One Above had heard—the granting of that ill wish had not spared misfortune to the wisher. The wife and the horse were safe, though; and Corporal and Mrs. Geoghegan were in one of the boats that had been picked up by the St. Domingo schooner. One would do well not to grumble at one's luck, reflected Joshua Horrotian.

LXXX.

The Tsar was right. Men who desire Death very keenly and bitterly, who seek the grim tyrant in his very citadel, find him difficult of access, as a rule.

Something that had been a man came staggering back out of the poisonous swamps of the delta of the Dobrudja, and—more dead than alive—reached the port of Kustendje on the Black Sea, what time Protestant England and Catholic France had allied with the Moslem against Christian Russia; and Lord Dalgan, Commander-in-Chief of the British Force, and H.R.H. the Duke of Bambridge, were being entertained by Sire my Friend, at Paris.

As though the ont-at-elbows refugee, the borrowing adventurer, the temporary occupant of the Presidential arm-chair had never existed, you are to see him Sire my Friend as the Ally of Great Britain, the gracious patron and pro-

ductor of the Sick Man. He had had his will; his plot had blossomed in this gorgeous flower of International War—the Allied Fleets were in the Black Sea.

France was rent with the shouting of trumpets and the screaming of bugles; she quaked with the trampling of cavalry, the ceaseless passing of batteries of artillery, and trains of waggons and ammunition-carts. And day by day his crowded transports steamed for the East from Toulon and Brest and Marseill.

Sire my Friend was pleased, and extremely well contented. In the popular acclamation accorded to H.R.H. the Duke of Bambridge and the Commander of Britannia's Force, their host had had his share. Also, the Empress's Monster Ball at the Elys—given in honor of these distinguished visitors—had come off successfully.

The honored guests of the Empire attended a Review on the Champ de Mars, and inspected the barracks of the famous Regiment of Guides, and dined at the Tuileries in state, and entertained Ministers of the Crown, Foreign Ambassadors, Nobles of the Empire and distinguished Members of the Senate, royally at the British Embassy, and presently—both French and English Commanders-in-Chief with their Staffs having sailed for Constantinople—Sire my Friend could draw unhampered breath. Despite his bout of belonging to the genus of Imper-turbables, his pulses had been unpleasantly weakened by something that had happened. For a moment he had seen the basins that Time and opportunity had hatched out of that egg of his, in danger; he had known the torture bred of long-meditated, almost-consummated vengeance that is about to be foiled. But all was well!—prompt measures had been taken.

Still, it was inconvenient that the man had lived to return. . . .

LXXXI.

The inconvenient thing had happened on the night of the Ball at the Elysée. Sire my Friend had dined early in private with the Empress—and was smoking in his peculiar snuggery at the Tuileries. And with him were the Duke de Morny, Persigny—also elevated to the Peerage—and the Commander-in-Chief of his Eastern Forces, Marshal de St. Arnaud.

He sat and smoked and ruminated, upon this April night of '54, much as he had done upon that November night of '51, when he had received news of the laying of the Channel Cable. There was one now that reached from Marseilles to Constantinople; he could dictate his will by the mouth of his Ambassador to the Sublime Porte without delay or hin-

drance. And the burden of his hidden thought was that his Star had again befriended him. For when the time came to broach the great secret, his followers would believe the master-plan was solely his. There was no one now to start up before him and claim the credit. Months back he had information. . . . Today decisive intelligence had confirmed the report. The officer who had devised the undertaking, the emissary who had been despatched to carry out the indispensable survey and make the secret treaties, was dead.

Dead. . . . Thenceforth Dunoisse's vast capacity for toil, his discretion and silence; his powers of concentration, his geographical, topographical, and scientific knowledge; his consummate powers of arrangement and organization, his command of tongues, were lost to his master at the Tuileries. He was—his great task complete—to have had high military rank and a great guerdon in money. He had been asked to name his price, and he had stipulated for One Million One Hundred and Twenty-Five Thousand Francs. Sire my Friend smiled, knowing this to be the exact amount of a fortune its owner had squandered—remembering who had helped Dunoisse to scatter the glittering treasure to the four winds of the world. He wondered whether Madame de Roux had heard of the death of her old lover? She came to Court but seldom now, and then only to those unimportant functions to which the stars of lesser social magnitude were invited. The violent colors and bizarre fashions of the Second Empire did not suit her style of beauty—only ugly women looked really well in them!—or she was getting a little *passee*—the poor Henriette! She had a new liaison—an intrigue with one of the Generals of the Army of Algeria, recently appointed to the command of the Fourth Division of his Eastern Forces. It was said that she was to accompany Grandguerrier on the campaign. Pleasant for de Roux, who was still at Algiers—very pleasant! The dull eyes of Sire my Friend almost twinkled as this occurred to him. He smiled, caressing the chin-tuft that had become an imperial.

Said de Morny, Duke and Peer of France, gracefully masking a yawn with three long, slim fingers:

"Sire, if Your Majesty has anything amusing to impart to us—and your smile conveys the idea that you have—we entreat you not to withhold it. We are all dull, drowsy, and damnably out of spirits! . . . These imported fogs of Britain have chilled us to the bone!"

His Imperial Majesty exhaled a cloud of smoke, leaning his long thick body back in the well-cushioned corner of an Oriental sofa. Then, barely lifting those sick, faded eyes of his to the face of de Morny, he answered in his drawling, nasal tones:

"Since my smile must be translated into words, it had at that moment occurred to me how consummately foolish our British guests would look, did they know why they were embarking on this Eastern Expedition." He caressed

his high instep with musing approbation. De Morny said:

"Sapristi! I presume they are no more ignorant than ourselves that this is a war without an adequate reason. Monseigneur the Duke of Bambridge, if he be ever to succeed the Earl of Dalgan at the War Office, must see some Active Service—that is undeniable. M. de St. Arnaud requires a dress-rehearsal with volleys of real ball-cartridge, in his role of a Marshal of France. Also, your Army is plethoric—its health requires blood-letting. Beyond these reasons—none that I can see. . . . Unless you, Sire, by personally leading your hosts to battle, intend to follow the glorious example of the Emperor Napoleon the First?"

Sire my Friend detecting a supercilious smile upon the face of the speaker, leaned back, with an exaggerated affectation of indolence, and said deliberately:

"As a fact, my dear fellow, I weary of the achievements of my glorious uncle. I prefer to strike out a line extraordinary—astounding—marvellous—above all, original and new!"

De Morny merely bowed, but the bow was to Sire my Friend superlatively offensive. He rose up, forgetful of his disadvantages of stature, and said, looking round upon the dyed heads of hair and painted elderly faces surmounting the brilliantly laced and bedizened uniforms—and as of habit, assuming his Napoleonic attitude.

"These English are bound to the East to carry out my Mission—to fulfil the destiny presaged by my Fortunate Star. You, my brother, who found it inconvenient to know me when that Star was below the horizon, have since accused me to your confidants of abrogating to myself the credit of success that others helped me to achieve. You taunt me perpetually with the desire to emulate the First Napoleon. Well! I shall show you soon—very soon—some things accomplished that he could not do. I will avenge at one blow the catastrophe of the Moskva, the defeat of Waterloo, and the humiliation of St. Helena. How? Did you ask how? By all means you shall learn!"

He laughed, and that outrageous mirth did such violence to the sense of hearing that even de Morny shuddered, and St. Arnaud made a clicking sound of dismay with his tongue against his teeth. The speaker resumed, looking glassily about him:

"My uncle would have declared war against the nation he designed to crush and conquer. His nephew, wiser than he, will share with her the apple of amity, cut, Borgia-like, with a knife poisoned only on one side! Needed only to further my plan that Russia should pick a quarrel with Turkey. The old question of her authority over the Eastern Christians—the smoldering grudge in the matter of her claim to precedence of admission to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—served me excellently! And I have championed the cause of the Sultan—I take the field against the Northern Power, with England as my Ally!"

He lifted the drooping lids of those

eyes of his, and they were dim and lustre no longer. They blazed with a radiance that was infernal and malign. He said—and the breathless silence of his hearers was intoxicating joy to him:

"And, blinded by that stiff-necked pride of hers, she will walk into a death-trap, planned and devised and perfected by the man she has despised! Russia shall have supremacy over the Danubian Principalities. I may even cede her Constantinople—I am not quite certain. . . . But Great Britain shall be France's footstool and East India her warming-pan!"

He fancied de Morny about to interrupt, and said, turning upon him with a tigerish suavity:

"Proofs—you require proofs! Assuredly, you shall have them. Be good enough to follow me. This way, Messieurs!"

He led the way into a room at the end of the suite, the walls of which were hung with maps, plans and diagrams, and lined with bookshelves and presses; whose tables were loaded with models of public buildings, steam-boilers, and engines of artillery; and where the gilded cornices and moulding were chipped with rifle and revolver bullets, as had been those of the smaller cabinet at the Elysee. Lamps burning under green shades illuminated this place of labor. He took a Bramah key from under the setting of a signet ring he wore, unlocked a press and racked back the sliding doors in their grooves with a gesture of the theatre. The alphabetically-numbered shelves were loaded with papers. He said, indicating these:

"You see there the fruit of three years of unremitting labor, performed in secrecy. To-night there is an end to secrecy. I hardly thought the hour would come so soon!"

He took from a compartment of the shelves two square sheets of yellow, semi-transparent tracing-paper, and turned to face his audience exactly as an actor would have done upon the stage. He was master of the situation—he was making the great disclosure just as he had mentally rehearsed it. Not for nothing had he trusted in his Destiny and his Star.

"The sealed orders you, M. de St. Arnaud, were to have received from me upon your departure for Marseilles tomorrow," he said, addressing the Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Army, "would have made you sole participator in my secret. Yet I feel no hesitation or reluctance at enlarging the circle of my confidence," he added, as he encountered the satirically-smiling glance of de Morny. "To betray me would be an act of madness. For—insignificant as I may appear—I am the Empire! Remember that Messieurs!"

He delicately laid one of the semi-transparent, crackling papers upon the lamp-illuminated Russia leather surface of a writing-table near him. A pencil tracing of just such a map of Eastern Europe as was habitually in use at his Ministry of War, and in his Military Institutes—only that the tracing was en-

(Continued on page 113.)

The Rise of McCurdy M.P.

The Causes that Poured Oil on the Flames of a Youth's Ambition

By JAMES GRANVILLE FLEMING

JUST A TRIFLE over twelve years ago, a well-set-up and energetic-looking young man rented a small room in the Metropole Building in Halifax and employed a sign-writer to inscribe the name, F. B. McCurdy & Co., on the door. The Company part of the inscription was merely attached for the sake of style, the young man being his own partner.

Every morning after the banks were opened, McCurdy & Co. would sally forth, lock the door and make a round of these financial institutions. His purpose was to buy and sell exchange, a little service which was appreciated by the bankers. When he had finished his traffic, he would return to the room in the Metropole Building and enter up the transactions in his ledger.

In this humble way was laid the foundation of what has since grown into one of the most spectacular financial edifices in Canada. A dozen years have been sufficient for this young Napoleon of finance, Fleming Blanchard McCurdy, to achieve material prosperity, win political renown and pass from the role of dealer

The average Canadian knows of the subject of this sketch only as the man who defeated Hon. W. S. Fielding, the Finance Minister, in the late Federal Government of Sir Wilfred Laurier.

The microscope of cold, critical analysis has been applied by a discerning journalist whose conclusions and findings will give to the reader, not so much a proper estimate of the man McCurdy, as an intellectual dissection of temperament and native genius.—Editor.



The Parliamentarian who has made a million in a few short years.

in exchange into that of the head of a powerful brokerage house with widespread interests and connections.

The career of F. B. McCurdy recalls to a certain extent that of another easterner by the name of Max Aitken. There is a good deal of similarity in the story of the way in which these two young men gained their supremacy in the world of finance. Both took advantage of opportunities to acquire power through the engineering of mergers and the floating of combines. But whereas Sir Max Aitken soon left the scene of his earlier successes and sought fresh conquests in a larger field, F. B. McCurdy has limited his operations very largely to the exploitation of Nova Scotia enterprises.

Like so many men of note he was born on a farm and in sufficiently humble circumstances to render his rise all the more notable. The parental estate was located near the town of Truro. He obtained such education as his father could give him in the village school at Clifton, and then in 1890, at the age of fifteen years, enter-

ed the employ of the Halifax Banking Company, accepting a junior clerkship in the Truro branch. Strange to say the bank manager who employed him and gave him his first instruction in banking, is to-day one of his own employees in Halifax.

From Truro, young McCurdy was moved in due course to the head office in Halifax, where he attracted the attention of Mr. H. N. Wallace, the cashier, or, as it is now called, the manager, who appointed him his secretary. Mr. McCurdy was at that time a typical, sport-loving bank clerk. Gifted with a strong physique and inspired with a determination to excel in any game he undertook to play, he soon made a name for himself in sporting circles. As an oarsman, a canoeist, a hockeyist and a football player, he became highly proficient.

Those who are watching him play the game of finance to-day find a close resemblance between his methods now and his tactics on the foot-ball field. Determined, fearless, hard as nails, he used to be a dangerous opponent and in many a stiff contest, he would drive through the enemies line by sheer brute force, and carry the ball down the field. He was for some years a star forward player on the celebrated Halifax Wanderers team.

An Index of His Courage

His determination not to let any obstacles deter him in the accomplishment of a design had its illustrations even in those days. The story is told that he once went out with some friends to spend Sunday on the Arm, a noted summer playground near Halifax. The afternoon was passed on the water, engaging in a number of aquatic contests of one sort or another, in which he proved to be extremely adept. When evening came he announced his intention of going across the Arm to church. Some one dared him to paddle over standing up in his canoe. He accepted the challenge and set out, all arrayed in his best clothes. When half way over, despite his most skilful handling, the canoe capsized throwing him into the water. He righted it as best he could, clambered in and returned to shore, where he coolly proceeded to change his clothes. When he was dressed once more, instead of settling down to spend the evening where he was, he started out for the second time and succeeded in making the passage. It is this element of never-give-in in his character that has contributed so much to his success in after-life.

It was in his banking days that he struck up a friendship with a young law student by the name of John R. Macleod, who boarded in the same house. Macleod was a quiet, methodical, dreamy sort of chap, who thought a good deal and was addicted to figuring plans for the future. The two men compared notes, discussed their ambitions together and generally helped each other along. They were the natural complements, one of the other,—McCurdy, aggressive, dominant and strong-willed; Macleod, cautious, calculating and resourceful.

The pair must have had many conversations over their prospects. They were able with their keen young wits to size up a situation which up till then had escaped the attention of the conservative old financial institutions of the Eastern provinces. This was the absence of almost all effort to get the monied classes to invest their funds in local enterprises. McCurdy, through his acquaintance with the affairs of the Halifax Banking Company, knew that there was plenty of money awaiting the man, who could present attractive investments in an up-to-date way to the people. Nova Scotians were generally speaking well-to-do folk, who, instead of investing in their own province, were sending their money to the West and sinking it in mines and real estate.

The Germinal Idea Grows

From this germinal idea, there grew the plan for the business of F. B. McCurdy & Co. Mr. Wallace viewed the project sympathetically and promised such support as he could give. The ex-secretary had saved up a few thousand dollars during his banking career and with this modest capital and in the way already mentioned, he branched out in the early part of 1901.

From selling exchange, Mr. McCurdy soon expanded his activities into a general brokerage business and the little office in the Metropole Building presently became the scene of considerable life and movement. It must be remembered that at this time, business in Halifax was done on extremely conservative lines. There were one or two houses dealing in stocks and bonds but such a thing as a leased wire was unknown. Likewise marginal trading was a proposition that received little or no attention.

McCurdy sprang both these novelties on the public with great success. He acquired a private wire to Montreal and through sub-leasing it to brokers in Sherbrooke and St. John, reduced the heavy rental considerably. He appointed an agent in Montreal to handle his orders on the exchange and set to work to cultivate business in Halifax. For a time the startled Haligonians were inclined to think he was running a bucket-shop, and indeed some steps were taken by the authorities to stop his operations, but it was soon demonstrated that he was carrying on a perfectly legal enterprise.

Then this progressive young man made another innovation. He started the peddling of stocks and bonds through the country. Hitherto people who wanted to invest had to go to the brokers to do so. No effort was made to practice the arts of salesmanship on them or to cultivate the great untilled field of hoarded savings. First one salesman was employed and then another until quite a large selling force was at work. A selling system was built up, which has proved it usefulness in the case of numerous flotations.

But buying and selling stocks for other people, no matter how vigorously it may be prosecuted, is but a slow road to

wealth. Other resources must be tapped. It is not unlikely that Mr. McCurdy made his first important haul through the reorganization of the Stanfield woolen industry in Truro, early in 1906. Under the skilful management of the Stanfield brothers, the business was expanding rapidly and a flotation of new stock to finance its enlargement looked like a good thing. McCurdy, Macleod and the two Stanfields, all young men, formed a quartette typical of the new and progressive spirit, which was beginning to leaven maritime enterprises. Macleod promoted the deal, McCurdy underwrote the new issue of stock, and the Stanfields stood by the undertaking. When it came time to interest the public in the proposition, the McCurdy firm ran an excursion to Truro, entertained a large party of people at the mill and ultimately succeeded in disposing of one on the most successful industrial offerings in Canada.

From this time onward the firm of McCurdy & Co. became identified with most of the new stock flotations and company promotions in Eastern Canada. Apart from the Trinidad Consolidated Telephones which was launched in 1909, with a paid-up capital of \$420,000, the bulk of these offerings were made during 1911 and 1912. Most important of all and undoubtedly the one deal in which Mr. McCurdy profited most, was the flotation of the Maritime Telephone & Telegraph Company's securities. This company was started in a modest way about six years ago and gradually absorbed a number of the smaller independent companies in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Then in 1911, Mr. McCurdy and his associates got after the Nova Scotia Telephone Company and by making a clever deal, secured possession of this company as well. Stock and bonds to the value of \$2,680,000 have subsequently been sold and in the transaction, Mr. McCurdy is said to have made over a quarter of a million dollars.

Expanding Enterprise

The same year witnessed the establishment of the Nova Scotia Car Works, in the foundation of which the young Napoleon of finance again played a leading part. The new company, which he promoted, acquired the business of the Sillicker Car Co. and has since developed it to large proportions. Between two and three million dollars was involved in this deal. Scarcely had the Car Works proposition been concluded than the energetic promoter proceeded to acquire and re-organize the Hewson Woolen Mills in Amherst. A new company, known as the Hewson Pure Wool Textiles, Limited, was formed and stock and bonds to the value of \$1,100,000 were disposed of.

June of 1912 witnessed the Nova Scotia Clay Works flotation. This is a smaller industry, but a prosperous one, involving a capitalization of \$600,000. Two months later the North Atlantic Fisheries, with a paid-up capital of a million dollars, was launched, concluding a lengthy list of successful enterprises.



Mr. McCurdy's office in Halifax. He owns the block, and has lately enlarged his quarters.

Mr. McCurdy had also become interested privately in a pulp industry on the Mersey River, which is now controlled entirely by Macleod and himself, under the name of the Macleod Pulp Company, so that his association with the development of industry in Nova Scotia has been far-reaching and varied.

There are two other incidents in Mr. McCurdy's career as a financier that possess no small interest. It was largely owing to his astuteness that the effort of Sir Rodolphe Forget and his associates to acquire control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company in the spring of 1910 failed. He acted for the president and directors of the Company in the purchase of the stock that continued the latter in control, outwitting the Montreal financier.

Then more recently he became involved in a struggle for the control of the Halifax Tramway Company with Mr. E. A. Robert of Montreal. He and Mr. Macleod had in view the development of power on the Mersey River, while Mr. Robert and Sir Frederick Borden aimed to bring in power from the Gaspereaux River. Mr. McCurdy eventually secured a large block of stock, but, when neither party was able to make a further move, he consented to sell out to Mr. Robert, who is now in possession. The subsequent effort of the Montreal financier to get legislation passed which would enable him to proceed with development work on the Gaspereaux, has been temporarily foiled, largely, it is believed,

through the veiled opposition of the McCurdy forces.

Contemporaneously with the consummation of these deals, there occurred an expansion in the equipment and personnel of the McCurdy firm, which had its visible sign in the recent acquisition of the old Union Bank Building on Hollis Street, Halifax, in which the head office of the Company is now luxuriously accommodated. These offices are probably the finest brokerage offices in Canada, being spacious and handsomely appointed. They are within a few feet of the Metropole Building in which Mr. McCurdy started business twelve years ago, and are an indication in stone and mortar of the rapidity with which he has come to the front.

The firm itself has expanded from a one-man company, into an organization controlled by five progressive young financiers. Mr. McCurdy first took into partnership, Mr. R. H. Metzler. Later he induced John R. Macleod to leave his lone furrow and cast in his fortune with his old-time friend. Then Mr. Bowser, a one-time banker, was admitted and more recently Mr. K. R. Schofield of Montreal was taken in, to act as the Company's floor member on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Offices were opened from time to time in Montreal, Sydney, Ottawa, St. John, N. B., St. John's, Nfld., Sherbrooke, Kingston and Charlottetown, until to-day the McCurdy organization is all-powerful in Eastern Canada.

As a Politician

Apart from his extraordinary success as a financier, the chief source of popular interest in Mr. McCurdy's career rests with his achievements as a politician. He will long be remembered as the man who defeated the Hon. W. S. Fielding in the seemingly impregnable liberal stronghold of Queen's-Shelburne in September, 1911. How he came to take his stand as a candidate for election is probably known only to himself. Some would have it that he was persuaded to make the attempt by his partner, Macleod, who was high up in the counsels of the conservative party. Others imagine that he offered himself at the solicitation of Mr. Borden himself. However, it may have been, he contested the riding with the same thoroughness and indomitable persistency, which he threw into every struggle he had ever entered upon, and came through victorious. There are stories of all sorts about this election, but when all is said and done, there can be little doubt that he owed his success to the most complete business organization that was ever installed in a Nova Scotia constituency.

In the case of many men, situated as was Mr. McCurdy, entry into Parliament would be simply a farce. He had won a strong liberal seat for the conservatives, had derived no inconsiderable fame from the feat; and might be expected to shirk his duties at Ottawa as much as he liked. But, however, much of a sacrifice was involved, the new member was not the kind to take advantage of his wealth and prestige. He threw himself as vigorously into the discharge of his Parliamentary duties as he had into those games of football and those financial deals, which have been already described. He installed a telephone between his desk in the room in the Parliament Buildings set apart for the use of the Conservative members from Nova Scotia, and the office of the firm in Ottawa, and, while attending closely to the proceedings of the House or of its committees, contrived to maintain constantly direct communication with his various offices. He employed a secretary and spent such time as he could snatch from Parliamentary affairs in dictating correspondence about his own business. In this way, he solved a problem, which other less energetic men would have found insoluble.

The member for Queen's-Shelburne has spoken on several occasions in the House, particularly in connection with the Bank Act, when his contribution to the debate was regarded as of considerable weight. He is as yet only a tyro, but gives promise of becoming a strong speaker. Already there is improvement in his delivery. He gives evidence of being a clear thinker and speaks in a calm and collective manner that conveys a good impression.

It would be interesting to speculate as to his future as a politician. What his ambitions are in this direction, or even whether he has any ambitions, are known only to himself. He has not taken any of his friends into his confidence. That he would make an able administrator is be-

yond question, but there is always a doubt in these days of popular disapproval of modern capitalistic methods, whether one who has been so prominently identified with company promotion could ever hope to gain sufficient support to take a leading place in government. In Nova Scotia there are no doubt many conservatives who would gladly welcome him as a leader, and he certainly possesses the means to gratify any ambitions of the sort.

The Man of Business

First, last and always a man of business, Mr. McCurdy seeks to deceive no one as to his intentions. His aim and purpose has been to make money and all his movements have been calculated to further this end. A glance at his face, round and good-humored though it be, is sufficient to discover that inscrutable look that has puzzled many a negotiator. An excellent hand at a game of poker; would this same F. B. McCurdy make, if he were inclined to play. In sheer desperation at his immobility, an opponent would be compelled to throw his cards on the table. This capacity of drawing the other fellow out has been one of his most powerful assets.

Cold-blooded, too, is this man of high finance. Witness the story that is told of his share in the extinction of the Empire Trust Company of Halifax. This institution was founded some years ago by a number of local capitalists, who succeeded by slow degrees in erecting it into a fairly prosperous business. Whether Mr. McCurdy premeditated its doom or not, he gradually acquired sufficient stock to qualify him for a directorship. Once seated at the board, he suggested an increase of capital and offered to purchase all the new shares which would not be taken up by the shareholders. The directors agreed. New stock was issued, and when it came time to cast up accounts, the financier was in control of a majority of the stock. He then, neglecting all sentiment, coolly turned over the Company to its older rival, the Eastern Trust Company, of which he is now a director and a heavy stockholder.

There are other highly useful qualities in the McCurdy composition. He is a man of almost painful thoroughness, with a memory like the day of doom. Woe to the employee who forgets to perform even the most trivial commission. He may not remember everything at once, but the hour always comes when each order is recalled. His day's work is mapped out with exactitude. He never wastes a minute in useless conversation. It is business all the time.

When he travels abroad he keeps in constant touch by wire or letter with his office in Halifax. There is no cutting adrift entirely from business affairs when he departs on a so-called holiday. It may be announced in the social column that he and Mrs. McCurdy (who by the way was a daughter of the late Hon. B. F. Pearson), are motoring in Europe, but those who know him best, add, "And I bet he's earning his salary, too."

The Qualities That Count

He has a quick eye for mistakes, and should all other employment fail, would make a capable proofreader. Time and again, he has sent to the office a clipping from some newspaper containing the firm's financial letter, in which he has marked the errors. He scans proof with the experienced eye of a printer, notes the typographical arrangement, the make-up and the alignment and always wants the work done just so.

With all this concentration and strenuous application, a man must needs possess a strong physique and thanks to his training in earlier years, he is able to endure a good deal of hard work. Standing about five feet, nine inches in height, he is of stocky build and weighs two hundred pounds. He has almost entirely forsaken athletics for business and except for a little tennis now and then at his summer home across the Arm, the only exercise he gets is in motoring. Occasionally in company with some business associates he goes fishing or shooting, but these expeditions are becoming rarer.

He is a man, who while extremely well posted on a great variety of subjects, seemingly reads very little. He usually leaves his office between six and seven, and often carries a bundle of newspapers and financial journals with him, but when he finds time to read them is a mystery. He and Mrs. McCurdy entertain a great deal and seldom an evening passes but there is company in the house. Possibly most of his information is derived from conversation, for he always shows himself willing to listen to anyone who has something worth while to say. He has a ready pen and up to within a few years ago, himself wrote the financial letter, which appears weekly in the Halifax Chronicle and other Maritime newspapers under the firm name. He began to write for the financial column of the Chronicle when he was a bank clerk.

As yet Mr. McCurdy has not signalized himself as being particularly public-spirited, in the sense of being one who has sought to make himself conspicuous by large donations to charities or public causes. All this may come later on. It is said that when he was first approached to contribute to the campaign for the expansion of Dalhousie University, he met the solicitor with the query: "What have I got to do with higher education? I never had any. Go to those who have profited by it." This was, of course, simply a bluff. He did contribute to the fund, offering to give the sum of \$25,000, if the campaign was for \$800,000 and less in proportion. As the figure aimed at was only \$400,000, his gift amounted to \$12,500.

Interested in all movements that tend towards the development of his native province, Mr. McCurdy agreed last January to become president of the Halifax Board of Trade, a position in which he is able to wield no small influence. This, coupled with his seat in Parliament and

his close alliance with the Premier, gives him a strong hold on the fortunes of Nova Scotia. He is still young in years, is blessed with a robust constitution, and may be expected to do things in the future that will make him even more conspicuous among Canadian financiers.

Education for Education

What is needed more than anything else, says, Lord High Chancellor Haldane of Great Britain, is a campaign of "Education for Education." On the surface it is true, that very few signs in England of that almost passionate faith and interest in education, which animates Germany, United States and Switzerland. No small number of the English of the upper classes still appear not to have outgrown the suspicion that education is something dangerous and ensnaring, and unsettles people and makes them too independent, and gives them ideas above their station.

There is nothing in England like the demand in Germany for a specially equipped student. Manufacturers and commercial England is nearer three decades than one behind both Germany and the United States, in its recognition of the value, and its provision of the apparatus of scientific instruction and research. It is doubtful indeed, whether in any of the great industrial countries the educational system is so divorced from, and of so little use to the nation's business. Instances abound where important manufactures have been wrested from England because their rivals have adopted more scientific methods.

An Education Bill in the British Parliament almost always resolves itself into a battle, not between educational experts, but between rival sets of theologians, each anxious to preserve the special interest on some particular denomination and each of them, to that extent oblivious of the national aspects of the question as a whole.

But England is getting better. The realization of the vitiating blot on the system of education is the lack of sequence. It was an appalling fact that when Lord Haldane went to the War Office something like 13 per cent. of the recruits, although they had been taught in the elementary schools, could neither read nor write, having forgotten what they had learnt owing to there being no continuation schools. But what Great Britain is, and may be, is involved in the question of Education. The peril of ignorance, of slipshod ways of thinking and acting, and the depressing average of intelligence, is the real peril that confronts England. The crisis will be averted only by approaching it in the spirit in which Germany grappled with the problems of her resurrection. In Education lies the great future of Great Britain.

Spanish Gold

A Story of a Search in Ireland for Hidden Spanish Treasure Where the Quaintest of Humor Pervades a Pleasing Romance

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

"It's all right. You won't be made a fool of. Higginbotham will respect you all the more for being an expert. He's just the sort of man who looks up to experts. And he won't bother you with questions. I told him you were a man of violent temper and couldn't bear being worried about your work."

Meldon began to paddle towards the pier. The Major sat limp in the stern of the punt. A sweat had broken out on his forehead.

"What else did you tell him? Let me have the whole of it."

"Oh, nothing else. I never say a word more than is necessary. There's no commoner mistake than overdoing one's disguise."

"That's all well enough, but why couldn't you have put the disguise, as you call it, on yourself instead of me? Why didn't you say that you were a mining expert?"

"He wouldn't have believed that. I simply couldn't have made him believe that I know anything about pliocene clay."

"Well, you might have told him something else about yourself, something he would have believed. I hate being dragged into these entanglements."

"There's no entanglement that I can see," said Meldon. "But I'm sorry now that I mentioned you at all. If I'd known the way you'd feel about it. I wouldn't. I tell you what it is, Major, I'll take the very first opportunity of telling him something about myself. I'll shift the whole business off your shoulders. Higginbotham will forget all about you. Come, now, I can't do more than that. I don't say it will be easy to get him to swallow a second story immediately on top of the first, but for your sake, Major, I'm willing to try."

The spirit of Higginbotham's hospitality was all that could be desired. His means of making his guests comfortable were limited. He had only two plates in his establishment. They were given to Meldon and Major Kent. Higginbotham himself ate off a saucer. The tongue was placed on the table in its tin, and morsels were dug out of it with a knife. There was no dish for the corned beef, so Meldon laid it on a drawing board with a newspaper underneath it. There was one tumbler, a cup, and a sugar-basin to drink out of. Higginbotham turned out not to be a teetotaler. He provided bottled stout for

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

The Rev. John Joseph Meldon, a genial Irish curate, and his friend, Major Kent, of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, take a trip to the Island of Inishgowlan in search of treasure supposed to have been hidden there by a captain of one of the vessels belonging to the Spanish Armada. The major does not believe in the existence of the treasure but Meldon is very sanguine.

As they approach the island they see a small building with an iron roof denoting the presence of someone other than the inhabitants, and Meldon through his glasses recognizes Higginbotham, an old college chum of his, whom he proceeds to visit.

Higginbotham is engaged in surveying the island for the Government and arranging for sanitary dwellings to be built there. Meldon not wishing to mention the cause of their visit tells Higginbotham that the major is an expert mineralogist sent by the Government to explore the island. He returns in the punt to the yacht to fetch the major and we find them on their way to join Higginbotham at dinner.

his guests. The lobster, when it came to the time for eating it, was torn in pieces by Meldon and then taken outside to have its shell broken with stones. Major Kent was accommodated with a hammock chair, from which he reached his food with great difficulty. Meldon had a wooden stool. Higginbotham sat on a corner of his bed, which he dragged into the middle of the room.

When the meal was over the three men went out of doors and smoked. The evening was beautifully fine. The breeze which blew earlier in the day had died away. The water of the bay was motionless. The Spindrift lay at her anchor, a double boat, every spar and rope, every detail of her hull, reflected beneath her. On the beach near the pier lay two canvas curraghs, turned upside down, their gunwales resting on the little piles of stones. Some children played round them. On the pier stood a group of five or six men, who smoked, gazed at the Spindrift, and occasionally made a remark to each other. The hammock chair was brought out

for Major Kent, and he lay back in it luxuriously. Meldon and Higginbotham sprawled on the grass. When the dew made it uncomfortably wet, Meldon fetched a blanket off Higginbotham's bed and spread it for himself. Higginbotham perched, stiffly, on a stone.

For a long time the conversation kept on perfectly safe topics. Higginbotham described the operations of the Congested Districts Board on Inishgowlan and elsewhere. He waxed enthusiastic over the social and material regeneration of the islanders; he spoke with pitying contempt of their original way of living. They grew, it appeared, wretched potato crops in fields so badly fenced that stray cattle wandered in and trampled the young plants at critical stages of their growth. The people lived in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, and, according to modern ideas, wholly insanitary cabins. Their system of land tenure was extraordinarily complicated and inconvenient. The holdings were inextricably mixed up, so that hardly any one could walk through his own fields without trespassing on his neighbor's.

"You'll hardly believe me," said Higginbotham, "but sometimes a man holds a bit of land not much larger than a decent table-cloth, entirely surrounded by a field belonging to some one else."

This evil condition of things Higginbotham, at the bidding of his Board, had undertaken to remedy. He brought out from his hut a map of the island, and showed how he proposed to divide it into parallel strips. He explained that each strip was to be bounded by a fence six feet high; that good wooden gates were to be erected; that a house was to be built at the top of each strip—a house with a slated roof, three rooms, and a concrete floor in the kitchen. He displayed with great pride a picture, curiously wanting in perspective, of a whole row of singularly ugly houses perched along the western ridge of the island.

The Major yawned without an attempt to hide the fact that he was bored. He had no taste whatever for philanthropy, and hated what he called Government meddling. Higginbotham continued to display plans and elevations with unabated enthusiasm. He was, as Meldon had said, a young man who took a real interest in his work. His eyes, behind his spectacles, beamed with be-

nignant satisfaction while he described the earthly paradise he meant to create. Suddenly his face clouded and the joy died out of it.

"But the whole thing is blocked," he said, "by the pig-headed stupidity of one old man."

"Tell the Major about him," said Meldon.

"They call him the king of the island," said Higginbotham, "but of course he's not really a king any more than I am myself."

"Not nearly so much," said Meldon. "From all you've told us I should say you are what's called a benevolent despot."

"He's simply a sort of head of the family," said Higginbotham. "They are all brothers and sisters and cousins on the island. His name is Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. At least, that's what the people call him. I don't see much sense myself in sticking in the Pat at the end."

"No more do I," said Meldon, "Thomas O'Flaherty ought to be name enough for any king."

"Of course, there are three other Thomas O'Flahertys on the island, and it might be difficult to distinguish them. There's Thomas O'Flaherty Tom, and Thomas—"

The Major yawned more obviously than ever. He had spent a long day on the sea; he had eaten with a good appetite; he had smoked a satisfying quantity of tobacco. He was totally uninterested in the Family of the O'Flahertys. Higginbotham became aware that he was boring his principal guest. Inspired, perhaps, by some malignant spirit, he changed the subject of the conversation to one more likely to hold the attention of Major Kent.

"I'm afraid you won't find Inishgowlan very interesting, Major, from your point of view."

"My point of view?"

"I mean as a scientific man."

The Major woke up and scowled at Meldon.

"The geological formation—" said Higginbotham.

"Oh, that's all right," said Meldon, cheerfully. "As a matter of fact the Major's tremendously interested in pliocene clay. It has been a hobby of his from his childhood. You'd be surprised at all there is to know about pliocene clay. The major has quite a library of books on the subject, and he tells me that it isn't by any means fully investigated yet."

As he spoke he leaned forward from his blanket and pinched the calf of Higginbotham's leg severely.

"All right," said his victim, "I'll drop the subject if you like; but I was going to say—"

"I took a walk before dinner," said Meldon, "and had a look at the island. I came to the conclusion that we couldn't find a better place for the school—"

"What school?" said Higginbotham.

"The school I was telling you about this afternoon. But perhaps I forgot to mention it."

The scowl on the Major's face deepened. He realized that Meldon, in fulfillment of his promise, was going to shift the burden of the disguise to his own shoulders.

"I never heard anything about a school," said Higginbotham.

"I wonder you didn't. But I dare say the post is rather irregular here. The fact is that the Board—not your Board, you know, but the Board of National Education—has determined to build a school on the island and asked me to run across and look out for a site."

The Major with a struggle sat upright in his hammock chair. His mouth opened. He made an effort to speak.

"It's all right," said Meldon soothingly. "I know what you are going to say—official reticence, and that sort of thing. But it doesn't matter mentioning these things to Higginbotham. He's in the Government service himself."

The Major opened his mouth again, but his thoughts failed to express themselves. Meldon felt the necessity of modifying his statement.

"Of course the Board didn't actually send me here specially for the purpose. They heard I was coming here with the Major, and just dropped me a line to say that I may keep my eyes open and let them know if there was a suitable site for a school."

Higginbotham stared in blank amazement. As an official he knew something of the ways of Irish Governments and was seldom astonished at their doings. He had swallowed, with some little misgiving, the story of Major Kent's mission. It was just possible that a Lord-Lieutenant and a Chief Secretary, in a moment of temporary insanity brought on by over-work and much anxiety, might have sent an expert to make a geological survey of Inishgowlan. It was quite incredible that the National Board of Education could, of its own free will, intend to build a school. Meldon was unpleasantly conscious of having aroused scepticism. He nerved himself to reduce Higginbotham to a condition of passive belief.

"The Board has heard of all you're doing here," he said, "and naturally wants to put a finishing touch to the work by providing for the education of the children. After all you've done in the way of improving the material conditions of life, the Commissioners feel that it would be a national disgrace if the rising generation is left in a condition of barbaric ignorance. You recollect what the hymn says:

"'Every prospect pleases

And only man is vile.'

That's how the Commissioners feel, and you can't blame them."

"But there are only nine children on the whole island," said Higginbotham.

"Still there are nine. Why should nine children go ignorant to their graves? It isn't the fault of the nine that there aren't more. Besides, there may be more. That's what the Board of Education feels—there may be more.

The Commissioners are long-headed men, Higginbotham; not a cuter lot on any Board in Ireland. They look to the future. They see before them generations of Thomas O'Flahertys yet unborn, little toddlers coming out of those slated houses of yours with copy-books in their chubby fists, all of them filled with a desire for knowledge. I tell you what, it's an inspiring picture, say what you like."

"Where," said Higginbotham, overwhelmed by his vision of the future, "where do you propose to build the school?"

"There's a house," said Meldon, "if you can call it a house, at the end of a particularly abominable bohireen. The thatch, what there is of it, is tied on with straw ropes, and there's only one small window to it that I could see. It's just under the brow of the hill above the place we're sitting now. It's bang in the middle of the island, and it's just the place for a school."

"That's the very cabin we've been talking about," said Higginbotham. "That's Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's—the place he won't give up."

"Oh, I'll manage him," said Meldon. "Don't you worry. Give me a week and I'll talk the old boy round. And now I think the Major and I had better be getting back to our floating home. We've got to navigate the bay in a punt that's more like the half of the cover of a football than anything else, and I don't much fancy doing it in the dark."

The Major remained obstinately silent while Meldon paddled him home. Nor did he make any reply to Meldon's remarks while undressing to go to bed. Half an hour later he put his head over the side of his bunk and said:

"I'm not going to stand this, J. J. It's all very fine. I don't deny that you're a fluent liar, but I'm not going to be made a fool of. I won't stand it. Either you tell Higginbotham to-morrow that you've been pulling his leg, or I leave the island. Do you hear me? Why, man, we might get into serious trouble if these stories of yours ever came out. Are you listening to me?"

"More or less," said Meldon sleepily. "Don't you worry. Leave it to me! I'll manage all right. Good-night, Major. Don't you get dreaming of pliocene clay."

CHAPTER VI.

Meldon woke early next morning. At six o'clock he plunged overboard and swam delightedly round the yacht. Treasure or no treasure, he intended to enjoy his holiday, and the June weather was as good as could be wished for—better than any reasonable man would dare to hope. Half an hour later he roused Major Kent, and then set to work to light the stove in the galley. Every now and then he poked his head up and shouted a remark to the Major, who was making his toilet on deck.

"We'll go ashore directly after breakfast and set to work. Have you any plan of operation in your mind?"

(Continued on page 133.)

Culture in Business Life

A Lawyer and Some Sidelights on Ether, Provincial Rights and Church Unions

By ALEXANDER F. EASTMAN, M.A.

DOES THE university give an adequate return to the commonwealth for the public money it receives? What part does it play in our national life? Does it contribute directly to the country's well-being and material prosperity?

Such questions are being asked to-day with some vehemence and not unwelcome persistence. Great public institutions may accomplish their work quietly and passing well, but the more closely public service is in touch with public opinion, the better and more satisfactory the quality of the service. It is a healthy sign of the times when the people are earnestly interested in the efficiency of university training and its practical bearing on the problems of daily life.

To these, and such enquiries, the answers are not far to seek. Taking the University of Toronto as an example, it is most pleasing to contemplate the great influence it has exerted, and the inspiring force it has been to generation after generation of our men, in the course of its highly creditable history. It has given the impress of its teachings in the arts and sciences, and in the learned professions to thousands who became the guardians of our health, morals and religion; the preceptors of our youth, the exponents of our laws and jurisprudence, and the moulders of our legislation. I have been moved, however, to these observations, not with the purpose of writing a general disquisition on the subject, but with the view of illustrating the value of academic culture in business life by one concrete example, suggested to me by a happy combination of current events.

J. Murray Clark, M.A., LL.B., K.C., whose distinguished career I shall briefly sketch, entered Toronto University and took a brilliant course in Arts, in which he won the Blake Scholarship in Political Science and Constitutional Law; the English Prize Essay; the McMurich Medal in Natural Science; the Gold Medal in Mathematics, and many other prizes and scholarships including the much coveted prize in Logic awarded by the late Professor George Paxton Young. A promising academic career thus opened up before him and he was urged to specialize in mathematics or physics, and devote his talents to class and laboratory work. Setting aside the temptation, his ambition lying the rather in the direction of public service in the open arena, he chose law for his life-work, and he entered on its study in the Blake firm and at Osgoode Hall. Here, as at the University, he kept the first place, winning the Gold Medal of the Law Society

Education in its direct bearing on the practical side of life has engaged the best minds on this continent and in Europe during the year to an unusual extent. Professional and commercial necessities are demanding in no uncertain tones that scholastic training shall bear a handmaid's part in the people's work. University education is on its trial. It is undergoing a radical change. In defence it has many arrows in its quiver. This article shows one such may be effectively used.

—Editor.

at the examination for call to the Bar. This was accomplished notwithstanding that he continued his post-graduate



Mr. J. M. Clark, K.C., in the Privy Council robes.

studies at the University and took his Degree of Master during his law course. His thesis for this Degree was on "Luminiferous Ether," which, when published, attracted the attention, and won the commendation of the late Lord Kelvin, who expressed regret that the field of physics did not retain the service of so original a mind.

Yet law, known as "a jealous mistress," did not absorb Mr. Clark's whole allegiance. He rapidly rose among lawyers, but kept in touch with the University and its work, as a student, investigator, and as a senator, and this still holds true. This interest naturally led to an examinership in mathematics, and to the presidency of University College Literary and Scientific Society. His inaugural address, in the latter capacity, was a solid piece of work of permanent value. It was entitled "The Functions of a Great University," and in it he indicated the broad lines on which Toronto University (then the subject of criticism as to reforms and expansion) has since advanced to the present stage of development, himself bearing a leading part as president of the Toronto branch of the Alumni Association.

It is of interest to note that in Mr. Clark's essay on "Luminiferous Ether," referred to, and in his inaugural address, he foreshadowed, nearly twenty years in advance, some of the great results only recently announced to the world. In one passage of his inaugural, he urges the importance of facilities for original work and says: "Nature has yet many precious secrets to reveal to the earnest searcher after truth . . . many of the departments of even pure mathematics are yet in their infancy. Even geometry, one of the oldest of the sciences, and one of the richest with the spoils of time, is yet capable of almost indefinite development. . . . Then, many of the processes of nature are so subtle and complicated that the resources of the present calculus are utterly incapable of grappling with them. Here, then, there is great need for the work of another Leibnitz, another Euler, another Bernoulli, and who shall say that he shall not be produced by University College." The brilliant successes of Dr. J. C. Fields, of Toronto University, which have recently been recognized by a Fellowship of the Royal Society, and other high honors, is a case in point. Another is the reference to the prospect which then lay before Professor A. B. Macallum, Toronto, then beginning to be heard of, as a scientist, beyond local circles. Mr. Clark recognized the value

and possibilities of his researches and expressed his belief that the professor would shed lustre on the name of the University. How well grounded was Mr. Clark's judgment, expressed at that time, was, has been amply proved by the splendid achievements and the scientific eminence reached by Dr. Macallum, and has been confirmed by the signal recognition of Yale University, and the Fellowship of the Royal Society. At the recent meeting of the British Association testimony was not wanting to the successes of both Dr. Macallum and Dr. Fields, in which Toronto University and learned Canada share.

The feature par excellence of that great meeting was the place assigned to ether in the discoveries of science. President Lodge elaborated the views of Professor J. J. Thompson, Cambridge, probably the leading physicist in Britain since the death of Kelvin.* But twenty years before, when much doubt existed on the subject, Mr. Clark's own researches enabled him to make a clear statement showing that the future of physics was inevitably bound up with, and greatly depended on the successful study of ether. The publication of his thesis, as I have said, attracted wide attention, and it is not too much to say that its effect on students was, at the time, greater than he himself dreamed of.

That a man so well-equipped for University work should find a yet greater zest in the strenuous walks of professional life, in the chamber and forum might cause some surprise, yet such is by no means unusual. The thoroughness of treatment demanded by science—in its widest sense—results in a trained mind, and the habit, so formed, when it environs a strong intellect, is the most useful of all qualifications for the practical side of business. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the makings of a great physicist should produce a lawyer who scarcely ever has failed in a great case.

The legal training under the Blakes—Edward and Samuel—gave Mr. Clark a taste for Constitutional law, his scientific attainments, perhaps not unnaturally, led him to a close study of land and mining laws, and in both these branches he has become a leading authority. The late Sir Oliver Mowat took a pride in the number of promising young lawyers he had picked out for Government cases, who had afterwards distinguished themselves. Mr. Clark is one of them. Sir Oliver selected him as junior counsel for the veteran Sir Aemilius Irving in the disputes between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec on the one hand, and the Federal Government, on the other. His valuable services were freely acknowledged. Some of the cases reached the Privy Council so that early in his practice at the Bar, he had the advantage of that experience. The Fisheries case in which he was retained by the Ontario Government had some interesting aspects. It was a dispute between the Provinces and the Dominion as to owner-

ship in and jurisdiction over fish in inland and tidal waters. Sir Oliver Mowat was a leading spirit on the side of the provinces. Mr. Clark appeared for Ontario and British Columbia before the Supreme Court at Ottawa. From that Court an appeal was taken to the Privy Council. Before then, however, a change of governments had taken place at Ottawa, and Sir Oliver, as Minister of Justice, had to contend for the Dominion, and against his former claim for the Provinces. For the Dominion he selected the late Christopher Robinson with Mr. Haldane—now Lord Chancellor, as junior counsel. Mr. Hardy, continued Mr. Clark on the case for Ontario; Mr. Longley, Attorney General for Nova Scotia, acted for that Province, with leading English and Canadian counsel for the other provinces. The judgment allowed the claim of the provinces to ownership in the banks and beds of the great lakes, of rivers and of tidal waters, with the exception of harbors, the property in plant and land of which was allowed to the Dominion with jurisdiction over navigation, and over the fisheries, i.e., power to make and enforce regulations for the carrying on of fisheries, such as the fishing season, the size of catch, the plant to be used in fishing. But the property in the fishery was allowed to the provinces. Hence the leasing, revenue, and such interests as are incidental to property in the fish belong to the provinces. The judgment was given by Lord Herschell, the Lord Chancellor.

Some of the more interesting cases of constitutional import handled by Mr. Clark are cited in Mr. Lefroy's new book on Canada's Federal System, among them being what is known as the Ophir Case, which he brought to a successful issue through a tedious litigation ending in the Privy Council. The parties to the suit were the Ontario Mining Company and Mr. Seybold and associates. The former had obtained a title from the Dominion Government to land known as the Ophir Mine, claimed to be Indian land. For the same property the Ontario Government granted a title to Seybold. Both parties claimed the property and the question was as to which Government had the right to grant title. For the province it was contended that there had been a valid surrender of the land by the Aboriginal Indians, to the Crown, extinguishing all Indian rights, which as Crown Lands became vested in the Province. This opinion put forward by Mr. Clark for Seybold, prevailed, and it stands a precedent in such cases.

The widespread interest in the Ophir case may be gathered from the fact that a special party of the delegates to the International Geological Congress—one of the most important meetings ever held in Canada—was organized to visit the property last September. They, of course, were interested in the scientific features of the formation, rather than in the commercial side, though the judgment has removed the obstacle to the investment of British capital in gold mining in Ontario. A dispute involving similar points has arisen from the long-

drawn out Indian claim in British Columbia, where the provincial Government refuses to recognize the title of the Aboriginal Indians, claiming that British Columbia was not British territory in 1763 when the British Crown recognized the Indian title. In 1875 the Department of Justice investigated the Indian claim, and in 1876 Lord Dufferin made a strong plea on behalf of the Indians in a speech at Victoria. But nothing came of these early efforts. In 1909 the Indians placed their case in the hands of Mr. Clark, who adopted a new way of meeting the refusal of the British Columbia Government to grant the necessary fiat to bring the case into court, by petitioning to the King, in the right of British subjects, and also petitioning direct to the Imperial Government. The petitions were taken up by the Crown and while the case has since passed through various phases, the opinion expressed by Mr. Lefroy is that the Dominion Government will submit it to the Privy Council with or without the consent of British Columbia.

It may be remarked that while at the beginning of his career Mr. Clark was associated as junior with such master minds of the law as the Blakes, the late Sir Aemilius Irving, Sir Oliver Mowat, and (the then) Mr. Haldane, in late years in which he has acted as senior he has had many eminent lawyers as his juniors. In one notable recent case in which he acted as senior his junior was Mr. Atkin, now Sir Richard Atkin, one of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench, over which Sir Rufus Isaacs, Lord Chief Justice of England, now presides.

Two other basic cases may be mentioned. Re Ontario Express, of importance in company law; and Vigeon vs. Northcote, in which the effect of a special Act of Parliament in altering a Will, was determined. Mr. Clark acted for Vigeon, and as usual, won the case. The case of Dorland and Jones is interesting because of the bearing it may have on the proposed union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches of Canada. It was known as the Quaker case, and proceeded on changes made in the constitution of the Society of Friends that evoked objection resulting in litigation. Mr. Clark, with Hon. S. H. Blake, was engaged for the Society, and argued before the Supreme Court, at Ottawa, that the Society had the right to make changes in the constitution of the church, even though the constitution itself did not specifically provide for or authorize it to do so. The Court concurred. This, too, was the view taken by the Edinburgh lawyers of the Free Church before its union with the United Presbyterians, and upheld by the Scottish Court of Session. The House of Lords, however, held to the contrary, creating a situation for special legislation for relief. The Ottawa judgment in the Dorland Case holds in Canada, but in the event of the contemplated union being consummated without adequate legislative power being provided in advance, our Supreme Court might feel

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*At a recent meeting of the Canadian Institute this fact was developed by the President and discussed.

A King in Poultrydom

A University Graduate and a Schoolmaster Whose Hobby Has Made Him

By HERBERT GRANSFORD

SEVEN years ago John S. Martin, B.A., was teaching classics in the Port Dover High School. He had passed through the University of Toronto some time previously, had put in his year at the School of Pedagogy at Hamilton and had subsequently settled down, as he thought, to an academic life. But unfortunately (or fortunately) for his scheme of existence, Mr. Martin was troubled with a hobby and this hobby grew up by degrees to such proportions that, like the proverbial dog's tail, it presently began to wag the dog.

Mr. Martin's hobby, cultivated and encouraged from early childhood, was chickens. He was simply daft about them and from one variety he had shifted to another variety in search of his ideal, until he had had experience with all the principal breeds. Even when he was at college he could not relinquish his fad and when he took up teaching, it was simply impossible for him to forego it.

The story is told that when he was boarding in Port Dover at the time he first went there to teach, he secured a setting of eggs from which he hatched out thirteen chickens in the back yard of the boarding house. Coming home one night he found the coop overturned and the brood scattered. Apparently it had been the work of some malicious person who objected to having chickens in the neighborhood. Nothing daunted however the enthusiast ordered a second setting of eggs forthwith. But next morning strange to say the original brood were all back clamoring for their breakfast. It transpired subsequently that a lady boarder, to play a joke on Mr. Martin, had hidden the chickens overnight in the closet of her bedroom.

In 1906 the hobby had swelled to such dimensions as to give promise of being able to support the hobbyist instead of sinking him as is so frequently the case. His parents had previously moved to Port Dover, thus giving him an opportunity to carry on his breeding under more satisfactory conditions at home. Here he worked late and early, rising before daybreak and retiring at midnight. School attendance became a nuisance, interfering as it did with a much more congenial task. It looked as if the crisis had come. One thing or the other had to be sacrificed and Mr. Martin decided

When the avocation of a busy man becomes more attractive to him than his calling in life, and when he finally forsakes the one for the other, the real life of the man develops under the spur of interested enthusiasm. Chickens perhaps have held more attention from professional men than any other form of live stock, but it falls to the lot of few to become wealthy developing this by-product of their attention. In this case, a graduate of Toronto University in the nineties, a successful high school teacher, and a cultured student, found a more congenial and also a more lucrative diversion near Silver Lake.—Editor.

in favor of his beloved White Wyandottes.



A University graduate known as the Wyandotte King.

To-day the ex-schoolmaster is heralded as the Wyandotte King of America. That means that he has become the premier breeder of this famous kind of poultry on the North American continent, as he is actually the owner of one of the finest and most extensive poultry farms in the world. He has made money at the game, has become wealthy in short, and owes his fortune solely to his wonderful success with his birds. Imagine, if you can, refusing an offer of a thousand dollars for a certain prize-winning cockerel, known as "Sensation," and then figure if there is not wealth in a colony of twenty-five hundred thoroughbred chickens.

Mr. Martin has now been exhibiting his pets at poultry shows for several years and always with success. He has made seven exhibits at the New York State Fair and out of a possible forty-two first prizes in that time he has secured thirty-six. At the famous Boston Show he carried off the Sweepstake Championship as the owner of the best bird in an exhibit comprising five thousand entries. Last January at the same exhibition his showing of White Wyandottes was the sensation of the day, winning the American White Wyandotte Club ribbons for the best cock, best hen, best cockerel, best pullet and best display.

With such aristocratic stock, there is little need for Mr. Martin to descend to the vulgar business of selling eggs for market. His best eggs are nearly worth their weight in gold and only a millionaire could afford to keep his table supplied with them. They are disposed of for breeding purposes in large quantities. His birds too are mostly too valuable for killing and instead are sold to breeders in all parts of the world. Not long ago a large shipment was sent to Allahabad in India, while orders have been received from South Africa and nearly all the European countries.

The Wyandotte King calls his estate Silver Lake Farm. Silver Lake is a small body of water formed by the widening of the River Lynn and on its sloping shore the farm is situated. The residence fronts the lake. On the side of the hill and sheltered by shrubs and trees are the poultry runs, while dotted all over the fifteen acre farm are the colony houses, fifty in number and all of uni-



On the sloping shores of Silver Lake, where the Martin Poultry grow.

form construction. An interesting feature is an exhibition house, where the birds are shown to intending purchasers. This is really better equipped than many a poultry building at a fall fair, being lighted by natural gas and having accommodation for one hundred and fifty birds in individual cages.

The weary dweller in the city, tired of the strain and confusion of urban existence, turns longing eyes to the Martin farm on the borders of Port Dover. If only everyone who had the desire could accomplish the same results, but unfortunately it requires a certain kind of genius to succeed and evidently Mr. Martin was gifted with this genius at his birth. "Growing really fancy chickens" he once said, "is an art,—a matter of the eye and brain. You must see your ideal in your mind; then you must strive with intelligent effort and patience to attain that ideal." Surely this is a recipe which only a born enthusiast can follow.

With all his striving after prize-winning points of excellence in breeding, Mr. Martin has not overlooked the main object to be gained, viz., the production of strong hens capable of laying plenty of fine eggs. This is the purpose which he has back of all his efforts. He is working for greater egg production and so far as this is combined with exhibition qualities, the two ideals go hand in hand.

To those who may have a desire to follow in his footsteps and take up poultry raising as a business, Mr. Martin would give a word of warning. He did not forsake city life and engage in his present occupation all at once. The transition was slow. Not until he found that he could make a living out of raising chickens did he give up the work by means of which he supported himself. With him it was no uncertain venture.

The Effect of Oil on Waves

ONE of the messages sent out by Capt. Barr, of the *Carmania*, when he was standing by the burning *Volturmo* was a call for any oil ship within reach to come at once.

This message was answered by the *Narragansett* which, immediately it arrived began pumping oil on the raging sea. The effect was magical and in a few minutes boats from the Atlantic liners were taking the passengers off the *Volturmo*.

As long ago as 1886 the British admiralty issued a circular pointing out the effect of oil on waves. A number of experiments which had been made proved

that oil distributed from the ship at the rate of a gallon an hour was enough to break the force of the waves round the ship. A ship running will leave a perfectly smooth wake ten knots long and forty feet wide.

Although very thin the oil film breaks up the waves like magic. It spreads with marvellous rapidity. In a few minutes it will cover hundreds of square yards of sea. Animal and vegetable oils are the best to use as they are thickest and heaviest and the thin film is not so liable to break. For that reason, coal oil is of very little use.

Gum-Digging in New Zealand

FEW people have heard of gum-digging, for New Zealand is far away, and there is no other place on the globe where gum-digging is done.

The gum comes from a magnificent tree called the *kauri*. This tree is now pretty scarce, but ages ago immense forests must have covered most of the northern part of the North Island. These forests were swept away by fire, and today the landscape is mostly low, brown hills with occasional swamps.

Gum burns very easily, but such as was covered by the damp forest debris escaped the fire. Hardened and preserved through uncountable ages, this is the gum the digger seeks to-day. By simply paying \$1.25 a year you may wander and dig where you like over enormous areas of Government lands. All you require is a spear to locate the gum, a spade to dig it, and a bag to put it in. When the digger gets home at night he scrapes and assort it according to size and quality. The whole business can be learned in a day or two. After that it is all a matter of luck.



The cosy, vine-covered home on Silver Lake. A retreat that any city man might envy.

A Ball of Blue Yarn

A Tragedy of French Canadian Love and Cruel Deception

By May Harvey Drummond

THE St. Lawrence was indeed a deep, dumb river that day, and the voyageur making his way up in his birch canoe, felt oppressed with the heat and stillness.

For three years he had worked in far Labrador, trapping for the Hudson Bay Company, and now, with six months' leave, was going home to try and comfort the old mother for the loss which had made him fatherless.

He was paddling close to the shore, his mind full of the meeting so soon to be, when something fell from an overhanging rock into the water, and broke his reverie. It was a ball of bright blue yarn, and looking up quickly to see from where it came, Jean St. Sylvestre beheld a girl's laughing face peering over at him.

Adèle had watched the progress of the canoe up the lazy river, wondering idly who the occupant might be, and when it glided past her resting place she could not refrain from leaning over to get a better view of the handsome face and kneeling figure.

With a deft movement of his paddle, Jean drew the ball of yarn to the side of the canoe, and picking it from the water, tossed it, with a smile, to the girl above.

"Tiens, Mademoiselle! I was just in time, n'est-ce-pas?" He said, as she thanked him in voluble French fashion. Then he raised his straw hat to her and resumed his paddling.

Adèle's cheeks were bright and her heart beat fast as she tried to resume her knitting, but the blue stocking was destined to little progress that day and her eyes scarce left the canoe until it had vanished round a bend in the river. Then she arose with a sigh and went slowly homeward along the river shore.

The girl was one of a large family and had early been trained to work, but her dreamy nature demanded solitude at times and when the want became oppressive, she would take her knitting as an excuse, and steal away to the river side, there to build the beautiful air castles common to youthful dreamers.

This habit of hers was no secret to the family and she came up the little path to the house to meet the usual volley of chaff from her brothers.

"Say, Adèle," cried Thomas, the wag, "who was the chap you were talking to down there?"

Adèle started guiltily, but quickly recovering herself, with a toss of her head said, "I wasn't talking to any one," passed them all to take refuge with her mother in the kitchen.

Jean, meanwhile had reached his destination, and the canoe safely beached, was trudging slowly up the little rising which led to his mother's house. She

The author of this quaint French Canadian romance is the widow of the late Dr. Drummond, who made the "Habitant" so popular in poem and story. She has carried into this humble setting of French-Canadian life all the warm fascination of the race. The picturesque environment, the ardor and fidelity, of the characters of the plot and the charming simplicity and directness of its treatment give the "Ball of Blue Yarn" an individuality that pleases. It leaves the reader with a whiff of pine woods, the hush of northern solitudes and the warmth of a pleasing fireside. To add to the interest of the story the illustrations are by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, president of the Ontario Society of Artists. All rights are reserved.—Editor.

did not know of his coming, and the tin dish of chicken-feed in her hand, fell with a clatter to the ground as Jean vaulted the low wire fence and clasped her in his arms.

"Ma mère, oh ma mère! How thin you have grown!" He muttered brokenly, as he gazed at the dear face, while she could do nothing but weep, such passionate tears as no one in all Beauharnois had seen her shed. With Madame St. Sylvestre, laughter was for everybody but tears were sacred and when her husband had died, her calm white face with its far-away wintery smile, astonished the neighbors, who could not guess that beneath the icy exterior flowed a raging torrent of grief.

"Come my son," she said at last, "I am so happy to have you once again that I have forgotten how hungry and tired you must be."

With his arm about her, they passed into the house where the old woman hurriedly drew up the most comfortable chair for Jean that he might sit and smoke reposefully, while she prepared a hasty supper.

Words were few between them for neither felt it possible as yet, to speak of their great sorrow, and, except for a stray question from the mother as to the hardships of the journey down, and brief responses from Jean, who was not one to complain, the meal was eaten in silence.

When the dishes were washed and put away, Madame St. Sylvestre took her bonnet from the peg, and put it on, seeing which, Jean rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, drew on his coat and followed his mother through the front door.

Instinctively they chose an unfre-

quented path to the little Catholic cemetery on the hillside through which they passed, the mother leading the way to her husband's grave. There, with all the compassionate love a woman feels for her fatherless son, she put her arms about Jean and drew him to her as though she would shield him from all further misfortune.

"Mon pauvre garçon! This is what you have come home to," she sobbed, and Jean kissing her gravely, replied, "Ma mère, I still have you, thank God! And you must let me comfort you a little for what you have lost. I will not go away any more but stay and work here to be near you."

For answer Madame St. Sylvestre pressed her son's hand, she could not speak and for a while they stood thus, in sad silence; then, kneeling by the grave, they said a prayer for the repose of the beloved one's soul, and rising, turned slowly homeward.

Jean was comparatively a stranger in Beauharnois, his father and mother having moved there but shortly before their son had gone to Labrador; naturally then, he was an object of interest to the dwellers of the little village and whole families would crowd to the front door if it was rumored that Madame and her handsome son were passing up the street; but of all this Jean was thoroughly unconscious and would frankly return the gaze of the curious without a single egotistical thought.

On Sunday morning at the church door, he met again the girl whose ball of wool he had rescued from the river. Adèle was in the midst of a family group and might have passed unnoticed had not her father addressed Madame St. Sylvestre. An introduction between Jean and the entire Martin family resulted, and this time the man felt himself unmistakably attracted by the girl's face, blushing so rosy red under his frank gaze.

They walked home together and before the door of the St. Sylvestre house had been reached, Adèle had forgotten her embarrassment and the two were on a footing of comradeship, already.

Jean, in bidding her good-bye, added a request for permission to visit her, which was readily given, and when he followed his mother into the house, his determination to give up a roving life and settle in Beauharnois, had become fixed.

"Tiens, Adèle! That's the best one yet!" Thomas who was walking some yards ahead called to his sister. "He hasn't bandy legs like Napoleon, nor cross eyes like Narcisse Dubois. Better take him Adèle."

"Tais-toi, stupid!" returned his sist-

er, not very vexed, however, "he hasn't asked me yet."

"Oh! but he will!" continued the rogue, wagging his head with the air of an elderly sage. "When a man looks at everybody and sees only one girl, it's easy to know what's the matter with him."

"You are too wise for your age, Thomas, mon cher, better go slow for already I see the hair on top of your head getting thin."

Adèle spoke gravely and Thomas with a little frightened gesture, took off his cap and patted the top of his head to reassure himself. At this they all laughed, and the boy, covered with confusion, ran round to the back of the house to escape further teasing.

Jean wasted no time in making use of the permission given him by Adèle and soon became a constant visitor at the Martin house, where he was made welcome by all. Sometimes, when the night was unusually fine, he and Adèle would wander down to the scene of their first meeting and there, unobserved, revel in the deep confidences of unacknowledged lovers, while the wise old river flowed silently by, bearing away into the great beyond their tender secrets.

The end to this happy state of things came at one of the village dances when Adèle in a spirit of mischief, showed overmuch favor to Narcisse Dubois, and Jean, outraged and burning with angry jealousy, had rushed out into the night where, under the bright starlight, lovers' hopes and fears played tag with his heart while he made his way home scarce knowing what he was doing.

Madame who sat by the fire knitting, turned in surprise as her son entered "What brings you home so early, my Jean?" she asked anxiously. The man flung himself into a chair by her side and lit his pipe before replying.

The mother waited anxiously. She knew that the confession long expected was coming now, just as soon as that pipe began to draw aright.

"Mother, I love Adèle Martin," he said with startling abruptness.

"And she loves you, my son," replied the old woman calmly.

"I don't know, mother," he said, the fears coming uppermost as he saw again the smiling face raised to Dubois.

"You can find out, Jean. You are not a woman," Madame St. Sylvestre smiled. "You could bring your bride here," she continued, "and I could find a little corner somewhere else; an old woman like me wants but little."

"Turn you out of your own house to make a home for my wife. Ma mère! for what do you take me? I would not marry even Adèle on such terms!"

"Then let your bride share my home dear boy, for I begin to feel the weight of household cares heavy on my stooped shoulders and would willingly give place to a younger woman."

Jean gazed tenderly at his mother. He was not quite sure that she had spoken the truth, but she was poking the fire and no shade of emotion troubled her fine old face. Here then was a solution of the financial difficulty and he would settle the rest with Adèle to-morrow.

Tenderly he stooped and kissed his mother.

"Goodnight, ma mère, you are one of God's good women," he said and strode from the kitchen.

When she heard the door of his room shut, the old woman stooped over the fire, making it safe for the night, and the tears which fell hissing on the smouldering logs, were an offering to the Virgin Mother of Sorrows and Renunciation whose image stood on the mantel above her head.

* * *

A few days of restless anxiety followed, for Jean had been foiled in every attempt to see Adèle alone. Her manner had lost all its former ease and "bon camaraderie" and his appearance at the Martin house was now the signal for a sudden access of zeal in household affairs which kept the girl always at her mother's side.

But his day and opportunity came at last and Jean was not slow to seize it. He had walked over in the evening to find all the family with the exception of his sweetheart and her mother away on a holiday jaunt to the races at Sorel.

After the few formal words of greeting had passed, Madame Martin, on pretext of a cake in the oven which must be watched, left the young people alone on the front porch. Adèle rose to follow her mother, but Jean intercepted her path and his blue eyes gazing down on her with loving determination, told the girl more plainly than words could have done, that further coquetry was useless. Beneath that look of reproachful love, she could not but obey Jean's silent request and turning took the path to the river. At the old trysting place they stopped as if by common consent and stood awhile in silence. The man was the first to speak, and in a voice low and subdued by emotion, he said.

"Adèle, are you angry with me?"

"No," came the whispered answer.

"Will you be angry with me if I tell you something?"

"What is it?" she asked brokenly.

"Do you think you will be angry?" persisted the man.

"No."

"Adèle, I love you dear—you are the one woman in the world for me. Would you be afraid to marry me, little girl?"

"Oh no, Jean!" and the girl, frank enough now, smiled at her lover's humility.

Then the strong arms went around the slender shoulders and words of love came thick and fast, each one an easement to the big heart of him who had suffered so these past few days.

The engagement was but brief; there was nothing for which to wait since Adèle had consented most willingly to share the home of her future mother-in-law and Jean, with this assured, could earn a comfortable living at the new sawmill; so early in the fall they were married. There was the usual wedding feast and speech by Monsieur le Curé, after which the couple, followed by a shower of rice and old shoes, drove off in a borrowed buggy to spend a brief

honeymoon in the quaint old village of Chateauguay.

As the vehicle disappeared from view, Thomas who, with his hands stuck in his pockets, was watching it, turned to his mother and said solemnly, "I always knew it would come to this." And the tears which had stood in Madame Martin's eyes, fell and gave place to smiles.

* * *

Jean and his wife had been established about a month in their home when news went around that the saw-mill would be closed during the winter. Financial depression was the reason advanced and for that Jean cared not a straw. The vital thing for him was where to find work? He could not live with his wife on his mother's slender means, that was clear but where to find suitable occupation a problem.

It is true the Hudson Bay Company had offered him many inducements to return to their service, all of which he had put aside, thinking that if the worst came to the worst, he could apply to them later; but the long parting from his young wife which such a course must enforce, was anguish to be faced only in case of dire necessity.

Another month spent in vain search, brought to him the certainty that this dreaded resource was the inevitable one, but how could he summon enough courage to tell Adèle? And it was only when he had signed himself over to the company, that he brought himself to face the terrible task.

All unknown to Jean, both wife and mother had surmised what was to be their portion, so, when at least with that gentleness which strong men use to those whom they would protect, he told Adèle of the parting to come upon them, her colorless face was her only sign of emotion.

When he had finished she said mechanically, "When must you go, Jean?"

"Next week Adèle. It is soon, is it not?"

A hot tear fell from the girl's eyes, and dropping on the man's hand, made him look up hastily.

"Adèle," he whispered brokenly. "My Adèle." And clasping her in his arms, he lavished on her all the wealth of his great love, while she, resting there passive with fast flowing tears, fought the great battle of her life and won,—never pleading with him to stay since his mind was made up, his pledge to the Company given and such pleading would but add to his trouble.

* * *

Jean had been gone six months when the Hudson Bay factor, sitting in his log hut working on a pair of "bottes sauvages" beheld him enter, closely followed by an Indian carrying a large pack.

"Hello! St. Sylvestre. Glad to see you old man. Sit down, sit down; you must be dog-tired," said Ben Thorpe, as he rose to greet his visitor.

"Good day, Thorpe," said Jean, extending his hand which the other shook

with overmuch warmth. "I've done well for the company this time and came down to get my letters and my discharge at the same time. Give me my letters, old man, I can't wait another minute for news from home."

"Sorry, Sylvestre, but there are no letters for you."

In the factor's eyes there lit a gleam

for you, Jean, and you must prepare yourself for the worst."

"Prepare myself for the worst," echoed the trapper. "What worst? Tell me——tell me!" he went on wildly, seizing Thorpe by the shoulder.

"Sit down," said the latter, and Jean obeyed. "News came to me through your friend Narcisse Dubois that there

the seat, grappling with the horror which had overtaken him and which was more than he could bear, for he lost consciousness and would have fallen had not Thorpe caught him and with the help of the Indian, carried him to a rough bunk in an adjoining room.

"Hope it hasn't killed him!" muttered the factor. "We can't afford to lose



"Snatching the little oil lamp from the bench close by, Jean held it to the man's face."

of satisfaction which Jean, overcome with emotion did not notice.

"No letters for me! Why Thorpe, you are surely mistaken?" exclaimed the unhappy fellow, unable to relinquish the hope which had made life possible during his six months of exile.

"Quite sure!" replied Thorpe, then added with a show of reluctance, "Fact is, I'm afraid there is bad news in store

had been an epidemic of diphtheria in Beauharnois and your wife and mother had both died of it."

Sylvestre bowed his head in his hands and groaned aloud.

"Oh my God! and is it for this that I have worked and waited —— worked and waited?"

The words were reiterated again and again as the man swayed to and fro on

such trappers as he just now. If he dies I'll be pretty badly sold, because money might have done the job just as surely."

Jean did not die, and in a few days was able to leave the fort. Accompanied by the faithful Indian, he made his way back into the wilderness and this time no hope, only a blank despair accompanied him. Only a weary life time to be lived through because the creed of

his childhood told him that the manner of his release must be left to the God who gave him life. Silently he worked in that lonely land, never returning to the fort unless obliged by necessity, and then remaining only long enough to render account to Thorpe of his work. So he lived for well nigh eighteen years, during which time his determination to die in the wilderness of Labrador had wavered but once. That date he had marked with a red cross on his rough birch-bark calendar.

One night, trudging wearily home on his snowshoes, a couple of fur-bearing animals over his shoulder, Jean almost stumbled over the prostrate form of a man, which was lying across his path. Hastily throwing the carcasses on the snow, he stooped over the man and sought for signs of life. The heart still beat, it was true, but there was no consciousness and the lower limbs were severely frozen.

"Nothing for it but to get him home as quickly as possible," thought Jean, and signing to the Indian who was close behind, to help between them they lifted the large emaciated frame and leaving their spoils where they had fallen, trudged off through the difficult forest path, which the uncertain moonlight rendered still more arduous. Arrived at the little log hut, their burden was gently deposited on Jean's bed of pine boughs and some whiskey forced between the livid lips. All the usual remedies for frost bite were applied, but it was well on into the night before Jean or the Indian dared to light a fire in the stove or think of their own wants.

At last, however, the frozen feet yielded to treatment and the two men, drawing the blankets over their patient, left him to seek food for themselves.

While Jean was still munching the rough supper prepared for him by the Indian, a sigh and slight movement from the bunk sent a thrill of delight through his heart. With one bound he was beside the bed with his ear close to the sick man's mouth in the hope of getting a clue to his identity. A few broken words devoid of meaning or connection and then, a name rang through the hut which sent Jean staggering to his feet.

"Adèle! Adèle!" called the sick man, and again, "Adèle!"

"Snatching the little oil lamp from the bench close by, Jean held it to the man's face, then with a cry of anguish, drew himself hastily away from the bedside.

"Narcisse Dubois!" he muttered hoarsely. "God! what brings him here?"

The flood-gates of memory were down and the ruthless tide poured through his soul, bringing with it all the old jealousy of this man who had oh! so many many years—or was it centuries? ago driven him from the merry dance into the loneliness of the night. But what did that matter since Adèle, too, was dead and nothing left for which to care? Narcisse Dubois had brought the news to the fort, so Thorpe had said. How dare he bring such tidings! "Had I known him as he lay there in the cold he should have gone unsuccoured!"

Thus ran the thought of the tortured man, half crazed with grief unspeakable. He was filled with a wild desire to kill this being who had twice brought pain into his life, and it was long ere his naturally calm disposition reasserted itself and enabled him to resume his duty as nurse.

"It was the beard that disguised him," said Sylvestre, wondering a little that his recognition of Dubois had been delayed so long.

For days Jean remained in the hut, leaving to the Indian the work of trapping. He had schooled himself to listen with outward composure, to the still delirious rambling of the man he had befriended and the frequent repetition of the name which was such sweet torture to hear from those lips. At last the fever left Dubois, and very slowly his normal mind reasserted itself. His first recognition of Jean came suddenly one stormy day when Dubois had lain for a long time gazing at Sylvestre, who sat smoking by the little stove. Suddenly the sick man raised himself on his elbow and in a hoarse, awe-stricken voice asked:

"In God's name who are you?" Jean jumped to his feet.

"Why, Dubois, old man, don't you remember Jean St. Sylvestre?" he asked gently.

"Jean St. Sylvestre!" repeated Narcisse in wonderment. "It can't be true?"

"But it is true, Narcisse. And now you mustn't talk any more; you are still very weak."

It cost Jean no small effort to silence the sick man, for he hungered with the hunger of starvation to know all that Narcisse could tell, but the invalid had fallen back on his pillow exhausted, and it was not until some days had passed and he was able to sit up in bed, wrapped in a heavy gray blanket that Jean permitted his patient to talk.

"Where did you find me, Jean?" queried Dubois to whom the other told in a few words the story of his finding, and seeing that Narcisse was now strong enough to be questioned, Sylvestre began in his turn. "What brought you here?" he asked.

"I came to see you, Jean St. Sylvestre, though you mayn't believe me."

There was a flush of excitement on the invalid's face as he made this strange assertion, and St. Sylvestre looking at him believed Dubois to be raving in delirium.

"You came to see me, Narcisse? Why you never came to see me when we lived in the same village!"

Jean smiled a little bitterly, for old memories were surging painfully near the surface.

"No! I hated you, Sylvestre—because you won Adèle from me and when she could get no news of you until word came that you were dead"—(a smothered cry from his listener caused Dubois to pause a moment) "I tried to win her for myself, to persuade her that the little one—yes, she had a baby girl some months after you left,—it was her duty to marry again and so secure herself and

the child from want. But I might as well have talked to the Holy Virgin for all the good it did and as I could not bear to watch her working so hard to keep the home for the child and your mother, and the Company were wanting men, I took to the trapping. They sent me to work for Thorpe, and he told me how you had been lost in the great snow-storm a few months after you got here, and of course I believed him until by chance I heard some Indians talking of the great white trapper who lived always alone, and coming seldom to the Fort. Something in the description they gave of this man made me suspect that they were talking of you and I asked Thorpe for particulars of this trapper. I could see him start when the question was put, then I grew bold with the strong conviction that was upon me, and said: 'Thorpe you are a liar! That man is none other than Jean St. Sylvestre, who is not dead at all!' Thorpe grew white with rage and cursed my impudence, stumping about the hut like a madman—Jean, that man is doomed—declaring that I was raving and you were certainly dead.

I left the hut and got the Indians to guide me part of the way. After they left, I lost myself, and it was only the grace of God, and perhaps the prayers of Adèle, that brought me to your hut."

Narcisse crossed himself piously in thanksgiving, and Jean stooped to wipe the beads of sweat which hung on the man's forehead.

"God bless you, Dubois," he whispered brokenly. "God bless you for your goodness to her and to me!"

"But Jean," Narcisse began again, "what has kept you away all these years?" He turned his head to get a better view of Jean's face.

"Kept me away!" Sylvestre growled through fast closed teeth, "nothing but the damnable lies of that bound Thorpe! When my six months of service were up, I went to the Fort expecting to find a letter from Adèle awaiting me there, but Thorpe said there were none and then told me that my mother and wife had both died of diphtheria and you—you Dubois—had brought the news! Why I believed him God only knows. But there was no reason in my mind for him to play me false—and here have I been wasting my life in this accursed wilderness, longing for death to end my misery and give me back my loved ones."

"Your wife lives, but your mother died eight years ago, Jean."

Jean started.

"Do you know the exact date of her death, Narcisse?"

"Yes. It was the night of the tenth of November. I remember because it happened just three weeks after my own father's death," said Narcisse, around whose mouth lines of fatigue were showing.

Jean rose to examine the birch bark calendar, then returned to the bedside.

"Narcisse, my mother came to me that night—yes she did!" he reiterated in response to the unconcealed scepticism of Dubois' eyes—"She kissed me just as she used to do when I was a boy, and it was so real that when I awoke I thought

to see her standing beside my bed. It was her good-bye to me, Narcisse—Oh, my God! my God! Had I but known!"

St. Sylvestre threw himself on the bed beside his friend, his whole frame shaken with sobs, and the Indian coming in with an armful of wood, threw it down and ran to the bedside: but it was Narcisse, not Jean who needed his ministry. Dubois had fainted.

The remaining days of Dubois' convalescence were spent by the two men in long talks over the past, and speculations on the future, since Jean would not listen to his friend's suggestion that he should start alone and at once on the homeward journey; leaving the invalid to follow later with the Indian.

An irrepressible longing tugged at the heart-strings of the trapper, bidding him go: but Jean St. Sylvestre was no weakling and it was only when Narcisse had sufficiently regained his strength that preparations for the journey were made.

fore they reached the Fort, his enemy had passed beyond mortal vengeance and as they entered the little settlement, a band of trappers passed them, bearing the dead body of Thorpe to a temporary resting-place beneath a mound of rough grey stones.

• • •

Spring was early that year, and to Jean, paddling slowly up the St. Lawrence, the sight of the tender green of leaves and grass, was one of great refreshment, bringing relief to eyes weary of gazing upon vast and silent snow-fields.

His memory was busy with a by-gone day, and purposely he directed his canoe towards the overhanging rock on which

drifted quietly under the overhanging rock.

Too much filled with the sense of ownership to realize that he was eavesdropping, Jean started as a girlish voice overhead said:

"No, Maurice — don't ask me. You know it cannot be while she is alone and needing me night and day as she does."

"You make your mother an excuse because you do not really love me," replied the young man, bitterly. "We could easily arrange so that you might still do for Madame St. Sylvestre all that



"Looking up quickly, Jean St. Sylvestre beheld a girl's laughing face."

Accordingly, a rough sleigh was improvised on which the convalescent could be helped over part of the long journey by the other two; and in this wise the little party made its way to the Fort.

Forgiveness had not yet come to the heart of St. Sylvestre, and he longed to get his hand on the man who had laid waste his life.

"If I kill him, no one could blame me," he had said, and Narcisse felt in his soul the truth of the assertion, but Jean never claimed his revenge for be-

Adèle Martin had sat that first time of their meeting.

Shading his eyes with one hand while paddling with the other, he gazed over the blue grey waters until he sighted the spot he sought.

On his rock of sacred memory, two figures stood—a man and a woman—and a feeling of resentment possessed him at the sight of such desecration.

Unheeded by them, he reached to within a few feet of the bank and then, using his paddle only to guide the canoe,

is necessary, but the truth is that you don't want to marry me—and that being so, it would be better to end our engagement at once."

"Since you wish it, our engagement is ended! Here is your ring!" cried the wounded girl, throwing to him the simple circlet with its golden hearts entwined which had been the pledge of their betrothal.

Turning her back on him, she walked off up the little pathway, leaving her lover alone on the rock, too much aston-

ished by this unexpected turn of things to do more than gaze stupidly at her retreating figure.

"I must get there before her," murmured Jean St. Sylvestre, delaying no longer, but sending his canoe spinning along the shore to his old landing place.

One pull from his strong arms sent the little craft to safety on the river shore then the man took to his heels and ran up the rough and now seldom used path, calling aloud as he went, "Adèle! Adèle!"

• • •

On the trysting rock, Maurice Beaulieu had remained, lost in bitter reflection—cursing the lover's impetuosity which had probably cost him the girl he loved.

He had no sense of time, but grown weary with standing, had thrown himself at full length on the grass, and was lying thus when the sound of hurrying footsteps drew his attention from his sad reflections. Looking up quickly, he saw Madeleine St. Sylvestre running down the path to the river and without realizing what he was doing, Maurice rose and stood with outstretched imploring arms, half expecting that she would pass him by.

But Madeleine, the tears coursing down her cheeks, ran straight into the shelter her lover had provided, and laying her head on his bosom, whispered brokenly:

"Maurice, father is alive and has come home and mother doesn't need me any more!"

"Are you sorry—dear?" He asked, stooping to look into the girl's face, but only the tender pressure of her beloved head on his bosom, answered him.



"They walked home together."

The Love of Life

Nat Husky and the Man Who Had Made His Pile

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

EARLE CROSSLAND called his team to a standstill at the river margin below the hotel, and leaving the dogs to the care of his Indian pilot he toiled up the incline. At the door of the hotel he kicked off his snowshoes and went in, slamming the door behind him to keep out the bitter night air.

The bar tender greeted him cordially. "You an Englishman on the trail at Christmas time!" he added, with mock surprise. "Where you for, anyway?"

"Going right out to Holy Cross," Earle Crossland answered. He was a young man, fair-haired and broad of figure. His face was distinctly southern, and from his frank expression and upright bearing he was a man to be trusted.

"What, going out of the Yukon for good?"

The unknown vicissitudes that mark the lives of those daring adventurers into the unexplored regions of Canada's Northern areas would form more tragic reading, could they be written, than the creations of fiction-writers. Those who follow with interest the part that is being taken by Canadians in Hudson's Bay and the Polar Continent investigations, will thoroughly enjoy this story of an Alaskan gold-fields incident, told by a writer who has spent some years amid the scenes he describes.—Editor.

"Sure," answered Crossland. "I've more sense than to stay on after I've made my pile. Sold out my Pup claims

last month for five hundred thousand. Say——" he added, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "who's that poor swipe crouching by the stove?"

He inclined his head towards the third occupant of the room, who sat huddled in a corner out of the direct light of the lamp. Though the man sat in the shadow one could see, by the dark, cadaverous eyes and general wolfish appearance, that he was about on his last legs. His untidy clothing fitted loosely over his bony frame, and his left hand, which now supported his forehead, was minus two fingers and a thumb.

"That's Nat Husky," answered the bar tender. "One of the first in at this country. He ain't worth much to-day."

Earle Crossland regarded the man in silence for some seconds, then he said—

"Poor beggar! He's about finished. if I'm any judge of man flesh."

"Pretty near," agreed the bar tender. "Dead broke, dead hopeless and dead sick. It's all right—he won't hear us. Got caught in a blizzard two winters back — lost his fingers and was stone deaf when they found him. He's never properly recovered his hearing. The cold got in his lungs, and he's suffered with a bad cough ever since. He's just mad to get home, but simply can't rake up the dubb. manages to scrat' along by chopping cordwood for the steamers. Listen!"

A dry, choking cough sounded from the dark corner of the room. The

a toss of the dice," he agreed. "You're one of the lucky ones who've struck it rich. He's one of the unlucky ones, but it isn't because he hasn't tried. Say, what can I get you down?"

"This is my move. Hand me one of those demijohns, and while I'm at it I'll stand Nat Husky four square meals, anyway. Here's enough to buy him a new parki—tell him to get one with a hood. A man can stand this climate o.k. when he's properly clothed and fed, but when he's not, and sick into the bargain, God help him."

Earle Crossland drew out a huge wad of ten dollar bills, and threw the required amount on the counter. He did

some fixed goal in view. At the door of his own shanty he slipped on his snowshoes, and took down his rifle from its place under the eaves.

A new light was in his eyes; fresh strength seemed to possess his limbs as he hurried back towards the hotel. His fingers clutched at the hem of his parki, like the fingers of a drowning man struggling for support. He reached the window—saw Earle Crossland gulp down his drink and take up the demijohn. Then he stepped back into the shadows and waited.

Earle Crossland did not see the dark figure huddled against the wall as cautiously he chose his steps down the steep



"Once, twice, his mittened fingers trembled on the trigger."

crouching man gripped his chest, while the cough shook his frame from head to foot.

"Poor beggar!" repeated Crossland, his voice soft with the sympathy of a strong man for one whom life had endowed less liberally "One meets them all up and down the river — his sort. They come into this country with high hopes and high ambitions—as fit as you and me. Then the cold gets them, and breaks them up in a single night. I tell you, we who get out with a pile ought to be mighty thankful."

The bar tender nodded. "It's simply

not see that Nat Husky had looked up, and was watching him closely. He did not see the lustful gleam that came suddenly into the crippled man's eyes as carelessly he re-folded the bills and thrust them back under his parki.

With an effort Nat Husky controlled himself. He rose slowly to his feet, and without looking in the direction of the counter shuffled to the door. The bar tender called him, but he did not hear. "He'll be back soon," said the latter. "I will tell him soon as you're gone."

Nat Husky hurried down the main avenue of the tiny camp as though with

bluff to the river. The Indian had unharnessed the dogs for a roll in the snow, but in five minutes everything was ready for the trail again.

It was scarcely three o'clock, though the darkness of the Arctic winter was upon the land. It was intensely cold, though no snow was falling. The Indian went ahead to look out for blowholes; Crossland took his place beside the team.

"Mush! Hi! Mush on, there!"

The dogs strained at the harness. Crossland gave the sled a heave to break its grip of the ice. The team surged forward.

"Gee!" muttered Crossland, as the keen air met his face. "We make camp if it gets any colder. It's suicide traveling weather like this. Frost gets into one's lungs—freezes the edge of the tissues. Then follows a dry cough, like that poor beggar away back in the saloon."

The dogs were fit and needed no urging. The outfit was clearly that of a man who had made good, and was not averse to showing it. The trail could not have been in better shape. The ice was swept clear by a recent hurricane, so that the runners vibrated over it with a soft purr. Just ahead the dark figure of the Indian was dimly discernible.

Crossland found himself meditating upon the case of Nat Husky. Tomorrow was Christmas Day—a nice Christmas for him. Crossland felt some satisfaction in the knowledge that the poor wretch would not, at any rate, endure the mortification of tightening his belt for the festive season.

Ahead of them the grey loneliness; on either side scowling uplands of spruce and balsam. A tense silence reigned everywhere, rendered more significant by the steady panting of the malamutes and the grinding of the runners. The men themselves made no sound as their moccasined feet met the ice. So clear was the going that they had cast their snowshoes. Each moved like a ghost over the white expanse. Crystals of ice clung to their clothing, giving them a spectral appearance. So intense was the cold that it seemed part of the silence pressing in upon them.

Crossland was suffering from an obsession, in which a hungry, wolfish face peered up at him from the uncertain dimness. Once he laughed aloud. It was not like him to become morbid, yet like all men, he often thought strange thoughts when upon the trail. To-night, Christmas Eve, he was hitting out of the Yukon with five hundred thousand to his credit.

But there were others less fortunate—others whom the northland had crushed under. Again he fancied he heard the dry, racking cough he had heard in the saloon. It came from the grey expanse behind the sled. Fancy, of course; his imagination was playing tricks with him, yet so strong was the conviction that he fell to the rear of the team, shouting to the dogs to keep them moving. But ten minutes later he was back in his old place.

Promptly at six o'clock the team was called to a halt, and preparations made for camp. To the Indian fell the duty of collecting firewood, but at this particular spot timber was scarce. The pilot donned his snowshoes, and began to toil up the bluff towards the timber belt.

Crossland unfastened the sled lashings, and drew out the dog meat. As he did so the aurora flamed out across the sky in a mad multitude of colored lights. It lit up the whole white scene with its ghostly light.

The dogs surged round Crossland's legs, whining their anticipation. He fed

them in turn, clubbing those aside that came for a second share. The task completed he was about to return to the sled when again he heard that dry, racking cough.

It was not imagination this time. The sound came from behind him, not a dozen paces away. He froze in his track, motionless as a statue, and without looking round weighed up the situation. "You best hold up your mits, Earle Crossland. I got you covered."

Crossland did so. Slowly he turned till he could see the dark figure of his opponent standing behind him. The man held a rifle, the barrel of which was trained upon his chest. Nat Husky stepped forward till they could see each other's face quite distinctly.

"What's your game, anyway?" Crossland enquired. "What did you come sneaking after me for? You've been following me ever since we left the baseline. I've heard you."

"Then why didn't you turn back and hold me up before I got the drop on you?" sneered the other. "Now hand over that wad of bills you took out in the saloon, then hike back the way you came, and leave me the outfit."

Crossland was studying his opponent closely, as though to weigh up the man's intentions by sheer power of will. "Yep," he said, with quiet significance. "I should just fancy so. But what if I refuse?"

"You won't refuse, Earle Crossland. You know I'm a desperate man. You may be in an almighty hurry to get out yourself, but you're not in half the hurry I am. I'm going out right now by the overland route with your outfit, and you better hand over that wad p.d.q. If you hesitate I'll kill you."

Crossland did not move. He was used to weighing up his fellow men at a glance, and something in his opponent's eyes helped him. He saw too that the end of the rifle pointed this way and that as the poor wretch holding it shivered with cold and fatigue. Boldly he took a step forward.

"You know what it means to shoot a man, Nat Husky, as well as I do," he hissed between clenched teeth. "You'd have the mounted police after you within ten hours. They'd hound you across the mountains, and a poor broken wretch like you wouldn't stand a lame dog's chance. They'd get you before you crossed the barren lands, then you'd be marched back to Dawson and hanged."

"No they wouldn't," answered Nat Husky. "I'm not such an all-fired fool as to take the Dawson and White Horse Road. I know of another way by Stewart and Selwyn, but I'm not going to stand here talking till the cold gets me. I know your game."

He raised the rifle threateningly, but Crossland never flinched. "And I yours," he answered quietly. "Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to walk right over to that sled, and get the rifle. You won't shoot me because you daren't."

He turned his back and walked away towards the sled. The man with the rifle stood watching him go, his eyes

trained upon the sights with fierce intentness. Once, twice, his mittened fingers trembled on the trigger, but even as he did so the sights wandered from their mark.

Crossland unfastened the lashings, and took the rifle from beneath them. He turned, a broad, stalwart figure, and looked across at his opponent. Now that they were both armed the comparison between them was ludicrous.

"Now you poor fool!" cried Crossland. "Put down that gun before it goes off accidentally and kicks you over."

Nat Husky obeyed, and as he did so what little dignity he had hitherto possessed slipped from him. His shoulders dropped; he shuffled his way to the sled like one drunken and collapsed upon it, his face between his hands.

Crossland picked up the man's rifle and hurled it ricocheting across the ice into the darkness. Then he unrolled the sleeping bags, and taking one for himself tossed the other to his companion.

"You hopeless clown," he muttered contemptuously. "What on earth possessed you to do a fool trick like that? You might have known you hadn't the grit to see it through."

Nat Husky looked up, his eyes aflame with hatred. "Grit," he repeated. "Who are you to talk to me about grit? Three years ago you came into the Yukon and struck it rich nearly your first trip. You didn't come by the overland road same as I did—ten years ago, when we passed whole outfits frozen stiff on the way! They were strong men many of them—men with grit!—but they didn't all pull through. You came in by passenger boat, and when you staked your claim you took an Indian with you to break trail. Look at me!" He leapt to his feet, his face ghastly by the light of the aurora—"I didn't lose those fingers hanging on to a gee pole while an Indian broke trail. I lost them groping across a lake when I was deaf and blind and knew that to lie down meant death. I didn't develop that cough, which made you shudder, riding down the Yukon on a passenger boat. No, you can call me a poor fool to-day because you're the better man, but you wouldn't have called me a poor fool three years ago." He stooped down, his lips almost to Crossland's ears. "Hell's full of men who've made their pile," he muttered, "but I guess there aren't so many there who went out on the overland trail."

Just then the Indian appeared with firewood, and looked at the two curiously. "Take out that sugared bacon and caribou meat," Crossland ordered in the native tongue. "It's Christmas Eve." Then he turned to Nat Husky. "All of which is by the way," he said coolly. "I've had all the good luck and you the bad. Well I'm sorry for you, but it don't explain in the least why you tried to hold me up."

Nat Husky looked at him keenly. The eyes that met his own were those of a man with a white man's soul. They were the eyes of a man who could feel and understand.

"Because I wanted to get out," he said quickly.

"And you thought you could bluff me?"

"Yes. It was a gamble of course, and your luck held good. I wanted to get out mighty badly."

"A wife and kiddies?"

"Yep."

"God help them."

Nat Husky spoke with an effort. "Ten years is a long time," he said. "I came into this country with high hopes, like many another misguided fool. I thought it was only a matter of a year or two, but it didn't come off. Still I had confidence in the future—another summer, then another. To-night I was near mad, and I thought I saw my chance. Time was beginning to press, and I wanted to see them again—"

He patted his chest, and Crossland scowled as again he heard that racking cough.

"And they're waiting for you?" he asked.

"Yes. They don't know. I haven't the pluck to tell them. They'd sell up hearth and home to buy me out. But there's the boy. He was only a little fellow when I left—God bless him! He's thirteen to-morrow — Christmas Day. Heaven knows there's little enough for them as it is."

Earle Crossland rose to his feet and strode away into the gloom. The cold was less intense; the aurora had sunk exhausted into the north. He stamped his feet to quicken circulation; his gaze was fixed on the distant skyline.

The overland trail! Ten years! He pondered over it, and as he did so it was as though ten fruitless years poured their bitter contents into his own youthful cup of life. He felt the pinch of loneliness which burns deep into the souls of those who tread the northland too long; he groped his way through whirling blizzards, fighting, struggling for that which many gained so easily. Then the scene changed; he saw a neat fireside—a woman, children. The sunlight fell in squares on the floor; flowers peeped in at the window.

Life! Life! It was for this men toiled and suffered — Lord, if they could only realize! He looked around him at the dead expanse of winter. The fire flickering on the snow was the only sign of life. He retraced his steps to it; his face was the face of a man who had felt and understood.

"You won't kick me when I'm down" muttered Nat Husky, gripping his companion's arm with crooked fingers. "I might win through yet. Have you a wife or boy?"

Crossland shook his head. "No," he answered quietly. "Perhaps you are better off than I am. There was a woman once—before I came into this infernal region — but never mind. I won't kick you when you're down."

They ate supper in silence, each man fishing his share out of the pan before it froze. When the meal was over Crossland lit his pipe and was the first to speak.



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"Ever done any farming?" he enquired. It was clear whom he addressed. The Indian knew no other tongue than his own. Nat Husky nodded.

"I've a bit of a ranch I used to run in B.C. before I came up here," Crossland went on. "I was thinking of selling it but I aren't keen, because I think the value will go up. I'd rather hang on and put someone in to make it pay. Care to take the job? It's a good place for lungers up there in the hills, and that boy of yours can help."

But Nat Husky only stared at him with dazed wonderment.

"You see, I've made my pile and can afford a hobby or two," Earle Crossland pursued. "We'll buy another team from the Indians, then you can ride. I tell you, you'll last for years when you get out of this climate."

The music of the travelling runners on the frost bound snow trail, was the best Christmas music, Earle Crossland had ever listened to.

Largest Apple in the World Grown in the West of England

The largest and heaviest apple ever grown in the world has been raised this season in England. It is a Gloria Mundi, and was produced by the same growers who three seasons ago raised the famous giant apple of the same variety, which measured 26 inches in circumference, and weighed 27 ounces. Sent to Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs and Co., for sale by public auction in Covent Garden Market on October 19th, 1909, it realized the astounding price of \$70, breaking all records easily in every respect. The proceeds of that sale were presented to Charing Cross Hospital by Sampson Morgan of Sevenoaks, who has secured the new comer as well. It is much larger than the other specimen referred to. It weighs no less than 32 ounces, and the announcement of its advent has created quite a sensation in the fruit world. This wonderful apple was grown in an eleven-inch flower pot, the tree producing six mammoth fruits at the same time. It was this very tree which bore the giant apple of 1909. Coupling the advent of these monster apples with the fact that this season in a plantation in the South of England there were hundreds of trees carrying over ten bushels of immense apples per tree—equal to over 800 bushels to the acre—it looks as if commercial fruit culture was proving a veritable gold mine.

To show the importance attached to this colossal fruit, six casts have been taken of it, so that a permanent record may be kept of its phenomenal proportions. A well-known expert, who inspected the largest apple in the world, expressed the opinion that its production would give a tremendous impetus to fruit growers in Great Britain.

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Listening for Dollars

Leaves from the Log of a Freelance Journalist

A FREELANCE journalist writing in *Pearson's Weekly* relates how he obtained ideas for several of his short articles, and how he has to be constantly on the alert to find subjects for his accidental articles.

A short while back, he says, I alighted one morning on the platform at Waterloo Station, and overheard one porter accost another with, "Hullo, Bill! On the wheeze again?"

The phrase was new to me, and I made inquiries as to its meaning, to be told that "on the wheeze" was a slang term used by railwaymen to denote touting for tips in an irregular fashion; as, for example, when a porter not assigned to a particular platform prowls about there in his leisure hours looking for a luggage-carrying job.

The information thus gained was quickly worked up into an article, "When Railwaymen Wheeze," for which I received five dollars. I frequently net more than that, though, for my "accidental articles," as I call them.

For instance, I was once introduced at a friend's house to a young governess, who, it turned out, had been driven mad through a love affair some years previously. The fact came out quite by chance in the course of conversation, but the lady made no objection to letting me have the story for publication and it appeared in due course under the title "Three Years in Two Madhouses." A percentage of the sum I received for this I handed over, as previously agreed, to the original narrator, but what was left over for me paid me very well indeed for the trouble I took in writing it up and putting it into shape for publication.

At another function I attended I made the acquaintance of a youthful and exceedingly pretty Suffragette, with \$4,000 a year of her own. She had then recently served a term of imprisonment for "the Cause," and, going on hunger strike, had been forcibly fed. On my requesting her to do so, she readily consented to tell me enough of her experiences to make an article.

Once, at a whist drive, a chance whisper, coupled with a meaning look exchanged between two of the players at an adjacent table, put me on the track of certain information that resulted in a two-column article on "Cheating at Whist Drives." At a well known Hotel a passing allusion by the manager to "our master of the boots" materialized into a column on "Curiosities of boot-cleaning at Big Hotels."

A freelance must always be on the alert after this fashion—if he wants to make a decent living, that is to say. Any passing remark he may overhear, provided it is of an uncommon nature, may contain the germ of an idea. Thus, in a railway-carriage once, two schoolmasters were discussing the subjects of queer queries propounded by children, and one happened to mention that he had been



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asked by a six-year-old boy why people didn't sneeze while they were asleep. A week or so later an article from my pen entitled, "Why we Don't Sneeze in Our Sleep" had been accepted by a popular weekly.

"I wonder who invented babies' bottles?" remarked one young matron to another in my presence. Those half-dozen words idly spoken represented yet another five dollars in my pocket, this being the sum an editor paid me for seven hundred words on "How Baby Got His Bottle."

Riding outside one of the last of the horse 'busses a few winters ago, a thick fog—a typical "London particular"—descended, blotting out everything, and the driver lost his way. "We're somewhere in Old Street, I reckon," remarked the conductor after a while. "No," contradicted the driver—and he gave a mighty sniff—"we're close to the Angel: I can smell the fried-fish shops." And he proved to be right. And I descended there and then, made a bee-line for my "digs," and reeled off a thousand words on "Fried Fish as Fog Signals."

There are, I may mention, no fewer than seven fried-fish shops in the immediate vicinity of the famous Islington hostelry, and the odour, especially in thick, foggy weather, is unmistakable.

Similarly, a fatal accident to a valuable racehorse I happened to be a witness to, gave me an idea for an article on "Cat's Meat at a Guinea an Ounce"; a chance visit to Madame Tussaud's suggested an experience, which I afterwards wrote up under the title of "A Night in the Chamber of Horrors."

I have even learnt to turn journalistic misfortunes to good account, as, for example, when I saved up all the little editorial slips that accompanied my rejected stories and articles for the space of six months, and welded them into a two-column account of "How my Manuscripts Come Back."

LOST

By J. W. BENGOUGH

I rode at sunset o'er a level plain
In the far West; against the amber sky
The mountains crouched like furtive
beasts of prey,
While the wide prairie lay in purple
haze
Stretching away into the dim unknown.
A ghostly silence reigned; no moving
leaf,
No sound of water, nor e'en chirp of
bird
Fell on my ear; only the plodding hoofs
Of my good horse, and the monotonous
creak
Of leathern trappings as he moved along.
I heard; it was as if we two alone
Were all that lived in an abandoned
world;
Then to my heart there came a shock of
pain,
For there, between the empty plain and
sky,
Bleated a tiny lamb, forgotten, lost—
And the dread night crept down.

A Review of Reviews

Articles of Unusual Interest Condensed from Contemporary Literature, Home and Foreign.

Irish Myths Shattered

Not Romantic and Hot-headed, but Practical
and Full of Common Sense Says
George A. Birmingham

"COMMON SENSE is essentially an Irish characteristic." This was the statement of George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay), the noted modern humorist from the isle of humor, and the author of *Spanish Gold*, in a recent interview with a reporter for the *New York Times*. "We are given credit, generally," he said, "particularly by the English, for being a romantic, hot-headed race. As a matter of fact we are cold-headed and full of common-sense. The ordinary English conception of the Irish is as a race of sentimentalists. Really we are cooler headed and much more business-like than the English."

Asked for an illustration of Irish practicality, Canon Hannay said, after a little reflection: "The Irish marriage is a good sample of what I mean. Marriage in Ireland is much more affected by business considerations of dowry and so forth than marriage in England. Among the Irish farmers a marriage is much more affected by the consideration of cattle and lands on one side and dowry on the other than by any predilection on the part of the young man or the young woman. Of course people fall in love in Ireland, just as they do everywhere else. But the business side of marriage is taken into consideration by every one concerned."

"Now, the English are sentimentalists, certainly. Just think for a minute of the story they tell about Lord Nelson's death. You have heard how on his death-bed he said: 'Kiss me, Hardy!' Of course, this may not be true—it is very probable that Lord Nelson said nothing of the sort. But the point is that the story is told, accepted, enjoyed, all over England. You couldn't tell that story about the Duke of Wellington, or about any other Irishman. It would be contrary to Irish nature."

"Is there," Canon Hannay was asked, "such a thing as a typical Irishman?"

A Typical Irishman

Canon Hannay was silent for a moment. "Bernard Shaw," he said, slowly, (and at first the reporter thought that the author of "Man and Superman" was to be held up as a typical example.)

"Bernard Shaw calls Larry Doyle, in 'John Bull's Other Island' a typical Irishman. Larry Doyle is hard-headed, surely."

"But in real life," asked the reporter, "is there any Irishman you consider typical of his people?"

"In real life," said Canon Hannay, "I might mention as a typical Irishman George Russell, editor of *The Irish Homestead*. George Russell in his youth wrote mystical poetry—he still writes poetry now and then. But, in addition to this, he is the best economist now living in Ireland. You might say that he is a typical Irishman."

Mrs. Hannay entered a protest at this point. "I hardly think it's fair," she said, "to take a great figure like George Russell and call him typical. You might say that he is an exemplar of the Irish virtues, but he is scarcely a typical Irishman."

The mention of George Russell's name had drawn Canon Hannay's mind into literary channels, and he talked

about his Irish fellow-craftsmen. "George Moore's spirit," he said, "is more French than Irish. But Yeats is a genuine Irishman. He illustrates the combination of literary and business ability of which I was talking. He has written great poetry, and in addition managed the Abbey Theatre, showing remarkable practicality."

"There are many Irish writers of real distinction who are outside what is generally considered the Irish literary movement. For instance, I would mention two County Cork people, Oenone Summerville and Martin Ross. Their work will last. Another writer outside of the movement whose work is very good is Shaun Bullock, a North of Ireland man. And Emily Lawless has a permanent place in letters."

Literature and Economics

Mr. Birmingham regards Synge as the greatest of the dramatists connected with the Irish literary movement, and greater than any English dramatist of our day. "As to poetry," he said, "the best contemporary verse in the English language is the work of Irishmen. Surely there is no better poetry now being written in England than that of James Stephens, Padriac Colum, and Seumas O'Sullivan. Seumas O'Sullivan has issued two volumes of lyrics—beautiful work."

"But it seems to me that the output of really good work has paused. It is significant, I think, that Stephens has turned from verse to prose. First the output of the Irish literary movement was lyrical, then it was dramatic, and its next stage may be the production of prose. Of course, this is only guesswork, but Stephens seems to support my theory."

"How is the Irish language movement progressing?" asked the reporter.

"The Irish language movement, too," said Canon Hannay, "seems to have paused. Nowadays, the best enthusiasm in Ireland is in economics."

"I was very early a member of the Gaelic League, an enthusiastic member, and the League did a great work. But the present advance is not along Gaelic League lines, but along the lines of economics."

Horace Plunkett's Work

"A curious offshoot of Horace Plunkett's work is an organization called the



Geo. A. Birmingham, the author of
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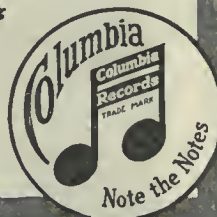
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United Irishwomen. The feeling in regard to economics is strong all over Ireland. The thought of Ireland has become less literary, certainly less poetical. I hope to see the work spread in every direction. Plunkett's work was chiefly rural, but his theories of economics will be applied in the cities. They will be taken up by the labor leaders and adapted to various conditions.

"The labor movement in Ireland is a recent development. It is significant that the best thought in Ireland was formerly concerned with economics. A few years ago, when the wave of the literary movement was at its crest, political feeling was at low ebb. Now political feeling is high, and literature is less prominent."

Canon and Mrs. Hannay had looked through the morning papers for news of the Dublin strike and had found little or no mention of it. They asked the reporter for information, and he told them what he knew of it.

"When I left Ireland," said Canon Hannay, "there was no prospect of peace. This strike means the ruin of Dublin trade. The condition of the working people is awful, the poor are starving. At first, the general sentiment was in favor of the employers. Larkin was distrusted and syndicalism condemned. Syndicalism, people said, was an impossible weapon—the labor organizations would never permit its use. Then opinion seemed to swing around in favor of the strikers. But now the strike has done so much harm that people consider both employers and employed to be hard and obstinate and both are disliked."

In spite of strikes and opposition to Home Rule, Ireland's case is hopeful, Canon Hannay thinks. "Whatever political development may come," he said, "the future is brighter than ever before. The farmers are improving their farms and making money. They are planting trees and building new houses. The houses are much better to-day than they were some years ago. Horace Plunkett's teachings are improving conditions. If only we can get over our miserable political difficulties, all would be well."

Rich England and Poor Ireland

Although an Ulster man, Canon Hannay is a firm believer in Home Rule.

"Many of my relatives," he continued, "are strong Unionists, and I can understand the feelings of the Unionists. I know what they are thinking and feeling, for I was brought up as a Unionist. I was a Unionist until I went to live in the west of Ireland."

"How did you come to change your views?"

"Well, when I went to live in the West of Ireland I began to think more of the social and economic conditions of Ireland. I saw that England, an enormously wealthy country, was embarking on costly social legislation, involving heavy extra taxation. Now, Ireland cannot afford this, and the same need does not exist in Ireland. By the union we are being led into extravagant ways of life.

"The union between England and Ireland is like a rich man and a poor man living together. The standard of living tends to be established by the rich man and this inflicts the greatest hardships on the poor man. England can bear taxation, but we cannot. We must get financially free of England. This is wholly apart from sentimental considerations."

Canon Hannay is a tall, muscular man, with a strong, smooth-shaven face, the asceticism of which is accentuated by his clerical dress. He is thoroughly clerical in appearance. No one, seeing him for the first time, would associate him with such works as "Hyacinth" and "General John Regan," works full of the humor which publicity men call rollicking. Canon Hannay did not rollick.

Instead, he sat in a great chair and talked about literature and politics and economics. And near him sat his wife, occasionally prompting his memory or corroborating his statements. It is scarcely necessary to add that he is an Anglican canon.

Canon Hannay enjoys his new duties as a dramatist, he says. He is attending the rehearsals of "General John Regan," and he takes great pleasure in the company of theatrical people. But he never forgets his profession, as he demonstrated in the course of this conversation.

"Do you find that your literary reputation affects your clerical reputation?" asked the reporter, tactlessly. "Don't people come to church expecting to hear a humorous sermon?"

Canon Hannay shuddered at the thought. "I have refused to allow my literary work to be confused with my clerical work," he said. "And I never would give a humorous sermon!"

The President of the Chinese Republic

An Intimate Character Sketch of the Man Who is Now at the Head of Four Hundred Million People---The Oldest Nation Under the Sun

Translated from the French.

WESTERN NATIONS know very little of the man who now bears the title of President of the Chinese Republic. The following sketch of his career and character is by the pen of one of his intimate friends supplied to the Parisian Magazine *Lectures pour Tous* from which we quote:

The day in October, 1911, when Yuan Che Kai, minister in disgrace, was commanded by Imperial decree to subdue the revolution which had just broken out at Hankow marked the termination of a dynasty which in China had lasted four thousand years; it also marked the starting point of a new regime now called the Republic.

The President of the Chinese Republic, although a man of letters is not literary by profession. It is rather as a soldier that he has gained distinction. With regard to accomplishments purely civil without which it was impossible to gain

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preferment under the ancient Chinese regime, his success must be attributed to his qualities as a born leader of men, to his farsightedness and to his perseverance.

Born in the Province of Hounan, so characteristic of the North of China, with its plains and valleys, its rich yellow soil, its mild and genial winters, its prolific crop of a soil diligently cultivated, he early had an opportunity of displaying his talents. China had hardly recovered from the Anglo-French invasion of 1863, from the Tai Ping revolt and from the great Mussulman war. Commissioner of the Empire at the Corcan Court, Yuan CheKai, suddenly found himself struggling with a new adversary, Japan. It was there, no doubt, he first saw signs of the developments which were to draw China into the modern movement.

No lesson which could be learned from defeat was lost upon him; and when in 1900 the Europeans aroused the fanaticism of the Boxers; when the court allowed, these bands of desperadoes to make war on Europe, while looking on to see what would happen, Yuan Che Kai, then Governor of Shan Tung, adopted a firm attitude of friendship to the foreigners. From that time on there has existed between him and them a sympathetic understanding. Yuan foresaw that these "barbarians" would later become the involuntary regenerators of China and protected them in their temporary effacement. The foreigners for their part recognized what manner of man this was, a man nearer to themselves owing to his possessing the qualities they most appreciated, and from that time sincere and cordial relations have always existed between him and them. When Yuan undertook the reorganization of the army of the North he quickly obtained all the support he required. He accomplished the task he had undertaken, and at the grand manoeuvres the "barbarians," who had been invited, were quick to recognize the fact that the unruly "tigers" of former days had given place to men of a very different stamp, in fact, to soldiers.

Yuan's importance in the State continued to increase. He was made Chancellor at the Court, viceroy of the Province of Tehe-li and was in daily touch with his European friends. One of the closest of these was Mesny, a Frenchman who lost his life fighting the plague in Manchuria, and whose death was a severe blow to Yuan, whose favorite physician he was.

While at the height of prosperity, however, a reverse of fortune suddenly eclipsed Yuan for the time being. In 1908, both the Dowager Empress and the Emperor Kouang Sin died suddenly in somewhat mysterious circumstances. The disappearance of his protectress meant disgrace and exile for him, in fact, he was fortunate to escape with his life.

Prince Teh'onen, brother of the late Emperor, who had become regent, the new emperor being only four years old, ordered Yuan to retire to his estate at Hou Nan "to nurse his leg from which he was suffering," and in a few hours

the Viceroy of the North took his departure. He retired to his palace at Chang Fou which he had fitted up and furnished in princely style worthy of a grandee of ancient China. The magnificent grand hall where he received distinguished visitors was constructed of modern materials on plans in vogue in Chinese palaces from time immemorial. The roof was supported by massive red pillars and the woodwork consisted of beautifully carved and gilded panels, all of them of imperial origin—"tokens of esteem" presented by the Empress Dowager to her favorite minister, or bestowed upon him, at her dictation, by her dear nephew, and prisoner, the Emperor.

Yuan's stay in this palatial residence and his period of disgrace seemed likely to be indefinitely prolonged, when in October, 1911, occurred the disturbances at Wou Tehang, Hankow and Han Yang, first signs of the rising against the Empire, organized by the revolutionary party under Sun Yat Sen and his supporters. Such an insurrection might easily have been suppressed. It was neither organized, nor foreseen by those who benefited from it; and as it happened, it was successful. In a few hours the Viceroy of Hou Nan was a fugitive, his yamen was in flames and his troops were firing in a half-hearted manner upon an adversary who was soon master of the artillery and of some hundreds of thousands of men.

The government at Peking immediately sent to oppose the revolutionaries a division of the troops loyal to the Manchurian dynasty. This Imperial army, well armed and consisting entirely of trained soldiers, was defeated.

The court at Peking decided that one man and one only was capable of arresting the revolutionary movement, that man was Yuan Che Kai. The Emperor, a child of four, represented by the regent, the same who had driven Yuan from the court, promulgated a decree, appointing the exiled minister to the position of the Viceroy who was in flight, thus making him ruler of the two Hou provinces. Yuan's reply was a polite refusal, he intended remaining at home "to nurse that leg of his from which he had been suffering for the past three years."

A new edict was issued, more pressing, and commanding his acceptance. This time Yuan accepted, but not simply the position offered him, he insisted upon the command of the troops charged with the suppression of the rebellion. After some evasion and quibbling this was acceded to and he was nominated commander-in-chief. He is ordered to leave immediately for the South; he accepts the position but postpones his departure. In that quarter things were going badly. At Hou Yang, captured by the revolutionaries, the latter occupied a hill dominating the arsenal of which they were already in possession. Again the Court urges the commander-in-chief to save the dynasty by his presence at the head of his troops, by his influence over the army he had lately formed, and over the officers whom he himself had lately appointed, choosing them from among the humblest of his adherents. He no longer

refuses, takes his time, announces his departure for the South; he is supposed to have started and to have arrived; when lo! he is still at Chang Fou surrounded by 5,000 men devoted to himself. Would he never start? was the query on everyone's lips when suddenly he is en route, this time in reality, but for the North. He marches deliberately to Peking preceded by two strong military detachments composed of his faithful Hounans.

Had he given way to any desire for revenge Yuan might have made a triumphant entry into Peking, that of a conqueror or saviour. But he studiously avoided any exhibition of power. His actual entrance was at a railway station at the foot of the ramparts where he was met by a few Europeans who greeted him cordially and sympathetically. Surrounded by guards he was carried to a European carriage and driven to his own house. The next day, as a faithful minister, he made his official visit to the Emperor. But the more humiliated of the two was not he who in accordance with custom, had to lower his forehead nine times to the ground.

Here, then, we see Yuan again in Peking, installed in his former residence. Effective and organized measures are taken to repress the rebellion. Thousands of men join the army of his faithful adherents. Han Yang and Hankow are retaken after a desperate battle, the chief heroism of which was "fighting in the rain."

Then, when the north had been skilfully denuded of troops and the South no longer threatened any danger, it was given out, after a short delay, that the Regent was preparing a solemn abdication and that the discouraged revolutionaries were treating with the Imperial authorities. Here, then, was an incident without parallel in European history: The Manchus officially victors over the revolutionaries were actually handing over their power to the people represented by Yuan Che Kai. There remained, then, in power only Yuan who was shortly after elected "provisional president." Picture to yourself. Peking, the best planned, and most logically arranged city in the world. Take a glance at a plan of the town.

The first thing that strikes you is the way in which every house faces in the same direction. The four sides of the square Manchurian city are due North, South, East and West. From North to South run immense avenues connected by side streets. Every house, every yamen, every palace, has its front and chief entrance facing south.

In the centre of all, the palace, with its gardens, its lakes, its storehouses, its temples and hundreds of roofs covered with shell-like yellow tiles, forms the purple-violet enclosure; it is the "Forbidden violet city." Quite an imperial town.

Surrounding this is the second town with its high yellow-roofed ramparts, peopled entirely by Manchus; this is the "yellow city." This, in turn, is surrounded by the still larger Tartar city, the ramparts of which, about 40 feet

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"Am certainly pleased with the Vacuum Washer." Miss E. H. Kalbfleisch, Carlton.

"Have used the Rapid Vacuum Washer on everything from Whitney blankets and counterpanes to muslin curtains. It does one equally as well as the

other." Mrs. D. T. Westmacott, Mc Dowall P. O.

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"Have received the Washer, and proved it to be all you claim." Mrs. T. D. Wetscote, Donnybrooke.

"The Rapid Vacuum Washer is good, and I want the agency." Ole Harilstad, Manson.

"The Washer has proved up well in my district. Please send me your agents' list." Mrs. Smith, Courval P. O.

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"Rapid Vacuum Washer is a wonder. Does better work than any washer I have that cost \$18.50." John Douglass, Vulcan.

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"Your Washer does all and more than you say it will. Am sending for 25 more at the special price." John Dumaresq, St. Isidore.

"Have tried your Washer, and like it very much." Mrs. Paul J. Doyle, Doyle Settlement.

"The Vacuum Washer does good work, and I will recommend it." J. J. LaPointe, Lorne Settlement.

"The Rapid Washer is very satisfactory, and am sending an agent's order for 10 more." J. B. Williston, Bay du Vin.

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ONTARIO

high, form a somewhat irregular square about 16 miles in circumference. Finally to the south is the Chinese city. Very few people are aware that the latter is but the portion of an original plan designed by a former powerful emperor of the ancient Ming dynasty whose intention it was that an immense Chinese city should surround entirely the tartar city which encloses the yellow city, within which is the violet city, which protects and guards the Emperor.

Here it is that to-day the Emperor who by his Regent has abdicated, but is not defunct, lives side by side with the president still "provisional" but whose power is increasing from day to day.

The Emperor still occupies the central palaces. The new comer for a long time discreetly remained outside the palace. He at first occupied the residence of the Minister of War, at the northern end of the Tartar city, a large building constructed on the European plan. Then, again with marked discretion, he took up his position near the Palace, in the gardens by the lakes, of which there are three—"The Three Seas" as they are called, The Northern, Central, and Southern. In choosing this latter residence he prudently caused a high brick wall to be erected at the point which separates the central from the Southern lake, thus entirely isolating it.

To approach the president, no form or ceremony is necessary. Everything is modern and on a military system. The uniforms of his soldiers fashioned on the German style are of light beige of a greenish hue, not displeasing and sometimes very becoming, with flat, peaked caps. The majority of the old soldiers who guard the person of Yuan Che Kai have served under him for years. From the humblest soldier to the generals he can rely upon every one of them.

Let us suppose we have passed the various barriers in order to get to this modern minister of war, and see what manner of man he is.

Corpulent, with a quick action, short figure, powerful thick neck, the first thing that strikes you is his prominent eyes which are very expressive and seem to overwhelm you with an admixture of cordiality and penetration. You feel that he guesses exactly what you are going to say but that he is ready to listen to you in order that he may be thoroughly informed on whatever you wish to talk about.

He is past 50 but there is nothing in him denoting the approach of old age. At home he is clothed in the long Chinese robes, not embroidered, but stitched with a bright colored silk. The sleeves no longer cover the hands as was formerly obligatory.

The president since the first days of the republic has abandoned the pigtail and his hair is cut short and falls regularly around the head, he wears a moustache, short, thick and drooping at the ends. His manner is sharp, simple and spontaneous. He preserves the ancient Chinese politeness, sometimes rather pompous, precedes his guest, guides him to his seat and makes all those small enquiries as to whence he comes, where he is going, etc., which prevent silence,

or any feeling of lack of cordiality. Under the new regime this old-time politeness is quickly disappearing and in ten years' time will no longer exist except among the people and the peasants.

He leads a simple but active life. He has discontinued the ancient custom which required the Council of the Empire to meet every morning before dawn, but he is still an early riser. His first work is to examine the reports sent in from the provinces. For the last two years, almost every morning has brought in a report that there is a rising in such and such a town, or that the Mongols have 'started out' for war, they seem however never to arrive anywhere. He then receives the Europeans attached to his military staff, chief among whom are General Munthe a Norwegian, who for 17 years has been almost constantly with him, and Commandant Brissaud a Frenchman, an energetic and respected military councillor. Hours and meals are the same as those of the Chinese: 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.

The president has been compelled to observe a regime of strict seclusion. Previous to the decree of abdication, he could occasionally be seen wending his way to the palace or to one of the legations which are all situated together to the south of the Tartar Town. On one of these occasions he narrowly escaped falling victim to a bomb which killed three of his attendants. He was less troubled by the danger and the attempt on his life than by the death of his faithful servants. In adopting this system of self-sequestration, he is following the ancient custom of the Chinese emperors, who seldom showed themselves to their subjects, and such a course is also dictated by political considerations. He did not appear even at the opening of the Parliament, excusing himself on the ground of indisposition. When he is seen in public it is nearly always on some occasion of military display. His favorite public are always his soldiers of the North. Thus on the anniversary fêtes which are already becoming somewhat numerous, including the "Commencement of the revolution," the "Signing of the degree of abdication," etc., he receives his foreign friends in the morning, and he then dons his general's uniform. But as a matter of fact the functions which would bring together the members of the legations and the duly constituted Chinese official bodies have not yet been instituted; for this man who holds four hundred million people in his hands is still only called "Provisional President."

In a laborious life such as his, the family life can to all appearances only occupy a secondary place; but in reality this is not so. The President carefully looks after the education of his numerous children. One of them, the eldest, Yuan-Ko-ting has received a thorough European education. He speaks French and English extremely well, and knows something of Japanese. To his honor, be it said, he has in no way neglected the ancient Chinese studies. Yuan-Ko-ting stands as a model for his fellow compatriot students, who are often too apt to despise the traditional methods

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of education which after all are the basis of the future national progress. Two other sons have just left Pekin for an extensive European tour. This shows the importance Yuan Che Kai attaches to European teaching. He is the only Chinaman who has been able to unite in his own person an appreciation of the importance of profiting by the lessons and progressiveness of the West, together with those national qualities of quite a different kind which go to make up the basic elements and characteristics of the nation to which he belongs.

Will he succeed in establishing on a solid foundation a regime of which the very name itself sounds a paradox in China? Of this we can rest assured: that the destinies of this people "the oldest under the sun," could not be in stronger or firmer hands.

Storm and Sunshine in Trade
The Economic Influence of Meteorological
Conditions on a Country's Business

FROM WEATHER changes as from the proverbial death and taxes, none of us can escape. The winds, the rain, and the snow, the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and the ever-changing seasons, have all been tremendous factors in man's economic struggle—forces which he could not understand or control, writes E. W. Kemmerer, Ph.D., in *Moody's Magazine*. Among advanced peoples, attempts to control the weather are rapidly passing. Our economic life, however, continues to be, to a considerable extent, a buffet of the weather, but the savage weather doctor has been succeeded by modern scientific weather bureaux, with their wonderful scientific instruments and their large forces of trained men who do not attempt to control the weather, but who forearm us against its onslaughts by forewarning us of their coming.

Broadly speaking, we may distinguish two kinds of economic influences exercised by weather changes: First, the influences upon man—the consumer of economic goods and the active factor in their production, and second, the influence upon the non-human or objective factors of production.

The wants of the consumer are the force which propels and directs society's great engine of production. But these wants are profoundly influenced by weather conditions. First, there are the great seasonal swings in the wants of consumers in temperate climates which are so commonplace that we are likely to overlook them. There is the shift from the coal bill to the ice bill, from the felt hat and heavy clothing to the straw hat and light clothing, from the predominately meat diet of winter to the predominately vegetable diet of summer; from theatre and hot chocolate to the seashore and icecream soda.

Then there are the day to day weather changes, less predictable than those of the seasons but of great importance in their influence upon our wants. Millions of dollars of profits in the hat trade hang in the balance of an

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The tropical sun rising out of the Pacific over the thatched huts of the natives; rare flowers in splendid profusion; monkeys and parrots chattering in the trees of the dense, dank, jungle; and the wonderful Canal, practically complete and with ships passing through—all these you will see and more too, on

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early spring or a late spring, millions in the rubber trade hang in the balance of a wet season or a dry season, and millions in the clothing trade, in the balance of an "open winter" or a "closed winter."

The Human Body is a Thermometer and a Barometer

"The human body is a sort of combination thermometer and barometer—this is more true of some people than others, but to some extent probably true of all of us, a fact which has found expression in many proverbs:

"When rheumatic people complain of more than ordinary pains in the joints, it will rain," and

"A coming storm, your shooting corns presage, and aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage."

Many an important business proposition has been rejected upon a "gloomy day" which would have been accepted upon a "bracing day." The spring revival in the stock market is doubtless a part of the optimism and buoyancy which takes possession of us in the spring-time when "all the world is becoming alive again."

That laborers are more efficient in some kinds of weather than others, is well known by men who employ a large force of labor. During London fogs, and on days when the weather is particularly depressing, in the Bank of England, certain sets of books, an error in which would be cumulative and produce disastrous results further on, are locked up and the clerks set at tasks less intricate and important in character. The head of a factory in New York, employing 3,000 workmen has said, "We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about ten per cent. less than a delightful day, and we thus have to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account."

Seasonal Swings of Business

That the condition of the weather exercises an influence upon thought and action in the world of business is not surprising when one recalls the well established scientific facts that there is a remarkably seasonable regularity in many kinds of social phenomena such as marriages, births, suicide, assault, larceny, etc., and that within the seasons such phenomena generally show a pronounced correlation with variations in temperature, humidity and winds.

More definite than our information concerning the influence of the weather changes upon the human factors in the business world, is that concerning the non-human factors. The first point to be noted is the important, though commonplace one, that much of our business is decidedly seasonal in character. This is preeminently true of agricultural pursuits in which about a third of our total population occupied in gainful pursuits is engaged; it is true of building and construction trades, in which the amount of work done in our twenty leading cities, for example, is normally nearly double in March and April what it is in December and January; it is true also of



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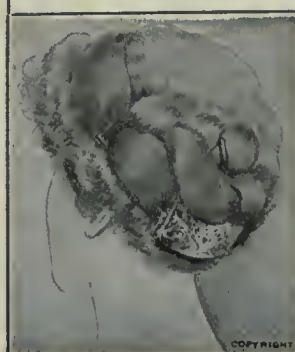
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tion, for example, that a drouth in Russia is seriously damaging the wheat crop, will tend through our produce exchanges, to force up the price of wheat at once, the world over, with the result that the existing supply will be more carefully conserved and that there will be no sudden and pronounced advance at the time of harvest. The opposite would be true if the advance information pointed to an abundant Russian crop.

Tears and Laughter to Order

The Mechanics of Emotion Explained by an Expert Playwright

THE WAY in which audiences are worked up to various kinds of emotional pitch by largely mechanical devices is explained by George M. Cohan in *McClure's Magazine*.

Some years ago, he writes, a notable series of detective stories was simultaneously published in England and the United States. Perhaps the tale that aroused the widest discussion was the one that revolved around an extremely thin glass goblet upon which the hero had had inscribed a secret code. The vessel, with this dangerous inscription, had passed into the possession of an unscrupulous woman. The dramatic interest of the story lay in the attempts of the hero to recover it. The woman well understood that the original owner would never cease his efforts to acquire it, and, although she kept the goblet always in plain sight in her spacious drawing-room, she had it so closely guarded day and night that no one could get within thirty feet of it. Could it be destroyed? For its destruction—and the consequent destruction of its secret—would serve the hero's purpose almost as well as its recovery.

The hero learned that his enemy was planning to give a large ball. He immediately established friendly relations with the leader of the orchestra, and, with the unsuspecting hostess' full permission, persuaded him to incorporate in his program a musical composition that had been specially prepared.

The night arrived. Through the great ball sounded the opening strains in seductive pianissimo. Gradually the melody gathered volume, strength, and fire, and surged upward to the vibrant chord-clash that marked its conclusion. At this climax a noise was heard from the pedestal whereon the precious goblet had been standing. The hostess, her fears aroused, rushed across the hall. She found the vessel lying in a hundred pieces on the floor. The hero had destroyed it by bringing into play a well known principle of physics. The goblet, of course, had its "tone"—the tone that it produced when struck lightly. His problem was to produce with the orchestra its coordinate "tone-clash." When the latter vibrations, worked out beforehand with the utmost nicety, struck against the thin glass on the pedestal, the goblet, smashed by the sound-wave, fell to pieces.

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Theatrical Emotions Largely Mechanical

This goblet may be taken as a symbol of the average theatrical audience. The human mind is just as sensitive to tone-valves, just as responsive to outside stimuli, as this delicately constructed vessel. And the "coördinate tone-clashes" that reach an audience's inmost recesses and cause it to collapse into tears, laughter, or horror are just as much a matter of mechanical preparation as the one that reacted upon this goblet. Given the average crowd in a theatre, the experienced playwright, in the quiet of his study, can figure out in advance precisely what constituents in his play will produce particular effects.

In physiology there are certain familiar phenomena known technically as reflex actions. If you hit the knee-cap at precisely the right spot, the foot suddenly gives a jerk. If an object moves in the direction of the eye, the eyelid immediately closes. If some one tickles the sole of your foot, the foot withdraws itself, independently of any conscious effort of your own. It is not the brain that regulates these movements, but the spinal cord. There are many other movements which were originally voluntary, conscious acts, but which, by constant repetition, have become reflex. Walking, type-writing, and playing on musical instruments are the illustrations that come nearest to hand. We do these things first with the brain, but ultimately an unconscious, unthinking something else takes control. If you do not believe this, try to run down a flight of stairs as a conscious act, the brain directing each separate movement of your legs and body. You will probably make little progress, unless, as is not unlikely, the experiment ends in your going down head first.

As a matter of fact the playwright has his audience at a distinct advantage. It comes to the theatre for one definite purpose, to have its emotions played upon; this experience gives such exquisite delight and satisfaction, indeed, that the average citizen is willing to pay liberally for it. When we speak of the theatrical audience, we must specify, of course, precisely what we mean. Naturally we are not speaking of the hypocritical and blasé part of the population. Probably this class of theatre-goers would not have their tear-ducts loosed and their spines "shivered" by the somewhat commonplace expedients that will be described, chiefly because they come to the theatre steeled against this sort of thing.

**We All Laugh and Cry at the
Same Things**

It is a mistake to suppose that from the standpoint of the fundamental emotions we are not all alike. Emotionally we are essentially the same. Mere buffoonery has delighted many of the world's greatest minds. The Rev. Robert Burton, who wrote the "Anatomy of Melancholy," used to find his keenest pleasure in going down to the river, leaning over the bridge, and eavesdrop-

ping to the coarse and frequently obscene conversation of the bargemen. It always put him into fits of uproarious laughter. There is at least one great musician who sometimes steals silently away to spend an evening in a popular music-hall. The emotional lives of all men follow a fixed norm, precisely as do their physical lives. In the main, the same elemental ideas that "got a rise" out of our ancestors will do the same for us. Perhaps the permanence, through the ages, of the same type of humor is best illustrated by the circus clown.

If we are normal, we all cry at the same things, laugh at the same things, and are thrilled by the same things, and these expedients are, for the most part, artless and simple—so simple that, under ordinary circumstances, we should indignantly repudiate the suggestion that they could move us. But the playwright knows exactly what they are. He has not invented them; he has inherited them. His predecessors used them over and over again; his successors will use them to the end of time. In his own language he calls them his "bag of tricks," or, sometimes, more dignifiedly, his "tools of emotion." If produced at the right moment and with sufficient skill, they never fail to strike the audience in the midriff. They comprise the complete science of the "lump in the throat." They may be regarded as the germs or bacilli of emotions. He can inoculate audiences with them and get just as definite results as do the scientists when they inoculate their guinea-pigs with the microbes of disease. And he does so just as deliberately.

These emotion germs are hundreds in number, and they fall logically into three great classes: (1) Tears; (2) Laughs; (3) Thrills.

Of the various devices given by Mr. Cohan as frequently used by playwrights to produce various emotions, we quote from thirty which he mentions as acting on the tear-ducts:

A child in a nightie saying his "Now I Lay Me." If the prayer is concluded with "And please, dear Dod, send my papa back to me," when it is a divorce play, or a military play with the father at the front, or something of the sort, or with "mama" substituted for "papa" if the play be of the "problem" species, this episode will always exercise a doubly profound effect on the audience's heart.

A man or a woman—or a man and a woman—seated in front of a grate fire in a darkened room while some one (preferably a girl) is playing the piano softly in the adjoining room. This was used in "Milestones," one of the successes of last season.

A scene in which a wayward mother or father comes back and speaks to her or his child, and departs without disclosing to the child her or his identity. This stratagem has been employed countless times in various forms, and not once has it failed to gain the desired effect. It was used effectively in Henry Arthur Jones' "Rogue's Comedy."



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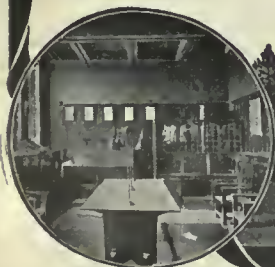
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A final curtain scene in which, when the hero is compelled to leave for some far-off land or serve a sentence in prison or something of that sort, the heroine says to him, "I'll be waiting for you when you return." This is the way Charles Klein ends "The Gamblers."

Church chimes on Christmas Eve. Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" had most of the pathetic motives in it, including this one. Thompson died a millionaire as a result of this play.

A poor family, with the little son telling his father all the things he has written Santa Claus to be sure to bring him. The writing of the letter to Santa Claus is an infallible tear-getter. Used in "The Sign of the Rose."

But the theatre must play upon other emotions than the pathetic. The playwright must make his audiences laugh, and here again his predecessors have laid down the essential formulas. Here, again, the contrivances used are largely mechanical. For years the playwrights have servilely depended upon them for "laughs," and will unquestionably always do so.

Among the "laugh-getters" may be mentioned the following which you constantly laugh at on the stage though when you see them in cold type you will probably be ashamed of doing so:

Giving a man a resounding whack on the back under the guise of friendship.

One character steps on the sore foot of another character, causing the latter to jump with pain.

The spectacle of a man laden with many large bundles.

A man or a woman starts to lean his or her elbow on a table or arm of a chair, the elbow slipping off abruptly and suddenly precipitating him or her forward.

One character imitating the walk of another character, who is walking in front of him and can not see him.

A man consuming a drink of considerable size at one quick gulp.

A character who, on entering an "interior" or room scene, stumbles over a rug. If the character in point be of the "dignified" sort, the power of this laugh-provoker is doubled.

Intoxication in almost any form.

The use of a swear word.

The most successful tricks or jokes are all based on the idea of pain or embarrassment. Tacks made of rubber, matches that explode or refuse to light, exploding cigars or cigarettes, fountain-pens that smear ink over the fingers immediately they are put to use, "electric" bells with pins secreted in their push buttons, and boutonnières that squirt water into the face of the beholder, are a few familiar examples.

Of that side of theatrical mechanics known as the "thrill" and "suspense"

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there are many mechanical tricks such
as:The trick of darkening a stage,
when a light stage would be perfectly
logical so far as the immediate de-
mands of the particular play were
concerned.The vivid flash of lightning and
sudden loud thunder-clap. There
was an episode of this kind in "The
Shulamite."The trick of causing one character
who desires not to be seen to remain
on the stage even when the footsteps
of some one coming are heard ap-
proaching nearer and nearer, the
character delaying his exit until the
last possible moment. This is used in
"Within the Law."The trick of throwing the shadow
of a character against the wall of a
room by causing the character to
carry a lantern or candle in a dark-
ened room. The device need not have
any bearing on the plot of the play.
Shadows of all sorts are excellent
thrill-getters.The smashing of an article of furni-
ture and especially the breaking of
glass, also the battering in of a door,
are valuable mechanical spine-shock-
ers. This latter is a climax in
"Bought and Paid For."Every one of the different elements
of thrill mechanics will be found to rest
upon substantial grounds, even if the
introduction of the thrill mechanics in
certain parts of plays is made for mere
trickiness. The reader must recall again
that the audience is at the moment un-
aware that the thunder-clap or the mys-
terious locked door or the shadow against
the wall, or whatever it is, has been
utilized arbitrarily by the stage artificer,
and that it may have absolutely nothing
to do with what follows. The quality of
suspense is shot into the audience on the
spot. If, subsequently, the audience
says to itself, "We were fooled," it does
not matter. It will have been made to
feel suspense—and that is all the traf-
ficker in theatrical tricks has aimed
for!The secret of stage effectiveness rests
in the impression of the moment. An
excellent illustration of this fact is a
play called "Officer 666." In this play
suspense was made to pile upon sus-
pense and thrill was made to follow
thrill by the exercise and use of theatri-
cal tricks. The audience was carried
along on the high wave of excitement.
It was, in a word, impressed with the
realities even when it was busy laugh-
ing. And yet, at the very end of the
play, one of the characters said that the
events that had so thrilled the audience
could have happened nowhere but on the
stage. The audience, in a word, had
been fooled. But it didn't matter one
bit. Nothing counts in the theatre but
the impression of the time being. All
the "mechanics of emotion" are based,
from the theatrical craftsman's point of
view, on this one solid fact.**\$100 A WEEK**Here is your opportunity to learn a pro-
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is to secure men for **big** positions.Marshall Field claimed that his greatest
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University and Business

The New Democracy in College Circles

ACCORDING to a writer in *The Outlook*, the self-made business man's attitude toward the university is fast changing from one of hostility to active co-operation. He finds less and less opportunity to teach young men the fundamentals of his business. Secondly, he is discovering that, no matter how successful he has been, the sum of one man's experience is not enough to equip his son for competent work. Business and trade conventions, which have developed mightily in service during the last decade, have taught him the benefit of exchanging experiences with other men. He is beginning to insist that if these experiences could be formulated into systematized instruction they could be of inestimable value in furnishing him recruits.

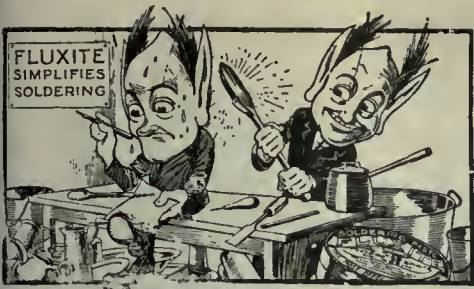
To meet this need he is doing two things: he is inaugurating schools in his own shops, and he is combining with the university in establishing schools of business. There is a School of Business Administration at Harvard. The University of Pennsylvania has long served the business life of Philadelphia. A number of Western institutions have combined with successful men of affairs in offering efficient business instruction.

In New York City, New York University has led the way with its School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance. Dean Joseph French Johnson is a pioneer in the work. With a building situated in the heart of the business section and with day and evening classes he accommodates 2,500 students. Dean Johnson is a business specialist himself, and he has insisted from the beginning that his Faculty be composed of successful men from commercial life.

To one accustomed to the traditional academic environment Dean Johnson's class-rooms appear slightly revolutionary. Here one may find a noted psychologist devoting his time to telling young men for just what branch of business life nature has equipped them. He specializes on fitting round pegs in round holes. By practical, scientific testing he picks out the young man who has an aptitude for detailed work, the young man who was born with a power of initiative, another who shows skill in leading and handling men, one who can sell, and another who can buy.

In another room a \$15,000-a-year public accountant is leaning over the shoulder of a ten-dollar-a-week bookkeeper, demonstrating the grip that is to pull the clerk up the next rung of the ladder. In a third room an advertising man of National reputation is explaining on the blackboard to a small Sixth Avenue shopkeeper why his fall advertisement which offered a bargain sale in "Gents' Socks" failed to pull business from the elite in Washington Square.

There is an atmosphere of co-operation about these class-rooms which is typical of the new democracy in university circles. The labor leader works with the bank president from Wall Street in explaining the new social forces which are affecting business. The ten-dollar-a-



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week clerk has his turn in court, while the \$5,000-a-year business manager sits under him as a student.

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Sir Edward Grey, Britain's Foreign Secretary

A Forceful Character Sketch of a Great Statesman

THERE ARE few public men who, at least in the last few years, have been more before the world; there are few who have a longer record in the House of Commons; no man in modern times has held the great department of the Foreign Office for so lengthened a period; and yet it is true to say that there is no public man who remains less known either to the public or to the House of Commons than Sir Edward Grey, says T. P. O'Connor in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It is part of his extraordinary influence that he is so typically English, and in nothing is he more so than in that instinctive reserve, shyness and reticence which are the most marked characteristics of his race. One might well imagine that these characteristics are partly the result in him of the quiet pride of ancestry, for he belongs to a long race of Norman origin which would be not enhanced, but almost lowered, by the possession of any title beyond that of the simple baronetcy he has inherited. And the physique and manner of the man might well confirm this impression.

Never did Nature carve out, with her too rarely dramatic instinct, a form and a face so appropriate to the character and, one might almost say, to the career of the man. The slight, alert figure—thin and yet suggestive of the inflexible strength of a Damascus blade; the face almost grotesquely regular, with the aquiline nose, the high cheek bones, the cameo-like mouth with thin, perfectly shaped lips, and the general suggestion of the forms of a silhouette—all these things combine to make Sir Edward Grey stand out in any crowd of men, however large, as the embodiment in flesh and blood of what the world has come to believe is the typical and century-old English gentleman of the upper classes.

And thus it is that the qualities which are becoming rarer in public life, owing to the democratisation of our institutions, seem so natural to him, and indicate not pride, still less vanity, but simply the old primordial English instincts of reserve, reticence and hatred of self-advertisement or even of self-revelation. I put all these things in the forefront of a study of Sir Edward Grey for I think they have the largest share in accounting for his extraordinary position and his quite marvelous career. His position and his career are a triumph mainly of character and of temperament; and these qualities again are the explanation of much he has achieved by the fact that



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they are so thoroughly racy of the soil and the people in whose service he is employed.

Courteous in the House---But Curt

By a new arrangement the questions with regard to the Foreign Office are put down for a certain day; and on that day Sir Edward Grey is in his place, ready to meet all comers. His manner of answering questions is even something of an innovation. The replies are courteous, but they are brief, cold, inexpansive. And it is only when he has questions to answer that Sir Edward Grey is ever to be seen on the Treasury Bench. For all the rest of the week, he is as unknown to the House of Commons as if he had ceased to be one of its members. Even when big debates are going on, except on the rare occasions when he has consented to speak himself, he is absent. The fate of a great Bill, even the very existence of the Government, may be at stake; it doesn't matter; you look in vain for Sir Edward Grey among his colleagues. He is far away in his office in Parliament Street. It almost suggests that he is as remote from all this day-to-day work of the House as if he dwelt in one of the fixed stars.

This will explain the observation with which I began; that in spite of the enormous prominence into which events have thrown Sir Edward Grey, he still remains something of an enigma to the outside public and to that inner public of the House of Commons amid which his life has to be passed and on which his fate and that of his policy depend. And yet what figure there is more powerful? what figure more actually and consistently present to the imaginations and to the calculations of that body? If there be a tight place, there is always the feeling that Sir Edward will be a powerful agent in getting the Government on to safety again. If there be any prospect of a change in the constitution of the Ministry, his is one of the two or three names that at once are brought into the discussion. Above all, when a delicate and difficult controversy on foreign affairs is approaching, and though the difference in the Liberal Party itself may be profound, there is always the sense that when Sir Edward Grey rises to speak the whole situation will have been solved to everybody's satisfaction before he is many minutes on his feet.

And here again this unbroken triumph of his rhetoric is not to be accounted for by the ordinary rules of oratory. There are no heights in the speaking of Sir Edward Grey. It has none of the massive strength of the speeches of Mr. Asquith. It has none of those passages of glowing appeal that are to be found in any speech of any length from Mr. Lloyd George. It has none of the devastating vehemence of Mr. Churchill, when he is attacking a political enemy. And yet I repeat what I have often written before, that there has never been in my time so perfect an official speaker. The very qualities which I have described as wanting would perhaps be flaws rather than an addition to the effectiveness of his remarkable form of speech. Cold, simple, lucid, without a phrase that

strikes, without a moment of passionate appeal, the speeches strike the audience as just those which should be delivered by a man who is dealing with mighty and formidable forces, behind whose words stand vast fleets and armies and all the potentialities of a great and proud Empire. The man whose words carry such affrighting possibilities is held, and properly held, to speak in the right tone when he declines to be passionate, exuberant or diffuse.

You see Sir Edward Grey rise on one of such occasions. You know instinctively the tremendous difficulties of his situation. Behind him, sometimes on the benches of his own friends, there is, you know, often a body of stern and high-principled men who view some aspects of his policy with openly-expressed alarm and suspicion. In front of him is the listening and strained ear of the entire world, into which, within a few minutes of his sitting down, every syllable that he has spoken will be carried on the swift wings of telegraphs and telephones with every word weighed and criticized and scrutinized for intention, good or bad, and usually—in some quarters at least—with a predisposition to turn the simple word into cunning deception and the most lucid into perfidious menace.

Sir Edward Grey may feel all these affrighting difficulties, but he shows no consciousness of the fact. He has little mannerisms that may be a revelation of the inner turbulence that no man who was human could be altogether free from. He seizes eagerly and frequently the lapel of his coat, he scratches the back of his head with his hand—reminding one of Gladstone's historic scratch of the top of his head with his thumb—but otherwise Sir Edward Grey gives not the slightest indication of any departure from that cold, aloof self-mastery which is to be found in his words.

It may be high art, it may even be conscious art, but it is the art that carefully conceals itself. On the surface it sounds as if it were the words of a very sensible, a very composed and a very fair man who is speaking language of such palpable equity and sense that nobody could venture to hold any other opinion. The voices that come back from the world, and especially from some of the nations of the Continent, may be discordant, critical, offensive; but in the House of Commons the effect is always the same. During all the seven years he has held his office, Sir Edward Grey has never made a speech on foreign affairs which has not been acclaimed by all sides of the House as just the right, the dignified and the worthy word of a great nation to all other nations, friendly or hostile.

Is He a Revolutionary at Heart?

But I must end as I began. Sir Edward Grey still remains an unsolved enigma to his contemporaries—even to those who have known and watched and heard him in the House of Commons for a quarter of a century. What, for instance, are his views on domestic politics? On that subject he has been

compulsorily silent for all these years of the Foreign Office. I have heard it said by those who ought to know him that this apparently cold, haughty man of ancient descent ranks among the Radical rather than the more moderate elements even of the present Cabinet. This is a fact that seems to be dimly realized by his political opponents, who, in private, often express a greater dread of him than of any other of the present Ministers. The dread is embittered by the sense that birth, heredity and his temperament ought to have ranged him on their side rather than among their potent enemies.

How He Would Execute a King

Perhaps the best thing I have heard said about Sir Edward Grey was by one who knew him well. "Grey," said this friend, "is the man above all men to carry through a revolution; he would do it with such exquisite courtesy, in language so restrained, with such an appearance of perfect moderation. I can imagine him," went on this friend—he was speaking in after-dinner exuberance—"getting up and proposing, for instance, a Bill in these terms: 'The proposal of the Government in this Bill is that the King shall be dethroned and beheaded. The House,' Sir Edward was represented as adding in this imaginary speech, 'will observe the studious moderation of this measure. It does not, for instance, suggest that the death of His Majesty should be accompanied by any cruelty of method; there is no proposal, for instance, and the Government would not accept any amendment on these lines, that His Majesty should be immersed in boiling oil. The Bill simply proposes that he should be beheaded, and that is a proposal to which no man of moderate and open mind could find any objection. It is on those lines of true Conservatism which I would hope will recommend it even to right hon. and hon. gentlemen opposite.'"

It was conscious caricature, but it gave some idea of the tremendous possibilities there are felt to be in this quiet, aloof, cold, reserved man with the long Norman descent and the pronounced Norman physique.

The Man Behind the Camera

Humorous Account of the Experiences of a War Correspondent

SOME of the difficulties encountered by the present day war correspondent photographer are related in the *London Magazine* by Mr. Frank Magee, special photographic correspondent to the *London Daily Mirror*, in the late Balkan war.

I was sent from London, he says, at the first sign of the gathering war-clouds, so as to be on the spot at the opening of the campaign.

On my way through Vienna I was fortunate to fall in with Lieutenant-Colonel McHugh, an old campaigner and an able

war correspondent; and together we journeyed to Belgrade, the Servian capital, where our troubles commenced.

War had been declared by this time, and naturally we were anxious to proceed to the front, but on application to the military authorities for passports we were told that these would be issued shortly, and that it would be useless for us to attempt to get to the front without them. We were also informed that, so that we should not be dependent on the Servian commissariat for rations, etc., we would be obliged to take provisions, also two horses each, with us.

The securing of provisions was not a difficult matter, but getting the horses certainly was, seeing that every horse in the capital capable of carrying a man, or being used as a packhorse, had been commandeered by the military for use at the front.

The difficulty of getting horses we got over by crossing the Danube into Zemplin, Austria, and here, by paying fancy prices, we secured all we required.

We returned to Belgrade, and reported to the authorities that we had got all that was necessary to proceed to the front, and asked for our passports. After a few days' further parleying and bluffing on the part of the authorities our passports were made out, and handed to us.

We had, of course, tumbled to the fact that we were not wanted by the Servians, and realized that the conditions imposed on us, such as the taking of provisions, horses, etc., had been made with a view to causing us to abandon any idea of accompanying the troops in the field.

The authorities were loud in their promises to get us forward in time to witness some battles, but they had no intention of doing so.

We passed over battlefields which were the scenes of Servian victories; we once got within sound of the big guns, but that was all. We were simply bunched around like a party of sight-seeing tourists in a foreign land, being treated with great civility by our conductors.

It was difficult to realize that we had come to see war, we saw so little of it. "Behind the scenes" seemed to be the Servian idea of the position we should occupy, and there we were kept.

News from the front was usually transmitted direct to the capital by the military authorities. Consequently, it became no uncommon sight to see a bunch of war correspondents waiting at Uskub station to meet each train arrive from Belgrade, bringing newspapers from there, in order to learn what was happening at the front!

Only two events of any importance happened to provide material for my camera. One was the discovery of a Servian Joan of Arc, a girl who had accompanied her sweetheart to the front as a soldier. She wore the uniform of a Servian soldier, and carried a rifle. I found her quite by accident, seated in a large beer-hall, sharing a mug of beer with her sweetheart.



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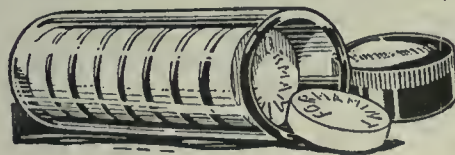
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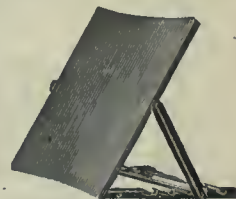
Canadians in the Mediterranean

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Her pale face attracted my attention first, in spite of the fact that she adopted a heavy frown, probably thinking it gave her a warlike and masculine appearance.

My belief that I had actually found a Servian heroine was confirmed by two simple facts, which I think are rare in a soldier: in the first place, by the dainty manner in which she raised the mug to her lips and sipped her beer; and, secondly, she was knock-kneed, which I noticed when she got up to depart.

I lost no time in making her acquaintance, and next day took a series of pictures of her and her sweetheart.

The only other event of any importance was the arrival of King Peter at his re-captured capital, which happened shortly after our arrival in Uskub.

From then onwards it was just a dreary, unexciting period. But for the fact that we occasionally heard a few shots at night-time, and for the presence of the troops, we might have been rusticiating in a sleepy English country village.

Meal-times, owing to the food, to which our stomachs were unaccustomed, were looked forward to with dread rather than pleasure. The store of provisions purchased in Belgrade, as well as some blankets, was lost on the way down to Uskub, and I never saw it again.

The two horses, purchased at great cost; but without which the authorities would not allow me to leave the capital, were lost for days on the railroad, but turned up later. I scarcely used them, and they simply went for a "joy ride" around the country: Eventually, I was able to sell them for a trifle before returning.

I think one of the nicest men I had the honor of meeting during the war was Prince Alexis Karageorgevitch, the King of Servia's cousin. He speaks English fluently, and I met him first at Vraja, a little Servian village on the way to Uskub. I arrived there with Lieut.-Colonel McHugh, my companion in misfortune, and together we set out to look for quarters, anticipating a somewhat lengthy stay, due to the Servians delaying us from time to time when getting too near the front.

We looked in vain, owing to the fact that all available accommodation was taken by the Servian staff officers. The Prince, hearing of our difficulty, insisted upon giving up his room, which had two beds in it, so that we should not be separated, and went off and secured a shake-down for himself in the room of a fellow-officer. It was a princely action, and we appreciated his kindness very much. He was always willing to discuss the war with us, and was usually the first to tell us, in great excitement, of the news of any fresh Servian conquests.

It was a festive night in Vranja when the news of the Turkish route and Servian victory at Kumonova came through. A torchlight procession was organized, in which the correspondents were invited to join, and in which the Prince also walked.

An enormous, resin-soaked-rope torch was handed to each of us, and, headed by a military band, we marched to the King's temporary residence and serenaded him.

From there we went to the hospital, filled with Servian wounded, and patriotic, loyal songs were sung to the bandaged ones who filled each window.

We then tramped back, knee-deep in mud—the Prince as well—and arrived at a large beer-hall, which we entered, the band forming up at one end of the rooms.

Speeches were made by the correspondents, the band playing the National Anthem of the country of which each speaker was a native at the conclusion of his speech. Lieut.-Colonel McHugh spoke on behalf of the British correspondents, and got a great reception. The British National Anthem was played, not once, but several times, the whole assembly joining in as well as they knew how.

We seemed to be in great favor (bar being allowed to see any fighting), and we were busily employed for some little time signing autograph-books. The fun terminated with the Prince leading off with the national dance of Servia, the "Kolo," which reminded me of the children's game of "Ring o' Roses." We clasped hands and galloped round a table in the centre of the room, to the strains of some wild efforts on the part of the band.

The only person I came into conflict with at all was the Prime Minister's son, a spirited lad of nineteen, who had accompanied his father to the seat of operations merely in search of adventure.

His mount was a big grey stallion, practically new to the saddle, and, finding him too big a handful, the Premier's son went to the stable and borrowed a quieter horse (which chanced to be mine), leaving his stallion in its place. I thought it worth while to try the brute, but, after being tossed a few times, I came to the conclusion that for my purposes he was useless.

I met the Minister's son next day, on my pony, and through an interpreter explained to him that I had not journeyed from England to amuse the troops with deeds of equestrian daring, and demanded the return of my pony.

The youth at first indignantly refused, and it was only when I said I would see his father on the matter that he condescended to give up the animal.

I met him again in Uskub, later, and he seemed to have forgotten the incident, as he greeted me with smiles, and invited me to play him fifty at billiards. Neither spoke the language of the other, but that did not matter. We started, and after a time I was leading, not that I am great as a billiard-player, but he was quite a novice. When I was about forty-two to his thirty, it struck me that it would not be policy to whack the son of the Prime Minister at billiards. Suppose they expelled me for it?

I therefore decided to pocket not the balls but my pride, and allowed the youngster to win. In endeavoring to

miss an easy pot, the red, I fluked and scored, which drew an excusable "Hang it!" from my lips. My opponent scored shortly afterwards, and, to my amusement, cried "Hang it!" with a grin on his face. He seemed to think that this was the correct thing to say each time one scored, as he used it each time he scored from then onward to the end of the game, and seemed quite pleased with his first efforts in English, as applied to billiards. By judicious manipulation I just managed to lose, which seemed to please him, and we parted quite good friends.

The arrival of King Peter at his old capital of Uskub made some interesting pictures, and it was here that I met Prince George of Servia.

We had a chat, he laughingly reminding me of an occasion when he was on a visit to London, and I had chased him along the Embankment to the Hotel Cecil to get a snapshot of him.

At last, seeing the futility of remaining on, I decided to return, and went one evening after dark to pay my respects to the British Consul, with whom I was on friendly terms.

I had often been to his house, but never after dark, and on getting near his door I was rather startled to hear a voice challenge me in the Servian tongue. I saw that a sentry was posted at the door, so I merely shouted out that I was English and wanted to see the Consul. He understood me not, but challenged again, and started fumbling with the bolt of his rifle, which he had brought up to the "Ready!"

I thought to produce my passport from my pocket, but wisely refrained from doing so, remembering that he might mistake such a movement on my part, and think I was about to draw a revolver on him.

He challenged again — this was the third time—and, knowing the rule of shooting after the third challenge if the password is not given, I started slowly backing away from him, shouting all the time that I was English, until I reached a convenient alley, down which I bolted, and returned home. So I was not able to say good-bye to my friend the Consul, it being too risky.

During my stay in Uskub I had earned the title of the Master of the Hounds, owing to the fact that wherever I went I was usually accompanied by nearly all the starving mongrels in the town.

It happened this way: one day, whilst having lunch, I threw a piece of meat to a small, lean dog hanging around the doorway. He bolted, yelping wildly, a proceeding I could not understand.

I learned afterwards that the Turks were awfully cruel to their dogs, and seldom offered them morsels of food unless as an enticement to bring them within reach to give them a good kick, and I noticed that the majority of the dogs I saw were maimed or disfigured, due, no doubt, to the kicks of their cruel masters.

Hence the little dog's yelp. He returned later, and creeping up quietly, snatched up the piece of meat, and again ran off yelping.

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He came again, and allowed me to stroke him; and, gaining heart at finding there was one here who gave meat without kicks, became quite friendly, and turned somersaults—evidently an old trick of his.

I reckon he must have told the story of the kickless meat in his own doggy way to all his mongrel pals, as the next day dozens of them sat outside that door, waiting to be fed, and I could not move a foot without having dozens of them at my heels.

I was not sorry to leave Uskub; it was too slow, and for a war correspondent in search of copy and pictures its sphere too limited. From the point of view of able military censorship, the Servian methods were perfect, making the work of a correspondent an impossibility; and I feel sure that the time will come when, in the event of war, correspondents will be confined to the capitals of the countries engaged, and accompanying the troops and having a free hand will become things of the past.

Henry Labouchere

The Life Story of One of the Best Known Independent Personalities on the Public Stage of England

COMMENTING upon a biography of the late Henry Labouchere by his nephew, Mr. A. G. Thorold, the *Review of Reviews* says: "In his personal outlook on things, Mr. Labouchere was non-religious, not anti-religious, for he fully recognized the utility of religious belief in other people; and it is not surprising therefore that such a man was constitutionally suspicious of strong feelings or enthusiasms of any kind. "I don't mind," he said, "Mr. Gladstone always having an ace up his sleeve, but I do object to his always saying that Providence put it there."

Mr. Labouchere was a Radical and a Rebel, and having an ample supply of money and no respect for the opinions of other people, there was nothing to deter him from the fullest expression of his opinions.

That Henry Labouchere was not a typical Englishman is patent, and the description of his ancestry which Mr. Thorold gives, explains the reason. His Huguenot grandfather was sent, at the age of thirteen, to learn his uncle's business at Nantes, and later entered the house of Hope at Amsterdam as French clerk. The story of the clever ruse by which Pierre Cesar Labouchere won the hand of his bride and a partnership is well known. Being sent by Mr. John Hope to England to see Sir Francis Baring on business, he fell in love with Sir Francis's daughter Dorothy. Before returning he asked Sir Francis to allow an engagement, and was refused. Pierre Cesar then asked if it would make any difference if he were to become Mr. Hope's partner. Sir Francis admitted that it would. Pierre Cesar then went back to Holland and suggested to Mr. Hope that he might be taken into partnership. Mr. Hope did not accede.

and was asked whether it would make any difference if he were engaged to the daughter of Sir Francis Baring. Mr. Hope replied, "Certainly!" whereupon Pierre Cesar said, "Well! I am engaged to Miss Dorothy Baring . . ." and was able to write at once to Sir Francis announcing the news of his admission to partnership in the house of Hope and to claim the hand of his bride.

A great deal more of the history of Pierre Cesar Labouchere is given by Mr. Thorold. Pierre Cesar's second son Henry, afterwards became Lord Taunton. Henry Labouchere's father was the second son, John, and people who knew the family but slightly, supposed that the young Henry was the son of Lord Taunton, which mistake gave the young wit the opportunity of making one of his best-known repartees. On one occasion a gentlemen to whom Henry was introduced for the first time opened the conversation by remarking: "I have just heard your father make an admirable speech in the House of Lords." "House of Lords!" replied Mr. Labouchere assuming an air of immense interest; "well, I always have wondered where father went to when he died!"

There are many stories of his school days, but in none of them does he appear to have devoted much time to study.

His father decided to send him abroad with a tutor, who, however connived at his attendance at public gaming tables. On their return to England it was arranged he should make a trip to South America, and there he gambled and betted, and got into all sorts of trouble. From South America he went to Mexico, and, though having a surprisingly small sum in his possession, he wandered for eighteen months all over the country. A year or two later his people got for him an appointment as Attache at Washington, and here he formed the habit of attending almost nightly at a circus, and when the lady who attracted him left with the troupe, he bamboozled his chief into sending him to make a report on some local subject to the town to which they had retired. Another time he was sent to Boston to look after some Irish patriots. He lost all his money, and, penniless, slept out on the common, but in the morning was hungry, entered a restaurant and ordered a meal, wondering if his coat would be taken in pledge for it. The waiter continued to stare at him, and at last

"one of them approached me and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, are you the patriot Meagher?' Now this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, had been sent to Australia, and escaped thence to the United States. It was my business to look after patriots, so I put my fingers before my lips, and said, "Hush," while I cast up my eyes to the ceiling as though I saw visions of Erin beckoning to me. It was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me, and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things, I approached the bar and asked boldly for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irish-

man, said: 'From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money; allow a brother patriot to shake you by the hand.' I allowed him. I further allowed all the waiters to shake hands with me, and stalked forth with the stern, resolved, but somewhat condescendingly dismal air which I have seen assumed by patriots in exile."

During the time Labouchere stayed at Washington he seems to have been on the whole an assiduous worker, and to this the number of despatches in his own handwriting preserved in the archives of the Record Office bear witness.

In later life one of his few ambitions was to have been Ambassador at Washington. That such work was congenial to him the score or so of pages in Mr. Thorold's book which are devoted to his diplomatic career well show. They are replete with amazing anecdotes—as, for instance, when starting on a holiday and finding at the Chancellerie a letter from his Chief awaiting him, he suspected that it would delay his holiday, and therefore calmly put it in his coat-tail pocket. Later he wrote a nice letter of apology, beginning, "Your letter has followed me here," which was, after all, the simple truth.

Lord John Russell appointed him Secretary of Legation of the Republic of Parana. Says Mr. Labouchere: "I had never heard of this Republic. After diligent inquiry I learned that it was a sort of Federal Town on the River Plate, which a short time before had shared the fate of the Kilkenny Cats, so I remained in Italy, and comfortably drew my salary. A year later came a despatch, couched in language more remarkable for its strength than its civility, asking me what I meant by not proceeding to my post. I replied that I had passed the twelve months in making diligent inquiries respecting the whereabouts of the Republic of Parana, hitherto without success, but if his Lordship would kindly inform me where it was I need hardly say that I would hasten there." Small wonder is it that his diplomatic career came to an end after another of these practical jokes.

After acting as the Daily News correspondent during the siege of Paris, he later started a journalistic venture himself, when, with Edmund Yates he established "The World." Mr. Yates had sent him a prospectus of the proposed undertaking with the hope that he would help as a free-lance. Mr. Labouchere proposed to write a series of Financial articles and actually commenced in the second number as follows:—

Some years ago Mr. John F. Walker, having derived a considerable fortune from cheating at cards in Mississippi steamboats, determined to enjoy his well-earned gains in his native city of New York, and purchased an excellent house in that Metropolis. In order to add to his income he advertised that he was a "reformed gambler," and for a consideration would instruct novices in all the tricks of his trade. Mr. Walker was universally esteemed by his fellow-citizens, and

died last year, greatly regretted by a numerous body of friends and admirers.

In casting about for the Financial Editor for our journal, we have fallen upon a gentleman who by promoting rotten companies, puffing worthless stock, and other disreputable, but strictly legal, devices has earned a modest competence. He resides in a villa at Clapham, he attends church every Sunday with exemplary regularity, and is the centre of a most respectable circle of friends; many of his old associates still keep up their acquaintance with him, and therefore he is in a position to know all that passes in the City. This reformed speculator we have engaged to write our financial article.

"Labby" was known as "the Christian member for Northampton," to distinguish him from Mr. Bradlaugh. Here is his veracious (?) account of a leave-taking with Mr. Gladstone: "And, men of Northampton, that grand old man said to me, as he patted me on the shoulder, 'Henry, my boy, bring him back, bring him back.'" It is difficult to imagine Mr. Gladstone patting the member for Northampton on the back and calling him, "Henry, my boy." The success of this allusion to the Prime Minister, however, was enormous, and the name stuck. Mr. Gladstone was the "Grand Old Man" for the rest of his life.

The story of the foundation of "Truth" is given by its editor, and an entertaining story it is, in which all ordinary journalistic arrangements are presented upside down. Its first title was to have been "The Lyre" and when "Truth" was decided on, some jester, who had heard of the title asked, "What is Truth?" Mr. Labouchère replied with the quip, "Another and a better World." Mr. Voules was selected to do the donkey-work, and well he did it, never daring to take a holiday far out of town for fear Mr. Labouchère should calmly decide that the paper need not come out for a week or so. Commenced without any idea of its becoming a money-making concern, it soon began to yield a large income and, incidentally, prevented Mr. Labouchère from attaining his second ambition—to be a Cabinet Minister—for the Queen would have nothing to do with the editor of "Truth."

In 1910 Mrs. Labouchère died suddenly, and in 1911 Mr. Labouchère's physical strength began to weaken. He lost his old friend, Sir George Lewis, and felt the loss deeply. As simply as a child tired with play he took to his bed on January 11th, and died at midnight four days later. Mr. Thorold writes:—

The earliest remark of Mr. Labouchère's that I have recorded in this book was a jest, and so was the last I heard him utter. On the afternoon of the day before he died, as I was sitting at his bedside, the spirit lamp that kept the fumes of eucalyptus in constant movement about his room, through some awkwardness of mine, was overturned. Mr. Labouchère, who was dozing, opened his eyes at the sound of the little commotion caused by the accident, and perceiv-

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ed the flare-up. "Flames?" he murmured interrogatively. "Not yet, I think." He laughed quizzically, and went off to sleep again.

Diary of a Future Emperor

An Intimate Insight Into the Feelings and Opinions of a Near-Future Powerful Monarch

THE ARCHDUKE Franz Ferdinand of Austria, will, in the ordinary course of nature before long be the ruler of a Great Empire with two million soldiers at his call; some dreadnoughts too. As Emperor King he will hold in his hands the power practically to let loose the dogs of war when he chooses. Thus much depends on the manner of man he is, on what appeals to him and what is repulsive, on what his ideals are and where his sympathies lie. His personal feeling for or against any nation may, perhaps, some day, be the all-important factor in deciding whether there shall be peace or war; a fact that is in itself sufficient to give special interest to a Diary of his written during a tour round the world some time back, and which is dealt with in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The Diary, which was originally intended only for his own relatives, was written by the Archduke during a year he spent in a journey round the world. This year was practically his Wanderjahr, although he was already a man of nearly thirty at the time. In spite of the fact that his father was still alive, he was even then regarded and treated as heir to the throne; and the Emperor Franz Josef was hard at work, and had been for two long, weary years, trying to fit him for his future position; while Count Taaffe, his Prime Minister, was striving manfully to render him popular. For, unfortunately, Austrians and Hungarians alike had begun by looking on him askance when he became heir. They could see no good in him at all, because, for one thing, he was so very unlike his predecessor, the Crown-Prince Rudolf, whom they had all idolized. Besides, they soon had a grievance against him, owing to his having, as they knew, added to the heavy burden his uncle, the old Emperor, has to bear, by stoutly refusing to marry, although there were reasons of State why marry he should. It was because both the Emperor and the Count had lost hope of inducing him to accept a bride, that he was allowed to start off on his journey, on which his heart had long been set.

His whole family, father, step-mother, brothers, sisters and sister-in-law, went with him to Trieste to wish him God-speed; and he begins his Diary by telling us how very lonely he felt when they were all left behind. Family affection is one of his marked characteristics. One of his sisters was married while he was travelling, and it was a real trouble to him that he could not be with her on her wedding day, "the all-important day of her life." On his return journey he would not even stay in Paris, much as he

appreciates the charm of that city, so eager was he to see her in her new home. And his love of his own land is as intense as his love of his own people; of this, too, there are many proofs in his book. Austria is for him the most beautiful of all lands, the finest, the noblest, the most gemütlich. That any Austrian should ever be content to live elsewhere is evidently quite beyond his comprehension.

In many respects Franz Ferdinand is a true Habsburg; no one who gives even a casual glance at his Diary can have any doubt on this point. He is as firmly convinced as any old mediæval Kaiser that between himself and mere ordinary mortals there lies a deep gulf. When, on board the Empress of India, he found that he, as every other passenger, was numbered, and might not smoke where he would, his astonishment knew no bounds; and when, in a certain mammoth hotel, the fact was brought home to him that he must take pot luck with German tourists, and share a room with men of all sorts and conditions, his astonishment was turned into dismay. For he stands aloof instinctively from the great mass of his fellows, and shrinks from all intercourse with them. When an American inn-keeper greeted his party with a shout of "How are you, dear Duke?" and wished to shake hands all round, he did not like it at all; and when at Spokane he was chaffed because he had so much luggage, and was asked how much more he would have had, had he had a wife, he was sorely ruffled; for, with all his good gifts, he has no sense of humor.

At Vancouver a female adorer of Royalty forced her way on board his boat, crying wildly: "The Prince, the Prince, where is the Prince?" and this experience he found most trying; for, besides being an aristocrat, he is one of the shyest of men. It is a real trial to him that his lines are cast in prominent places; that he must walk in the foremost rank where all the world can see him; and what is still worse, must allow himself at every turn to be photographed. He rails against photographers as if they were the veriest fiends sent into the world to torment him; and reporters are even worse in his eyes than photographers. He has a lively appreciation of the comforts of this life, of luxurious surroundings, and dainty little dinners; none the less when reduced one day, during a shooting expedition, to sleeping out in the rain with nothing much to eat, he was happier by far, he declares, thus roughing it, with only his own little party around him, than when travelling in state, surrounded by ob-servers.

Although unmistakably a Habsburg, Franz Ferdinand is one of the Josef II. type. This, too, a casual glance at his Diary is enough to prove. If he feels that he is not as other men, he feels also, and still more strongly, that he owes not less than other men to his fellows, but infinitely more. Never was there a prince more alive to the fact that "Würde bringt Bürde, especially when the poor are in question; never a prince

more firmly convinced that the first duty of Haves is to give to Havenots; the most precious privilege of the exalted, to protect the lowly. Wherever he went, when on his travels, he was on the watch to see how the poor were cared for. He might perhaps have forgiven the Americans for being a parvenu nation, had he not found, or thought he found, when among them, that they trampled on the needy with callous indifference. When in India he was horrified at the glaring contrast between the lavish wealth and splendor he saw at the courts of the native princes, and the poverty in which the great mass of their subjects live, a poverty so terrible that no Austrian could realize it, he declares. He takes England to task openly for her neglect of the Ryots. Why has she not taught them to till their land properly, he asks, instead of leaving them to till it without the help even of a plough, with the result that they must go half-starved.

India, as a whole, is badly cultivated, the Archduke seems to think; not nearly so well cultivated as either the Dutch colonies or Japan; and he is an expert in the subject. His own estates are perfect models of skilful cultivation; and in every country he visited, he was on the alert to learn new methods and put to the test new machines. For his love of the past does not blind him to the fact that, if the old world is to hold its own against the new, it must furbish up its wits and turn to account the latest inventions. He was on the alert, too—and this is more remarkable—to see how business was carried on and what was being manufactured. If he was interested in corn-growing, sheep-shearing, and mutton freezing, he was interested also in the manufacturing of china, metal goods, and silks; and he spent whole days in potteries, mills and factories, noting every improvement he saw there on the methods in force in Austria.

He is very guarded, in what he writes concerning politics in India; for, as he is never weary of saying, his sojourn there was much too short for him to have any claim to write with authority. Still, he does just once venture to give a word of warning "India is undoubtedly a jewel of the British Crown, and England must therefore guard it as something precious," he writes the day he left Calcutta. "While rejoicing in this possession of hers, she must take precautions for its safety." And once he ventures to express an opinion: "It may be that experienced continental and colonial statesmen regard as a dream that can never be realized the thought of an Imperial Confederation, of a closer union among the British colonies themselves and between them and the mother country." None the less, therein lies, he personally is convinced, England's one chance of extending her power and influence, nay, perhaps, even of holding her own in the world.

Of all the people he came across while on his travels, the Australians are his "Lieblinge," he affirms; and Lieblinge is a very strong term. Never were there such kindly folk as the Sydney folk,

never folk so good tempered, pleasant, and hospitable. All the men are intelligent, all the women beautiful—superlatively beautiful, according to him.

What is much more significant than the Archduke's liking for the Austrians is the fact that he found nothing to jar on him in Australia, although it is a new country, newer even than his hôte noire, America, and democratic to boot. This is proof surely that, when he looks askance on democrats, it is not because they are democrats, but for some other reason. Far from taking exception to the government in force there, he seems to think the country well governed; and he speaks in appreciative terms of its rulers.

He was much struck by the lines on which business is conducted in Australia; for with all his loathing of pushfulness, he is a great admirer of energy. He spent some quite delightful days with a squatter, being initiated into the mysteries of farming on a colossal scale. He was kept busy the whole time he was there, what with pleasure, what with work; and he enjoyed it all thoroughly. He was quite unhappy, indeed, as he tells us, when he must say good-bye to his Australian friends.

Franz Ferdinand's enthusiasm for the Australians is the more remarkable as he is evidently not very much in sympathy with the Anglo-Saxons as a race. If we may judge by this book of his, he has more respect than personal liking for English folk; although individually they may and do appeal to him, collectively they do not. He writes with great admiration of British enterprise. In India England has done a really great work for civilization, he declares, even though the civilization she has spread be but as oil on water. "India is often called the land of wonders, but I should call it rather the land of puzzles," he writes; and the greatest puzzle of all is how England can, with so small a display of force, hold its huge population in subjection. The fact that she can and does, is proof that the English are by nature a dominant race, he maintains.

Although the Archduke, during his tour, was never in German territory, he, of course, often met with Germans, especially when in America. For them, however, he has no flattering epithets, no sympathy expressed or implied. The care with which he as a rule avoids mention of them is, indeed, so marked a feature of his Diary that it sets one wondering whether it is the result of self-restraint or of severe editing. Twice while in the Rockies he came across German sportsmen; but he passes them over in silence. Practically, indeed, Germany and things German are ignored in his Diary, why and wherefore one can only conjecture.

The reserve the Archduke shows with regard to Germans is conspicuous by its absence when he comes to write of Americans. He dislikes Americans, and he makes no attempt to conceal the fact. They impress him as being cold, lacking in kindness, in Gemüthlichkeit; and,



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according to him, no one can be in sympathy with a race that lacks Gemüthlichkeit. They have a strain of greatness in their character, he admits; but even this "is often distorted into the bizarre, the grotesque; nay, even the repulsive." He is profoundly impressed by their enterprise, their genius in evolving colossal schemes, their vigor in grappling with difficulties. His admiration of their technical skill is unbounded. They are the veriest Übermenschen in their dealings with nature, he declares; but, unfortunately, they are also Übermenschen in their dealings with their fellows; and that he cannot forgive them. Not only do they jar on him, offend his taste, and ruffle his susceptibilities, but they positively shock him. He disapproves fundamentally of them and their noisy helter-skelter, pushful ways; he disapproves, too, of the fashion in which they live and work; and, above all, of the manner in which, as he maintains, they neglect their poor, and stand aside with folded hands while the feeble are being struck down.

In Java he learnt also to know the Dutch, and not only to know them, but to like them. They are a kindly, good-tempered race, he writes; and they have Gemüthlichkeit, that quality he so sorely missed in Americans. Not only does he like them, but he admires them: they have a real genius for commerce; a real genius, too, for colonization. "Their colonies are extremely well organized and administered: in them natives and Europeans alike are made more comfortable and are more content than in the colonies of any other nation; and there is a more friendly feeling between rulers and ruled." This was written before he went to Australia.

Eighteen years have now elapsed since this Diary was published; and these years have brought about great changes in the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's position; for whereas now he is the Emperor-King's coadjutor, in fact if not in name, and makes his influence felt throughout the empire, then he was politically a mere cypher, and therefore to a certain extent an irresponsible. For his health had broken down completely after his return to Europe; and so little hope of his recovery was entertained, that his brother Otto was installed in his place as future sovereign. And these years may, of course, have brought about as great changes in his views as in his position. Still, he was already thirty-three, it must be remembered, when the second volume of his book was published; and the views a man holds at thirty-three he holds as a rule to the end. The chances are, therefore, that he thinks and feels to-day as he thought and felt when he wrote his Diary; and is in most respects the same man he was then, even though he has meanwhile taken unto himself a wife.

Thus a new state of things may be expected in Austro-Hungary when Franz Ferdinand is Emperor-King, a state of things in which capitalists may fare worse than they fare now, while the working classes will fare better. For if we judge him by his Diary, he will be no

roi faineant; he will rule as well as govern; and, in ruling, will make the welfare of the masses his first consideration; first, at any rate, after the honor and glory of Austro-Hungary.

The Largest Idol in the World

Description of a Remarkable Buddhist Monument in Western China

FAR in the interior of Asia more than a thousand miles from the sea is situated the city of Jah-Ding. It stands on the banks of a gently flowing river, one of the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang. It is the goal of many a globe-trotter of adventurous disposition or scientific tendencies, being the starting place for a visit to Mt. Omei, from which it is distant one day's journey. That mountain is one of the natural wonders of the world. Dotted with temples from base to summit, the mountain overtops the surrounding plain by nearly two miles, while on one of its faces a tremendous precipice descends almost unbroken for six thousand feet. It attracts the globe trotter with an irresistible magnetism: of the many travellers however—men of literary and scientific attainments—who have journeyed to far western China and who have written of its scenery and its monuments not one appears to have visited and described the most remarkable monument of them all, an immense statue of Buddha situated two days' journey to the east of Jah-Ding, until Mr. Roger Sprague of Berkeley, California, decided early in 1910 to make the journey and locate the marvel, rumors of which had been referred to by previous travellers. In the *Popular Science Monthly* Mr. Sprague gives an account of his visit and a description of the monument:

It was a narrow winding road which led across the hills and through the valleys, zig-zagging hither and yon. The customary method of travel in that region is by sedan chair, but, owing to the fact that the season was the Chinese New Year, it was almost impossible to obtain chair carriers; most of the distance had to be walked. Were I writing a story, it might be made entertaining by an account of wayside scenes and daily incidents of travel. I might describe the farmhouses with their low tiled roofs and their hedges of bamboo, the bridges built of massive masonry; the stone portals spanning the way to commemorate by their inscriptions virtuous or useful lives, the tall pagoda rising from its hilltop in the distance to signalize the presence of a city. As this is not a story, let us hasten to the end of the fifty miles, and view the Great Buddha. At the end of two days of travel, we saw before us the colossal image in all its dignity; not nearly so large as rumor had made it out, but a Colossus still. Of course, the story of the whole hill having been hewn into a figure was a fabrication. The upper half of the hill-side consists of a sandstone cliff, and in this a niche fifty feet broad had been cut,

leaving a central core of stone, which was then carved into a figure seated in European style, not cross-legged as Buddha is so often represented. The height of the image is not less than one hundred feet, that of the hill not less than two hundred. A series of five tiled roofs, descending like a flight of steps, has been built before the image to protect it from the weather, so that only the face can be seen from without. But by going within the location of the feet can be determined. A white-fronted structure may be seen below to the right; it is a temple and another temple crowns the height. As the writer and his men came in sight of the Great Buddha, we paused and rested from our journey at a point near one of the gates to the walled city which lies in the valley below. As our eyes turned to the great face, which has been gilded until it shines like metal, as the immense size and perfect preservation of the idol made their impression, the thought that came to my mind was, "How far more marvellous is this than many of the world's boasted wonders."

I thought of the Colossi at Thebes and the Sphinx. What are they? Scarred, ruined and defaced by the hand of man and the effects of time, they are scarcely recognizable as images. They are little better than lumps of battered rock. But far in the west of China sits this old Buddha, remote from the tracks of travel, unnoticed and almost unknown; yet greater in size than the Egyptian Colossi, his proportions preserved in all their pristine freshness, temples above and below him, and priests in attendance to keep the incense burning at his feet. There he sits, grimly gazing out over the roofs of the city which lies before him.

While exploring the temple, I asked one of the priests the age of the image. His answer came, "Gee chien neen. Some thousands of years." I give it for what it is worth.

Another thought which that monument inspired was a reference to a passage in one of Conan Doyle's delightful stories, which describes a party of tourists viewing one of the ancient temples of Upper Egypt. The author makes one of the characters say:

If one could come wandering here alone—stumble upon it by chance, as it were—and find oneself in absolute solitude in the dim light of the temple, with these grotesque figures all around, it would be perfectly overwhelming. A man would be prostrated with wonder and awe.

My thought was that, if such are Conan Doyle's preferences, he would enjoy a visit to the place before which I stood. The visitor would ascend to a broad stone platform that lies before the white front of the temple. He would enter a dimly lighted interior, where priests are tapping the drum and raising their rude chants before grotesque carved images of the types so common in China. Turning, the visitor would ascend to a platform built before the feet of the Colossus, below which he could stand and gaze with head thrown back at the giant bulk above him. There would be no danger of his being disturbed by the idle chatter and empty laughter of gap-

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ing tourists, for I have already intimated how scarce travellers are in that portion of the world. It would be as though time had rolled back twenty centuries and he stood in one of the temples of ancient Egypt.

To get a nearer view of the face of the Buddha, it would be necessary to circle the hill and ascend one of two trails which lead around the front of the cliff. Along these trails, life-size figures have been carved in the face of the sandstone. They are in a very ruinous condition and are only remarkable because of their belonging to the ancient Greek type of sculpture, so different from the modern Chinese type. Above the end of either trail a tablet containing a long Chinese inscription has been carved in the solid rock. No doubt these inscriptions contain much interesting information concerning the great Buddha, but the writer's limited knowledge of the language prevented him from deciphering them.

A Children's Paradise

The Religious Beliefs of the Eskimos
Forbid the Punishment of Children

THE RELIGIOUS beliefs and customs of the Mackenzie River Eskimos are the subject of an article in the current number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*.

The formulators of religious opinion among this primitive northern people are the "Shamans" who hold communion with the spirits and are familiar with the things of the other world.

The ordinary Mackenzie River shaman has about half a dozen familiar spirits, any of which will do his bidding. A shaman may be old and decrepit or for some other reason may be what we should call "hard up." This is a propitious occasion for some ambitious young man to obtain a familiar spirit. He will go to the old shaman and some such conversation as this will take place:

"Will you sell me one of your Key-nkat?" (that being the Mackenzie River name for a familiar spirit).

"Yes. I don't see why I might not. I am getting to be an old man now and shall not need their services much longer; besides, I have had my eye on you for a long time and shall be glad to have you for my successor. I think I might let you have my Polar Bear spirit."

"That would be kind of you, but don't you think you could spare your Tide Crack spirit?"

"Well, no; that is the one that I intend to keep to the very last. It has been very faithful to me and useful, but if you don't like the Polar Bear spirit you might have my Indian spirit."

And so the bargaining goes on, until finally it is decided that the young man buys the Raven spirit for a numiak freshly made of five beluga skins, twenty summer-killed-deer skins, two bags of seal oil, a green stone labret, and things of that sort without end—giving a new boat, in fact, loaded with all sorts of gear.

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The young man now goes home, and presently, using the appropriate formula given him by the shaman, he summons his familiar spirit, but the familiar spirit refuses to appear. The young man then goes back to the old shaman and says to him: "How is this? The spirit which you sold me has not come." And the old man replies: "Well, I cannot help that; I transferred him to you in good faith, and if you are one of those persons with whom spirits refuse to associate, that is a thing which I cannot help. I did my part in the matter."

As a matter of fact it is only once or twice in a generation that such a thing takes place. When he has once publicly paid for the spirit, the young man has everything to lose by admitting that he did not receive it. He cannot get back what he paid for it; he cannot have the advantage of being considered a shaman; and he will lose social standing through the publication of the fact that the spirit refuses to associate with him. As a matter of practice, therefore, the purchaser will pretend that he received the spirit and he will announce that fact. Some time later sickness occurs in a family or a valuable article is lost. The young man is appealed to, and in order to keep up the deception which he has begun by pretending to have received the spirit, he goes into as good as imitation of a trance as he can manage, for he has from childhood up watched the shamans in their trances. If he succeeds in the cure, or whatever the object of the seance may be, his reputation is made; and if he does not succeed nothing is lost, for it is as easy for an Eskimo to explain the failure of a shamanistic performance as it is for us to explain why a prayer is not answered. It may have been because some other more powerful shaman was working against him, or it may have been for any one of a thousand reasons, all of which are satisfactory and sufficient to the Eskimo mind.

Most travelers who have visited the arctic lands have commented upon the fact that Eskimo children are never punished, or, in fact, forbidden anything.

One family of Eskimos were the servants of the expedition for its whole four years, and I had known them also on previous expeditions. This family consists of the man Ilavinirk, his wife Mamayak, and their daughter Noashak. When I first knew Noashak I formed the opinion that she was the worst child I had ever known, and I retained that opinion for over six years, or until she was a young woman of perhaps twelve years. (Some Eskimo girls are fully developed at the age of twelve or thirteen.) In spite of her badness Noashak was never punished.

During the entire time that Noashak's family was with us she was the undisputed ruler of our establishment. My plan of work was such that I could not get along without the help of Eskimos, and I had continually before me the choice of doing as Noashak wanted or else losing the services of her parents.

It was during the absence of the sun in December, 1909, that this family and were traveling up Horton River. We

had been several days without anything to eat except seal-oil; our dogs were tired and weak from hunger and had ceased pulling. Ilavinirk and I were harnessed to the sled on either side, beaking our backs to pull it forward, and Mamayak was walking ahead breaking trail for the sled. Noashak, then a fat and sturdy girl of eight, was on top of the load, which was heavy enough in all conscience without her. Whenever we stopped to rest she would immediately jump off the sled, run up some cut bank and slide down it, run up again and slide down again, and so on as long as we stayed. The moment we started she would jump on the load and ride.

One day when her father and I were more tired than usual and getting weaker from long fasting. I asked Ilavinirk whether he did not think it would be a good idea if Noashak got off and walked a little (we had, by the way, saved food for Noashak so that she had something to eat when the rest of us did not). He put the matter to her, telling her that it was his opinion that walking would really do her good; he told her how tired he and I were getting, and wanted to know if his dear daughter was not willing to walk now and then so as to enable us to travel a little farther each day and to reach our destination, where plenty of food waited for us, that much sooner. But she said she did not feel like walking, and that ended the discussion.

It was only in February or March, 1912, that I got the key to the situation, and I found it then to involve also that most interesting question of how it is that Eskimos get their names.

I had noticed ever since I knew them that Mamayak in speaking to Noashak always addressed her as "mother." When one stops to think of it, it was of course a bit curious that a woman of twenty-five should address a girl of eight as "mother." I suppose, if I thought about the matter at all, I must have put this practice of theirs in the same category with that which we find among our own people, where we often hear a man addressing his wife as "mother."

One day another Eskimo family came to visit us, and strangely enough the woman of the family also spoke to Noashak and called her "mother." Then my curiosity was finally aroused, and I asked: "Why do you two grown women call this child your mother?" Their answer was: "Simply because she is our mother," an answer which was for the moment more incomprehensible to me than the original problem. I saw, however, that I was on the track of something interesting, and both women were in a communicative mood, so it was not long until my questions brought out the facts, which (pieced together with what I already knew) make the following coherent explanation, which shows not only why these women called Noashak "mother," but also why it was that she must never under any circumstances be forbidden anything or punished.

When a Mackenzie Eskimo dies the body is taken out, the same day that the death occurs, to the top of some neighboring hill and covered with a pile of drift-logs, but the soul (nappan) remains

in the house where the death occurred for four days if it is a man, and for five days if it is a woman. At the end of that time a ceremony is performed by means of which the spirit is induced to leave the house and go to the grave, where it remains with the body, waiting for the next child in the community to be born.

When a child is born it comes into the world with a soul of its own (nappan), but this soul is as inexperienced, foolish, and feeble as a child is and looks. It is evident, therefore, that the child needs a more experienced and wiser soul than its own to do the thinking for it and take care of it. Accordingly the mother, as soon as she can after the birth of the child, pronounces a magic formula to summon from the grave the waiting soul of the dead to become the guardian soul of the new-born child, or its atka, as they express it.

Let us suppose that the dead person was a wise old man by the name of John. The mother then pronounces the formula which may be roughly translated as follows: "Soul of John, come here, come here; be my child's guardian! Soul of John, come here, come here; be my child's guardian!" (Most magic formulae among the Eskimos must be repeated twice.)

The fact that the child possesses all the wisdom of the dead John is never forgotten by its parents. If it cries for a knife or a pair of scissors, it is not a foolish child that wants the knife, but the soul of the wise old man John that wants it, and it would be presumptuous of a young mother to suppose she knows better than John what is good for the child, and so she gives it the knife. But if she refused the knife (and this is the main point) she would not only be preferring her own foolishness to the wisdom of John, but also she would thereby give offense to the spirit of John, and in his anger John would abandon the child. John must, therefore, be propitiated at every cost, because if the father began to forbid his child or to punish it he would at once become known to the community as a cruel and inhuman father, careless of the welfare of his child.

Among the Mackenzie River Eskimos, if you see a man who is bow-legged or hump-backed, and if you ask the reason for this, the answer will usually be: "It is because his parents forbade him things when he was young and offended his guardian spirit."

As the child grows up the soul with which he was born (the nappan) gradually develops in strength, experience, and wisdom, so that after the age of ten or twelve years it is fairly competent to look after the child and begins to do so; at that age it therefore becomes of less vital moment to please the guardian spirit (atka), and accordingly it is customary to begin forbidding children and punishing them when they come to the age of eleven or twelve years. People say about them then: "I think the nappan is competent now to take care of him and it will be safe to begin teaching him things."

In the case of Noashak the transition period arrived in February, 1912. For

four or five months before that it had been known to her parents and to all of us that she was beginning to chew tobacco. She used to steal it wherever she could find it. The matter gave her parents a good deal of concern; they tried in every way to hide the tobacco so that she could not find it; but she was ingenious, and considered it a personal triumph whenever she was able to assist any one toward the apparently accidental discovery of tobacco stains on her lips, for that was an evidence that she had outwitted her parents again.

One day her parents discussed the matter with me, saying that I understood their point of view and that they therefore wanted my advice. I refrained from interfering much, however. They eventually decided that Noashak's napan was now approximately fully developed (Noashak was as big as her mother already) and so they thought they would try punishing her. The next time that she was caught chewing tobacco her father gave her another lengthy talk, urging her to stop the practice, but she only laughed at him, upon which he slapped her. To be struck was an undreamed-of thing in her philosophy. At first she was speechless with astonishment, and then she started crying with rage, and kept on crying all day, at the end of which she seemed to have thought the matter over carefully and to have realized that she was no longer ruler of the family. She accordingly stopped chewing.

It appears from the foregoing that every man has two souls, the one with which he was born and the one he acquired immediately after birth. No one knows what becomes of the guardian soul after the death of the persons whose guardians they have been. I have repeatedly asked about it, but no one seems to have ever heard the matter discussed and no one seemed to think the question was of great importance.

This answers, then, the commonly asked questions: "What is the Eskimo's idea of a future life?" "What has he that corresponds to heaven and hell?" He has nothing which corresponds to either heaven or hell. For four or five days after death the spirit remains in the house where the death occurred; from then on it remains by the grave until it is summoned to enter a new-born child, and from that time on until the death of the child the soul remains with it, unless it has been compelled to abandon it earlier, as would happen if the child were habitually punished.

The Eskimos are firm believers in miracles performed by the "shamans." A trip to the moon is one of the most ordinary miracles performed by the latter. One day when I was explaining to my Eskimo that there were mountains on the moon, and was going into details of the moon's physical characteristics, the account I gave did not coincide with the opinion held by my Eskimo listeners, and they asked me how I knew these things were so. I explained that we had telescopes as long as the masts of ships and that through them we could see the things on the moon's surface. "But had any white men ever been to the

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moon?" I was asked, and when I replied that no one ever had, they said that while they did not have telescopes as long as ship's masts, yet they did have men, and truthful men, too, that had been to the moon, walked about there and seen everything, and they had come back and told them about it. With all deference to the ingenuity of white men, they thought that under the circumstances the Eskimos ought to be better informed than the white men as to the facts regarding the moon.

It may seem to you that these that we have described are extraordinary and untenable views, and that it ought to be an easy thing to undeceive the men who hold them, but if you have ever tried to change the religious views of one of your own countrymen so as to make them coincide with yours, you will know that the knowledge that comes through faith is not an easy thing to shake. But if you concern yourself, not with the unteaching of old beliefs but with the teaching of new ones, you will find an easy path before you. The Eskimos already believe many mutually contradictory things, and they will continue believing them while they gladly accept and devoutly believe everything you teach them. They will (as the Christianized arctic Eskimos are in fact doing) continue believing all they used to believe, and will believe all the new things on top of that.

The belief in the spirit flight is as strong at Point Barrow after more than ten years of Christianity as the belief in witchcraft was in England after more than ten centuries of Christianity.

Co-Education in High Schools

Does a Woman Who Studies Law,
Medicine or Science, Need Any
Special Course Because She is
a Woman

"CO-EDUCATION" is a failure: The Horace Mann School decides to abandon it."

This startling headline in a New York daily paper recently prefaced the announcement of a change in policy with respect to our College schools, writes Dr. James E. Russell, of Columbia University, in *Good Housekeeping*. The fact is that after twenty-five years of co-education we are about to try the experiment of separating the sexes during the last six of the twelve years' course. The kindergarten and first six grades of the elementary school will remain co-educational.

Those who believe that co-education is a failure will not be changed by any explanation that I can give, but I insist that our action has no bearing whatever on the main question. We have done only what every good school and every wise community would do under similar conditions. When the present school building was erected twelve years ago, it was surrounded by vacant blocks. Playgrounds were easily accessible. Now the city hems us in. Moreover, the school was much smaller than now. School life was simpler, and no such demand was

made upon us for the technical training of girls as has come everywhere within the past ten years.

Judging from what I know of boys' schools and girls' schools and schools for both sexes, I am satisfied that boys and girls can live together in schools as naturally and helpfully as they do in the homes from which they come. I doubt whether a boys' school is any safer for a normal boy, or a girls' school for a normal girl, than is a mixed school. Some boys, perhaps, and some girls would be better off in separate institutions, but in most communities there is no cause to fear any worse outcome from a mixed school than would probably arise if the sexes were separated. This is a hard proposition for a foreigner to understand, but to most Americans it is axiomatic. With us school life with boys and girls is as normal and as safe as home life. Moreover, there are many refining influences present in a mixed school which are distinctly helpful to boys, and, so far as my observation goes, the girls lose nothing by being looked to as guardians of the social life of the group. Responsibility builds character, and in a mixed school each sex is charged with the responsibility of maintaining its own social status. This I consider a positive advantage, and one that should not lightly be set aside.

School life in an American high school is the life of the community in miniature. If the community life is sound and healthy, the life of the school should be sound and healthy, too. When public opinion is weak or uncertain, however, there is a danger that the mixed school may suffer. Hence it is that the high school in one community may be easily managed and a model of propriety, while not far away another school may fall far short of the ideal. In a great city, for example, where pupils come from all classes and where the parents are flat-dwellers, knowing nothing of those who live on the other side of the partition, a controlling public opinion is out of the question. Pupils know each other only in school, and the gossip of the school does not penetrate the homes, because those at home do not know John or Sarah toward whom gossip is directed. Under such conditions the school is hampered by lack of restraining public opinion. It is natural, therefore, that parents should hesitate to send a daughter into a group of which they know little, but fear much. Such a situation invites opposition to co-education, and the opposition naturally comes from the patrons of the school.

The strongest argument for the separation of the sexes during the high-school age comes from the difference in physiologic age. Girls mature earlier than boys. Girls of fifteen are a year or two ahead of boys of the same age, and the boys never catch up during the high-school period. The inferiority of the boys, socially and mentally, is noticeable in any high-school class. I speak, of course, in general terms. In every school some boy will be physiologically older and intellectually more alert than some girls. The result is a certain stagnation of the boy group, due in part to

immaturity, and in part to the repeated failure to excel. When a boy gives up trying because some girl always wins, he soon acquires the habit of being satisfied to stay behind. It is a common saying among high-school teachers that girls learn more, but boys think better. But the boy who becomes accustomed to second place soon fails to think at his best. He marks time, and frequently does not wake up till he finds himself in college in an entirely different atmosphere, dealing with new subjects in open competition with his fellows.

Some boys, a relatively large number, I fear, should be pushed harder in high school than is commonly the case with mixed classes. A hand heavy enough to be felt by boys of sixteen may be too heavy for the girls of the same class. The relatively greater sensitiveness of girls may be disputed, but I think most teachers will agree that girls are prone to take school work more seriously than boys.

Whatever the value of the argument for a separation of the sexes during the high-school period, it does not hold good for either the earlier or later educational stages. I cannot see any inherent differences in college men and women, and I fancy no one finds them in the elementary school. Some women whom I know are physically stronger, intellectually keener, and spiritually more robust than some men of my acquaintance. I doubt whether there is any profession, or even manual vocation that might not be better served by certain women than by many men. On the other hand, there are men who are essentially more feminine than some women; even the maternal instinct is better developed in some men than in many women. Our environment and occupation, quite as much as any inherited tendency or physical limitation, mold us into the shapes we take.

The doctrine of equality of opportunity—a fundamental principle of American society, it seems to me—forces us to the conclusion that our school system must provide free and ample training for every boy and girl. If a boy and a girl aspire to professional service, there should be full equality of opportunity; so, too, if either wants to become a farmer, a builder, or a stenographer, the way should be open and the means available.

The obvious corollary of this proposition is that those whose aim is the same should have the same education. The woman who studies medicine, or teaching, or law, needs no specialized course of training because she is a woman. Professional service is without distinction of sex. Merchandising, stenography—even laundering and dress-making and dish-washing—are not peculiarly feminine occupations. The man who wishes to excel in them must fit himself as does the woman.

I see no reason, therefore, to modify a college preparatory course to suit the needs of girls or boys; their needs are identical, so far as they go. The fact that two-thirds of the girls will soon marry means that the career of the largest group in the school is definitely known; for them a specialized course is

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not only desirable, but it is almost criminal not to give it. But if any girl prefers Latin to cookery, and aspires to become a classical scholar rather than a domestic technician, I think she is entitled to all the help the school can give, and that what she gets should be what the boy with the same ambition gets. There is a study of science that leads to a sane understanding of the principles of nutrition and sanitation as required by the housewife, and there is a study of science that leads to the practice of medicine. The girl who is to marry should choose the one, and the girl who is to become a physician should take the other. It would doubtless strengthen the future housewife to take both, just as it would be well for the married physician to have both, but life is too short to do everything that one would like, or get all the training that one should have. Choices must be made, and fortunate is the man or woman who chooses wisely. All that the school can do is to offer the widest possible range of choices, and to keep the door open toward future needs.

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Discussed by a Labor Leader

F. W. JOWETT, the British labor leader and M.P. discusses the above question in *Cassel's Saturday Journal*.

Comparing the figures taken by a recent Board of Trade report on the cost of living and the results of enquiries in fourteen other countries including three British Colonies, he says:—

The comparison shows that in the United Kingdom and in France the upward movement in the cost of living at the end of twelve years (1900 to 1912) was the same in both countries. As compared with other countries mentioned in the list, the cost of living has increased less in this country than in any other.

Taking the year 1900 as the starting point and standard of comparison, the retail prices of twenty-three articles of food in the United Kingdom show that the cost of living was dearer for a working-class household in 1912, by 15 per cent., than it was in 1900.

Twelve Years Ago.

It must not be supposed that this represents the average rise of prices of the twenty-three articles reckoned on equal quantities of, or equal expenditure on, each separate article. Such a comparison would not give an accurate picture of the change in the cost of living. On one article, on which the increase may be small, a large portion of the family income may be expended, whilst on another, on which the percentage of increase may be heavy, a small quantity is consumed by each family.

In order to arrive at the truth, therefore, inquiries were first made as to the quantities of each of the twenty-three articles purchased by the average family. The quantity of bread, of meat, of

sugar, of butter, etc., and the cost of the required amount of each in 1900, was then compared with the cost of the same articles in the same quantities in 1912. This method gives, as nearly as can be ascertained, a true representation, or picture, of the difference between the cost of living in 1912 as compared with 1900—twelve years ago.

1900-1911

The difference in twelve years in the United Kingdom is 15 per cent. against the worker, as I have previously said. In Germany the inquiries are not yet completed over the whole area, but the inquiries for Baden are complete, and these show an increase of 30 per cent. The last complete returns for Germany, however, were issued so recently as 1911, and these show an increase, over 1900, of 28 per cent., as compared with an increase of 9 per cent. in the United Kingdom.

In the United States prices have gone up by leaps and bounds. The cost of living was 38 per cent. higher in 1911 than in 1900. Canada in twelve years (1900 to 1912) has added 51 per cent. to the cost of living, this being the largest recorded percentage since 1900.

These great differences between the rise in the cost of living in one country as compared with another cannot be due to higher wages to any great extent. The countries where wages have increased very little have suffered no less from increased prices than the rest where wages have gone up. Exact comparisons of the movement of wages, up or down, in other countries during recent years is not possible, but enough is known to warrant the statement that prices have gone up whether wages have increased or not.

Wages Remain Stationary

With regard to changes in rates of wages during the period of the greatest increase in the cost of living, the particulars available for the United Kingdom are important and instructive. In the five leading industries, viz., building, mining, engineering, textiles, and agriculture, wages tended slightly downwards between 1900 and 1904, although the cost of living was going up. Very slight fluctuations of wage rates occurred during the next few years, the result being that in 1911, when the cost of living was higher by 9 per cent. than in 1900, wages were slightly lower than they were in 1900. It is impossible to maintain that higher wages are, in the main, responsible for dearer living when the records show that, over a series of years, prices have gone consistently upwards, whilst wages have remained stationary or gone down.

It would be idle to contend, of course, that in the long run wages, being part of the cost of production, do not influence prices to a certain extent. This influence of wages on prices varies according to the conditions under which products are manufactured and sold. Specialties and articles which are under the

control of companies, or firms who monopolize the trade, are not priced strictly according to their cost of production. A firm holding a monopoly in a particular article sells that article for as much as the public will pay, whether wages are high or low. If a higher price cannot be charged without restricting the sale, the price is allowed to remain. If the demand needs stimulating with the offer of cheaper prices, prices are accordingly lowered. If the demand for goods increases, prices are put up. In a word, holders of monopolies charge whatever price the trade will bear. The margin of profit may be encroached upon in these cases by increased wages, but unless the increase in wages is sufficient to extinguish the margin of profit altogether, the wage increase must be met out of profits, for it cannot be charged on the consumer.

The Selling Prices Not Affected

There are also a large number of articles which for years have been sold at a standard price which bear a very heavy profit. A mere fractional increase in the cost of production does not affect the price at which they are sold at all. It would be inconvenient to vary the selling price, and the variation, if upwards, might be attended with some risk; for the consumer, who probably has been attracted by skilful advertisement to buy that particular brand or article in preference to others, might begin to buy other substitutes rather than pay more. Owners of proprietary articles will suffer a reduction of the rate of profit rather than run the risk of seeing other articles on the market substituted for their own.

Owing to the operation of these and other factors in the fixing of prices, it is impossible for extra wages to be charged to the consumer in a large number of cases. To this extent, to begin with, higher wages do not make living dearer.

Another point to be considered is that the cost of living, in the sense we are now considering the matter, is not affected by the prices at which articles of pure luxury are sold. It follows, therefore, that even in regard to those articles of luxury which are made dearer by higher wages, the cost is met by the rich alone, who buy them and can afford to pay. If the labor employed in building an elaborate motor car for the private use of an individual costs more in wages than before, and the maker charges the extra amount to his customer, the cost of living is not thereby increased for the ordinary person. Furthermore, such extra cost on account of higher wages as is added to the prices of ordinary necessary things is not paid by the wage earner alone. The burden is spread over the whole body of consumers, rich and poor, worker and non-worker, and the extra cost of living, therefore, of the wage earner, even where extra wages are charged in the price, is far less than the extra wages. In other words, the worker receives the whole of the extra wages, but he only pays a small part of the extra prices.

Are You Fit to Marry?

Will You, on Account of Your Splay Feet
be Elbowed Away from the Altar?

In a strikingly forcible article in *The Technical World Magazine*, Mr. Bailey Millard argues that education and public opinion, not laws, are the important factors that will make for a better race. If we cannot agree with all his conclusions, we should the more carefully consider the parts with which we differ. The writer says:

Lycurgus, who ruled Sparta nine hundred years before Christ, was the first eugenist. Plutarch says that the Spartan lawgiver held to the idea that children were the property of the state and not of their parents. If a babe was judged by the elders to be strong and healthy, they gave orders for its rearing, but if it were puny and ill-shapen they threw it, with no show of sentiment, into the chasm of Taygetus.

Plato was the next eugenic theorist of note. In planning his Republic he set forth the idea that if dogs and horses could be bred to advantage by the observance of certain rules of selection, men and women should be bred in the same manner.

Then came Malthus, with his plans for the restriction of the population of the earth so that there should be enough for everybody to eat, followed by Nietzsche with his "superman," and Francis Galton with his laboratory of eugenics. After Galton has come a band of flabby theorists with half-baked ideas of breeding a super race. Some of these zealous reformers go the whole length with Lycurgus, and would have only selective breeding from the best stock. Others, including the cult led by George Bernard Shaw, the British dramatist, swallow Nietzsche at a gulp and demand that society be reorganized after the teachings of that clever pagan. This is a time of strange social upheaval. Short-haired women and long-haired men are shouting from the lecture platform that "practical eugenics" is the one and only cure for all social ills, and a great many quiet, well-meaning people are being swept off their feet by these blasts of rhetoric. But it is to be observed also that many solid persons still remain standing.

Balfour's Belief

"The idea," said England's big man, Balfour, as principal guest of the inaugural banquet of the Engenics Congress, "that you can get a society of the most perfect kind by merely considering questions about the strain and ancestry, the health and the physical vigor of the various components of that society—that I believe is a shallow view of a most difficult problem."

"The idea of eugenics," publicly declared Dr. Charles S. Potts, Professor of Neurology of the Medical and Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, the other day, "is being overdone. Theoretically it is a good thing, but in practice it is bad. You cannot regulate the marriage of people in this world on utilitarian

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principles, that is, unless you are going to run it on the principles of a stock farm." But it is precisely on this stock farm plan that the radical eugenist intends to carry out his work of race redemption. He clamors for "scientific mating" and "selective breeding." He urges that only the "fit" or the "normal" shall be allowed to marry and have children.

Who Are the Fit?

Who are the fit? What makes them fit? It is all very well to legislate the hopelessly insane and feeble-minded off the list of marriageables, but how about the rest of us who are assumed to be of sound mind? Are we on account of our nervous tendencies or our splay feet eventually to be elbowed away from the altar because of the introduction of the principles of the stock farm into human society? This hardly seems possible, and yet no less a man than Lewellys F. Barker, Professor of Medicine at Johns Hopkins University and the successor of Sir William Osler to the delight of the radical eugenists declares:

"Provision must be made for the birth of children whose brains shall, so far as possible, be of innately good quality. This means the denial of parentage to those likely to transmit had nervous systems to their offspring."

Does this not mean that a good many famous authors you might name would never marry and have children. Nearly all of them have been or now are of extremely nervous temperament. Over and over again it has been held by many authorities that the highest imaginative power is frequently dangerously near to lunacy, but if the persons dowered with this magic power are not going to be permitted to have children, how will your superman ever be bred? For surely he must have strong imagination as well as a strong body. Under logical eugenic laws Wordsworth could never have written those lines about his wife:

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

For he would not have been permitted to have a wife. A man who, as Wordsworth told of himself, had to shake a gatepost or a tree or kick a rock to assure himself that the world around him was a reality, was certainly far from the normal at times, and so would be more than likely to transmit "a bad nervous system" to his offspring.

The Superman

Following Galton, the eugenists base all their conclusions upon heredity. Now there is everything in heredity and there is nothing. We like to gull ourselves with the pleasant fiction that the "best families" produce the best children; but do they? Could Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Hugo, Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Byron, Keats, Lincoln, or Edison have been predicted or accounted for by anything that is recorded of their forbears? Not in any case. "Selective breeding!" Nature laughs at the idea. She is just as fond of mutation, fluctuation, and variety as she is of following the rules laid down for her by eugenists.

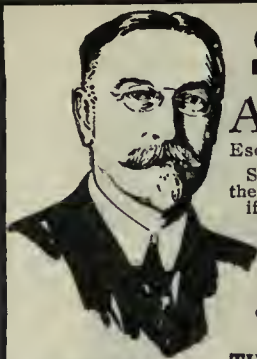
In the mass of radical eugenic literature there is a much-read book called "The Super Race" by Scott Nearing, whose remedy for social ills is the denial of parenthood to those having transmissible defects. In this book Mr. Nearing declares that "the Greeks eliminated unfitness by destroying defective children," an idea of which the terribly advanced eugenists, including those who accept the lethal chamber plan of disposing of the unfit, are very fond. Now as an absolute verity, the Spartans, though they practiced the atrocious system referred to, did not eliminate unfitness, as their racial history plainly shows. For one thing, unfitness is as likely to appear in later life as at birth and may result from accidental causes or from environment as well as from parental conditions. Besides, by their barbaric ideas of selection, the Spartans may have lost an Aristotle or an Alcibiades. Herbert Spencer and Admiral Nelson would have perished in infancy under such a cruel law, for they were both weaklings. Once a boy was born in the English Midlands so puny and frail that even his nurse did not think it worth while to keep him alive. Under the old Greek laws to which we are now expected to revert, he would have been quietly put out of the way, but a wiser rule prevailed. The boy was allowed to live. He grew to see an apple drop to the ground and became Sir Isaac Newton.

Where Eugenists Fall Down

"But the criminal type must be eliminated," declares Mr. Eugenist. "He must be put out of the way that we may rear the super race."

Soft, soft, Mr. Eugenist, you who speak so glibly and knowingly of the criminal type! Where does such a type exist? Dr. Goring, medical officer of Pankhurst Prison, England, after over twelve years of careful investigation, has recently issued a book in which he declares that there is no criminal type as such. This opinion is borne out by the statements of Drahms, Maudsley, and other criminologists. One is reminded of the story of Lavater, the physiognomist, who was shown two portraits he never had seen before. One was the picture of a famous highwayman who was executed for his crimes, and the other was that of Immanuel Kant, founder of the critical philosophy. Lavater was asked which of the two portraits he supposed to be the philosopher's. After careful scrutiny he said, pointing to the picture of the highwayman: "There can be no doubt in this case, for here one sees profound penetration in the eye, and that capacious forehead which denotes the man of deep reflection; here is depicted the mind that can combine cause and effect, that can separate cause from effect; here are analysis and synthesis. Now the calm thinking villain is so well expressed in the other that it needs no comment."

But no matter if angels fear to tread upon the holy ground of marriage relations, the over-confident eugenist will



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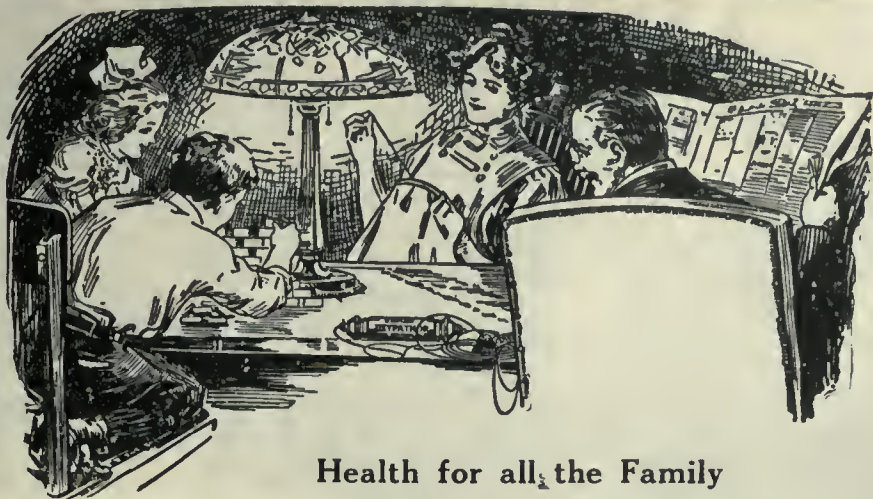
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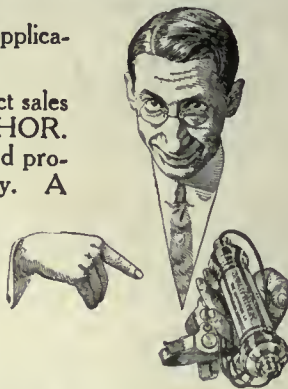
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rush in and stake off the ground and fence it in and, with supreme arrogance, put up signs of "No Trespassing Save by the Fit." The fit! What scientific or pseudo-scientific distinctions are to establish the fit as fit? What diagnoses are to be made, and where the doctors disagree are the faddists to decide? If man, as declared by Howells in his most famous dictum, is "imperfectly monogamous," is not eugenic rule going to make him still more imperfect in this respect?

If man existed only for the state and were not an end in himself, and if he were not put upon this pleasant planet to make the best of himself and of his opportunities, even though he be a dwarf or a deaf mute, or lame or halt or blind, then he might be restricted or tampered with, or coddled or crushed or even denied existence. But he is here in all his varied phases, with all his yearnings, all his blind gropings and his realized and unrealized aspirations, all his ideals of truth and justice and all his lapses from them, all his purity and all his impurity; and science and law and all those other factors of that which we, in our conceit, call progress must make the best of him.

Always the master minds have recognized this and always have they had the tenderest of sympathy for the lowly and oppressed and defective. Shakespeare reveals it on every page, and so do Dante, Goethe, Browning, and Carlyle. One fails utterly to imagine Emerson as a eugenist, or Thoreau or Longfellow. As for Dickens, Hugo, and Eliot, they based most of their wonderfully inspiring novels upon the theory that in every man, however humble or unfortunate, there is a divine spark waiting to be fanned into the full blaze of immortal inspiration. In the light of their clear reasoning, all the dull and despised ones of earth, all the under-dogs, the Jean Valjeans, the beloved vagabonds, shine as brightly and to as much purpose as many of these superior persons who would deny them existence. I would sooner rest the definition of the essentials of life, nay, the hope of the race itself, with the warm, inspiring Browning than with Galton or any of the other cold, calculating eugenists.

Things might not turn out so badly if these meddlers confine their efforts to sociological research, but even that can be overdone. For it is true, as Chesterton declares, that "the same frigid and detached spirit that leads to success in the study of astronomy or botany leads to disaster in the study of human origins." When one attempts to regard the human being as a subject for scientific analysis, he loses sight of the fact that the mysteries of heredity do not lend themselves to a reduction to exact principles. Research may have its place in ministering to the living, but when it invades the province of the unborn, it is treading upon uncertain ground. It is a baffling quest, my masters.

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Can We Foretell the Future?

An Account of Some Remarkable Warnings and Premonitions

NOTHING IS so significant in the scientific world to-day as the change of attitude in the scientist towards all phenomena outside the physical plane which thirty years ago were generally regarded as the imaginings of the superstitious. To-day, all that is changed and it is not sufficient to treat seemingly supernatural prophecies and warnings as mere coincidences. Writing in the *London Magazine*, Mr. Shaw Desmond gives us an account of several well authenticated instances of the kind referred to.

The scientist of to-day, he says, who refuses to believe in the power of thought-transmission, or telepathy, is regarded as old-fashioned and unscientific, thought nearly all scientists of note sneered at it a short thirty years ago. The power of prophecy, yesterday, in common with most other phenomena outside the physical plane, was regarded by scientists as baseless superstition. To-day, some of the world's most eminent men of science, like Cesare Lombroso, after exhaustive experiments, have even avowed their belief in the power accurately to foretell the future.

The last avowal is the most staggering attack of all upon material science. If prophecy be possible, we are on the border of a revolution in our daily lives.

It must be remembered that practically all these great scientists were sceptics who, naturally, at the commencement of their investigations regarded the whole thing as humbug.

Convinced in Spite of Themselves

The conclusions they have reached, they have reached absolutely upon hard, clear demonstrations of fact. They have been convinced in spite of themselves, and, with Shakespeare and some of the wisest men of all time, have come to the conclusion that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

So insistent and numerous have been the prophecies fulfilled in our time that the Society for Psychical Research was founded in 1882 in this country, under the presidency of Professor H. Sidgwick, to find out, in business-like fashion, whether, amongst other things, there was any truth in the theory of premonitions. Many other investigation societies have also been formed here and abroad.

The Psychical Research Society consists largely of scientific and public men of absolute probity, as is evidenced by its Presidents, who have included such men as the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., F.R.S.; Professor Balfour Stewart, F.R.S.; and Professor William James, of Harvard University, U.S.A.

The evidence collected and carefully sifted and checked seems overwhelming in its apparent proof that premonitions which come true are of constant occurrence, and that we are surrounded by forces, the nature of which is at present



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unknown, which watch over and influence us, though in the society itself the conclusions arrived at vary, of course, with the observer.

But, you will ask, how is it that so little is known about the new science of prophecy? The answer is simple. The scientific men who have investigated these things preferred, upon the whole, to keep back the results until absolutely in a position to confound the untrained doubter, and the derision which is usually meted out to such investigators. They wanted overwhelming evidence, and they seem to have got it.

Premonitions appear to come under two well-defined heads:

1. Warnings at the moment the tragedy or occurrence is taking place.

2. Warnings before—sometimes many years before, sometimes a minute before—of events to come, predicting them to the moment, and so minutely describing them as to destroy the "coincidence" theory, which at one time was used to scout all such phenomena.

It is with the latter we are here concerned.

There is nothing wild and irregular about prophecy, for there would appear to be certain clearly defined channels for conveying warnings. The chief channels are:

1. Voices and knocks.
2. Apparitions.
3. Dreams.

There are also variations of the above channels, such as death-lights, funeral processions, symbolic animals, crystal-gazing, and visions whilst awake.

Warnings by Knocks

One of the best attested cases of warnings through knocks is the well-known one of the Wood family. Here is a case where the knocks have been heard in no fewer than seven instances since the seventeenth century, the three most recent cases being within the last few years, and exceptionally well substantiated according to the records of Mr. Frank Podmore and the Psychical Research Society. The knocks are always followed by a death immediately or soon afterwards. One could understand coincidence or hallucination playing a part in one or two cases, but this could not apply to two hundred years of phenomena.

There are literally hundreds of cases of similar knockings, starting with the famous "Rochester knockings" of 1848, which really marked the revival throughout all civilized countries of investigation into what men used to call the "supernatural."

The Law Which Spirits Obey

The evidence for warnings conveyed by apparitions, many of them in broad daylight, is conclusive, minute and voluminous. The Psychical Research as well as other societies have many such cases in their records, most of which go to show that there is some natural law in the spiritual world which causes apparitions usually to be followed by death.

The Rev. J— H—, a clergyman, who had nothing to gain by dissimulation, wrote that the nurse of his little girl, whilst seated in the day nursery, saw an apparition of the child walk in. The child, though then in perfect health, died suddenly a few days later. Mrs. M— records that she saw her sister's apparition come into her bedroom, and speak to her at five one morning. The sister died at the same hour a week later. There is a similar case of a Mrs. C—, who, being undressed by her maid, saw the girl's double standing about two feet off. A week later, at the same hour, the maid died.

There is one case which is exceptionally minute and vivid. A London lady, Mrs. Alger, was walking in broad daylight from Victoria to Westminster, in March, when she felt herself touched on the shoulder. Turning round, she plainly saw the apparition of her husband's mother. Later that evening, when telling Mr. Alger about the extraordinary event, she heard a voice say plainly: "Come, both of you, on the 22nd." On March 22nd, Mr. Alger's mother died.

I have before me many instances, collected from various quarters, where the warning of the apparition's appearance has been accentuated by its speaking.

One can imagine one's own feelings if a vision predicted one's death within a week. Yet such was the case of Captain B—, who, after the funeral of a lad whom he knew, saw a vision of the boy, who spoke to him, and told him he would die within a week. This vision he related to Dr. Beddoe, F.R.S., who records that the captain actually died on the appointed day. This incident has been checked independently. There is also another and almost exactly similar case, vouched for by a doctor of standing, in which the doctor was informed beforehand of the prediction.

Here is another case in which the apparition spoke, and which seems to indicate that there are "intelligences" for whom the veil of the future does not exist, watching over us earth-bound humans and caring for us. It is a case personally tested by the famous investigator Myers, who relates that, between eleven and twelve, Mrs. Dadeson, lying awake, heard herself clearly called by name three times, and saw the form of her mother (sixteen years dead), with two babies on her arm. She said: "Take care of them, for now they are going to lose their mother." Next day she heard that a relative had died after giving birth to a second son, leaving the children to her care.

Of premonitions by dreams which have come true there is such a formidable array of evidence—for the dream is the most common of all channels for the conveyance of warnings—that I will content myself with giving a summary of the cases examined over a period of fifteen years by the Psychical Research Society alone.

It is interesting to note that in three of these cases the person having the premonition foretold his or her own death. An uncanny property, this of prediction of one's own death, but not so uncom-

mon. Out of some forty or fifty cases, I take that of a schoolmaster who, whilst walking along the road, felt his stick turn in his hand. Holding it loosely, it wrote in Latin in the dust: "Turn back; your father died this morning. You will meet R—, who will give you information about it." He turned back, met R— as predicted, and learned that his father had died that morning. Later he fell ill and wrote with a pencil: "Will die day after to-morrow, at three." He died at the hour named. This is vouched by Gibier.

This forecasting of one's own death is so common in India as scarcely to arouse comment. I myself have come across several cases in Ireland, where also it is not an unusual phenomenon.

Of fifty first-hand cases of dream premonitions, examined by various experts, no fewer than twenty-eight are independently corroborated by a relative, five by a member of the household, and seventeen from an absolutely independent source by someone not living in the house.

Another type of premonition, of which there is a long series recorded, is that which is made by subjects under violent mental emotion, sometimes forcing the percipient over the border-line into madness, which seems to show that, just as the dividing line between genius (first cousin of prophecy) and insanity is slight, so, under mental exaltation (a characteristic of genius), the human mind takes new powers, breaking through the ordinary laws of space and time. So accurate and eminent an observer as Cesare Lombroso, himself originally a pronounced sceptic, gives many of these cases which came under his own observation. One of the most interesting of these is that of C— S—, the fourteen-year-old daughter of, as he says, "one of the most intelligent men in Italy," and a witness to the phenomena.

Quite healthy until she reached the age of puberty, her senses became transposed, her sense of smell passing from the nose to the chin, and then to the back of one foot. (This phenomenon of the transposition of the senses was one of those formerly scouted by scientific men, though now generally admitted.)

Then prophecy showed itself. Lombroso vouches with others for the fact that she predicted minutely, two years before the events, certain happenings to her father and brother, all accurately fulfilled.

The Seer and the Scientist

In the whole domain of recorded facts nothing is more certain or has been more carefully checked than the case of the famous Dr. C—, one of the most distinguished of Europe's younger savants, which comes into the same category as that of C— S—, the percipient being highly strung. In this case the recorder, Lombroso, was able to watch his patient closely, for he had the young man under his care.

He suffered from a highly strung nervous system. At moments, when overstrung, he would prophesy, frequently

and with unerring certainty, a hundred rifling events, such as that a visitor whom he had never seen, but minutely described, would call.

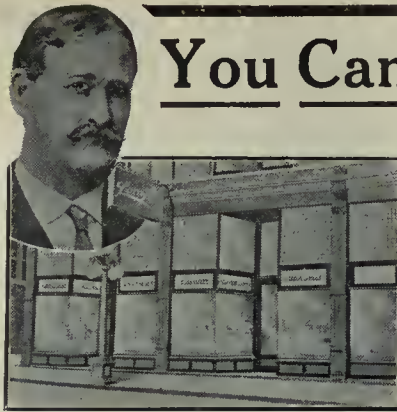
One of his most singular predictions was made on February 4th, 1904, when he said that the Como Exposition would be burned down on July 6th, which duly happened. His family, knowing the accuracy of his prophecies, at last were so impressed by his constant assurance of the burning to come that they sold all their shares in the Milan Fire Insurance Co. for 149,000 lire (£6,000), though the shares stood high in the market. This is one of many recorded cases where substantial monetary loss has been saved by prophecy.

Here is the curious point. Even to the man himself, the prediction seemed so preposterous that, in his waking moments, he felt he must be mistaken, but nevertheless he at times automatically repeated the prediction, especially on the morning of the fire. After the burning he was asked by scientific men how he did it. He simply replied that it was "an absolute certainty in his mind, like a thunderbolt, about which there could be no argument." Here there can be no question about the value of the evidence. The statement was made repeatedly for a period of five months before various people, including some most distinguished men who would not lend themselves to a lie.

This feeling of "absolute certainty" in the foretelling of events was vividly illustrated in a case which came under my own observation. On March 28th, 1912, a London journalist, who, incidentally, is a normal, healthy man, called upon the late Mr. W. T. Stead at The Review of Reviews office, and walked with him down Kingsway to the Strand. Mr. Stead, curiously enough, as it happened, speaking of his coming trip in the Titanic, and more especially about her invulnerability to the chances of the sea. At the moment when they were about to cross to Norfolk Street he looked at Mr. Stead, and instantly, in his own words, "felt the overwhelming certainty, though apparently in good health, that he would soon meet with his death." Going home, he informed his wife of the occurrence, making a note in his diary. Eighteen days afterwards Stead lost his life in the ill-fated Titanic. I can vouch for this, as I was present when the prediction was made.

But, as has been mentioned, prophecy often concerns itself with the most ordinary affairs of life. Thus, the late W. T. Stead related that in a dream he had seen the motor-car of the Countess of X—lose a wheel at a certain spot. More for fun than anything else, he wrote a letter informing the lady of what he had dreamed. A short time afterwards her car lost a wheel exactly as described. The lady has confirmed this independently to me.

A very strong prima facie case can be made out for the existence of "intelligences" which help mankind to avoid disaster by conveying warnings. One of these, which is vouched by, amongst others, a well-known scientist who was



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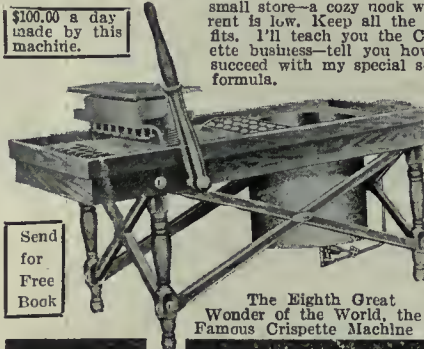
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once a sceptic, is the case of Mrs. F—— J——, a lady whose maid had a soldier-lover who came every evening to see her. One evening, when he knocked, Mrs. J——, for no apparent reason, was seized with terror, feeling that the man meant to kill her and rob the house. She barred the door, and would not admit him. That night the house was broken into, the maid afterwards confessing that her lover had plotted to kill Mrs. J——, seize the money, and fly with her abroad.

Amongst the records of the Psychical Research Society is the circumstantial account of a lady who was summering with her little girl at Trinity, near the sea. One day, when the child was playing in a favorite spot by the sea, and near the railway, an internal voice urged her to fetch the child, or something dreadful would happen. She fetched her. Half an hour afterwards a train was derailed at the exact spot where the child used to play, and where she certainly would have been if not sent for. Three trainmen were killed outright.

To say that the coincidence theory does not explain is not to say that we have to seek a supernatural explanation. Upon one thing all scientific observers are agreed, and that is that there is no suspension of natural law throughout the universe, so far as man has been able to observe it. In a word, "miracles do not happen." But that is not to say that man, who is always an investigating animal, has learned everything about or has discovered the bounds of natural law.

However that may be, one thing is certain from the evidence accumulating throughout the world, and that is, we are on the threshold of a new science—the Science of Prophecy. If it should prove possible to control or evoke at will a power which at present only shows itself infrequently and in apparently arbitrary fashion, then the whole of our lives will be changed.

Titanic disasters will be foreseen, approaching deaths or accidents will be known, and, in lesser affairs, the "picking of winners" and the secrets of the Stock Exchange will be revealed.

Man and His Destiny

That opens up another problem—that is the oldest problem in the world—the problem of how far man can interfere with destiny.

That, within limits, what is known as "fate" can be interfered with is, I think, shown by records like those of the child who was saved from death by the railway accident, and by that of the lady who saved her own life by heeding the voice of warning. But that we can steer the car of Fate from its course is too much to say in the present stage of the investigation. All one can say with certainty is that the science of prophecy is rapidly taking its place within the realm of ascertained facts, and that with it new possibilities and unexplored channels of human thought are being opened up, and with them a new conception of life itself.

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What is a "Good" Book?

How to Test the Morality or Immorality of Works of Fiction

A FEW weeks ago the book committee of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia refused to put into circulation Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." The chairman gave as the reason for this refusal to circulate a popular novel by a popular author that the story had for its heroine "an unfaithful wife about whom the author has thrown all the glamor and attractiveness that he employs so well." It may be noted that this same library in Philadelphia refused a few years ago to supply its readers with Mrs. Glyn's trifling tale of amorous adventure, entitled "Three Weeks."

In the past few weeks also there has been—also in New York—a heated controversy over two new plays, "The Lure" and "The Fight." Special performances of these pieces were given before certain officers of the law that these officers might make up their minds whether or not it was their duty to close the theatres where the two dramas were being acted.

In recording these happenings in *Munsey's Magazine*, Brander Matthews professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University calls attention to the question of the public censorship of fiction and drama. If the influence of certain novels and of certain plays is demoralizing and debasing, what can the public do to protect itself? How ought it to proceed? How far should it go? How can it assure itself that the accused book or the accused piece really is deserving of condemnation? How can a trial be had before a judgment of guilty is pronounced?

These questions are easy to put; but they are very difficult to answer. We can all see now that any attempt to boycott books of permanent value, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Huckleberry Finn," is simply absurd, and that its sole result is to cover with ridicule those who essay it. And we can see also—although this is perhaps not quite so plain—that there was no real necessity for boycotting "Three Weeks," since that cheap tale of superficial cleverness was certain to lose its vogue speedily and to sink swiftly beneath the waters of oblivion. Mrs. Glyn's trivial and trashy story is one of a class about which the less said the better, and the less fuss made the sooner forgetfulness arrives. Probably the library authorities who disapprove such stories would be well advised if they made no public protest but limited their purchases to as few copies as possible, aware that any effort to boycott absolutely would result only in bestowing a stimulating advertisement, whereat the denounced author will rejoice.

The first comment to be made on books that have been banned in days gone by, such as Adam Bede, Jane Eyre, Anna Karenina, Resurrection, Tess, Jude, and others is that they are no one of them spoon-meat for babes. They are no one of them proper nourishment for the im-

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mature. Roast beef may be good for men and women; but it is too strong for infants, who should be fed on certified milk and protected from soothing-syrup. At the proper stage of intellectual and moral development, different in various individuals, there is no better food than "Anna Karénina" and "The Scarlet Letter," which deal severely with sexual sin. In these two great books the intention of the author may or may not have been deliberately moral. His intent is unimportant; what is important is the result; and that is immitigably moral. Tolstoy and Hawthorne bring home to every mature reader of these books the inexorable fact that the wages of sin is death and that there is no happiness in sin and no abiding pleasure.

Their treatment of their theme is lofty and ennobling; it strengthens us for our unending conflict with the lusts of the flesh; it is never relaxing or emollient but always astringent and tonic. Whether that can be asserted truthfully about Hall Caine's latest story is for its readers to determine. That "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" has no right to be ranked with the grave and truthful stories of Tolstoy and Hawthorne is the opinion of the chairman of the book committee of the Philadelphia library who accuses Mr. Hall Caine of throwing glamor and attractiveness over an unfaithful wife—which is exactly what Tolstoy and Hawthorne did not.

In "The Scarlet Letter," in "Adam Bede," in "Anna Karénina" the authors deal with sexual sin, not at the moment of its accomplishment, but in its appalling consequences. There is no complacent delineation of the temptation long dallied with and at last yielded to. They have treated their dangerous theme with the utmost veracity; they are at once sincere and sane; they are neither tactless nor flippant; they prove that when they wrote those mighty masterpieces of fiction they—like the great Greek dramatic poet—could "see life clearly and see it whole."

And it is by the result of these books that they are to be judged and not by their intent at the moment of writing. They tried to tell the truth about life as they severally saw it, the truth and nothing but the truth, even if they did not descend to telling the whole truth, which is never necessary in any work of art.

There is nothing more sickeningly hypocritical than the blatant pretence of some writers of salacious stories and prurient plays that their novels and dramas "teach a Great Moral Lesson."

This claim can be accepted only by the feeble-minded who are incapable of thinking straight. There is no moral lesson great or small in vulgarity and indecency. And there is no indecency in the dramas and the novels which truly teach great moral lessons. Nobody of sound mind, having come to years of discretion, was ever shocked, still less revolted, by "Anna Karénina," by "Adam Bede" or by "The Scarlet Letter."

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the truth about life, since there is no obligation on the author to spend his effort in telling those parts of the truth which might shock or revolt. Even in telling the truth about life, a part is often greater than the whole. We of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, who have English for our mother tongue, are often accused of hypocritical squeamishness in our dealings with the relation of the sexes; and we are contrasted—to our disadvantage—with the French, who are devoid of hypocrisy in this as in other matters. But the wider and the more intimate a critic's acquaintance with the drama and the prose-fiction both in French and in English, the less likely is he to hold the opinion that the French represent life as a whole more successfully than we do. We may tend to turn our eyes away from sexual vice—and to this extent, our fiction, narrative and dramatic, may fail to give the full spectrum of our society, which has its human failings as abundantly as the French. On the other hand, the French tend to turn their eyes too exclusively toward sexual vice—and to this extent their fiction, narrative and dramatic, also fails to provide an accurate portrayal of French manners and customs, and especially of the family life of the French, probably as worthy and as dignified as the family life of the British and of the Americans.

It has been said that where an Englishman boasts of his virtues, a Frenchman boasts of his vices; and there is often as little foundation for the one vain-glorious vaunting as for the other. The fiction of the French misrepresents them as more widely inclined to sexual immorality than they are; and the fiction of the two peoples who have English for their mother tongue misrepresents us as less widely inclined to sexual immorality than we are. And of these two departures from scientific sincerity in fiction there is no doubt which is the less blame-worthy. British and American novelists generally eschew the description of superheated situations more elaborately dwelt on by French novelists; but what do they really lose by this restraint? And while their loss is little, the gain of their readers is great.

It is often urged by youthful critics that this honorable reticence on the part of our writers has resulted in giving us a fiction, pale and passionless in comparison with French fiction, which to these emancipated youths seems to be high-colored and glowing with ardor. High-colored French fiction often is; but is it any richer in passion than English fiction? Passion is essential in any full delineation of human life; and if British and American fiction is really devoid of passion, then it is indeed inferior.

But is it deprived of passion? Is there—to take only a single concrete comparison—no passion in "Jane Eyre"? I should hold that critic unfitted for his task who did not feel this flame burning more fiercely in Charlotte Brontë's book than it burns in the "Manon Lescaut" of Prévost, in the "Carmen" of Mérimée, or in the "Sapho" of Daudet. In fact, if I might

venture my own opinion, there is more true passion (in the largest meaning of the word) in the Yorkshire spinster's romance than there is in the more high-colored stories of the three Parisians, all rolled into one.

Yet "Jane Eyre" was once among the books that are barred, in company with "Adam Bede" and "Anna Karénina." And this is evidence of the extraordinary delicacy of any attempt, however, well meaning, to exercise censorship. It is, and must always remain, very difficult indeed to decide whether or not a book is ethically sound.

"There is no quite good book without a good morality," said Stevenson; "but the world is wide and so are morals." And who shall declare a book "quite good"? By what test can its goodness be warranted? One test there is, to be applied only by a wise man of wide knowledge of the world: Is the book on the whole true to life? Does it correctly and honestly represent its characters in accord with the sum of human experience? If it does, then is it indeed a quite good book with a good morality.

By this test most of the novels and the plays which are proclaimed as preaching a Great Moral Lesson shrivel into insignificance. To attempt to interfere with whatever fleeting vogue they may have is likely only to advertise them to those who have the bad taste to prefer a game flavor due to incipient decomposition. After all, morality is largely a matter of opinion. Indecency, however, is mainly a matter of fact; and it should be strictly and sternly suppressed by the strong arm of the law.

Microscopic Art Criticism

Old Paintings are Often Imitated and Unconsciously the Sentiment Sells Them

AGAIN THE chemist has been called to the aid of the art critic, says *The N. Y. Independent*. Prof. A. P. Laurie, of the London Royal Academy of Arts, has discovered that by taking a photograph through a microscope of a minute portion of a painting and then enlarging it, the characteristic details of the brush work of the artist are revealed and may be used to identify his work in doubtful cases. Armed with this new weapon of detective craft he has already proved that paintings in private collections ascribed to Teniers and Wouvermann and in the National Gallery ascribed to Potter are not genuine. This reminds one of Dr. Bode, of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum of Berlin, who, in order to prove that he was right in ascribing to Leonardo da Vinci a wax bust which others said was made by Lucas, a modern English artist, had the wax analyzed in a chemical laboratory. If the bust was by Leonardo it was worth the \$20,000 he paid for it; if by Lucas it was worth less.

This new way of looking at a painting will be welcomed by one kind of connoisseur. He needs it in his business, which is to tell the collector what he ought to buy and the public what it ought to ad-

mire. He has to keep up the reputation involved in the name of his profession; he is supposed to be "one who knows," and what he has to know nowadays is the extrinsic rather than the intrinsic value of a painting. "In the elder days of art"—if that paradisaical state ever existed—the task of the connoisseur was an easy and delightful one. All he had to do was to point out what works were beautiful, striking, impressive or inspiring, and what the opposite. If any one disagreed with him, if all the world opposed him, he was still unimpeachable. He could always stand fast by his own superior artistic insight and quote the adage "De gustibus non disputandum est," which, in the vernacular is "There's no accounting for tastes."

But with the transfer of art criticism from the esthetic to the commercial field, the standards of connoisseurship become more exacting and the risks to reputation greater. When it is not a question of merit, but of authenticity, the judgment of the expert may not merely be wrong, but, what is worse, may be proved wrong.

Take, for instance, the case of the old Dutch windmill which was painted by Rembrandt or somebody else and bought a couple of years ago by P. A. Widener, of Philadelphia, for half a million dollars. One would have thought from the frantic appeals to British patriotism in the *London Times* that the honor of old England was dependent upon raising that sum to keep the canvas on that side of the Atlantic. After they had lost it the British consoled themselves with the story that in cleaning off the dirty varnish the signature of Hercule Seghers had been disclosed instead of Rembrandt. Whether this was true or not does not matter in the least, but it settled the question, much debated at the time, of whether the picture was "really worth" half a million dollars. It obviously was not, if by "worth" we mean anything more than the selling price. The painting was like a bank check; its "value" lay in its signature. Without that it shrank from \$500,000 to whatever is the average market price for Seghers, a figure which at the moment we have not in mind. The difference in price is simply the water in the Rembrandt stock.

Nobody can pretend that a Mauritius postage stamp is "worth" \$7,500; or a copy of Poe's *Tamerlane* \$2,900; or Bryant's *Embargo* \$3,500, yet these are their selling prices. Any one of them could be exactly reproduced for a hundredth part of that sum.

The connoisseurs tell us that nobody now-a-days can paint like the old masters and that an imitation is never as good as an original, but many artists are making a good living by proving them wrong. A fake Comte and Comtesse not long ago cleared up \$200,000 out of fake Corots and Correggios. Even artists themselves have been deceived and have acknowledged forgeries as their own work. That is why that type of art critic who is more interested in the market value of a picture than in its beauty value, has been forced to fall back upon the chemist and microscopist, the textile

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expert and the mineralogist to determine what he regards as the value of a work of art.

Not long ago at a sale in New York City two landscapes signed "G. Inness" were challenged as being forgeries, and some art critics urged their destruction on that ground. The dealer and the owner agreed with them that if they were proved not genuine they should be destroyed. Here we have positive evidence that a certain type of art critic, dealer and collector, cares nothing for art in itself, but is concerned with it merely as the medium of speculation, as brokers are with cotton or copper. These men, supposedly interested in the increase of beautiful paintings in the world, proposed to burn these two fine storm scenes, equal to some of Inness' works, simply because they were by another man. It is enough to make the blood of the true picture lover boil with rage at the thought of such men standing in the community as patrons of art. It is as if the British court had decided that the Tiebhorne Claimant should not only be disinherited, but executed, or the American courts had sentenced every wrong boy who was brought forward as the real Charlie Ross to the gallows. To expose the Inness forgeries was quite right, since even speculators are entitled to protection against fraud, but to protect the commercial interests in these paintings it would only be necessary to brand them on the back of the canvas with indelible ink, "Not by G. Inness," and then let them be sold for what they were worth to those who wanted to look at them. Which is the way that all works of art ought to be sold.

The Voice of the West

O, ye who toil in crowded marts, 'mid wrong and rancor rife,
Whose souls are growing bitter with the struggle and the strife,
Arise! Cast time-forged habits like fetters from your feet,
And fare ye forth to regions where life's hope as yet is sweet.

Where the boundless level prairies yield their hoards of golden grain.
And the happy sunshine lingers long to bless the smiling plain,
While swiftly flowing rivers from their source in endless snow
Bring life and cheerful plenty where the land-swept breezes blow.

Where the forests whisper softly to the patient stars o'erhead,
And the wind wafts woodland odors where the moonlit meadows spread,
To those regions yet untrodden, where courageous heart and hand
May mould a mighty empire in a wide and silent land.

—F. Haldane.

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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About Rex Beach and "The Iron Trail"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER

Of new writers none has come more rapidly to the front than Rex Beach, whose book, "The Iron Trail," is the subject of Mr. Weaver's article this month. For the two previous months this book has appeared among the list of best sellers, as is invariably the case with anything from this writer's pen. The story of the author's life and the manner in which he came to adopt a literary career, together with the outline of the plot of the novel, form not the least interesting of the series of sketches to which our readers are now becoming accustomed to look forward each month.—Editor.



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WINSTON CHURCHILL'S novel continues at the head of the list of best selling books in Canada closely followed by "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." As each of these books has been the subject of a review in MacLean's, the subject for this month's sketch is Rex Beach and his new tale of Alaska, "The Iron Trail." As usual with this author's novels, "The Iron Trail" is "a man's book" and, to borrow one of the author's own expressions, it represents "a man-sized job." To call it a man's story does not by any means indicate that it does not appeal to the gentler sex for novels of this type seem to be as popular with them as with men, and it is largely to that fact that the novel owes its position near the top of the best selling books.

It is interesting to gather information regarding the careers of novelists, particularly to ascertain the influences that have led them to enter the literary field. In the case of Rex Beach, the inspiration came in an extraordinary manner. It was after he had spent some strenuous years in Alaska with ups and downs of fortune that packed his life full of all sorts of experiences from extreme hardships to the height of good fortune, one day perched on the pinnacle of prosperity, only to go back to the ranks of the "broke"—financial acrobatic stunts oft-repeated with varying incidentals—that he went to Chicago and entered the brick industry. He then joined a contracting firm that built furnaces, erected chimneys and installed power plants. In fact he was getting along very well, when a friend happened to show him some of the products of his fertile brain in the shape of fiction that had been printed in a harvester company's trade journal.

"Do you mean to tell me that they pay for that stuff?" asked Beach.

"They do," was the reply proudly spoken, "I got ten dollars for each of those stories."

That settled it. The thing looked so easy that Beach lost no time in reeling off a story about Alaska. It went to one of the big New York magazines and not only was it accepted, but the editor went to Chicago to interview Beach and landed him for more. He wrote the "Looting of Alaska," twenty thousand words, and then began the novel by means of which he really arrived. That was "The Spoilers." He took the mss. of that novel, together with a batch of short stories

to New York and in those days of bewildering success he sold his stories right and left and came out \$9,000 ahead.

Other similar successes followed: "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," "Going Some," "The Ne'er-do-well," "The Net," and now "The Iron Trail." Invariably a new Rex Beach novel finds its place among the six best sellers—sometimes at the top, always near it.

Atwood, Michigan, is the native town of Rex Ellingwood Beach. He was born in 1877 and when he was seven the family moved to Florida. Young Beach went to school there and eventually went to Chicago to study law. In Chicago his first genuine experiences of the stren-



REX BEACH

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uous life came with his advent upon the gridiron. His football career was a success for his team won the championship. Beach then went in for swimming. Meanwhile he continued reading Blackstone but, as he has put it, he "didn't like the plot, there wasn't any action." So he chucked it all and went to Alaska as a gold-seeker. His early experiences were a series of successes and reverses in fortune. Then he went to Missouri to mine zinc. Of that incident in his career, Beach's significant remark is: "They showed me!" He followed up that venture by launching out as a promoter, taking a coal dredge to Nome. But hard times ensued in that neck of land and things were looking mighty blue when he found a mine with every indication that he had struck it rich. But the pay streak petered out! In the next two years he covered Alaska from Cook's Inlet to the Arctic—mining, prospecting, speculating, and it was to "spar for wind" that he went back to Chicago. How he became a novelist has been described.

The Iron Trail

Rex Beach's latest novel is good all the way through. It is a virile tale, the scene being his old stamping ground, Alaska.

The leading character is probably the best of all Beach's heroes. A big, capable man of action and withal a generous and lovable man—qualities which gathered about him other men of brain and brawn whose loyalty made possible the gigantic undertaking which forms the chief interest of the story. Such a hero is Murray O'Neil, a railroad-builder. The earlier chapters tell of his trip by boat to Alaska, the vessel being wrecked. He saves the life of Natalie Gerard, giving promise of a love story with these two as the principals, which, however, does not ensue because the right woman appears in rather an unprepossessing guise in the person of a mannish-mannered newspaper woman, Eliza Appleton, whose innate feminism is disclosed in due course.

O'Neil being well on the road to middle age and a man of big undertakings gives little heed to affairs of the heart as affecting himself in the capacity of the successful lover, but the awakening came following the successful issue of his big engineering project.

Intensely interesting is the account of the building of the railway and the thrilling race against time in the construction of a gigantic bridge, the whole undertaking going forward in the face of the fiercest opposition, including that of a trust with unlimited capital and the treachery of an unscrupulous and resourceful promoter who has another rival scheme. Most serious of all obstacles are the forces of nature, particularly the action of gigantic glaciers at the point where the big bridge is built across the narrow gorge of the Salmon River. One of the thrilling episodes of the tale is a boat-ride down the Salmon with blocks of ice the size of modern office buildings splitting off the sides of the glaciers. The destruction by storm of the trust's breakwater which, had it held, would have spelled ruin for O'Neil; the rise of the ice of the

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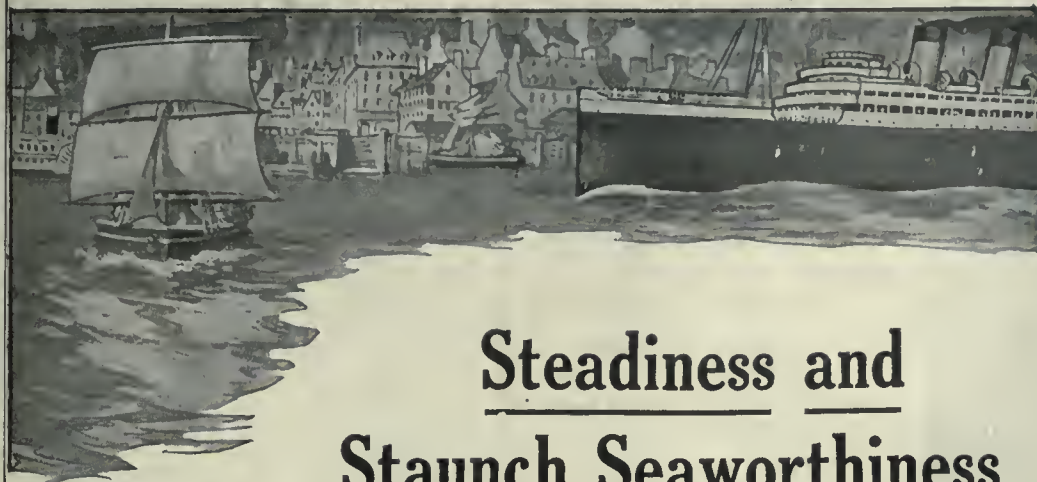
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5. The Broken Halo. Florence Barclay.
6. The Business of Life. Robt. W. Chambers.

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3. The Inside of the Cup. Winston Churchill.
4. The Broken Halo. F. L. Barclay.
5. The Business of Life. R. W. Chambers.
6. The Way Home. Basil King.

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Notwithstanding. May Cholmondeley (Murray.)
Lord London. Keble Howard (Chapman.)
Red Wrath. J. Oxenham (Hodder.)
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The walls of this scientist's room consist of six layers alternately of wood, cork, and sand. There are spaces between the second and third layers and between the fourth and fifth layers wherefrom the air has been taken. The inner walls are of porous stone covered with a kind of horsehair cloth, a Belgian invention that is sound-resisting and widely used in Belgium in telephone booths. The walls are pierced by acoustically-isolated leaden rods.

The roof is composed of layers of lead, wood, asphalt paper, sea-grass, and cork. The floor is of marble and is covered with a thickly woven Smyrna carpet. The room is used for clinical studies only.

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Culture in Business Life

(Continued from page 34.)

bound by the decision of the House of Lords, causing trouble like that in the Scottish case.

Mr. Clark ranks also as an author. He has written notable essays on political and constitutional subjects, and various aspects of international law. Some of the best known, popularly, are on the constitution and functions of the Privy Council; French claims on the Atlantic and Labrador Coasts; The Future of Canada; The Treaty-Making Power; and International Boundary Award. His greatest work is the "Law of Mines in Canada," extending to 1,300 pages, of which he is joint author. On its appearance "The Mail and Empire" described it as: "A monument of research, care, and industry," and the law press of Britain and the United States gave well-merited praise. It may be added to this, that to an extent more than is generally known the mining legislation of the Province and Dominion has drawn on his technical knowledge of this branch of law.

Busy as he is, professionally, Mr. Clark has given considerable time to literary and educational interests. The Canadian Institute, well worthy of the title Royal for which it has petitioned, has had no more sympathetic friend, and contributor to its learned transactions. With Professor J. C. MacLennan Ph.D., the distinguished head of the department of physics of Toronto University, he is a vice-president of it, while among his pupils and students-at-law may be mentioned Mr. Justice Duff, one of the ablest judges of the Supreme Court of Canada; and Mr. Justice Stuart of Calgary.

He has always been an ardent Imperialist, supplying much of the brains and sane, steady counsel to the movement in Toronto, and has been for many years president of the Toronto branch of the British Empire League. He was elected successor to the late Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, as representative of Canada, on the Council of the British Empire League in London. He was one of the founders of the Empire Club of Canada. With this natural bias, however, no public man in the Dominion has shown more genuine sympathy with world-wide international arbitration, based on a clearly understood and well-conditioned international policy. His influence in this respect has gone far, and men of influential public position have readily acknowledged their indebtedness to him. The Athenaeum showed its appreciation by bestowing Honorary Membership—a rare honor—and Lord Strathcona, at the close of an address by Mr. Clark, in London, referred to him as "one of the most distinguished men throughout the whole of Canada."

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Clark is not often in the public eye. The varied

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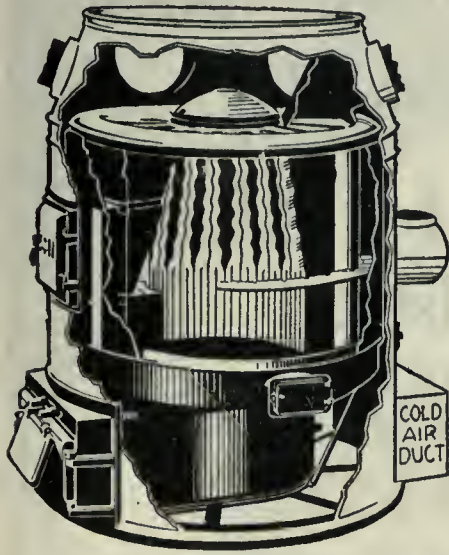
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interests he puts his hand to are helped on quietly. The thinking habit of the student, the culture of the collegian, the thoroughness of the laboratory, dominate the man of business giving that restful distinction and vitalizing energy to his labors that attract the attention and command the respect of his thoughtful fellow-Canadians.

How It Feels to Carry Money

(Continued from page 18)

under his pillow he fired point-blank at the supposed burglar. He wakened up then with a vengeance, for when in considerable pain he got a light on he found he'd shot off the best part of one of his toes."

But the bank messengers. Surely they don't feel these peculiar sensations? Let's talk to one and see.

"Yes, I've carried a good many millions in my day, I guess," said one trusted servant of one of the largest city banks, "and while I've never yet had any real trouble, I wouldn't like to say but that I always feel a little anxious when I take charge of any considerable sum. Of course with us," he went on, "conditions are rather different from some of those you've spoken of. No bank man carries much stuff alone. There are always at least two of us together, more, if the amount is specially large, and we always carry guns. Even then I always keep my eyes pretty well open and have no trouble to remember that it's the unexpected that usually happens. Once or twice I've thought something was going to turn up but found out afterwards it was only suspicion generated by nervousness."

With this evidence presented from various sources even yet there may be doubters. To this class we can only suggest that if you think these witnesses lacked "nerve" try it yourself and see. Draw your full balance some day—if it isn't big enough borrow a thousand or two from a friend—and walk down a crowded city street or drive on a lonesome country road with the cash "on" you, and try to preserve an interior and exterior unconcern. Ninety-nine to a hundred the first friend you meet will ask you what's the matter, "you look so anxious." And in spite of yourself you'll want to break away from him and find another bank as soon as possible.

Try it and see.



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A member of Parliament told this good story recently in a by-election address:

"The man is as ingenious as a horse-trader's son who was once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces.

"As he mounted he leaned toward his father and said:

"Are you buying or selling?"

The Half-open Door

(Continued from page 10.)

"You are a judge of character; you must be in this business; it's part of your stock-in-trade. Look me in the face. Criticise me. Take me feature by feature. Ask your own intelligence if I am a man to betray his employer."

The enquiry agent smoothed with an uncertain hand his pomatumed hair, and making gimlet points of his eyes, focused them on Talbot's face. Then he puffed up his cheeks, and emitted a long, sibilant blast of air. "Blow me, if I know what to make of you," he said at length.

"Regard me," said Talbot, "as a tool that Providence has placed unexpectedly in your hands. I gather that you have some unusually delicate matter of business which you are half inclined to commission me to undertake; something too delicate for the clumsy fingers of the ordinary members of your staff? Am I not right? Then trust me and out with it!"

"Well, I will. Mind you, I'm a cautious man, or I shouldn't have built up the best business of this kind in London; and this is the first time I've ever taken on a stranger. But there's something about you, and your devil-may-care way, that tells me you're the man for the job; and I'm going to trust to my instinct."

"Excellent!" murmured Talbot.

Heseltine looked down, and played with an ink-spotted paper-knife on his desk. Then he coughed, and suddenly raised his eyes. "It's out of my usual line altogether," he said apologetically; "that's why I'm the more willing to entrust it to a new man, not one of my regular staff. It's a—removal."

"A removal? Isn't that an affair for Pickford?"

"Go on! You know what I mean." There was incredible cunning in the eyes that looked into Talbot's.

"Ah, I see! I didn't quite understand." Talbot paused for a moment. The desperate mood of despair and revenge that had blackened all his nature, and led him into this strange venture while his better part slept, was on him still; and he wouldn't stay to think or reason. At least he might hear what this scoundrel had to say. He need not act unless he liked. "Give us the particulars," he said quietly.

"Now this is plain, hard business," answered the detective, drumming his fingers on the table in emphasis. "Listen and take it in. There's a client of mine, for whom I've done a lot in different ways, who is troubled by a certain person. It's a question of one thousand sovereigns."

"Paid in specie when the trouble's at an end?"

"Precisely. My client, of course, must have proof with his own eyes."

"A reasonable stipulation. I won't ask what share you get; but I understand the thousand is for me without deduction?"

"That's so."

"And I look to you for payment? In the nature of the case there can't be a stamped agreement?"

"Not much!" chuckled the detective. "I shan't pay; he will. The business is too risky for me to appear in. I've done my part when I've brought you and him together."

"Well, give me the particulars." Talbot was experiencing a strange fascination in the deadly enterprize on which he had stumbled. After all, whispered the worst part of him, which had him in its grasp, why should he hesitate to turn assassin? At a word, he would use his sword, if his country called, against any poor Fuzzy Wuzzy, with whom he had not a trace of personal quarrel; why not wage private war as ruthlessly?

The enquiry agent leaned forward across his table, with lowered voice: "I needn't go into reasons. There's a woman in it, you may be sure. The obnoxious person is an officer. He's broke, like you: but that's not enough. He's still dangerous."

"Well, well; out with it all. I must know everything before I can work." Talbot's voice was husky.

"He's broke, right enough. That was managed very cleverly. My client put it about that he'd cheated at cards, and had him fairly on toast." The man's face fell into dry wrinkles, which was his nearest approach to a smile.

"I see," said Talbot quietly. "A conspiracy to ruin him?"

"Not exactly a conspiracy, for my client was the only one in it. It worked well; quite well enough to do for Captain Talbot."

"Talbot! Then that's the name of the—subject?" Only a slight narrowing of the eyes, and a hardening of the lips, betrayed the speaker's personal interest in what he had heard.

"That's the name, John Talbot—12 Life Guards. The thing happened two days ago; yesterday it was all over town; and he had to send in his papers; to-day it's in the press. Where he'll go, what he'll do, we don't know; that's for you to find out. You see if anything happens to him, there'll be no suspicion, as people will be sure to think that it was *felo de se*."

"Naturally. That reduces the risk on my part. But where am I to begin? What's his address? How am I to know the man when I see him? Have you his portrait?"

"All that's your business. I have no photograph. All I can suggest to give you a start is that you go up to Knightsbridge Barracks, where he had his quarters—and start from there. Get his servant to describe him. You're certain to pick up a clue."

"Thanks for your hint. I think I see my way. I'll go now and set to work at once. Later in the day, you'll see me again, to report progress. I shall not lose an instant."

Talbot walked dazedly into dingy Wellington Street, like a man who shakes off a terrifying nightmare. The horror of the last few hours still possessed his mind, but in memory only; not as a controlling emotion of the moment.

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The better part of him had leaped suddenly into activity, chasing away the baser, which had held him in chains, as a ghost vanishes before the sunlight. Though he had not known it, he realized now that Providence had walked with him, hand in hand, all through the night. Justice, then did live in the world after all! Man was not merely the plaything of malicious devils! With the thought, his eyes lost their glare, and softened into a mellow light. His lips moved in such earnest thankfulness as he had scarcely known since he was a little boy.

He went to Charing Cross station, washed, made his toilet with clean linen, which he bought near by, and had the mud brushed from his boots and trousers. Then he sent off a telegram, and walked slowly to the Hotel Cecil for breakfast. He lingered long over the meal, looking out to the trees of the Embankment Gardens, and the wonderful view of the curving Thames. An hour had scarcely passed, before there came a quick, boyish step, and his hand was warmly clasping that of a young man.

"Jack! Jack, old fellow!" It was all the boy could say at first, as he wrung the other's fingers. His eyes were suspiciously bright; his breath choked a little in his throat. "I gave the cabbie half a sovereign to bring me here, and we just flew. I thought the bobbies would have stopped us—yet it seemed hours since I had your wire."

Talbot covered him with a look of affection. "I knew at least I could depend on you, Charlie!"

"Rather! I've been through an awful time these last two days, Jack. I'll never touch a card again; that I've sworn. You've cured me; and saved me, I truly believe, from going utterly to the dogs. You've been my good angel! And only to think what you've got in return. That snake Porziano! I'd like to have my fingers round his yellow throat!"

Talbot did not speak for a moment or two; he was looking out over the trees with a stern, set look on his clear-cut, determined profile, which contrasted with the irresolute mouth and uncertain chin of his companion. "What does Lesley say?" he asked at length, with a quiver of the voice.

"Lesley!" cried the youth. "She's as true as steel. She never doubted you for an instant, of course; how could she? She told me only three days ago how sad she was to see me so fond of play, leading an ignoble life; ruining myself with companions who only cared to bleed me; and Jack—she said, that it would make our mother unhappy in Heaven." The young man gulped and blew his nose. "She talked like an angel to me; and I gave her my promise that I'd never touch another card after that night; but that I must give their revenge to some fellows at the club. After the row, after that blackguard Porziano had got the others to watch you, and denounced you as a cheat, Lesley was waiting up for me when I got home at four in the morning. I could scarcely hear to tell her what had happened; and



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when at last I did, she tottered, Jack, as if I had struck her; and then she cried out the whole thing to me—how she had put you up to cheat me with those American tricks, just to show how easy it was, and that Porziano was in the secret, too. We had an awful scene when she heard how that devil had turned against you, and when she realized what the consequences would be to you. In the midst of it all the Governor came down in his dressing-gown; and kicked up a row at finding me just come home. He saw Lesley crying, and had the whole story out of me. Would you believe it, Jack—I'm ashamed to tell it of my own father, yet you must know—he said he believed you did cheat! He said Porziano was an honorable man, and he'd take his word before yours. You should have seen Lesley then! I didn't know she had it in her. She faced the governor like a young empress. It was splendid! But you know the Governor's not to be trifled with. He told her there and then that she was to consider her engagement to you at an end, that she wasn't to think of you, or write to you again, for even if you were innocent, nobody'd believe it; and yesterday he hurried her off to Rome, afraid she'd try and stand up for you in public. She couldn't write, but she begged me to tell you that she should never change, and would love you to the end."

The two men were alone now in the long gallery of the hotel. Talbot rose and stood for awhile looking out over the river with his back to Charlie Seaton. The boy respected his emotion; and presently Jack turned, and sat down again, with eyes that shone.

"I hardly like to say it, Jack," Charlie went on, "but I believe the governor owes money to Porziano. You know he's stinkingly rich, and the governor's in several of his confounded companies. I believe he's a swindler myself, and that one day he'll go bust for millions; meanwhile, as you know, he's one of the rulers of the City. Of course the Governor's title is much to him on the boards of his companies—these fellows always run after a viscount; but anyone can see that he's after Lesley, too. Oh, you needn't fear, Jack, she loathes the yellow brute."

"I know, I know, Charlie! The thing is quite clear to me. I mistook Porziano for a gentleman, though I never liked him; and knowing that he was intimate at your house, I told him of the scheme arranged between Lesley and me to open your eyes to the simple ways in which you might be robbed. He promised to stand by me, the devil! You saw what he did. Well, it wasn't to talk of this that I asked you to come and see me. I've something else to say, something to tell you, in which I shall have to rely on your help." Captain Talbot spoke in a low, impressive voice, and as he went on, Charlie Seaton's face expressed at first surprise, then unbounded pleasure. "Do you quite understand? At eleven o'clock I shall expect you without fail. This is the address. You know your part?" Seaton nodded.

"It's grand, Jack; simply grand. You

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may count on me positively," and with a warm shake of the hand the youth was gone.

Talbot paid his bill, and went out of the hotel by the Embankment entrance, walking to the Temple. There he entered an old-fashioned suite of offices, and was shut up for half an hour with Stephen Armytage, a very old school friend, as well as his solicitor. When he left, he strolled along the Strand, and into Dane's Inn, where he paid a brief visit to the porter's lodge, afterwards visiting a shop in Covent Garden noted for theatrical costumes and "make-up" boxes. It was now nearly one; but having breakfasted so late, he had no need of luncheon. He turned into the National Gallery, spent a long time in examining the pictures and towards five o'clock appeared again at the office of the enquiry agent in Wellington Street.

He was at once admitted to the inner room.

"Well?" queried Heseltine sharply, screwing up his eyes.

"I have just looked into to say that the whole thing is arranged," said Talbot, quietly.

"Arranged! What the deuce do you mean?"

"I mean that the commission with which you entrusted me will be carried out to-night. Attend to what I say. Your client must call at midnight at this address. You see it is close by. The rooms are on the second floor. He need not knock or ring. The outer door will be left open, the gas burning. He has only to walk straight through the passage into the large front room, and there he will find what he wants. He can satisfy himself with touch and sight. He must bring the thousand in gold. I shall be there to receive him."

The detective tilted his chair till it balanced on its back legs and whistled low and long. His shrewd eyes had not left Talbot's face since he came into the room.

"Well, Mr. Terence Osmond (if that's your real name) I don't mind saying that you're the coolest hand I ever came across in this business."

"I take a pride," said Talbot bowing slightly, "in executing with punctuality and despatch any commission entrusted to me."

"How am I to know that it's not a plant, and that you aren't playing some game at my expense?"

"Isn't it a little late to doubt me, when you've told me so much? Your scruples might have been in place this morning; they are ridiculous now that you have taken me so deeply into your confidence."

"I doubt if my client will consent to the conditions. To go to rooms in Dane's Inn with a thousand pounds in his pocket. How's he to know that he won't be knocked on the head and robbed?"

"I presume he has confidence in you; therefore he will do as you tell him. He must go somewhere to be satisfied; he can't expect his enemy's body to be brought to this office in a cab, can he?"



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You entrusted me with the task; I am prepared to carry it out under the conditions I have named, which are the best I could arrange. It must be clear to you that it is I who am taking by far the greatest risk; your client must take some. Am I to understand that you want to go back on the bargain?"

"N-o-o," replied the detective. doubtfully. "No, I don't. But I can't think—"

"There's no need to think; act. Go immediately to your client and tell him what he has to do. I shall expect him without fail at midnight."

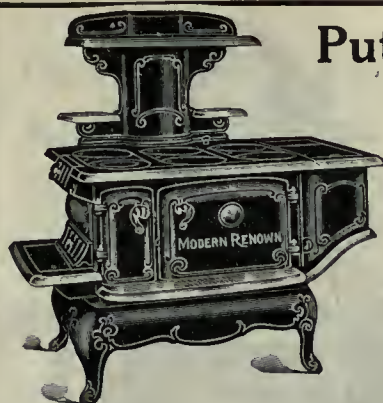
It was nearing midnight in Dane's Inn. From the Strand rose a confused rumble of traffic; in the Inn itself an occasional footfall resounded on the flagstones. Suddenly the clock of the Law Courts boomed twelve, and with the dying vibrations of the last stroke came a footstep, down in the silent well of the stone staircase. A lithe, quick, foreign-looking man, with a long head, like a hawk's, advanced like a man scouting in an enemy's country: every nerve alert, each muscle on the stretch. Without a pause, he passed up the steps, lightly, springily, until he reached the closed door on the second landing. For an instant he stood, with nostrils that contracted and dilated, like those of a horse after a race. Then, clasping a portfolio to his left side by the pressure of the muscles of the arm, he used the left hand to turn the handle of the door, and push it from him. As it swung open, he took a swift step backwards, as though he feared an ambush. The right hand had not left the pocket of his overcoat.

Within the small square hall that was disclosed by the opening of the outer door, there burned a lowered gas-jet, and to right and left were the half-shut doors of dark rooms.

With four noiseless strides he moved suddenly forward, crossed the hall, and stood in the lighted doorway. One swift look over the right shoulder, another over the left, showed him that nothing had moved in the dark rooms on either side of him. Next instant he pushed open the door, and stared into the lighted room.

It was in a state of wild confusion. The table was overturned, the cloth dragged across the floor, which was encumbered with a disordered litter of playing cards. Not a single chair stood in its place. Some were upside down, two had broken legs. From a sideboard in a recess, plates and glasses had been swept to the floor, where they lay in fragments; the flowers in an overturned vase filled the air with an odour sickly sweet. All this the stranger's eyes took in at a comprehensive, sweeping glance: then they darted back, and focussed themselves on the sofa and an object that it bore.

There lay his enemy, the man whose death he desired beyond anything on earth, save one other thing which he believed that this man's death would bring him. The young guardsman was on his back, one leg supported by the



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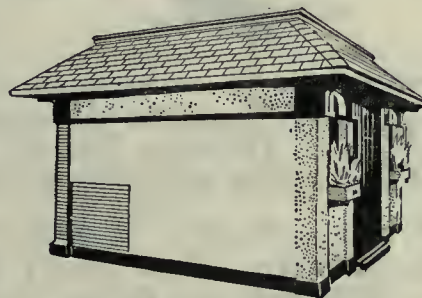
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sofa, the other trailing limply on the floor. His coat was off, and on the white surface of his shirt there was a crimson gash above the heart, whence a ruddy stream had flowed down to the carpet. His hands were clenched, his white face turned upwards to the ceiling. On the floor near by lay a revolver.

The stranger's eyes dilated; a cruel smile curved the red lips, lifting the tuff of imperial. With the same quick noiseless step, he crossed the room, and stood looking down on the body of his enemy—the man who had dared to love the girl on whom he, Gabriel Porziano had set his heart.

"Ah, my friend," he murmured "Miss Laizlai would not care to look upon you now. You are not pretty with your teeth clenched like that, that disagreeable greenish complexion, and that ugly hole in your chest." He stooped a little, and dipped a yellow forefinger in the blood that had flowed from the wound. "Yes; your blood is very red. You lived strongly, Captain Talbot; but you have not escaped me! Money can do most things; even bring a man like you to this!" He wiped his finger on the table-cloth, and let his glance hover round the room. "There has been a struggle—about cards. My unknown agent has been clever. But he is wise to keep out of the way. No doubt he will come back when I am gone. It is better that we should not look into each other's faces. I will leave him his reward." He opened the portfolio, and shook its contents in a jingling, glittering pile on to the floor. "Goodbye, John Talbot. Ah! I will make quite sure of you before I go!"

The right hand that had been hidden in the overcoat pocket was suddenly withdrawn; it whirled upwards, holding a flashing blade; but before it could descend, the corpse of John Talbot leaped into strenuous life. It bounded from the sofa, gripped the dagger-wrist of his opponent with a terrible grasp, twisted the knife from his hand, and sent him staggering backwards across the room. At the same instant a screen was flung noisily to the floor, disclosing the excited face of Charlie Seaton; and the tall figure of a grave, bearded man stood in the doorway.

Porziano's lips drew back, like a wolf's, disclosing long, yellow teeth. His thin, moist hands clenched and unclenched themselves spasmodically. With a sudden sound, like the breaking of a fiddle-string, he spat towards Talbot.

"So I am trapped!" he snarled.

"Completely," was Talbot's quiet answer. "Mr. Seaton you know; this is Mr. Armytage, my solicitor. He has drafted a document for you to sign, which he will witness. It is a confession on your part that you falsely and maliciously, for purposes of your own, and knowing it to be a lie, spread the story that I had cheated at cards; whereas you quite well knew that I was simply playing tricks on Mr. Seaton to show him

ow easily sharps could cheat him. You reservedly withdraw this charge, declare it to be baseless and humbly apologise for having made it."

"I refuse to sign anything of the kind," snapped Porziano.

"Then I shall immediately telephone Scotland Yard telling the police that you and your agent have conspired to murder me, and ask them to send here at once to arrest you."

Porziano passed a trembling hand across his forehead. "Either way I'm ruined!" he cried.

"Exactly! And a jolly good thing too!" put in Charlie Seaton; but Talbot checked him with a gesture. Armytage handed him an open paper. He took it, but did not look at it. "I don't understand," he said, thickly. "Has Heseltine given me away?"

"Heseltine has nothing to do with this. You can best say whether he'll stand by you, or whether he'll turn Queen's evidence when I have you arrested."

Porziano rubbed his eyes and read the paper. "But if I sign this, it's the end for me," he said.

Talbot shrugged his shoulders. "Nemesis has overtaken you," he answered. "You either sign at once, or go to Portland. Sign, and pick up your gold, and go; then you have nothing to fear from me."

Armytage turned the table right side up, and handed him a pen. Porziano took it, and dashed his signature upon the document. Then in silence he stooped, picked up all the sovereigns and put them back in his portfolio. He staggered when he had finished, as if he were giddy, and fell back towards the sideboard. In an instant he seized a heavy glass carafe and sent it crashing at Talbot's head. Charlie Seaton shouted; Talbot ducked; the carafe flew over him, and smashed into little pieces a large mirror over the fireplace. There was a great noise of jangling glass.

"You cowardly brute!" ejaculated Talbot, his knuckles white with the tight clenching of his fists.

"Give it him hot, Jack!" called Charlie Seaton.

"No, no; I should disgrace myself to touch him," said Talbot. "Out, you scoundrell!" He pointed to the door which Armytage had set open, and Porziano ran like a hare. They heard him leap down the stairs, and patter with speed down the echoing Inn. Thus London saw the last of the adventurer whose hollow schemes came crashing to the ground, involving thousands in their ruin.

Society opened its arms again to Jack Talbot; his regiment gave him a welcoming dinner; and Armytage was best man at the marriage with Lesley Seaton, which took place a month later. If Uriah Heseltine carries on business in London, it is under another name, and in another quarter, for his office in Wellington Street was suddenly closed.

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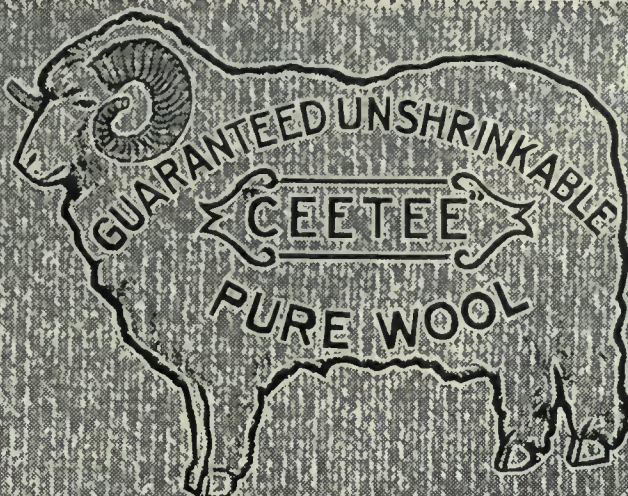
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There appears to be some difference of opinion as to the primary cause of the tragedy. Some naturalists maintain that the birds are dazed by the glare, and strike the lantern with such force as to be maimed or stunned. A Dutch professor, on the other hand, holds that the majority are merely attracted, moth-like, to the light, and that they circle about it for hours until, from sheer exhaustion, they fall and perish; or, again, they are deluded into the belief that morning has arrived, and with it the end of their journey, and that they fly about seeking the desired alighting-place.

The professor accordingly devised a series of perches which could be attached to the lantern itself without interfering with its illuminating power, and by arrangement with the Dutch lighthouse authorities, he fixed these, about three years ago, at the Terschelling light, on the Frisian Islands. The perches are ladderlike devices placed round the platform and on the roof, as much as possible within view of the light, which by the way, is of 30,000,000 c.p. Since these perches were erected, the mortality of birds during the migratory season has not exceeded a hundred, whereas previously thousands used to perish in a single night. On a dark night, says the professor, every perch is occupied, the birds clinging to them in clusters to the number of quite ten thousand, providing, as may be imagined, a remarkable spectacle. When dawn arrives the whole company, including even the latest comers and the most fatigued, rise in a cloud and resume their journey.

The British Royal Society for the Protection of Birds have been so impressed with the results of the Terschelling experiment that they have approached Trinity House, who have consented to test the contrivance at St. Catherine's Light and the Casquets, both of these lights being on the main migration routes, and both being responsible for great loss of bird life.

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The Whirligig of Time

The Girl of His Heart Lived Next Door

By MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

PETER DILLENBECK had sent for me to come to his office, and I dutifully went. The old boy had been my grandfather's executor, and when he told me that a forgotten box belonging to the estate had been knocking about for the last thirty years in the basement of the trust company, and that he wished to turn over the contents to me, I naturally pricked up my ears.

"Stock certificates?" said I hopefully, but he shook his head.

"Nothing but receipts," he answered. "The box was a pasteboard one and has fallen to pieces, but this may be of some value, and you will probably know who it is." He handed me a small, square leather case. I opened it, and within were two miniatures, facing each other.

"That's my grandfather," said I promptly. "We have a portrait like it at home. He was about nineteen when it was painted. But who is the lady?"

"Your grandmother, probably," said old Peter.

"Not much!" said I feelingly. "You remember my Grandmother Wickersham, sir. She was a Crackenthorpe of Wilmington. She had red hair. All the Wilmington Crackenthorses have red hair."

"Maybe she dyed it," chuckled Peter. "Or the artist may have flattered her."

"Not he," said I gloomily, staring at the portrait which smiled back at me alluringly. "That's not Grandmother Wickersham's nose. I ought to know—I inherited it."

"She's a mighty pretty little lady, any way," said old Peter, looking at the picture appreciatively. "I thought you would probably recognize it, but you're too young. You're too young. Well, take it along, my boy. Sorry it wasn't securities." I was sorry, too, but I pocketed the case and went home. I showed it to my sister Elspeth, but she had no solution of the identity of the lady to offer.

"I think it was highly improper of Grandfather," said she, "having himself framed up with a lady who wasn't his wife. A beauty, too! How could she manage to look pretty with those bunchy curls and a dress cut like that? Here's something scratched on the frame; 'Sic Donee.' What does that mean, James?"

"'Sic Donee,' 'Thus until,'" I translated. "That's the motto Grandfather always used. It's inside the case of his watch. What was he up to, I wonder, when he scratched it on this?"

We looked at each other and shook our heads solemnly. What he was up to, we would never know. "And so young, too!" said Elspeth reprovingly. "Why, he was married when he was twenty-one."

"And he was a bank president at twenty-eight," said I.

"And look at you, James!" mourned Elspeth. "You're nearly thirty."

"I'm twenty-nine," I interrupted with some heat. "Things are different now. He was a rich man in his day. We have twice his income, and are almost poor. Maybe I have twice his ability, yet I'm a broker in an insurance office."

"Maybe?" mocked Elspeth. "Why, you haven't even enterprise enough to get married!" Elspeth gives herself airs since she got engaged. She has red hair, like Grandmother Wickersham, and yet such is the change in fashions—she quite values herself on her looks and is considered a beauty.

"Any fool can get married," said I. "It's a wise man who knows when to stay single. Besides, the only woman I ever loved hardly knows I exist, and there are no others like her."

"Do I know her?" demanded my sister.

"You have met her."

"She's not married, is she?"

"Um'm. She's a widow," said I, and dropped the subject.

I set the open miniature-case on my shaving-stand, and had opportunity every morning to study the two pictured faces. Young and handsome and debonair, they faced me fearlessly, as they had faced their unknown future long ago. It seemed rather pathetic to me and I felt old by comparison. Twenty-nine is not old, surely not, and yet I realized my limitations. I was no impetuous youth to marry before my majority, as my grandfather had done; to shoulder, like him, the responsibility of heading an important corporation, to act with decision in emergencies, and to inspire his household and large family with a wholesale fear of the Lord and of James Wickersham. In these days our blood was more sluggish, our wills less decided, our self-distrust more paralyzing. I was inclined to echo Elspeth's remark, "Just look at you, James!"

It may be that Elspeth's desire to see me married and settled was not entirely disinterested. She hadn't the heart, she explained to our various relatives, to leave the poor dear all alone, and how could she marry with a clear conscience unless she saw prospect of a suitable companion for James? Under Elspeth's conventional feminine exterior was a profound conviction that a man left to himself was a ship without a pilot, and she probably anticipated that, lacking the controlling influence of her guiding hand, I would marry the cook. She therefore continued to spread the net in the sight of the wary bird. She delicately extolled in turn the attractions of all

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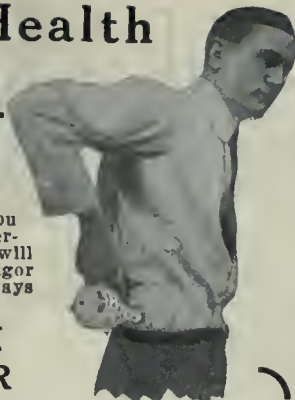
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the unmarried girls of our acquaintance, beginning with our next-door neighbor, Betty Chisholm. "I know them all too well," I objected. "There is nothing interesting or unexpected about them." This remark apparently set Elspeth thinking, and the result of her cogitations was disclosed on our way to the Hamilton wedding.

"I am dying to see the girl Gertrude has asked to be maid of honor," said she. "She is a raving, tearing beauty from New York. Only, I think it is rather hard on the other bridesmaids. Of course they can't come up to her."

"Who are the others?" I asked.

"Betty Chisholm is one."

"Well, Betty's all right," said I.

"Why, yes, of course she's all right," agreed Elspeth. "And if the dress is becoming to her, she will look very pretty. But this girl, they say, is extraordinary. Every other man she meets proposes to her."

"And you wish me to be one of the every-others?" said I. "I told you my affections were engaged."

"You talked some nonsense about a widow," said Elspeth somewhat sharply, "but I thought you were in fun."

"I assure you, I was never more serious."

A worried look came into my sister's eyes. "Would she be a—a suitable match?" she asked hesitatingly.

I threw back my head with a roar of laughter. "My dear girl, you have match-making on the brain. I have not the faintest desire to marry, but I am quite serious when I say that I have met a lady whom I honor and admire above every one else. She couldn't marry me, for she is as far above me as a being from another world; but if I could meet some one like her, I might think about it."

At the wedding-reception I was duly presented to the imported maid of honor. She was beautiful—overwhelmingly so. Her beauty was the only thing you could think of in connection with her, just as some people are so rich that no other attribute attaches to them. Withal, she apparently set a proper value on masculine admiration, for she was graciousness itself. Even with three others claiming her attention, she still kept a detaining word and glance for me, and was manifestly an adept at driving four-in-hand. It was with some difficulty that I escaped; and took refuge between Elspeth and Betty Chisholm.

"Well?" they breathed. "What do you think of her?"

"I'm dazzled," said I. "I'd like to look at you two for a change."

Betty flushed. "I don't think that's a very nice speech," said she.

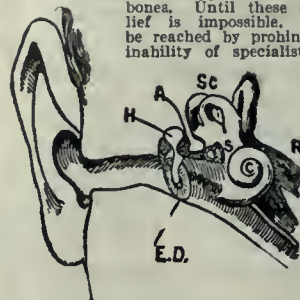
"Well, what do you think of her, Betty?" Elspeth wants me to marry her."

"I think she's wonderful," said Betty softly. "I'd like to look like that. Oh, not for always, you know! Just for a couple of weeks, to see what it feels like."

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"Well, if one could marry her for a couple of weeks, it might do," said I. "But why should a man who is an ordinary sort of fellow want to be tied for life to a diamond tiara like that? I couldn't afford to keep my wife in a jewel-case and only take her out on opera-nights."

Elspeth had drifted away, and we were alone.

Betty brightened. "But don't you like to look at her?"

"No, I don't, for she is always looking to see if I am looking at her. You can't catch her unawares. Her eyes are too big, any way. They look as if she had borrowed them from somebody else."

It struck me, as I spoke that Betty was not looking her best. Perhaps, as Elspeth had suggested, the dress was not becoming to her, or perhaps her eyes were a little red.

"Elspeth says that you don't like any of the girls you know," she remarked casually. "She says you told her something about a widow."

"Elspeth is an atrocious chatterbox," I snapped. "I wish she would let my affairs alone." Then I cooled down. "I have a miniature of a mighty pretty girl at home, though. I'll show it to you some time. Some one my grandfather was in love with."

"Your grandfather!"

"Yes, I'm looking for some one that looks like her. But what's the matter with you, Betty? Are you tired? You don't look cheerful enough for a wedding."

Betty pulled at her flowers. "I don't like weddings," she said. "I think marriage is an awful responsibility. I don't see how any one can undertake it."

"It's more of a responsibility for a man," said I lightly. "How much do a girl's clothes cost? I shouldn't want to undertake it, either."

Betty looked up, and I saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Why, Betty," I stammered, "you are crying! I haven't seen you cry since we used to play red Indians and I threatened to scalp you. What's the matter, dear?"

Her face crumpled in a sob. "Oh, Jim, I've been with Alice Henderson! Her baby died yesterday morning. I shouldn't have come to-day if they could have found any one to take my place. I never want to love any one or anything, if I have to feel like that!"

I walked home rather thoughtfully. It struck me that perhaps I did not know Betty so well, after all. Up in my own room, the miniature smiled rosily from its frame. "I wonder what you learned about life, little lady; or perhaps you died and did not have to learn. That was it, of course! You died, and Grandfather married somebody else. I wonder if you wore that dress every day, or only when you had your picture painted. I wonder if you would have cried about another woman's baby. I rather think you were a heartless little flirt, but till I find some one I like better, I will keep you for my sweetheart."



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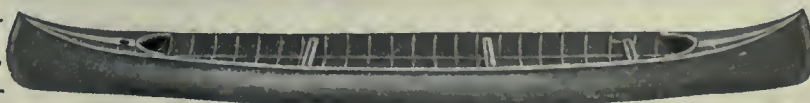
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Perhaps it was a wish to prove to myself that I was still young that prompted me to accept the Hornaday's invitation to their fancy-dress ball on New Year's Eve. Dances bore me nowadays, but Elspeth insisted that I should go, because she was determined that I should wear Grandfather Wickersham's court suit. I think she wanted it known that she had had a grandfather who went to court. She helped me to dress, buttoning the brocade waistcoat and adjusting the high stock and lace cravat. I was desperately uncomfortable. Talk of modern degeneracy! Either our ancestors were much slimmer than we are, or they wore their clothes too tight. Elspeth hovered about me with real enthusiasm. "James, you're a dream!" she cried. "But don't, for goodness' sake, sit down till I get into my gown. My hair is done, and I won't take long. Your things are awfully tender, you know, and I had to darn two holes in the silk stockings."

"I'll have to sit down in the carriage, won't I?" I protested.

"Well, I don't know," said Elspeth thoughtfully. "I should think you might stand or crook over just a little; but don't you dare move and spoil yourself now, till I get ready." So I stood forlornly in front of the shaving-stand, and the miniatures smiled approval at my costume. I picked up the case and gazed at the glowing little beauty. "If you're my lady-love," said I gaily, "I'll take you with me;" and I slipped it into an inner pocket.

The Hornaday dance was in a hotel, and I felt less like a fool than I had expected when I got there, for every one else was in some outlandish make-up. There was no masking, but the costumes and strange hair-dressing made it difficult to recognize people. Elspeth's fiancé claimed her at once. I didn't care to dance, and was rather bored when, looking across the room, I saw the loveliest lady in the world being piloted to a seat. I hadn't expected to see her. She was not in costume—of course she wouldn't be—and her gentle distinction made the revellers look cheap. She sat and watched the dancers with that smile of hers which is like a benediction, and because I always feel blessed and purified when it rests on me, even though, as I told Elspeth, she is hardly aware of my existence, I started across the room to do homage and obeisance. People got in my way, and my progress was slow. The Father of his Country, in the person of Tom Parker, buttonholed me, and I could not shake him off.

"Excuse me," said I. "I wish to speak to a lady across the room."

"You're very eager," said he. "I didn't know you were smitten. Take me with you. Which is she?"

"The most beautiful women in the room," said I irritably, "and the most heavenly-minded." (I didn't mean to say that; it just came out.) "She's the only woman I ever loved. She eighty. Mrs. Chisholm."

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"Oh, I say!" cried Tom, staring.

She sat and watched the dancers with that lovely, dreamy smile; she had taken off her gloves, and her soft white hands were folded in her lap, glimmering with quaint old, emerald rings. When I finally reached her, bowing low, she looked up, and her recognition was swifter than usual. A flash came into her eyes. "Jimmy," she said softly, "Jimmy Wickersham!" Then her look changed. "Jimmy Wickersham's grandson!"

"Yes, dear lady," said I. I raised her hand and kissed it. "These are Grandfather's clothes, you know. And how lovely you look! You are the most beautiful woman here."

She laughed softly. "I suppose you wonder what an old woman is doing at a ball. I wanted to come. I had my maid bring me. Harriet wouldn't come." Harriet is an unmarried daughter who lives with her. She is homely and given to all good works. "It's a pretty sight, Jimmy. I beg your pardon for calling you Jimmy. You remind me of your grandfather. Have you seen little Betty?"

No, I had not. I had not seen her since the day of the Hamilton wedding.

"You haven't seen little Betty?" said her grandmother. "Betty!" she called.

Suddenly the girl stood before me, softly smiling. Her hair was gathered in little bunches of curls above her ears, her white, narrow-waisted gown was cut off the shoulders in a deep curve, she held a small round nosegay in her hand.

"Well, James," said she demurely, "won't you speak to me?"

"But you are the lady," I stammered—"the lady in the picture. Who are you?"

"I'm Grandmamma," she declared saucily. "Wasn't she pretty?"

I thrust my hand into my breast and pulled out the miniature case, opening it with a shaking hand.

"Who was this?" I cried. "Mrs. Chisholm, you can tell me."

She took it from me. "Yes, my dear, it is I," she said gently, and apparently unsurprised. "So Jimmy kept it, after all! I used to wonder what became of it."

"But you didn't marry him," I stammered.

"No, my dear, I didn't marry him. I gave him back his ring. He threw it out of the window, and I found it the next morning. I have worn it all these years. I should like to keep these pictures, Jimmy. You will let me have them, my dear? And I'll give you back the ring." With some difficulty, she drew a ring from her finger—a square emerald set deep in diamonds.

"But, Mrs. Chisholm," I stammered. "what am I to do with it?"

She smiled like a pleased child. "Give it to Betty," she said.

I started and looked at Betty. She flushed and glanced down. We seemed to be acting a part and to be carried along with no will of our own.

Mrs. Chisholm laid a hand on each of ours. She spoke with the serene obliviousness of convention which sometimes comes with extreme old age.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
143-149 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

"You must hurry, children. Life is short. I know. I have lived it. Give her the ring, James. And don't be too firm a man, dear. It is well to yield a little sometimes. Your grandfather would not yield."

I stiffened myself. "Will you take it, Betty?" said I. "You must take me with it;" and I slipped it on her finger.

She snatched it off again immediately; then held it close to her face, examining it. "Oh, there are initials inside," she said, "and a motto. 'Thus until.' What does that mean?"

"It means that now's the time," said I firmly. "Put it on again at once;" and, to my surprise, she did so.

"I wouldn't accept you, James, if it wasn't for Grandmamma," she protested. "I'd do anything in the world to give her pleasure."

"I can never love you as I do your grandmother," said I. "But to think you were living next door at the time, and I never knew you until now! And you are the picture, and your grandmother, and yourself. Oh, there's a lot to talk about! Come outside somewhere, won't you? It's hot in here."

The Unfinished House

The contractor pleaded vexing freight delays,

The mason talked of plaster and concrete,

The painter urged a second coat of stain,

The carpenter thought the trim came incomplete.

Through window-spaces naked of their sash,

And doorways yawning like a cave-man's lair,

The searching autumn wind blew riotous gales

And flung the sawdust in my eyes and hair.

And yet, beyond the littered loggia floor,
I caught a view of valley, hills and sky,

Where granite heights against the sunset's gold,

Grew dark with purple depths of mystery.

The stubborn details of the nearer scene
Relaxed their dragging hold upon my will;

I caught, as clear, an inner glimpse of peace,—

The chosen end seemed worth the struggle still.

With something of the exile's dreams of home

The wind-swept, cheerless rooms grew warm and bright,

And firelight danced on children's ruddy cheeks,

Before hope's vista faded from the sight.

I wondered then if all the toil of life,
The disarray and blustering vaunt of things,

Are but a screen for splendid lights beyond,

A bur wherein the grace of gladness clings.

—By Eliot White, in *Suburban Life*.

Between Two Thieves

(Continued from page 26.)

riched with added lines, diagrams and notes, in red and blue and various-colored inks. He said, as his followers crowded to look at this—and now there was a shiny gray dampness on his cheeks and forehead, and he secretly dried the palms of his hands with his delicate handkerchief.

"These numbered circles and squares in colored inks represent depots of timber, cattle, salted provisions, forage, and grain, established by me—under private names of ownership—at Sinope, Bourgas, Varna, Kustendje, and other places on the shores of the Black Sea. So that, in the case of an army of invasion marching from Varna towards the frontiers of Bessarabia, or maintaining a siege, shall we say?—of any fortified harbor on the coasts of the Crimea—You are surprised, M. de Morny? That is gratifying indeed!"

De Morny had given vent to a long shrill street-boy's whistle, about as expressive of astonishment as it could be. But he did not possess the quality of reverence. He sang, in English, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his wide-hipped, silver-striped, white cashmere pantaloons, and executing a cancan step cleverly and neatly:

"That's the way the milliard went—Pop! goes the weasel!"

and ceased as Sire My Friend went on, rolling his handkerchief—dampened with his hidden agony of exultation—into a ball between his palms:

"Immense contracts for the further supply of cattle, provisions, cereals and fodder to France, have been signed by the heads of the principal firms in the Levant and Eastern Europe. Much of the land-transport throughout the Danubian Principalities had already been chartered by Russian agents—a partial check, I must admit, to my views in this direction. Yet thousands of wagons, arabas, telegas, and other vehicles; hundreds of teams of horses, yokes of bullocks, strings of baggage-mules, are at my sole disposal—their proprietors having received liberal payment on account, and having before them the hope of treatment still more generous. Do I weary you? Am I prosy? Do stop me if I bore you!" entreated Sire my Friend.

Nobody stirred or spoke. He went on, savouring his triumph, tasting each sentence as a morsel of some delicate dish:

"Without spies, informers, interpreters, and agents of all grades, an invading army is blindfold and helpless. Thus, the assistance of pachas, boyards, consuls, attaches, secretaries, postmasters, innkeepers, will be ours, having been secured on liberal terms. Every commissariat-clerk, commercial traveller and correspondent who could be bought to serve my purpose has found in me a ready purchaser. And every Turk or



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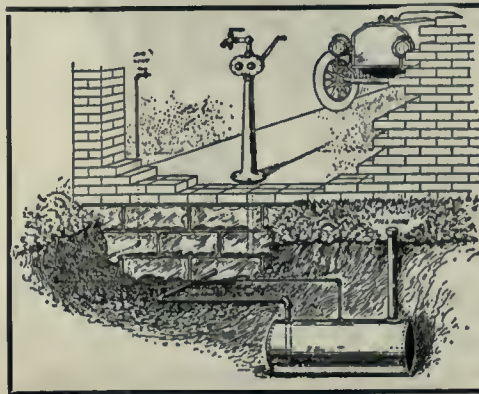
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Tartar has made oath upon the beard of the Prophet—every Jew is sworn upon the Ark of the Tabernacle—every Bulgarian is pledged upon the Blessed Sacrament—not to supply the English with wood for gabions or shelters, with provisions, grain, fodder, horses, waggons, or carts. Wherefore if they need these things, they must draw supplies from Great Britain, or from Italy. And, failing these sources—”

The speaker shrugged again, and said with a sardonic affectation of humility:

“For the unworthy successor of my glorious uncle, it seems to me that I have hit upon a very good idea!”

He smiled upon them, saying it, and between that swelling sense of achievement, and his inward laughter at having thus duped and distanced those who thought they swayed and guided him, he seemed to increase in stature and gain in dignity. Even de Morny was momentarily bankrupt of a gibe to throw at him. De Fleury could only gape and goggle at him. St. Arnaud said, in a voice broken by surprise and admiration:

“My master—my Emperor, you are greater than Napoleon the Great!”

Persigny went over and knelt down upon the carpet before him. He bent over and kissed one of the little diamond-buckled pumps fervently, as a Dervish might have kissed the Holy Stone of Mecca. He said, in a voice that shook and wobbled:

“I say that you are neither my master or my Emperor. From this moment you are my God!”

“Absurd!” said Sire my Friend. But he smiled as Nero might have smiled upon Tigellinus, and said, still smiling:

“Wait—wait! I have not told everything! You have yet to look at the second chart!”

He laid it down upon the first, which it exactly resembled, save that the numbered rounds and squares indicating the depots were missing, and that along the conjectural route of the Army of Invasion certain areas were staked off with green or blue or vermilion dots, and labelled “Malarious,” or “Insalubrious,” or “Salubrious,” as the case might be, and others “Pestilential,” in a tremulous, uncertain handwriting that told its story to at least one pair of eyes there. Looking up with a vexatious expression of cynical intelligence on his well-bred, rakish countenance, said de Morny:

“And your man, your administrative, polyglot genius who planned and carried out”—he tapped the first chart with a polished finger-nail—“this masterpiece of organization, and later made this survey of Death’s garden—what has become of Dunoisse?” He added: “For this is Dunoisse’s handwriting—and two years ago he went East upon your business, and has not since been heard of. Did he die out there in Death’s garden? or—as the possessor of an inconvenient amount of secret information—have you quodded him in some snug dungeon at the Fortress of Vincennes, or the Prison of Mazas? Or have you had him shot, or scragged him, before putting him to bed

in quicklime blankets? Kif—kif—bur-rico!—a quietus, either way!"

Horribly meaningful as the words were, the gesture accompanying them was even more significant. It brought a dull, scorched flush into the pasty cheeks of Sire my Friend. But he maintained his boasted imperturbability, and answered, with his quiet smile of menace:

"It pleases you to be offensive. Pursue your vein if you imagine it will serve you—I am indifferent to your opinion of me! As for General Dunoisse—who, as you rightly guess, acted as my instrument in carrying out these comprehensive arrangements for commissariat and transport—who completed this sanitary survey of the debatable ground—that unhappy officer expired of fever in the swamps of the Dobrudja, some months ago. These charts were brought me by his confidential secretary—one Michaelis Giusko—to whom the dying man entrusted them." He added, in answer to de Morny's smile: "Your perspicuity is not at fault. . . . Lest his silence and discretion should fail us in this crucial moment—M. Giusko is in safe-keeping—where, there is no need to say! . . . As for this second chart of the Unseen Dangers, by following its guidance our Army will not encamp within insalubrious or pestilential areas. While our Allies—unless they have taken similar precautions—are likely more or less to suffer!" He ended meditatively, stroking his imperial:

"We share with them the Borgian apple—we take the half that is not poisoned. The whole is simple. It is not we who die!"

He opened his eyes widely and looked upon his followers. It seemed to them that through those blazing windows they saw down into hell. As he said again how simple the thing was, a rattling oath of the canteen and the barrack-room escaped from de Fleury, that caused the green shades of the table-lamps to shiver in their gilded sockets. Persigny's teeth were chattering, though the April night was almost sultry. De Morny broke out peevishly as he wiped his clammy face:

"Zut!—there is no doubt you have got them in the treacle! But why did your Majesty not wait to tell us this until Lord Dalgan and the Duke had left for Marseilles? I am sick in my stomach with funk, absolutely!—at the thought of doing the civil to them and their men to-night!"

"Be uncivil, then," advised his Imperial master. "Between your compliments and your insults there is so subtle a distinction that neither the Duke or Dalgan will be the wiser, you may be sure!"

St. Arnaud roared at this mordant witticism. De Morny was about to launch a return-shaft, when there came a gentle, significant knocking—not upon the door through which they had previously passed, but another, communicating with the outer gallery.

"Enter!" commanded Sire my Friend, for the knocker had given the prescribed number of taps that heralded his Private Military Secretary.

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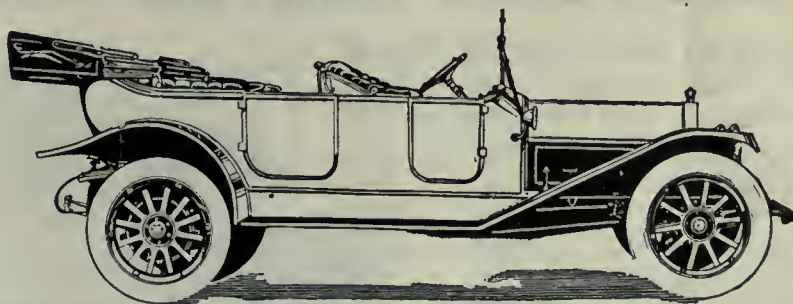
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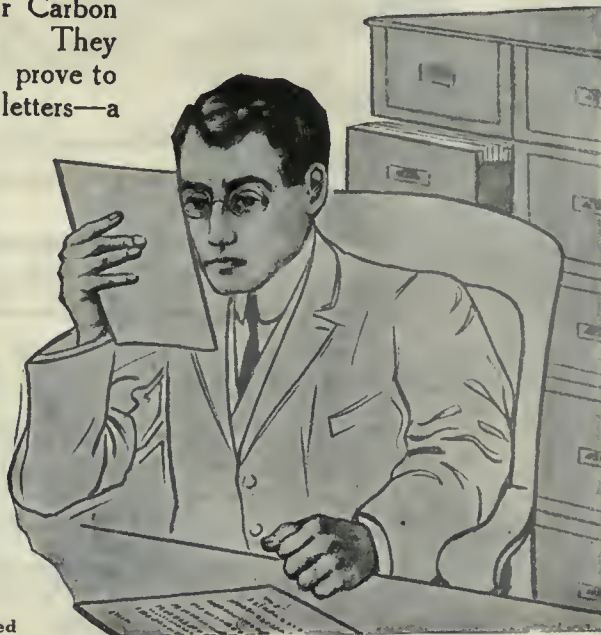
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And the door opened, and there entered, gently closing it behind him, the very man who had died in the marshes of the Dobrudja months before.

LXXXII

He was so strangely altered, aged, bleached and wasted, that for some moments Sire my Friend and the other owners of the curled and made-up heads that had pivoted round upon his entrance regarded him in the silence that is born of dismay. The color of old wax, or of a corpse some days dead, an atmosphere of such chilly isolation surrounded this pale spectral figure, that even de Morny, that cool smiling sceptic, knew the shudder of superstitious terror and felt his thin hair stiffen on his scalp. A worn and shabby Staff uniform of the date of the Presidency hung in folds upon the intruder's lean and stooping body. His black eyes burned in caves hollowed by protracted mental labours and immense physical exertions. His black hair, long uncut, and mingled with streaks and patches of white, hung in tangled elf-locks to his tarnished epaulets, and drooped in a heavy matted plume upon his brow. To the gaunt hollows beneath his haunted eyes he was raggedly bearded with this piebald mixture. And as he stood before them, intermittent gusts of fever seized and shook him, until his teeth chattered audibly, and his bones seemed to rattle in his baggy, withered skin. As, in one of these gusts, he coughed, and pressed to his parched lips a yellowed cambric handkerchief that was presently blood-stained, de Fleury—reassured by this incontestable proof of mortality—took courage and called him by his name:

"Dunoisse!"

"Dunoisse! . . . A thousand welcomes, mon cher General!" Sire my Friend, instantly assuming his urbane and benignant air, stepped towards the shabby scarecrow with graciously extended hand. But the scarecrow raised its own, and waved Imperial Majesty back with a gesture so expressive of warning, if not of menace, that the action sent a shudder through its witnesses. Again they doubted if this were not some ghostly visitant from the world that is beyond the grave. . . . And again the hacking, tearing cough came to convince them that this was no spirit, but merely a dying man.

Said Sire my friend, after that slight pause of consternation:

"My good Dunoisse, you have dropped on us—literally from the heavens. As a fact, we had heard on excellent authority that you were—ill—and that the pleasure of welcoming you must be—indeinitely deferred. Upon this account excuse what may strike you as lack of cordiality in our greeting!" He added, and his growing confidence permitted an outcrop of anger upon the smooth polish of his accents. "And explain to us—the rules denying unknown officers access to the Emperor's private apartments being even more stringent than those which protected the President from such intrusion—how you gained admittance here?"

For all answer, the shape he spoke to lifted its left hand, and showed, hanging loosely on a wasted finger, a signet ring. Sire my Friend, recognizing the token conferring upon his Equerry General, Private Secretary, and Military Secretaries, access to his person at all hours, shrugged his chagrin; and tapped his daintily-shod foot impatiently upon the floor.

"Of course! Naturally! Pardon my forgetfulness!" he said urbanely. "I myself bestowed that Open Sesame upon you, when your skill, and intelligence, and ability prompted me to promote you to a confidential post upon my Staff. And later—when my reliance in your discretion and fidelity led me to place in your most able hands the task which you have so superbly completed—you took the ring with you when you left Paris for the East." He added, discerning that the black eyes burning in their shadowy caves glanced at the faces of his merry men with doubtfulness:

"Have no fear! These trusted friends who shared with me the secret of the intended coup d'Etat participate in knowledge of this latter—measure of diplomacy. . . . You have arrived at the very moment of disclosure. . . . Therefore speak out quite freely, my very good Dunoisse! . . ."

Dunoisse opened his cracked lips, and said, in a voice so faint and hollow that it might have answered from the sepulchre of Lazarus when the Voice bade the dead come forth:

"I will speak out freely. To do so is my right. None can dispute it."

"I have spread your nets," he said, in the voice that had lost its clear, sharp ring, and was feeble, and flat, and broken. "From the Balkans to the Pruth I have set your springs—dug your pitfalls—sharpened your hidden stakes. I have put it in your power to precipitate a crisis. To meet events and grapple Fate I used all the strength and all the skill I had."

He drew a shaken breath and went on: "I have subsidised scores of men into this service—no man knowing his neighbour for a fellow-conspirator—every man secretly bound by the oath that is most sacred in his sight. Turks, Greeks, Tartars, Jews, Armenians, Bulgarians, and Wallachs—all have been pledged not to give aid to Russia, or England the Ally of Russia, in the great War that was presently to be waged with France and the Ottoman Empire—over the Debatable Ground. . . ."

A rush of fever dyed his sallowness to dusky crimson. The heat that radiated from his burning body struck upon the bodies of the other men.

"I served you," he said, fixing his sunken, glittering eyes upon the face of Imperial Majesty, "to the very gates of death. Believing myself to be dying, I placed—in the hands of two men who had sought me out and found me—the original charts that proved my task completed, and the tracings of those charts. One, at least, of my messengers could not fail to reach you—"

De Morny said, pointing to the writing-table, where the squares of shiny

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tracing-paper, covered with spidery diagrams and dotted lines in red and blue and green and vari-colored inks, lay in the yellow radiance cast by the green-shaded lamp:

"There are the proofs that one of your messengers did reach his destination. We had been looking at those marvellous charts the moment before you came in."

De Morny, Duke and Peer of France, might have been a mouse squeaking in a corner, or one of the love-birds twittering in its gilded window-cage. For Dunoisse neither saw nor heard him, but folded his thin arms upon his hollow breast, and spoke with his haggard eyes on the face of Sire my Friend.

"I came back to civilization to learn the truth of you. I was not the keeper of your secret, the agent of your power, set to pit craft against craft and insure victory by wise precaution—I was your dupe, your accomplice, and your tool. Judas! Oh, Judas!" said Dunoisse, in a dry, fierce rustling whisper that was like the sirocco passing through a field of withered maize-stalks. "How is it that I believed you—knowing you besmeared with blood, and rotten to the soul with deceits and falsehoods? How should I not be among the number of those you have flattered and swindled and betrayed?"

The silence of sickening consternation was on each of those who heard him. Their crests of false curls drooped; the paint faded from their faces under the lashing hail of his words. They were crimson or leaden or sea-green according to their various temperaments—the complexion of Sire my Friend having undergone this last and most unbecoming change. And Dunoisse went on speaking, almost without a gesture, as a man whose bodily weakness compelled economy of breath and action.

"I was to have had a great reward of you for my services. One million one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, to be definite! Keep your stolen money! Could I buy back self-respect with the price of blood? As for you, you have won your Empire—have brought about the War you schemed and plotted for; you will take the field with Turkey and your Ally of England, shoulder to shoulder—side by side! . . . Ah!—you read Machiavelli at the Fortress of Ham to good purpose! . . . You grew more than violets upon the ramparts, Monseigneur! You matured plans for revenge. . . . And you will have your honeyed vengeance," said Dunoisse, in that distinct, rasping whisper. "And gall will mingle with the sweetness as you suck it. For those old associates of yours—those men of the Reform and Carlton Clubs of London—will say of you: 'By God!—this Emperor of France is a damned scoundrel!' And, by God!—they will be right!"

The sentence, spoken in English, cut like a tandem-whip. As it hissed through the stagnant, perfumed, tobacco-laden atmosphere of the room, the speaker drew his sword. Sire my Friend recoiled and cried out at the

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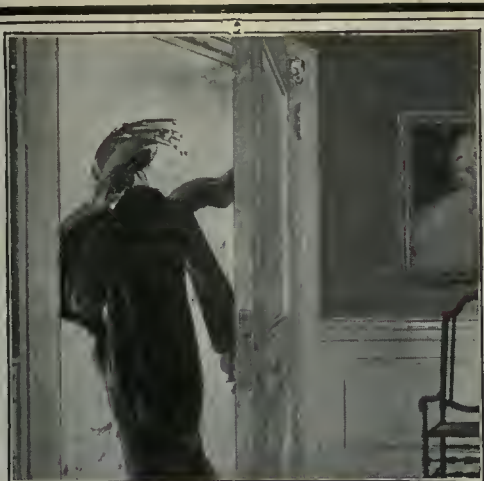
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sharp hiss of the steel, and de Fleury, brave as a bulldog, sprang before his master instantly. But Dunoisse only balanced the weapon a moment with the deftness of a master of fence, ere, with an effort that taxed his feebleness to the utmost, he snapped the tarnished steel across his thin knee, and said, as he threw the pieces down clattering at the dainty buckled feet of Imperial Majesty:

"My military oath of allegiance was to the President, not to the Emperor. I will serve you no longer, be that understood! And—though the work I have done has been fatally well done!—in so far as it be possible, I will unmesh the net I have woven. . . . Therefore be warned, Monseigneur!"

With this, as a man might shake off from his hand some venomous insect, he dropped the loosely-fitting signet ring upon the carpet, ground it with a sudden, savage impulse underneath his heel, and went out, leaving them staring and short of breath.

A moment later Sire my Friend, whose complexion of sea-green had suffered change to a congested purple, staggered and clutched at nothing, and fell down frothing in an epileptic fit.

By the advice of Persigny—who had seen him before in that pitiable condition — they moved the furniture away from his vicinity, and left his devil to use him at its will. And presently he came to, staring and shuddering, with a bitten glove between his teeth; and was very feeble and exhausted, and full of fears lest the Empress had seen him thus afflicted. But by-and-by, when reassured, and restored, and renovated, he was able to interview the Chief of his Secret Police, and gave orders for an arrest.

He was peculiarly benevolent, urbane and smiling, an hour later, when, to the united strains of "God Save the Queen" and "Partant Pour La Syrie," he entered the fairyland of blue-and-white striped awnings, blue carpets, gold-tasselled hangings of pink satin, and elfin grottos of green gauze, full of palms and hot-house roses, illuminated with pink, blue and yellow Chinese lights. Leading the beautiful Empress—who rested her gloved hand on the happy arm of the Duke of Bambridge—followed by the French and British Commanders-in-Chief, with their Staffs, his brothers and his uncle, he looked—or might have with the addition of a few more inches—every inch an Emperor.

Amidst the general joyousness, the depression of de Morny—that usually light-hearted cynic—was curiously apparent. Lord Dalgan noticed this, and commented upon it in his exquisite polished French.

"By my faith, Monseigneur!" returned de Morny, in the English language, "I cannot deny it, I am confoundlyhipped to-night! Absolutely, I am like the Princess in the Suabian fairy legend—there is a rose-leaf under my twenty-ninth feather-bed. Why? I am envious—absolutely envious! I have seen a poor man throw away one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs for the privilege of enjoying a luxury



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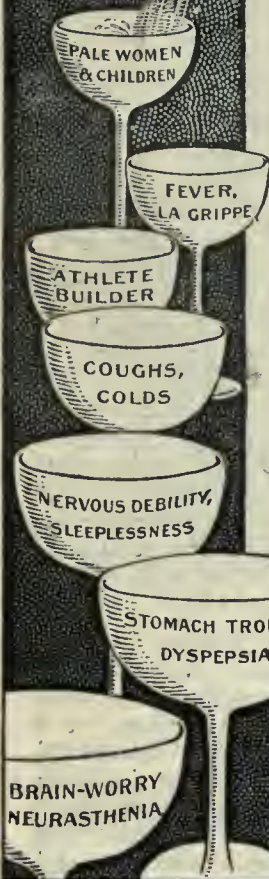
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that I, who am a rich man, cannot afford."

"Really! And what is that costly form of indulgence?" asked my lord.

De Morny answered, with a curious smile on that well-bred rakish face of his:

"The luxury of telling the truth!"

He could not afford it, though he would have liked it . . . It was not yet convenient to break with Sire my Friend. . . .

And so the Monster Ball spun and whirled itself out, dancing becoming public after the departure of the Imperial Party and their guests. At three in the morning a prison-van, bolted on a railway-truck—having a carriage containing an Imperial aide-de-camp and two Commissaries of Police in front of it, and another full of gendarmerie behind it—was being whirled by a special engine into the Northern Department of the Somme.

At the station where the van was unbolted from the railway-truck an escort of Lancers waited; also a one-horse brougham, an open brake, drawn by a pair; and a couple of spare horses. These being harnessed to the van, the aide, after exchanging a sentence or two with the commander of the cavalry escort, stepped into the brougham, followed by the police-officers, who modestly took the front seat. Then at a curt word of command the party put itself in motion, and clattered and clinked and rolled away.

And presently the prison-van, with its wheeled and mounted guardians, passed—with a challenge from a sentry and the giving of a countersign at each—over two draw-bridges, and clattered and rolled—the prisoner judged by the damp chill and the hollow echo—under a heavy archway of stone. And then, with the grinding of heavy iron wards in locks, and screaming of solid iron bolts in stony groovings, the van came to a halt; the steps were banged down, the door was opened; and the yawning jailers who had travelled with the prisoner unlocked his narrow cell.

Dunoisse was invited to get out. He moved his cramped limbs with difficulty, and descended the iron steps in the gay sunshine of an April morning, which painted long blue shadows of a lofty wall centred by a massive gateway with a square watch-tower, across the stones of a flagged courtyard.

Two huge round towers flanked the south and west angles of the courtyard. A block of buildings was upon his right hand that looked like a Barracks. Another, smaller, on his left, was probably the dwelling of the Commandant. A gray-haired, stout man in the undress uniform of a field-officer of the Line, came out of the house, saluted the Imperial aide, and returned the salute of the officer of the escort. He had a blue paper in his hand.

He said, addressing the prisoner after a brief colloquy with the Imperial Staff officer:

"You will be confined here during the pleasure of the Emperor."



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Dunoisse knew that meant for life. He lifted his haggard eyes as he asked the question:

"Where am I?"

The answer came:

"You are in the Fortress of Ham."

LXXXIII.

"Camp near Varna,
"June.

"My Dearest Mother,

"We arrived Here all Safe, and are Incamp with the Division on a Scrubby Plane by a Lake full of Leaches about 2 milse inland of Varna, Which is the Beastliest Town you ever Saw. It is Full of English, French, Turks, Bulgarians, Jews, Infadels, and Herratieks. Every now and Then a Fire brakes out which Marshal St. Arnod the French Commander-in-Chief says is Dew to insendiary Greekse. Yesterday it Was the House next our Powder Maggazine, but luckily the Wind Changed, and we Lost neerly all our Stores of Barly, Biskits, Tea, Sugar, Coffy, Flower, and so on. N.B.—How does He know it was insendiary Greekse?"

"Tell my Father that the Army is short of Otse and Forridge. Though we have Not quite 4,000 Beests of Transport to move an Army of 27,000 Men! ! ! We Have Hardly Annything to Give them, And the Noise they make is something Friteful, and every day Lotts of them die. The Cavalry Horses are Fed at preasent, that is all One can Say. I am quite Well, so you must not be Fritened when you Read in the Paperse that Colera has broken out among the Troops."

"Odly enuf, the French on the Hites have got it Though their Camps are better Plaiced than what ours Are. They have sent 3 Divisions into the Dobrudja, where 90 thowsand Russians are being held in Chek by Omar Pasha. They are putting Whole Regiments on their Transports and sending Them out to Sea.

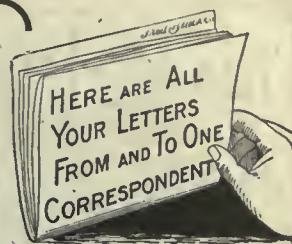
"Yesterday I saw the lovliest Girl I ever saw in my Life out Riding on the Road to Aladyn on the Finest Brown Horse I ever Saw in my life. She comes from the Bashi's Camp. None of the Officers know her Naim, but all of them call her Golden Cloak, bicause of her Hair, which is the most Wonderful I ever Saw in my Life. A man of Ours told me Her Father is a Colonel of Bashis and that her mother was a Georgian Princess. I Never saw such Hair or such Eyes in all my life.

"I am your loving son,

"Mortimer.

"P.S.—I forgot to tell my Father that the Trooper who saved my life in the Reek of The British Queen is my Cousin Sarah's Son, Joshua Horrotian. When I thanked him and asked him to Shake Hands he Rifused. I Think it is bicause of Something My Father Has Done about his Mother's Property. Tell my Father I do Not want a Hunting Box and that I had rather die a Beggar than That enny man should be Wronged for me. Mind you tell that to my Father. And tell him I have Not yet Had His

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"M. J.
"P.P.P.S.—Love and Thanks for the Caises of Good Things which were Hily appreciated.

"M."
That is, by the rank-and-file. For Morty, mentally burdened by the paternal confidences as to cabbaging, declined to partake of the luxuries sent out to him in huge consignments by special deliveries, week and week about. You saw the Ensign turning these over to the men of his company, and living on Service rations of fresh or salt pork, biscuit, rice, and rum.

You may gather that from the very outset of the Eastern Campaign the names of Cowell, Sewell, Powell, and many others of the fraternity had not infrequently reached Morty's ears, in conjunction with expressions of disapprobation. Nor, despite all the consideration shown him by his comrades, could references to Thompson Jowell, couched in terms the reverse of admiring, fail to find utterance in the presence of the great man's son.

Sometimes he would begin to fear that he hated the man who had begotten him. This acute stage of his complaint was reached when it began to be known that the Allies would winter on the Black Sea. For forage, and clothing, and provisions, and all that the Army needed, it was said, was being sent out in the great Government transport, The Realm, from Portsmouth Dockyard. . . . What wonder that the boy, unwilling sharer in the grisly secret that made the stiff grey hair of Thompson Jowell bristle on his head o' nights, was galled and tortured! His apprehension had ridden him as though he had been another Sindbad, throttled by the hairy incubus of the immortal story. Then he had hit on a plan for getting rid of this dreadful Old Man of the Sea.

He had taken his courage in both hands and written boldly to his father, maintaining at the same time a caution that made him shudder at himself. For lest Jowell's murderous secret should leave bloody finger-marks on every page, it was necessary to be ambiguous. Yet he had conveyed his meaning clearly, and the final sentence, with all its crudity, had the ring of steel on stone.

"Sinse I Caim out Here I Have Bigun to understand Better than I did Bifore What you Meant by What you Said that Night at Dinner. And if you Do this Thing that you have Planned to do, I will never come Home Agane or call myself by your Naim, or take another Six-pens of your Money. As God lives, I won't, so now you Know! My mother shall hear the Truth and Chuse between us! It is Hard on a Fellow To have to rite like this to His Father, but You Have Brought it on yourself!"

There was a postscript:



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DONT drop us a post card next WEEK but today and we will send you all the particulars, sizes and price list.



"Remember I will never come Home or Call myself by your Naim, or Take another Penny of your Monney. Don't do it, Gov! Don't do it for God's saik. He might Forgive you. I Never shold, I Know!

"M."

You are to imagine Thompson Jowell perusing this composition. The letter had been directed to his place of business in the City. When he blundered up out of his office-chair, crumpling it in his shaking hand, he was dizzy, and there was a singing in his ears.

It was his Fate, that, priding himself as he did upon the doggedness of will and tenacity of purpose that had combined with unscrupulousness in the making of his fortune, he could not recognize in his son the first-named qualities. He had begotten his own judge. Though he blinked the fact, it was presently to come home to him, after a method unexpected, terrible, and strange.

The dizziness passed off; his reply to Morty's letter was a masterpiece in its way.

For it reminded the son, indirectly, of all that the father had done for him, and temptingly enlarged upon all that he meant to do. . . . At the end came the pregnant intimation that Mortimer was not to hurry himself about affairs that were no concern of his. And that—in a particular instance not more definitely specified, Sturdy Stephen Standfast was the name of his old Gov.

"For he don't mean that letter! Not a word of it!" snorted Thompson Jowell. "Throw his old Gov. over! . . . By Gosh! he ain't capable of it. By Gosh! if an Angel came down from Heaven"—one would like to hear Jowell's conception of heaven—"and told me he was, I wouldn't take its word."

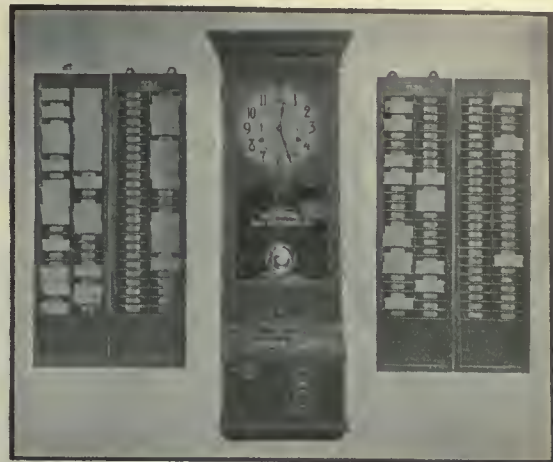
When it comes to a tussle between Old Standfast and Young Standfast, one may be pretty certain as to which is going to win. . . . Having marked out, in his blundering boyish way, a line of conduct, Mortimer Jowell meant to follow it unswervingly. Hence the answer to the letter was a blow to all his hopes. He wrote no more to his father, though the dowdy woman regularly received his ill-spelt letters! And being of a kindly, affectionate disposition, he was profoundly wretched, in anticipation of the coming hour when he must keep his word.

LXXXIV.

Dunoisse had been arrested on the steps of the English Embassy upon the night of the Monster Ball at the Elysee. Not a moment too soon, it may have been, for the safety of the chicken that had hatched out of the basilisk-egg.

Having himself suffered the slow torture of imprisonment, who should know better than Sire my Friend how to refine and embroider upon the sufferings of a prisoner? Dunoisse was assigned to the care of the Commandant of the Fortress under minute and particular instructions, which were, by that official, scrupulously carried out.

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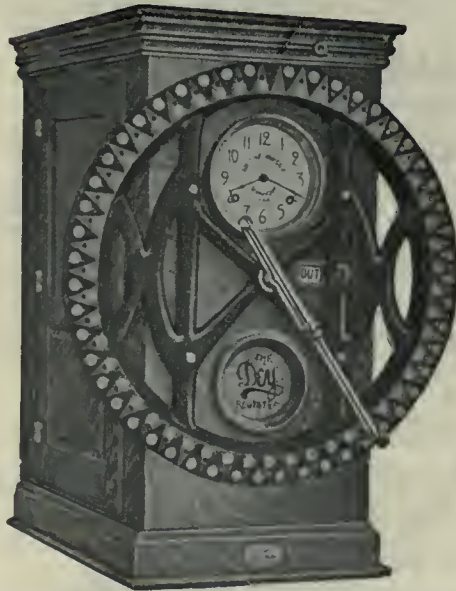


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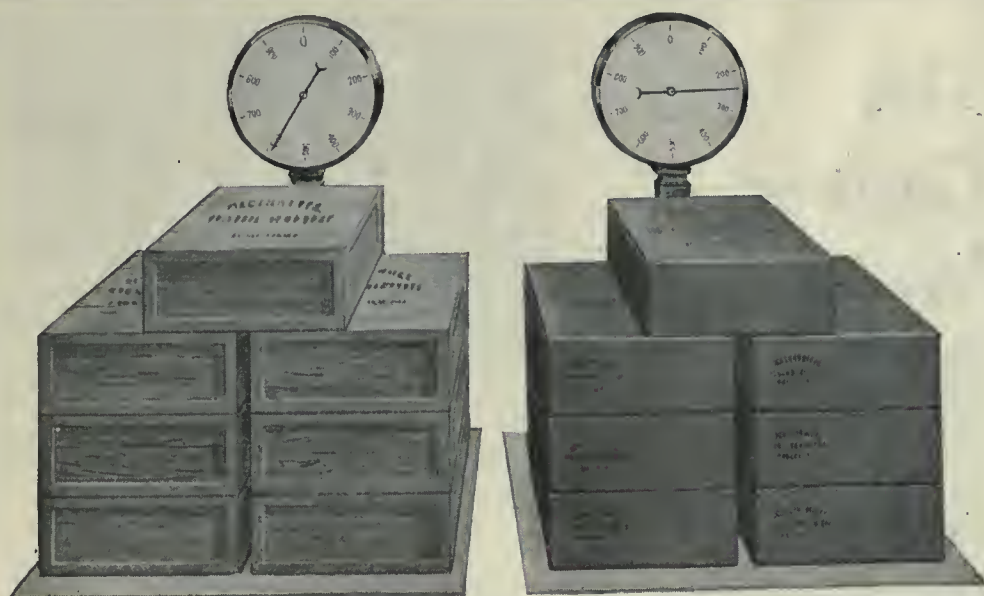
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Solitude and Silence were the regimen prescribed for the captive. Save the Commandant, or the priest who would on rare occasions be admitted to administer religious consolation—no one might speak to Dunoisse, or answer when spoken to, save by certain strictly-regulated signs.

With the fever and ague of the Do-brudja still upon him, Dunoisse, denied the comfort of fire or extra bedding, invalid nourishment, medical attendance, or the commonest human intercourse; would have died, or sunk into a lethargy of inertia ending in death, but for one thing.

The Breviary and Vulgate, with the Imitatione Christi of Thomas a Kempis—left in Dunoisse's cell by some cynical whim of his Imperial jailer—proved to contain within them fountains of healing for his sick and suffering soul. Unguessed, undreamed-of beauty and delight and sweetness had lain hidden in the narrow columns as in the closely-printed pages. The casual reader became a student, the student a scholar, long before he knew. . . . And the Denier denied no longer. Day-spring banished the darkness; Faith revived in him—he could pray again. How strange it is, that only when the meanest and humblest of our fellow-creatures turn from us, do we seek the companionship of One Who is King of Kings.

At Christmastide—for the snow lay on the marshes and the ramparts—the fosse and the canal were frozen—and the church bells of the distant town had rung the carillon of Noel at midnight—they admitted a confessor to the prisoner in his cell.

"What is the news, my Father? What has happened in the great roaring world whose voice has never reached me since these walls of Cyclopean masonry rose up about and penned me in? War had been proclaimed when I was arrested. . . . Has there been War? Is there War now?" Dunoisse asked.

But the priest made answer to his eager questions:

"My dear son, to gain admittance here I have pledged my word that I will not discuss with you any worldly matter. Let me, while I have the opportunity, give you news of the Kingdom of God."

Dunoisse, so long a willing exile from that Kingdom, had been by slow and painful stages finding his way back there. Now, with the aid of the Church, he cleansed his sin-stained soul in the lustral waters of Confession. He was absolved. He received the Bread of Life.

It seemed to him at the supreme moment that a burning ray of Divine Light penetrated and illumined him. He saw himself clearly as he had never seen himself before. He understood how he had fallen from his old ideals, and strayed from the way of cleanliness and honor. He realized that Sympathy had been the missing link between himself and his fellow-men. He had loved one man. He had worshipped one woman with an overwhelming, guilty passion. Both

friend and mistress had deceived him; and for this reason he had reared a wall of icy doubt between himself and the rest of Humanity.

Once he had met a woman with a noble, earnest face and calm, pure, radiant eyes, and had gone upon his world's way and had forgotten her. They had met again, on the night of the coup d'Etat, at the French Embassy in London. And her glance had pierced to the quick through his armour of selfishness, and vanity and lust. She had not spared him reproach, though at their parting she had softened and relented. She had said in effect: "Though you are nothing to me now, I might have loved the man you used to be!" What had he not lost by that change? What might he not have gained had he chosen, instead of the easy road of pleasure, the stony path of rectitude! Dimly he began to realize what an inestimable treasure of tenderness, what an inexhaustible mine of shining loyalty, and glowing faith, and pure passion, had lain hidden in the heart of Ada Merling, for the lover who should prove himself worthy of the supreme boon.

He loved her. Happy for her that Fate had sundered them, if by any remote chance she might have loved a man so little worthy of her as Hector Dunois. But she never would have . . . she never could have. . . . He tried to follow her in thought as she went upon her selfless way. He saw her pure, sweet influence shed on other hearts to soften, and uplift, and cheer them. He saw the poor relieved by those generous hands. He heard the sick, healed by her skilled and gentle ministrations, blessing her. He dreamed of her—with a cruel pang—as endowing some true man with the priceless treasure of her love. He pictured her with their children rocked in her arms and nourished at her bosom. He imagined her growing old, and moving down the vale of years, leaning on the stalwart sons and matronly, handsome daughters, who should look up to her even as they aided her, in perfect confidence; and whose children, inheriting their tender reverence for that dearest mother, should love and trust her, too. And a great yearning swelled in his desolate heart, and his aching, mateless soul rushed out across the void to her. . . .

"Ada! . . ."

In the anguish of his loneliness he lifted his arms to the wild, gray sky of March, and, in a voice that was like the wailing of the bitter wind across the marshes, cried on the beloved name:

"Oh, Ada!—Ada! . . ."

And—spun to the merest spider-thread of sound by infinite distance, her unforgettable voice answered . . . beyond doubt or question answered:

"I hear you. . . . Oh! where are you?"

LXXXV.

He could not doubt that she had heard and answered. There was no explanation possible. It had happened, that was all.

Not long after, during an attack of fever, Dunois dreamed that he awakened in the chill gray dawn of a February morning to see Ada Merling sitting by

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his bed. It seemed so natural to have her there, and so divinely sweet and comforting, that he lay for a long time gazing at her, dwelling on each dear, remembered trait and lovely feature, breathing her atmosphere, drinking her in. She wore in this his vision of her, not the gray nurse's dress of Cavendish Street, but a plain black gown, though the frilled white muslin cap of his remembrance sat close and sober, as of old, upon her rich, brown, waving hair, and the cambric apron made a splash of white upon the blackness of the dress. The lines of the pure features were a little sharpened, the eyes larger, the sensitive, clearly-cut lips were closely folded. She looked sadder . . . older. . . . Even as he realized this she smiled; and such a radiance of beauty kindled in her, and shone forth from her, that he cried out in rapture and awakened; and in his weakness shed tears on finding himself a prisoner and alone

But the dream, following the answer on the ramparts, left a clear impression. She was living, and yet unwedded, and she had not forgotten him—not quite forgotten him! The conviction of this gave him new strength to live. Later on he received another intimation, not from the living world beyond the ramparts and the poplared marshes, but from the other World that is beyond the Veil.

It came to him one day at dusk with a crisping of the hair and a shuddering of the flesh that was not terror—rather wonder and awe, and solemn gladness. The day had been dark and rainy. His lamp had not been lighted, the scanty fire burned low in the rusty grate. Dun-oisie sat thinking, leaning his elbows on the table where his silent servitor had set his meagre supper. And suddenly the recollection of his mother as he had last seen her rose up in him. The whisper of her woollen draperies seemed to cross the rough brick floor, her thin light touch was between his eyebrows, tracing there the Sacred Sign. And almost without conscious volition her son rose up, placed a rush-seated chair opposite his own at the poorly-furnished table; filled a goblet with pure water, cut bread, laid it upon a plate, sprinkled a Cross of salt upon it, and set it for his unseen guest. . . . Then he resumed his own seat and ate, comprehending that she wished it. And as he ate he talked, in low, soft murmurs, as though answering. . . . Depend upon it, one never pours out one's hidden self so freely as when one speaks with the beloved dead.

And then he found himself rising up, bidding God-speed and farewell to the guest unseen, in a solemn form of words quite strange to him. And then he knew himself alone.

Upon the following morning, being unexpectedly visited by the Commandant, he said to the official:

"Sir, I already know what you have come to tell me. My mother died yesterday."

The Commandant started, and dropped a paper. It was a telegraphic message from the Minister of the Interior, conveying, and bidding him impart the news. He asked the prisoner:

"How did you hear this?"

And Dunoisse smiled so strangely in answer that the Commandant's next official report contained the sentence quoted hereunder:

"No. X.—The officer confined during His Imperial Majesty's pleasure—is undoubtedly becoming insane."

"Zut!" said De Morny with a shrug, when Sire my Friend showed him this communication. "That is what you wanted, is it not?" He added: "You have used the man, and broken the man! When you need him again—he will not be available. Brains of such calibre as his are not often found under a Staff-officer's cocked hat. Leave him shut up—and they will find them plastered on the wall one morning. . . . Heads are softer than walls; madmen always remember that!"

He shrugged again, and the shrug and the cynical inflection dismissed the subject of discussion. But not many weeks subsequently the Commandant again visited Dunoisse, and said to him abruptly:

"You are free."

"Free! . . ."

Dunoisse trembled in every limb, and caught at the table to save himself from falling. So well had the instructions of Sire my Friend been carried out, that all hope of being delivered out of his bondage had abandoned him. It was almost appalling to learn that he might now ask questions. He faltered out:

"How long have I been here?" and was told:

"About six months."

Six months! . . . If they had said six years, Dunoisse would have believed them. Could it be possible that such slow, interminable agonies as he had drunk of, such painful resignation as he had fought for and won, had been packed into so short a space of time as half-a-year! He asked for the mirror he had been denied—and they brought him one. He looked in it, and saw a face bleached to the tint of reddish ivory, framed in white hair that fell in waving locks almost to the shoulders. The long straggling moustache and beard were of white with streaks of blackness. From the deep caves under the arched black eyebrows the bright black eyes of Hector Dunoisse looked back at him. But they looked with a gentleness that was new. And the smile that hovered about the sharply-modelled lips had in it a sorrowful, patient sweetness that the smile of Dunoisse had never had previously. It was partly this change that had caused the Commandant to report the prisoner as insane.

Dunoisse's watch and chain, with his penknife, pencil-case, and razors were now restored to him, with his clothes and a portion of the considerable sum of money that had been taken from him at the time of his arrest. A military barber of the garrison trimmed his hair and reduced the moustache and beard to more conventional proportions. Attired in a well-worn suit of gray travelling clothes, hanging in folds upon his stooping emaciated figure, you saw the late prisoner take leave of the Commandant and step



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into a closed carriage that was waiting in the courtyard, with an officer of police in plain clothes seated by the driver on the box. When the carriage rumbled out under the great square gate-tower erected in the fifteenth century by the Count of St. Pol, the man inside had an access of nervous trembling. He shut his eyes, and presently the shadow passed, and he could look upon the free, fair world again.

It was the end of October; the gaunt poplars had shed their yellowed leaves, and the haws were scarlet on the bushes. Mists hung over the marshes—the odour of decaying vegetation came to Dunoisse with each free breath he drew.

He could no longer judge of time, and the watch they had returned to him had not been wound up. It seemed to him a drive of many hours before the carriage stopped. He was told to get out, and obeyed. He found himself in a gravelled enclosure outside a railway-station. His meagre baggage was deposited. The carriage was driven away. It was so marvellous to have a porter come and pick up his battered valise and light portmanteau, and so overwhelming to be asked where the latter was to be labelled for, that Dunoisse, standing on the Paris departure platform, could only stare at the interrogative porter, and answer after a bewildered silence:

"I really do not know!"

He knew a few months later. For a gray-painted express rushed, with a winnowing and fanning as of giant wings through the station. The train was full of English soldiers, their unbuttoned coats testifying to the heat of the closely-packed compartments. Their fresh-colored faces crowded at the windows; they left behind with their cheers and fag-ends of comic songs an impression of rude health and pathetic ignorance, above all, of extreme youth.

Dunoisse, unnerved by captivity, rendered dizzy by the sudden shock of revelation, reeled back and collided with a person who stood behind him, and proved to be a humpbacked, withered little old man, in charge of the station newspaper-stall. The little old man—who wore a black velvet cap, and had a ginger-colored chin-tuft, and spoke French with a curious hissing accent—received his apologies with a smiling air.

"A nothing! A mere touch! . . . Monsieur was momentarily startled by the passage of the monster. For months those expresses from Boulogne have been thundering through here. Full—as Monsieur saw—of soldiers, French soldiers at the beginning. . . . Regiments of the Line from Helfaut, batteries of Artillery from Lille, and St. Omer, and other fortresses; then English, English, nothing but Englishmen. . . . Via Paris for Marseilles and Toulon, to be shipped for the Bosphorus and the black Sea."

The prattle of the newspaper stall-keeper had never before been listened to so greedily as by this white-bearded, haggard, shabbily-clothed traveller. The little man went on, plainly revelling in the sound of his own queer voice:

(To be continued.)

Passing of the Parasites

Fungus Growth of Canadian Prosperity Being Annihilated and Healthier Progress Imminent—Signs of Renewed Activity in National Expansion

By JOHN APPLETON

NOT VERY many months ago some enterprising journalists in New York, and some others in London, all probably inspired from the same source, succeeded in disseminating predictions of an extraordinary financial crash that was about to take place in Canada. To reproduce the actual prophecies is not necessary. Some of the less wary and perhaps more ignorant of the alarmists actually stated that conditions were in a very parlous condition. When positive statements are made they can be dealt with but it is very hard to waylay a prophecy and take its life away before the date of its maturity. When, however, those who stated that calamitous conditions prevailed they were immediately attacked and, generally speaking, the truth was established. But the investor is influenced by statements whether true or false. He became very nervous and was disinclined to send to Canada as much money as he previously had done. He became inquisitive.

For so doing Canada owes him no grudge. If anything will stand the utmost investigation it is the ability of Canada to make good on every dollar that has been legitimately invested, or handled with ordinary horse sense, in the development of her natural resources.

Despite this greater caution and despite all the prophecies of calamity investors from abroad have sent to Canada this year more money than usual. Only about once in the past decade has the purse of the foreigner been opened wider than during the course of the present year. The stories of calamity and the prophecies of impending credit collapse have nevertheless proved expensive. They have made it necessary for the Canadian borrower to pay more for his money. When the investor loses confidence it means that he believes he is taking more risk and very properly he wants a higher return on his money. That he will get on the money he sent this year as compared with the return on the money he sent at any time during the past decade. All the additional rate he imposes on the borrower is not due to the screeching of calamity howlers, those constitutionally of the "Calamity Jane" type and those whose motives were not wholly disinterested. Some of it, and that proportion need not be regretted, is due to the extraordinary demand for capital which has been steadily developing during the past few years. That development was dealt with in the clearest possible way by Lord Milner, whose address was published at length in a recent issue of The Financial Post.

We might here give a little attention to what actually resulted from the howl

sent up by alarmists, and also to the substance of their alarms. The most effective was that with regard to the exceptional adverse balance of trade which the records of the Dominion showed, and the next in importance was the claim that real estate prices in the entire Dominion were inflated to a phenomenal degree. As to the first, the real significance of the trade figures has become thoroughly understood by the great body of investors. It has been dealt with previously in these columns by the writer, and need not be the subject of further comment. It is now generally understood that Canada has been sinking a very great sum of money annually in fixed capital and the development that has followed has been such as to be termed by one British authority "the great economic fact of the decade." It would be futile to again catalogue the main facts of development actually accomplished and of development still in progress. Immense sums are being expended on capital account, and the aggregate volume is such as to fully and satisfactorily explain the proportion by which Canada's imports exceeds her exports.

No Real Estate Snaps

As to real estate it may be remarked that after all the worst prophecies there has not yet been any serious deflation. A prominent investor from Britain—or more accurately, a considerable investor and particularly shrewd one—passed through Eastern Canada on his way back from the Pacific coast. He was very much disappointed. Like many others in Canada, the United States, and the United Kingdom, he had heard that the prices were tumbling, and that in so far as real estate at "the Coast" was concerned, the bottom, generally speaking, had fallen out of things. This is the time to buy when everybody wants to sell or has to sell. But this investor found that he had been misinformed. It was quite true that every house in Vancouver was not occupied, and that several thousand people had left that city until times brightened up. But as to buying good property at low prices, he found there was no one willing to let go, except at a good price. The same thing can be said of other cities in Canada. This calls to mind a paragraph which I marked in a Montreal newspaper which contained an interview with a banker at Vancouver. Bankers, it ought to be remembered, are the class on which much blame has been heaped. They are the men, according to quite a number of Canadians and some Britishers, who are to blame for tight money. They are not generally credited with being optimists.

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But, as a matter of fact, they are. Sometimes it is their duty to tell their customers that things do not look very well, and it is time to go carefully. This advice is often called "putting a damper on things." In the flood-tide of growth men do not like to be curbed. It is the time when caution is most necessary. Vancouver, in common with other Canadian cities, had to steady her course. Her pace had to be checked, and after a rush of immigration, and a scramble for wealth along an easy route, not by wealth-producing so much as by wealth-filching, things had to be set in order. The result is one of the very best indications of the return to Canada of better times. I can find no better way of describing the hopeful changes taking place in Vancouver than by reproducing the clipping from a Montreal paper to which I have referred:

"I do not share in the pessimism which is said to pervade financial circles in Vancouver. Conditions are, on the whole, fairly satisfactory. Three classes have been hard hit by the prevailing financial stress, and the city will be better off without any of them. The first is the small commission agent. This class is like birds of prey who go from one place to another wherever they think some easy money is to be picked up. Many of them have left the city, going to Los Angeles, San Diego and other cities to the south where they think business will be better. The second class is the small merchant who took advantage of the keen competition among wholesalers and the building boom and started up in business in the outskirts of the city. Many of them had no capital to start with, and when the wholesalers began to restrict credit and demand cash they closed up. The third class is the arch-real-estate speculator, many of them from Eastern Canada, and the rest from across the border. When the slump came in real estate they were hard hit, and many of them have closed their offices, which consisted of a typewriter and a desk, and have gone away. The city is better without them, but these men have cried down the city abroad, and their empty offices are regarded as a sign of hard times, while as a matter of fact they should be regarded as the reverse."

Earned the Nation's Thanks

If the higher rate for money which Canada has now to pay, and if the "Calamity Janes" of the journals were the cause of Vancouver getting rid of so many undesirables, they are entitled to the gratitude of the nation. The element with which the Vancouver banker is so well acquainted are the parasites of prosperity, and kill it if they get too much of their own way. In the fall of the present year I witnessed in Toronto a gang of men, under the direction of a learned looking gentleman with eye-glasses and a scientific mien, handling long instruments with which they were removing a kind of fungus growth on chestnut trees. That parasitical

growth was very prevalent in the fall, and to preserve the trees it was necessary to remove it. The explanation the tree doctor gave to me was to that effect. When our cities, or the entire Dominion, strike a gait that cannot be maintained healthfully, the first symptoms are the parasitical growths which the Vancouver banker so well describes. As parasites arrest healthy growth of the chestnut trees in question, so did the parasites in Vancouver arrest the healthy growth of that city. A halt had to be called to force out the undesirables, and they left with a screech that was heard in all quarters of the globe.

We do not desire to be understood as conveying the impression that Vancouver is the only city to be benefited by the arrest and annihilation of parasitical elements. All over the Dominion the mis-directed activity of commission gathering and "scientific salesmanship" is being curtailed and "cut out." What is being realized more clearly every day is that if we have something to sell, the selling generally takes care of itself. For instance, a few farmers got together to handle their own wheat in the West, and they are doing it at less cost to themselves than previously. These toilers got a little weary of the burden of carrying on their backs too many "commission gatherers." The distribution end of the country's business is too heavily weighted by experts. Too many are engaged in filching fortunes out of what producers are producing, and too many have been making fortunes out of what the farmers, and other producers will produce. Every deceptive device of "scientific salesmanship" has been used to picture what will be produced and what Canada will be in order to sell. For this the soil was good when labor was scarce and money was easy. Parasites of the kind we have mentioned cannot now live under changed conditions. Rid of the incubus of so much "raking-off" commissions and charges on capital before it gets into actual productive work, and of the produce of the capital when it is employed, the country ought to soon pick up some paces in its progress. Against the ravages of the fungus growth it ought to protect itself. The memory of much victimization, the weariness of the continuous monthly payments being made by the wage-earners on town lot and other credit purchases will last for some years. Against the wiles of the "scientific salesman" that memory, as long as it lasts, will be some protection. The elimination of so many non-producers from Canadian cities has not done the country any real harm. When they could no longer gather in easy money they decried the country. Some damage they did, but compensated the Dominion to some extent by leaving it.

Real Healthy Business in Canada

There are other signs of greater prosperity than that of the elimination of certain parasitical elements. The sturdy constitution and richly endowed framework of this great Canadian youthfulness is being purged of some of the complaints of infancy. From nothing more

serious have we been suffering. Inherently there was nothing wrong. All the time the country has been prosperous. But it is going to be more prosperous. To count up the signs pointing towards better times is too long a task to be done thoroughly here. It will be dealt with but briefly.

Already I have referred to the success of certain movements among the farmers to apply business principles to the handling of their crops. They have formed their co-operative organizations, and through these they will require two things: experience in business and increased marketing efficiency. The first is by far the most important. It will result in greater production of wealth and a better standard of rural life. Between the necessary distributing machinery of the country and the producing classes there will grow up through co-operation a better feeling. Friction will be eliminated, and if the co-operative movement does no more than this it will have been well worth while. Nothing will allay the discontent aroused by impractical idealists so well as actual experience in reducing the ideal to practice. When, however, the great producing communities in the Dominion feel that they are part of the distributing machinery; that they have their hand on the controlling lever, they will enter more heartily into the business of producing.

Without, however, the aid of co-operation before it took practical form, the increase in the volume of production within the Dominion was very marked. Other great agencies will be applied to that business with greater effect in the course of a year or two; I refer to the pending completion of two great railway systems across the continent. These two lines have been absorbing the attention, and the money also, of very powerful groups of British capitalists. As soon as the lines are laid across the continent and are put into working order, these great forces will be able to turn their attention to the making of business. No matter how good the land may be through which a line will pass it will not be worth anything to the railway company unless it is being farmed or exploited. The great task before the railway companies will therefore be the procuring of settlers to locate on lands adjacent to their lines. Not only that, but these railroads and the capitalists at the back of them will be very anxious to turn to account the stores of ore that lay near to their tracks, and the stores of timber and other natural resources of which too much can hardly be said. What may the country reasonably expect from a group of men who are able to project and carry over the continent a railway system? When the same energies are turned to the development of business they are going to leave their mark on the development of the country. Up to the present time the greatest force in the building up of the Dominion has been the Canadian Pacific. Not only did the men at the back of this line finance the building of it, but they have also been instrumental in financing other industries that brought business to the line. Between the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Pacific Railway

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References: Union Bank of Canada, Fort William. Financial Post of Canada, Toronto



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Co. there is understood to be a very intimate relationship. That Bank, it will be noticed, has done much for the basic industries of the country. Directors of the Bank of Montreal and those of the Canadian Pacific are to be found on the boards of many companies that direct much traffic to the C.P.R. When, therefore, the Canadian Northern group and that of the Grand Trunk are relieved somewhat from the strain of railway building, they will turn their attention to the development of traffic, and the result will be very much greater prosperity in the Dominion.

The directorates of both these companies will, in the course of a very short time, be in a position to give their attention to the work of traffic building. Already there are not lacking evidences of some work being done in that particular line. When, however, these roads can pick up traffic almost anywhere in the Dominion and carry it out of the Dominion without having to hand it over to a competitor, they will get busy and aid materially in developing the country's industries.

In the space at the disposal of the writer at the present time but one more subject can be referred to, and that is the development of mining that is taking place. In the Northern Ontario camps there is continued productiveness, and the industry may be said to be only starting in British Columbia. Labor appears to have lapsed into a more reasonable mood. It is the great trouble in British Columbia, and any progress there is dependent upon it. Uncertainty with regard to it has kept British Columbia backward for some time, but now a more steady volume of labor is procurable, and there is good reason to look forward to an improvement in this respect in the future. Wages as high as those common during the past few years are impossible. There will have to be some readjustment. High prices, which have justified high wages, will have to come down. Relatively Canadian prices and Canadian wages are higher than elsewhere, and in consequence they will totter and fall as the wind is let out of the foundation on which they have been reared. When the readjustment of wages and prices is effected there will be another march forward in Canada which will make the next decade equally as striking as the one marked at its conclusion by the prevailing depression.

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Upper-cut.—A little boy, seeing a gentleman in the street, placed himself in a convenient place to speak with him; when the gentleman came up the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman, and begged for a few cents.

"Money!" said the gentleman, "you had better ask for manners than money."

"I asked," said the boy, "for what I thought you had the most of."—Life.

Spanish Gold

(Continued from page 32.)

The Major stopped shaving and, razor in hand, looked over to the place from which the red head of the curate had already disappeared.

"I have not," he shouted. "I left that to you. I took it for granted that you would know the exact spot where the treasure lies, and that I would have nothing to do but walk there and put the gold into a hand-bag."

The Major, though not intellectually nimble, prided himself on his power of polished sarcasm. He was disappointed to find that his taunt had apparently failed to reach the curate. He received no reply; but a noise of frizzling and a pleasant smell of bacon melting on a frying-pan reached him from the fore hatch. Then Meldon's voice, this time without the appearance of his head, reached him again:—

"There are only six eggs. I suppose I may as well fry them all."

"Yes, and some ham along with them."

"It's bacon I have on the pan, but I'll do a slice or two of ham for you, if you like."

Half of Meldon's body emerged from the hatchway, and the shells of six eggs were pitched overboard.

"It was full tide at six this morning," he said, returning to the subject of the treasure hunt; "I expect by eight o'clock we ought to be able to make our way round the base of the cliffs on the west side of the island. We'll be all right there till one or two o'clock, any way. What do you say?"

The Major finished shaving and proceeded to fill a tin basin with water.

"What do you expect to take by doing that?" he said.

He got no answer for a time. The frying-pan demanded Meldon's whole attention. The noise of frizzling increased rapidly. The Major balanced his basin on the cabin skylight and scrubbed himself vigorously. On the deck beside him lay a cake of soap, a towel, and a small piece of pumice-stone. They who go down to the sea in ships are apt to get tarry substances stuck on their hands, and the Major was a man who liked to be clean once a day at least. Beside the basin on the skylight lay his tooth-brush and a box of carbolic powder, but he did not get a chance of enjoying these.

"Breakfast's ready," shouted Meldon. "Shall I drag it all up on deck? The air's pleasant."

"No, let's be as civilized as we can and eat in the cabin."

Realizing that the curate's appetite would not endure much delay and that his own chance of securing a fair share of the six eggs depended on his promptitude, the Major slipped on the jacket of his pyjamas and went below. The eggs, bacon, and ham steamed together in a heap on a dish. Plates, knives, and forks were set out. The teapot and a tin of condensed milk stood at the end of the table.

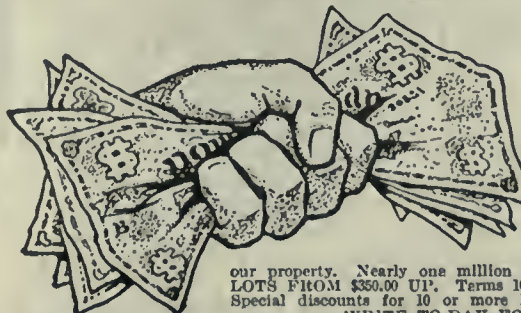


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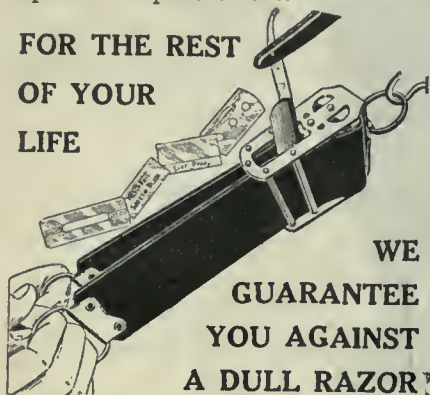
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"I call this jolly," said Meldon. "I only wish my little girl was here to take a share with us."

"God forbid!" said the Major, with pious gravity. "How can you wish for such a thing, J. J.? Just fancy a woman on a boat like this."

"You don't know her. She wouldn't mind a bit. In fact she'd enjoy roughing it. It would be the greatest fun out for her."

"Well, it wouldn't be any fun for me," said the Major. "But tell me, what's this plan of yours about scrambling about among the rocks?"

"I've given a lot of serious thought to the subject of the treasure," said Meldon. "I sat for nearly an hour on the top of this island yesterday afternoon, and, as the hymn says, 'I viewed the landscape o'er.' The result is that I've picked out the scene of the shipwreck."

"Oh, have you? You're quite certain you're right, of course."

"Not quite certain—tolerably certain. It's this way. The galleon——"

"The what?"

"The galleon. I wish you'd try not to interrupt me so often. All Spanish ships were galleons if they were big and carques if they were small. Our one was big, therefore she must have been a galleon. We may just as well call things by their right names and go to work in a business-like way. The galleon was wrecked. Very well. Where was she likely to be wrecked? On the west coast of the island."

"I don't see why."

"Because of course if she'd got to the east side she'd have been in calm water under the lee of the land, and she wouldn't have been wrecked."

"That doesn't follow. The wind might have been nor'-east."

"I'm pretty sure it wasn't," said Meldon, "because it hardly ever is. Even nowadays, with all the improvements there are in things, there's hardly ever a nor'-east wind on this coast, and in those days—two hundred years and more ago—I expect the wind just shifted about through three points of the compass, nor'-west, west, and sou'-west. However, if you like. I'll argue out the other possibilities afterwards. For the present we'll say the galleon was most likely wrecked on the west side of the island. Now, put yourself in the place of the Spanish captain."

"I've done that before," said the Major, "and it was no good."

"I remember now; it wasn't. But anyhow we came to the conclusion that he stored his treasure in some hole in the rocks. Obviously, on account of the weight of the treasure and the difficulty of carrying large quantities of loose coin, he'd choose a hole as near the scene of the shipwreck as possible. Having fixed the scene of the shipwreck——"

"You haven't explained how you fixed that."

"I can't either till I show you the place. Once you've seen it you'll admit that it is by far the likeliest place for a thing of the kind. In fact it's the only really suitable place I saw. What we've

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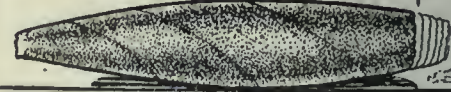
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to do is to search the rocks in the immediate neighborhood for the hole that caught the eye of the Spanish captain."

"That's all well enough. But the treasure, if there ever was any treasure, is hidden more than two hundred years ago. The place must be entirely altered since then. I understand that the whole island is made up of pliocene clay."

"What's that got to do with it?"
 "Of course," said the Major, "I don't know what pliocene clay is. But if it's like any other kind of clay it'll be soft stuff, and any hole there might have been two hundred years ago will be all washed away or covered up now."
 "In the first place," said Meldon, "we've only got Higginbotham's word for it that the island is pliocene clay, and in the next place I don't believe pliocene clay is that kind of stuff at all. It stands to reason that it can't be. Why, man, if it was anything like common clay the whole island would be millions of years ago. You take my word for it, pliocene clay is some uncommon hard substance that doesn't melt anything worth speaking of in a couple of centuries."
 "Then why is it called pliocene clay?"

"Oh, that's the sort of way those scientific Johnnies talk. I believe they're just to deceive the general public. You know they speak about lunacy, although they know jolly well it hasn't got anything to do with the moon. What they like is to get hold of a name which is sure to deceive plain, straightforward men like you and me, and then when we take it at its face value, put the obvious meaning on to one of their own words, they make us look like fools for not knowing any better. It's just the same with typhoid fever. I was talking to a doctor once, not a common castor-oil and linseed-poultice doctor, but one of the sort that runs to germs and microscopes and things, and he told me I forget exactly how he put it, but it amounted to this: that any one who went by the name typhoid would get on the wrong track altogether—wouldn't, in fact, have proper typhoid but something else. I think he said he'd have something like typhus, which is an entirely different disease; beastly infectious, for the thing, whereas the real typhoid, the thing that the name doesn't mean, if you understand me, isn't catching at all. Which just shows how much trust you can put in scientific names. No, Major, you take my word for it, pliocene clay is some jolly hard kind of rock—igneous, I expect—and this island is pretty much the old Don What's-his-name found it when he scrambled on shore out of the galleon."

"Very well," said the Major, "but I believe we're on a fool's errand. I doubt very much if there's any treasure buried at all. And I'm sure we won't find it."

"Don't croke," said Meldon. "You get into your duds and light your pipe. I'll wash up and get out the punt. It's

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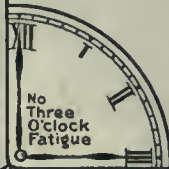
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getting on for eight o'clock and w
ought to be off."

An elderly man and five out of the nine children resident on the island stood on the end of the pier when Meldon and the Major landed. The man was clad in a very dirty white flannel jacket and a pair of yellowish flannel trousers, which hung in a tattered fringe round his naked feet and ankles. He had a long white beard and grey hair, long as a woman's drawn straight back from his forehead. The hair and beard were both unkempt and matted. But the man held himself erect and looked straight at the strangers through great dark eyes. His hands, though battered and scarred with toil, were long and shapely. His face had a look of dignity, of a certain calm and satisfied superiority. Men of this kind are to be met with here and there among the Connacht peasantry. They are in reality children of a vanishing race, of a lost civilization, a bygone culture. They watch the encroachments of another race and new ideas with a sort of sorrowful contempt. It is as if, understanding and despising what they see around them, they do not consider it worth while to try and explain themselves; as if, possessing a wisdom of their own, and aesthetic joy of which the modern world knows nothing, they are content to let both die with them rather than attempt to teach them to men of a wholly different outlook upon life.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Meldon to the Major, "if that was old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat himself. He has a royal look about him, hasn't he? But I can't say much for his robes of state. I wonder if he'd talk to us." He approached the old man. "Good-morning to you. Glorious weather we're having. Looks as if it meant to hold up, too."

"Ni Beurla agam" ("I have no English"), said the old man.

"Come now," said Meldon cheerfully, "you needn't play that game off on me. I can understand your doing it to Higginbotham. He's a Government official, and naturally you distrust him; but I'm a private man, I don't want to turn you out of your house, and I won't give you away."

"Ni Beurla agam air bith. Ni aon focal" ("I have no English at all, not one word"), said the old man.

Meldon turned to the five children, and singled out a little girl who stood staring open-mouthed at him.

"Molly O'Flaherty," he said, "come here."

The children, holding on to each other, edged away doubtfully.

"Bridgy O'Flaherty," said Meldon, "if you're not Molly I suppose you're sure to be Bridgy. Tell me what the old gentleman's name is."

He stepped forward suddenly and seized the child by the arm. She struggled for a minute and then began to cry.

"There now," said Meldon soothingly, "don't cry; I'm not going to hurt you. Major, give me a penny. You



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even't got one? Never mind, a sixpence will do quite as well. Here now, Nora Acushla, look at the pretty silver sixpence. That's for you. Stretch out your hand and take it, and I'll tell you something that's a good girl you are."

The child seized the sixpence, stopped crying, and looked up timidly to Meldon's face.

"That's right," he said, patting her head. "Now we're friends again. Tell me now, Nora—is it Nora they call you?"

"It is not," said the child. "It's Mary Kate."

"There now. I might have guessed. Sorra a prettier name there is in the whole province of Connacht than Mary Kate, nor a prettier little girl than yourself. I've a little girl of my own away in Dublin, and they call her Madys Muriel, but I declare I think Mary Kate's a nicer name. Tell me now, Mary Kate, is Thomas O'Flaherty at the name they have on the old man there?"

"It might," said Mary Kate.

"Off with you then," said Meldon. "Have you got the sixpence safe? Take it up to the gentleman that lives in the new iron house, the gentleman from the Board—you know who I mean."

Mary Kate grinned.

"Is it the man that does be measuring out the land?"

"It is," said Meldon. "That exact man. Do you take your sixpence up to him and ask him to give you the worth of it in sugar candy. Don't be put off if he tells you he hasn't got any. He has sacks and sacks of it stored away here in the house, and he does be eating it himself whenever he thinks there's nobody looking at him."

"Do we go round the north or the south side of the island," said the Major, as he and Meldon left the pier, "to reach this treasure-cave of yours?"

"The scene of the shipwreck," said Meldon severely, "is about the middle of the west coast. We'd get to it just as quick one way as the other, but I think we'll go by the north. Higginbotham's house is to the south of us, and there is no use passing his door oftener than we can help; especially just now when Mary Kate is approaching him on the subject of sugar candy."

Walking in Inishgowlan is slow work because there are no regular roads, and because the whole island is laced with loose stone walls which have to be climbed. These are built not so much to separate the fields from each other, as with a view to collecting into manageable heaps the stones of which the walls consist. Originally the stones lay scattered over the grass in such numbers that ploughing and even digging were difficult. Here and there, where it is evidently impossible to pile any more stones on the walls without making them dangerously top-heavy, cairns have been built in the middle of the fields and the superfluous metal got rid of in that way. This superabundance of stones was a serious trouble to Higginbotham. He had devised a plan for building a very high wall, a solid structure with mortar in its joints, along the western ridge of the island. He represented to his Board



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that such a wall would form a splendid shelter for the whole island from the westerly gales and would prevent careless sheep from falling over into the sea. The Board was still deliberating on the scheme.

Major Kent grumbled a good deal at having to climb so many walls; but Meldon, generally a field in front of him, encouraged him with false promises of easier walking further on. Thomas O'Flaherty Pat followed them at a distance. Meldon stopped to light his pipe and allowed the Major to overtake him. "I rather think," he said, looking back, "that the old chappie in the ragged clothes is tracking us."

"Let him," said the Major, who was rather out of breath and disinclined for discussion. "He can't do us any harm."

"He might not, but all the same I'd like to know what he has in his mind. I wish now that I'd brought Mary Kate along with me. She'd have come for another sixpence, I expect."

"Another of my sixpences."

"Oh, well, you needn't grumble. What's sixpence here or there compared to the pile of gold that we're going to take home with us? Think of it, Major, great fat doubloons, no wretched little slips of coins like our modern sovereigns but thick, round chunks, weighing, maybe, as much as an ounce or an ounce and a half each, solid gold! And very likely there'll be gems, golden goblets with precious stones stuck in them. Those Spaniards were awful dogs for luxury."

"You don't really expect to find diamonds and emeralds, do you, J. J.?"

"Of course I do. What else have I come for if it isn't to find every kind of treasure? But here we are, Major, at the other end of nowhere. We've got to scramble round now."

The cliffs on the western coast of Inishgowlan are not very lofty, nor, except in odd places, are they really precipitous. Here and there the sea at high tide washes against their bases. Elsewhere there are long shelves of rock which are never more than half-covered by the waves, and wilderness of huge boulders, worn into all sorts of fantastic shapes, among which on calm days the sea winds itself into curiously fascinating pools and channels, where in storms there is a welter of foam and spray and angry water.

Meldon, keeping a few paces in front of the Major, scrambled along with the greatest activity. He scaled apparently impossible rocks, and seemed actually to enjoy slipping and stumbling among the pools. After an hour's hard work, with scratched hands and a large rent in the knee of his trousers, he reached the mouth of a little bay. There, seated on a large stone at the bottom of the cliff, was Thomas O'Flaherty Pat.

A few hundred yards from the north end of the island there is a break in the line of cliffs. A narrow path, very steep and rough, has been made from the top of the ridge to the beach below. It is used during the kelp-burning season by men and girls; who climb down it, gather sea wrack among the rocks, and toilsome-

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ly ascend again with dripping creels on their backs and soaked garments flapping round their legs. Old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat had used this path as a short-cut, and intercepted the men he was following.

Meldon waited for the Major, who was some distance behind.

"Look here," he said, "there's that old gentleman, Higginbotham's favorite enemy, waiting for us again. Now, what on earth does he want?"

"I don't know, and what's more, I don't care. But I see the path he came by, and I vote we take it as the shortest way home. I've had enough of this ridiculous expedition."

"Nonsense, Major. You can't go back now. We've hours before us still. But we'll recollect that path. It'll save us going the whole way back to the north point of the island when we've done. I wish I knew what T. O'Flaherty Pat supposes he's doing. It's perfectly ridiculous not being able to get him to talk. I can't imagine why he keeps up the pretence of not knowing English with me."

"Perhaps he doesn't know any."

"Rot! Excuse my putting it plainly, but that's simple rot. Of course he knows English. Everybody must know English."

"Well, there's no use standing here and staring at him. We shan't find out anything that way. Let's go on if you're bent on going."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Meldon, "if he had some kind of inkling of what we're after. Your great aunt said in her diary—"

"My grandfather. I never had a great aunt that I know of."

"Well, your grandfather. It's all the same. He said anyhow that the natives here knew about the treasure in his day. Now that's just the kind of information that would be handed down from father to son, and old T. O. P. is just the sort of man—"

"Who's T. O. P.?"

"T. O. P.? Oh, Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, of course. You can't expect me to say that whole name over again each time. Our friend Tommy is just the kind of elderly ass who'd be sure to remember the story even if everybody else had forgotten it. You back he's gone treasure-hunting on his own every fine day for the last fifty years, and now when he sees we're after it and going about the job in a jolly sight more intelligent way than ever he did, he thinks he's nothing to do but hang on to us till we find it, and then chip in and claim a share. I'll tell you what it is, Major. It's absolutely necessary to put him off the scent."

"How will you do that when you can't talk to him?"

"Oh, I'll manage. Mind you, he can understand every word we say. Come along, now. I'm going to pretend to be a bug hunter, an entomologist, one of the fellows who look for marine monsters of unusual kinds in little pools. I wish to goodness I'd thought of bringing a butterfly net with me; a nice green butterfly net would have completed the disguise. Come along, Major. Take my arm and

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LOCATION <u>Sec 2</u>	EXAMINED BY <u>J.C.</u>		
CALLED BY <u>J.B.</u>	SHEET EXTENDED BY <u>J.S.</u>		
ENTERED BY <u>J.C.</u>	STRIP EXTENDED BY <u>H.T.</u>		
STOCK NO.	DESCRIPTION	QUANTITY	EXTENSIONS
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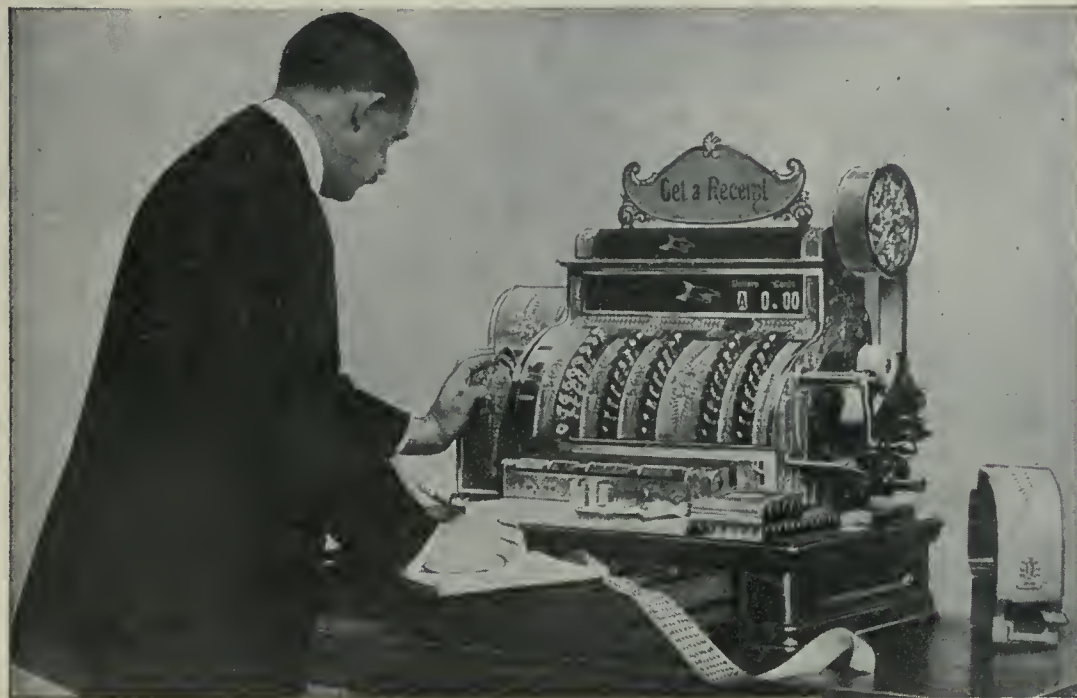
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try and look affectionate. Put on the sort of expression you'd wear if we were scientific pals of the same laboratory in London. Do your best to display an intelligent interest in what I say."

Stumbling among the stones, but walking arm-in-arm, they approached Thomas O'Flaherty Pat.

"Major," whispered Meldon, "do you happen to recollect the name of any insect?"

"The flea," said the Major promptly.

"The scientific name," said Meldon.

"What good are fleas. He knows what fleas are well enough, and is probably much better acquainted with their habits than we are. He knows that we wouldn't come here to look for fleas. Tell me a scientific name. I can't think of one myself, except 'fritillary.' Well never mind. If you can't, you can't. Now, listen.

In a clear, loud voice, calculated to carry some distance, he said—

"I hope, Professor, that our long journey has not been in vain; I hope, I trust, not. This place, the rocks and pools beyond us, seems to me a likely habitat for the *Athalia miserabilis*, the marvellous sea-beetle, found nowhere but on these western shores."

He cast a rapid glance at Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. The old man appeared wholly unimpressed, and sat gazing with wide, dreamy eyes past the strangers straight out to sea. But Meldon was not the man to be baffled by any affectation of indifference and inattention. Convinced that the old man understood English, and was keenly interested in what he heard, he took the Major slowly across the beach, climbed a neighboring ledge of rock, and stooped down as if to make a minute examination of a weedy pool. Looking up, he was gratified to see the eyes of Thomas O'Flaherty Pat fixed on him.

"I thought I'd rouse him," he said to the Major. "Now I'll make him sure that I'm after nothing more thrilling than the corpse of an *Athalia miserabilis*."

With every appearance of intense excitement, Meldon dropped on his knees beside the pool. He took off his coat and rolled up one of his shirt sleeves; he lay flat on his stomach; he plunged his bare arm deep into the water. Then he rose and looked round to see how Thomas O'Flaherty Pat was taking the performance. The old man had left the stone on which he sat, and was approaching the pool.

"I thought I'd draw him," said Meldon.

After examining minutely some shreds of green seaweed which he had dredged from the depths of the pool, he plunged his arm in again. Thomas O'Flaherty Pat came quite close, looked at the curate with an expression of some wonder, and passed on. Reaching the edge of the sea, he, too, lay flat down, bared his arm and plunged it into the water. Meldon, rising to his knees, looked at him.

"What's the old boy at now?" he said.

To be continued.

Lumber Kings of the Saguenay

(Continued from page 16.)

Without trimming their sails to the wind, the Prices have yet been successful in gaining the good-will of those in positions of power. With Sir Lomer Gouin, the provincial premier, and with Mr. Drouin, the mayor of Quebec, William Price is on the best of terms, in spite of his political affiliations with the opposite party. This favor has not been gained by any underhand devices but is an open recognition by both the provincial and municipal governments that the Prices are working along reliable lines and that their efforts in the development of the province and city are worthy of support.

The Prices have been good masters. Old William Price is recalled as an English gentleman of most kindly manners, who treated his servants and employees with consideration. His son followed his example in this respect and to-day the present William Price shows good-hearted qualities. It is known that he has pensioned out of his own pocket and without any obligation a number of old employees of the firm, holding it as his duty to see them cared for in their old age.

They are above all a family that have not been spoiled by prosperity. Approachable, friendly, considerate and without "side," they have won the esteem of those with whom they have been thrown in contact. Their homes are homes indeed and their children are being brought up under the most favorable conditions. There is no ostentation among them; they live simply, dress sensibly and enjoy solid pleasures,—altogether a family that is a credit to Canada and in its way a useful national asset.

(Note.—This is the seventh of the series of family sketches appearing in MacLean's. In February, the Allans; in March there was given an account of the Oslers; in June, the Merediths; in September, the Molsons; in November, the Bordenes, and in December, the Denisons. The next will appear in the February issue.—Editor.)

Bad Boys Mainly Good

I have always liked so-called "bad boys," says James L. Hughes, late Inspector of Public Schools for Toronto. I never call a being created in the image of God "bad" for three reasons: first, he is not to blame for his attitude to life; second, because he is mainly good; and third, because I do not wish to make him conscious of his badness, but of his goodness. I had special sympathy with "bad boys," because silly people had called me "bad" when I was a boy until I almost became proud of the title, and decided to prove that I was proud of it by doing recklessly wicked things. I am glad that my self-respect and my many other deeper interests prevented me from taking what in many cases is the natural course of such treatment as I received from the Church.

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Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

Begin tonight to use this treatment

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment PERSISTENTLY. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

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In Bill Hurst's Shack

(Continued from page 9.)

"You would have dispensed charity, Mr. Woods?" Hurst broke in. "You would not raise his salary, but would saddle him with an extra burden—that of obligation. But I interrupted you."

"That was on Friday. On Saturday, Hendricks left town returning earlier than usual to the Bank on Monday morning. He called up the cashier and asked him to come straight down."

"Mr. Thorne hurried to the Bank and was told that the vaults had been robbed. There was only about three thousand dollars remaining from the three hundred thousand which was placed there at noon on Saturday."

"Who could have taken it?" gasped Thorne.

"I did," said Hendricks, coolly.

"The cashier thought him mad until he urged him to telephone the Directors to come at once to the Bank. We assembled excitedly and somewhat like bewildered children, did what we were told. Hendricks was locked in his cage paying out money as though nothing had happened. Our personal cheques tided us over the day."

"At noon we sent for Hendricks. I remember thinking what a difference between this man and the beaten creature who staggered out of our presence some days ago. He took up his position before the fire-place and addressed us."

"Gentlemen," he said, "I see that you are thirsting for my blood. As you please, of course. But I ask you to consider our respective positions first. On Saturday at noon, I took from the vaults approximately three hundred thousand dollars. It is now out of the country; you may believe me implicitly when I tell you that you will never see it again. The rational thing is, naturally, to have me arrested and brought to trial, in which case the whole affair will be made public. I will be sentenced to about ten years in the penitentiary, counting off three for good conduct. Dreadful disgrace, you may think, but no sort of punishment, I assure you, when I will have the ever-present consolation of knowing that my family lives in comfort, even luxury."

"In the meantime, what of the First National? During my trial, I shall not scruple to place the blame of my crime where it belongs—had I been given a decent living wage I should have asked nothing further. I shall bring out several penurious methods of the Bank as an institution and you will not find trustworthy men as plentiful as formerly at the same meagre salaries you have paid. Added to that, the publicity of the affair will have the effect of making people somewhat suspicious of a Bank which cannot safeguard public interests any better than to allow the entire capital, one might say, to be stolen and carried into Canada. Depositors will come to the conclusion that the First National is not the place for their money, and you

will have to close your doors. Now, gentlemen, I have a proposition to offer you—I agree to restore to you one half of that three hundred thousand dollars if you will all sign a paper promising not to prosecute me, and I will say nothing about the transaction.

"I will give you twenty minutes in which to arrive at a decision. At the end of that time, if you have not come to a unanimous conclusion, I will hand myself over to the police!"

"Swayed by the advice of our Vice-President who had been impressed by Hendricks' argument, we again sent for him and said we were prepared to sign. He had an agreement all ready, one copy for himself and one for us. Our hands shook a little as we affixed our signature, but he was never steadier.

"Now, gentlemen," he remarked as he folded his paper and put it into his pocket, "by signing this agreement, you have, one and all, made yourselves liable to fifteen years imprisonment—for condoning a felony. But have no fear from me—" he hurriedly assured us. "I think we may consider the incident closed. Good morning."

That was the last we saw of him for ten years.

"You got your half?" asked Bill Hurst.

"We got the whole amount—with interest," Woods said. "John is a wealthy man to-day. He bought about a third of one of your most promising Western towns, besides striking it rich in Larose and Nipissing and a dozen other deals."

"Well, what has all this to do with you, now?" asked Hurst interested at last. "You have your money. Are you going after your pound of flesh as well?"

Woods allowed the sneer to pass.

"It has to do with my son—my only son," he lingered over the words.

"I tried to bring Horace up in the fear of God, to make him see the wickedness consequent upon a lavish and unwise expenditure of money. I kept him on a small allowance, so that he would not feel richer than other young men about the town. But his mother could not see it that way. She spoiled him and taught him luxurious habits. She used to help him out of debt without my knowledge until the allowance I provided for her would not cover Horace's needs. He spent a great deal of money going about after a girl," faltered the father.

"A girl—what girl?" asked Hurst, sharply.

"His daughter—Hendrick's daughter. He followed her all over Europe, trying to live as the Hendricks lived. I don't know whether she cares for him or not. Horace was in the Bank.... he was teller and had a large salary.... more than sufficient for his needs and moderate pleasures, but when he travelled in the Hendrick's class—well, Hurst, he robbed us—my son robbed the Bank...."

"So you called him into the Board Room and cried for his blood as you did the other, I suppose, before clapping him in irons," suggested the man.

"My son—in irons—my son?" shrieked Woods, starting to his feet.



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THE MIDGET



(Patented)

"Why not?" asked Hurst calmly. "Didn't he steal, when by your own admission he had plenty for his needs? Wasn't his crime greater than the other man's?"

"He was lured, I tell you," groaned Woods, between his hands. "He never would have done it—"

"How much did he steal?" The ugly word was brought out with brutal harshness and Woods winced.

"All told he has taken three quarters of a million. This has been going on for years. No one knows it but me, yet."

"Where is he?"

The father shook his head.

"Heaven knows. He's hiding, or else—Hendricks found out and has him cornered somewhere, torturing him. I must find my boy—I must protect him—I must see Hendricks and grovel in the dust asking his mercy—"

"Why should Hendricks care?"

"Didn't I just tell you that he and his cursed capital control the First National to-day? It is he who will send my boy to the penitentiary."

Woods broke into long gasping sobs.

"He has no one to help him," he choked. "Nowhere to go—my boy! He was afraid of me—he was afraid of every one but Hendricks. Oh, the irony of it all—the bitterness!"

Hurst smoked on without speaking and presently a heavy silence settled in the little shack, when from utter exhaustion, the stranger slept. Then the huge man lifted Woods gently and laid him on the rough bed, covering him with his own clothing and watching the play of the fire on his drawn features all through the night. Again and again the silence would be broken by cries for mercy, by pleading with a harsh and revengeful Hendricks, or by an appeal to Horace himself.

Early in the morning, there was a sound of crashing through the sodden bush, and through the fog which still clung over the world, a man's figure burst into the shack.

"Thank God you're here! I thought you were lost—I sat up all night watching for you—the river was impossible. and I was afraid, sir—" he broke off abruptly. "I've had a hell of a night," he said passing his hand over his head.

The little man in the bunk stirred and moaned. —nowhere to go," he muttered.

A look of stupefaction came into the young man's eyes as he crossed the room and looked down at the sleeping figure. "Mr. Hendricks," he whispered, "tell me, in God's name, how did Dad get here?"

A rough, rude, coarse manner creates an instantaneous prejudice, closes hearts, and bars doors against us.

You can not hope to accomplish much in the world without that compelling enthusiasm which stirs your whole being into action.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVII

Toronto, February, 1914

No. 4

Solidarity of the Gooderhams

Industry, Thrift and Attention to Business Exemplified

THERE are many older families in Canada than the Gooderhams, if by age is meant the length of time that they have been naturalized to the Canadian soil. William Gooderham, founder of the family, did not set foot in the country until 1832 when already second and third generations of earlier settlers were in evidence. Yet few families have multiplied so extensively or have come to enjoy a reputation for responsibility and solidarity so unquestioned as they. It has been frequently said of them that no instance has ever been known when a Gooderham was not as good as his word and as reliable in the performance of his obligations as a human being could possibly be.

The Gooderham connection was a considerable one even when the founder of the Canadian branch crossed the Atlantic. A fairly accurate report has it that no fewer than twenty-four relatives accompanied him on the ship in which he emigrated to the new world. Since then men and women of the Gooderham name have not become any scarcer.

William Gooderham himself had a



WILLIAM GOODERHAM,
Founder of the Canadian Family, who
settled in Toronto in 1832.

By W. A. CRAICK

Interest in the series of family sketches which have become so prominent a feature of MacLean's Magazine will be well maintained this month by the history of this prominent Ontario family. No one can read this sketch without admiring the solid qualities of thrift, industry and close application to business which are the characteristic attributes of the Gooderhams, and which have been instrumental in placing them in the forefront of the notable business families of Canada. It is qualities such as these which have enabled our pioneer ancestors to place our country well on the way to becoming one of the foremost in the world.—Editor.

large family and several of his sons after him had large families. So much so that when he died in 1881, there were no less than ninety descendants,—children, grandchildren and great grandchildren,—to mourn his loss. Since then yet another generation has risen and has added materially to the total.

The military streak which is noticeable in certain members of the family has been come by naturally enough. William Gooderham, who by the way was born at Seole in Norfolk, England, August 29, 1790, entered the army as a youth. He enlisted in the Royal York Rangers, an Imperial corps, which has been long since disbanded, and accompanied the regiment to the West Indies, where some hot fighting took place at Martinique and Guadeloupe. On the return journey which he took in H. M. S. Majestic, he had an exciting experience that might have put an end to the whole story. The ship caught fire and it was only after the most strenuous efforts that the blaze was kept under control until land was reached.

Arrived back in England, Mr. Gooderham obtained employment in the recruiting service, apparently a lucrative kind of job, for he was able to amass quite a large sum of money by the time he carried out his project of migrating to Canada. The nucleus of the famous Gooderham fortune, acquired in this way and amounting it is said to something like three thousand pounds sterling or fifteen thousand dollars, was very carefully conveyed to America, along with the worldly goods of the twenty-four relatives aforementioned.

One may well conjure up the picture of William Gooderham, old-time English settler in the crude backwoods town of York, going to the Bank of Upper Canada and there depositing his precious capital. Three thousand pounds was a pretty sum for any one man to be in possession of in those days and T. G. Ridout, cashier of the Bank, must have received the newcomer with considerable deference. Never before had the Bank seen such an amount put on deposit to a personal account and the Gooderham name was accordingly solid from the very first day it was known in Toronto.

Among the twenty-four family connections who made up the party of new arrivals was a brother-in-law, James Worts. He had married Elizabeth Gooderham, an only daughter. When it came to getting into business, as the pair were determined to do at once, he naturally took the lead. Some one tells how an old citizen of York came across him one day wandering around the wild marshy ground to the east of the town in the neighborhood of the Don River.



GEORGE GOODERHAM,
Father of the present generation of the
Gooderhams, and in his day one of the
foremost citizens of Toronto.

Thinking he was out for sport, the citizen made some remark about the shooting, but the Englishman assured him he was not looking for game but for a good site on which to erect a windmill.

The topographical history of Toronto is inextricably woven into the old red brick windmill which James Worts and his brother-in-law put up on the eastern edge of the town. Though the structure itself has long since disappeared, the name and location of the building remain in the famous "windmill line" which still forms the basis of all subsequent surveys. It is the thread on which all Toronto property is strung and when old "Jim" Worts figured out a favorable place for its erection, he was unconsciously establishing the basic line of a metropolis.

The Gooderham name is of course associated for good or ill with distilling but it was not as distillers that William Gooderham and James Worts began their mercantile career in Canada. They were primarily flour millers and the windmill saw service for many years in grinding the wheat produced by the old York County farmers. Originally driven by wind power, the sweeps were taken down in 1846 and steam was substituted as a propelling force. A few years later, the hemispherical top of the building was lifted off by a windstorm and after flying through the air like an umbrella was dashed to pieces on the ground. A new roof was put on but about 1859 this early landmark of Toronto was removed to give place to a more modern structure.

A souvenir of the old milling days is still preserved in the office of Gooderham & Worts in the form of an early invoice,—perhaps the first, — which was made out on January 30, 1834. It was for a barrel of flour and the price the partners got for it was £1. 2s. 6d. or \$4.50. For a firm whose turnover now totals hundreds of thousands of dollars, this first transaction was surely humble enough. And yet one may venture to assert that it was good flour, for the Gooderhams have always given the best value in anything they have produced. They have not made their fortune by substitution or using inferior materials.

James Worts died very soon after the milling business was established and for eleven years William Gooderham conducted it by himself. Then he took his nephew, James Gooderham Worts into partnership and the present firm of Gooderham & Worts was launched. Their property lay at the east of Toronto's waterfront with the mill a conspicuous object in the landscape. Nearby stood the distillery and adjoining it the



THE YORK CLUB, TORONTO.

This handsome building, which now houses Toronto's most exclusive club, was formerly the residence of the late George Gooderham, and one of the show places of the city.

Gooderham residence, where William Gooderham brought up a family of thirteen children.

As the years passed the business expanded very considerably. Branch mills were built at different points and the younger Gooderhams were given charge of them. Ultimately these off-shoots of the parent business were disposed of and attention was concentrated on the distillery which was developing into a large and profitable industry.

The subsequent success of the distilling business must be attributed in large measure to the foundation laid by its originator. William Gooderham was an indefatigable and painstaking worker and what he did himself he expected others to do. Hours of employment were long but he kept them with the utmost punctuality. The success of the

business was everything and nothing that did not contribute to this end mattered. This may be taken as a family characteristic,—the steady and persistent drive that permits of no let-up to effort.

The lineal descent of the Gooderham name and wealth is through the third son of this Norfolk gentleman, the late George Gooderham, who up to the present time has been the ablest representative of the house. George Gooderham had two brothers older than himself but neither left families. William, the first-born, whose death occurred in 1889, was connected with the distillery in his earlier years but gave this up to engage in other pursuits. For a time he was managing director of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway. Latterly he developed a strong religious bent and did much to assist both the Methodist Church, of which he was a prominent member, and the Salvation Army, whose work for fallen humanity he greatly appreciated. At his death, he is said to have left the whole of his estate to charity.

The second son, James Gooderham, also had his share in the paternal business as a young man but he too retired later on. He met a tragic death on May 11, 1879, when being one of a party who were travelling on an inspection train on the new Credit Valley Railway, he lost his life in an accident, of which he was the sole victim. His wife was a sister of Senator Thomas N. Gibbs, of Oshawa, and a strong Methodist, and went to Japan for a time as a missionary.

Before referring to the third son and his descendants, mention might be made of the other members of William Gooderham's family. Edward Gooderham, who was born in the year which witnessed his father's arrival in Canada, only lived two years. Henry, the fifth son, is still alive in his eightieth year, but he has no children. Alfred Lee Gooderham, the sixth son, is also living. He has one son, E. G. Gooderham, head of the Toronto Silver Plate Company, and four daughters. Robert Turner Gooderham, the seventh son, whose death occurred recently, had two

sons, both of whom died in childhood, and six daughters, of whom three are living. Charles Horace Gooderham, eighth and youngest son, left two sons and four daughters.

During the later years of his father's life and up to the time of his own death, George Gooderham was one of the foremost as he was one of the richest citizens of Toronto, if not of Canada. He



THE GOODERHAM WINDMILL 1846
Front Street, York (Toronto).
Built 1833 by James Worts, partner of Mr. William Gooderham. It was worked by wind power until 1846, when the wings were removed and steam introduced. In 1865 the old mill was entirely demolished.

THE OLD WINDMILL ON TORONTO'S WATERFRONT.

Long an interesting landmark, it was erected by William Gooderham soon after his arrival in Canada. (Reproduced from the John Ross Robertson collection, Public Library, Toronto.)



LIEUT.-COL. ALBERT E. GOODERHAM,
Second son of the late George Gooderham,
who has been active in military
and philanthropical work.

was in every respect a strong character, gifted with splendid business ability and excellent judgment. On the foundation laid by his father he raised the family fortunes to their present commanding position. His family, comprising the present generation, consisted of four sons and eight daughters, of whom three daughters are dead.

The four Gooderham brothers are worthy representatives of the family name, occupying prominent positions in the business and social life of their native city. William George, the eldest, who unites the names of both his father and his grandfather, combines in his personality many of the characteristics of each. Albert Edward, the second brother, who is associated with his elder brother in the Gooderham & Worts business, has attained considerable prominence through his connection with military affairs. George Horace, the third brother, is the only member of the family who has gone in for public life, being now M.P.P. for South Toronto. Melville Ross, the youngest of the four, is a lawyer by profession and is now a member of the firm of Blackstock, Galt and Gooderham. Of the daughters all are married and have families.

Such a category as the foregoing may make somewhat dry reading but it is necessary to give in some detail the family connection to form a basis for the further consideration of the family characteristics and achievements. If one were to seek for the traits which have contributed most to their success, it would be found that practically all the members of the family have been gifted with a good supply of common-sense. They have been shrewd, practical and sagacious men of affairs, never dissipating any of their energies through

useless channels. Even the women of the family have been seemingly dowered with an equal capacity for business. A prominent Toronto lawyer, commenting on the family stated that he was surprised at the aptitude shown by the nine children of George Gooderham, when it came to the division of the estate. There was not one of them who was not capable of handling his or her share without assistance.

When it came to work, there was the example of father and grandfather to follow and live up to. George Gooderham may never have formulated his theories in words, but he had a good notion of how to bring up a family. His sons had to obey, and for years they were compelled to get down to office or distillery at an hour when most people turn over for their second sleep. It is said that he paid them no fixed salaries, rewarding them at the end of the year with such sums as he thought fit and varying the amounts according to their merits. Beyond this he encouraged them to marry young. Presumably he had no rule of thumb as to the precise age at which young men should marry, though



THE NEW BANK OF TORONTO HEAD
OFFICE.

The Gooderham Family have long been prominently identified with this institution, which used to be nick-named "Gooderham's Bank" some years ago.

Oddly enough the two eldest sons were just twenty-two when they entered the connubial state, his third was twenty and his fourth twenty-one.

With their incomes dependent on good behavior, unspoiled by a lavish supply of pocket money and early in life anchored to homes and families of their own, small wonder that the Gooderhams have developed into exemplary men. There is this credit to be given them that, in spite of a life-long association with the liquor traffic, they have all been noticeably temperate men and have one and all been examples of clean living. This, when the coming of wealth, particularly in such a calling, has brought disaster on many families, is an indication of the sturdy, self-respecting character of the family stock.

George Gooderham was himself a plain-living man despite certain appearances. The big house on Bloor Street, now the home of the aristocratic and exclusive York Club, which he built at a cost of something like a quarter of a million dollars, scarcely represented the

character of the man. His simple tastes did not assort particularly well with the magnificence of his mansion.

In all his business dealings, George Gooderham was the soul of honor. He was extremely sensitive about the good name of the family and on several occasions is known to have assumed obligations that were not strictly his own, just because his name was associated with them. It is said that during the building of the King Edward Hotel, when others fell down in their support of the undertaking, he stuck to it through thick and thin and kept the venture from going to the wall. Torontonians owe it to him personally that they were provided with a first-class hotel at a time when it was greatly needed.

It is undoubtedly the case that in Toronto the Gooderhams are regarded in many quarters as people with plenty of money, who might give liberally to various causes but who do not often head subscription lists with large amounts. There is perhaps an element of truth in this, though it has been magnified out of all proportion and has done rank injustice to the family. The Gooderhams do not put their names down with a flourish for this and that philanthropy but not for the reason commonly assigned. To understand their attitude one must consider several features of the case.

First of all there is an absence of ostentation and snobbishness among them. Despite their wealth they are very friendly and decent people, who ask nothing better than to be allowed to go their own way without molestation, W. G. Gooderham, the present head of the family, typifies this attitude most of all, for he has all along shrunk from public position and display, being quite content to go about his work in a quiet



GEORGE H. GOODERHAM, M.P.P.,
Third son of the late George Gooderham,
and the politician of the family.

and unassuming manner. This trait furnishes one reason for the family's dislike of publicity, even in the shape of public giving.

Coupled with this there is a feeling lest the making of contributions to charity might be considered as a bribe to secure public favor for the business in which they are engaged. They are extremely sensitive on this point and it is to their credit that they should be so. Cases are known where members of the family have refused to give to certain causes, not because they did not sympathize with them, but because the promoters insisted on having their names appear on the list.

For these reasons the Gooderhams rarely give publicity to charity or philanthropy, but this is not to say that they do not give at all or are not liberal in their gifts. As a matter of fact nobody knows the extent of their generosity, for secrecy is one of the conditions imposed on those who approach them for help. Their benefactions, if one is to believe those in close touch with them, are neither few nor small. They are loyal to their dependents and never forget the services of those who deal squarely with them.

In matters educational they have been most friendly towards those institutions in which they have a personal interest either through early association or through their children. W. G. Gooderham is chairman of the board of trustees of Upper Canada College, and is most loyal to the school. He it is who was leader in the movement to sell the present College property and transfer the school to a distance from the city where it can be made into a purely residential institution on the lines of the great English public schools. Albert Gooderham is a prominent supporter of St. Andrew's College, whilst George H. Gooderham is interested in Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines, to the extension of which he has given liberally.

Excepting the latter, the family have steered clear of public life. George H. Gooderham, the exception, has been more in the popular eye than any other member of the family. At a time when men of his social position rarely enter municipal politics, he has shown himself willing to put up with the abuse that is usually showered on such as have the temerity to enter the field. Yet his very position has made him immune from the usual kind of attack and he has come through several contests without much unpleasantness.

His first essay at testing his popularity among his fellow-citizens was when he offered himself for the Board of Education in 1899. He succeeded and served four years as an ordinary member and one year as chairman. Then he made an attempt to gain the mayoralty but failed. Still later he has stood out prominently as president of the Toronto

Exhibition Association. In the provincial election of 1908 he contested one of the seats in South Toronto for the conservatives and of course had little difficulty in winning such a sure thing. He has represented the constituency continuously ever since.

Albert Gooderham occupies a semi-public position through his connection with the 10th Regiment, Royal Grenadiers. The regiment, with which he has been associated since 1885, has been his hobby. He is to it very much what Sir Henry Pellatt has been to the Queen's Own. He rose to the command of the Grenadiers six years ago with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and has only just retired from the position. His wife, who is one of the most capable and ac-



E. G. GOODERHAM,

A prominent representative of the younger branch of the family, and head of the Toronto Silver Plate Company.

complished ladies in Toronto, contributed to the fame of this branch of the family through her position as president of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire and her work in connection with various public and semi-public organizations in Toronto.

It has already been indicated that the eldest brother, W. G. Gooderham, has shrunk from public life. At the same time his share in the promotion of yachting in Toronto should not be overlooked in any estimate of the family's achievements. While all the family including the late George Gooderham, have been extremely fond of yachting, he has perhaps done more than any of the others to encourage racing and promote the interests of the Royal Cana-

dian Yacht Club. In emergencies he has been ready with support and, though the public may not be aware of it, he has been at the back of most of the international contests for several years. Incidentally his son, Norman Gooderham, is now regarded as the most expert skipper in Toronto.

There are two financial institutions with which in particular the Gooderham name has long been associated. These are the Bank of Toronto and the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation. The former might not inappropriately be called Gooderham's Bank. The family are extensively interested in it and are largely holders of its stock. William Gooderham was one of its first presidents, George Gooderham succeeded him and to-day W. G. Gooderham is vice-president, with Colonel Albert Gooderham as a fellow director. As for the other institution, W. G. Gooderham is president and Colonel Gooderham a director.

The family has many other financial interests and business associations. George H. Gooderham especially has taken up a variety of undertakings, more perhaps than his friends imagine. He is into this, that and the other enterprise with tireless energy and yet finds time for considerable relaxation. In short the Gooderhams are all workers. There are no voluptuaries or "idle rich" among them. They say that even when old William Gooderham was approaching the nineties, he would still insist on going to the Bank, where he busied himself signing bank notes seated in a chair in the board room. The same thirst for work extends down to the rising generation. All W. G. Gooderham's sons for example, —and he has nine of them—are occupied in some mercantile venture.

Blessed with large families, there has been little need for the Gooderhams to go outside the immediate circle of their relatives for society. Yet they have not limited their intercourse to such. The present generation at any rate has evidenced agreeable qualities of sociability, and has been most hospitable. The homes of the brothers are the scene of pleasant family gatherings, for family affection is strong among them, as is also the desire for the genial and lavish entertainment of the temporary guest. They are all fond of the lighter side of life, appreciate the company of congenial friends and go in for a good deal of sport.

Yachting has been the family amusement par excellence. The late George Gooderham knew no more enjoyable form of pleasure than to get together a small party of friends, go aboard his yacht the "Oriole," and take a ten-day cruise around Lake Ontario. His sons have inherited this fondness for the water and all own yachts, which they are quite capable of handling themselves. George H. Gooderham in particular used to be one of the keenest yachtsmen on the

(Continued on page 140.)

The Coward

Where the Straggling Cat-Spruce must Furrow their Monotony
into the Soul

By G. FREDERICK CLARKE

THE MAN in the bunk groaned and opened his eyes and Serjeant Fennety and Constable Wade, of the Royal North-west Mounted Police, stationed at the post at the junction of the Athabasca and big Serpentine rivers, breathed sighs of relief and thanksgiving.

They knew the man, a Frenchman, who, with a half-breed companion had a line of traps one hundred and fifty miles North, on the little Serpentine. He had wandered into the post a couple of hours before, in a half frozen and fainting condition, and as soon as the warmth struck him, he had sunk into a coma, from which he had only now partially recovered.

"Pierre," he muttered faintly, "He sick—scurvy—up on Serpentine," and closed his eyes.

It was enough.

"So," whistled Serjeant Fennety, "That means a long trip, Wade."

Wade nodded. "The trail is good," he said, with a smile.

Fennety drew a service button from his pocket. "Heads or tails, Wade?"

"Heads."

Fennety spun the button into the air and as it struck the cabin floor, both laughed, and Constable Wade prepared to take the trail. The mail sledge was away south and the runners with it, so Wade must perforce go alone.

In an hour he was off, seated on the toboggan behind six powerful huskies, — great Northern dogs, whose progenitors had been half wolf. On the toboggan was packed food for man and beast. For the latter, frozen fish, for the former, bacon and oatmeal and pemmican.

All day, stopping at noon only for a short respite and to feed, the man followed the trail along the big Serpentine. When night set in, he dug a hole in the snow and

Canadian heroes are not all crowned. In this thrilling episode from the life of one of our North West Mounted Police, the writer draws a fine distinction between courage and bravado, a clear line between the love of adventure and the cool-headed bravery that hazards all personal considerations for the sake of others. Every reader will follow with keen interest the unravelling of this tangled thread of misunderstanding and love and chivalry until it ends just as it should. —Editor.

set up his tiny tent, and, heaping the light snow about it, and gathering a little wood, built his fire. The dogs, having quarreled over the last morsel of frozen fish, drew away from the fire and composed themselves in the snow.

Constable Wade filled his pipe. He was a little under six feet in height. In ordinary garb, he would have appeared taller; dressed to withstand the Arctic cold, with a thick sweater beneath his red tunic, and woollen socks over his

trousers, and with his feet encased in moosehide moccasins, he looked massive. Four years in the North had done much for Constable Wade. Besides giving him a remarkable physique, it had imbued him with a confidence in himself that he had hitherto lacked.

There were times, though, when on some long patrol, that the silence—the utter loneliness of the routine—appalled him, and he longed again for the old life with its round of pleasures. In fancy he could see his old friends, the jolly crowd, which had been the envy of those not favored with its society. At these times he ceased to wonder at a brother constable, upon whose mind the lonely silence had worked, until, with a devil-may-care laugh, he had walked out into the night and calmly blown out his brains.

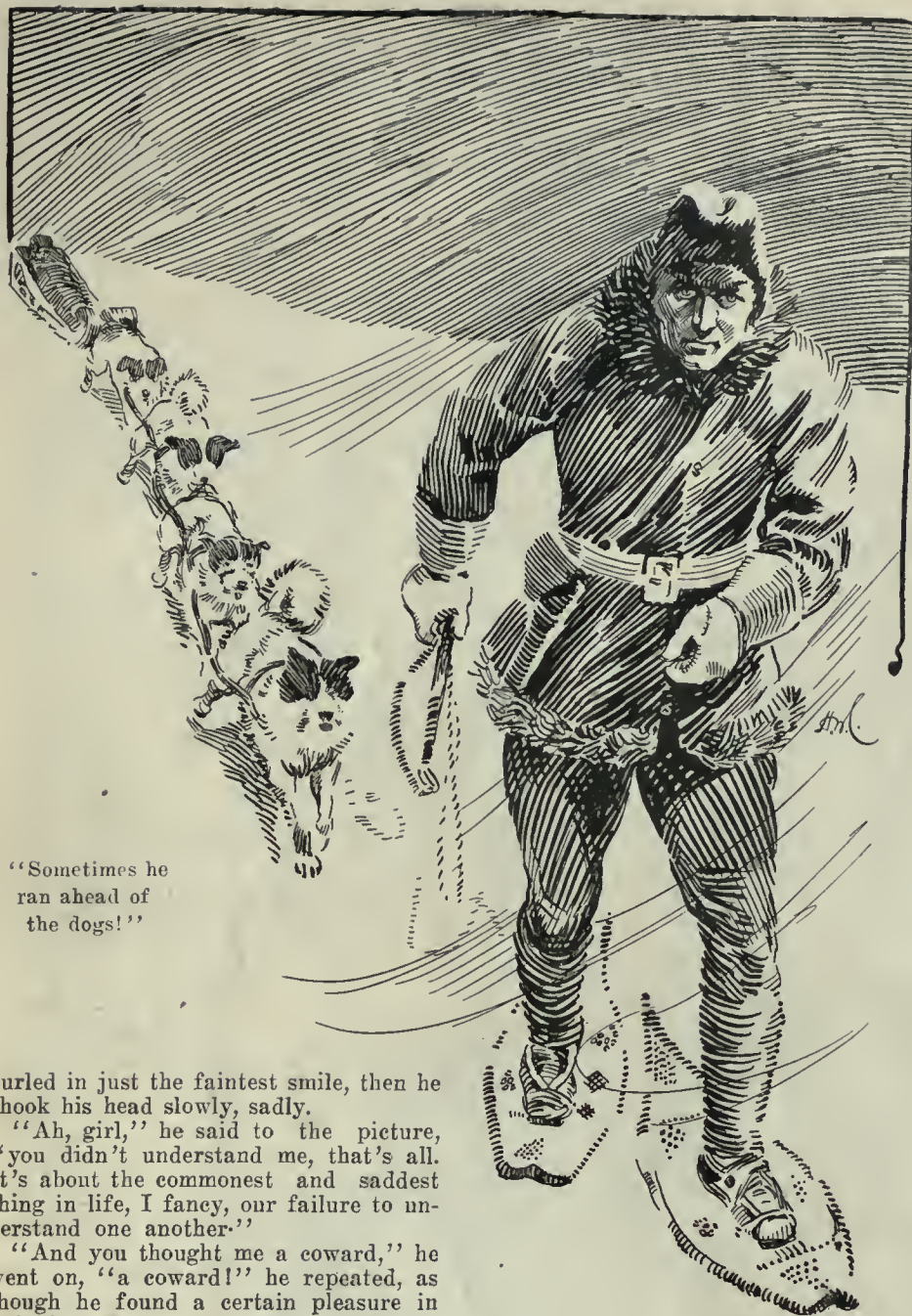
But then, despite its drawbacks, the life had still lured him on. There was enough of the adventurer in his spirit to respond to the magic of uncertainty. The great North-west, that has beckoned man towards its last frontier since history began, had charmed and then captivated him. The man in him responded to the wanderlust; the poet to the infinite mystery of the North.

He drew out his watch. It was nine o'clock. He studied the hands abstractedly for a moment, then, with an intake of the breath, that might have been a sigh, he opened the back and bent nearer the fire to catch more clearly the features of the girl looking up at him. There was thoroughbred stamped on the womanly face; proud, daring, impetuous womanhood; withal sweet, with a tenderness in the sweet eyes that had been more than one man's undoing.

The steel blue eyes of Constable Wade softened, and the strong mouth of him



"Heads or tails, Wade?"



"Sometimes he
ran ahead of
the dogs!"

curled in just the faintest smile, then he shook his head slowly, sadly.

"Ah, girl," he said to the picture, "you didn't understand me, that's all. It's about the commonest and saddest thing in life, I fancy, our failure to understand one another."

"And you thought me a coward," he went on, "a coward!" he repeated, as though he found a certain pleasure in weighing the word. "Aye, maybe I am," and he nodded his head slowly at her. "Maybe I am, Jane; but not the kind of a coward you mean, I may lack a certain moral courage, my dear, but God knows it's not a physical cowardice."

"I know, I know your argument, Girl. You say you saw it there, before—on the river."

He laughed low, and a little bitterly. "Why, Jane, it wasn't myself I was thinking of; it was you and—mother. You and mother," he repeated softly. "The two sweetest women on earth."

"You must also agree, Jane, that a man owes certain duties to those who love him. And that day, Jane, when Van Tassel was so wantonly reckless with the car and I remonstrated, it wasn't cowardice, I was thinking of you and mother. Dear, pardon me for having an imagination! You asked me if I was a coward, and you couldn't understand my explanation, and now—here am I, loving you, away up here in this forsaken land, proving to myself that I'm not a coward,

and you—I wonder where you are Jane? Married? Perhaps."

For a few moments he let his eyes rest on the great bowl of the sky. The stars shone, seemingly brighter to-night than he had ever seen them, while across the heavens the Northern lights swung to and fro with a rhythmic motion, as though someone, beyond the far horizon, controlled a great magic lantern. There was something appalling in the sight, in the sound, for, as they swept the sky, his ears were conscious of a sound that reminded him of nothing else than the soft silken swish of a woman's skirts.

"I wish Jane was here to see this," he said, and, pressing his lips to her face, snapped to the lid and placed the watch in his pocket. In a few moments he was sound asleep.

All the next day Wade pushed his dogs further into the north, following the trail which skirted the big Serpentine. Towards the middle of the afternoon he crossed the ice and struck across the country. At times the trail was over

ground, which, having been washed by the spring freshets, led through trees of birch and alders; again, on the higher ground there was nothing but the ill-nurtured cat spruce. Several times he sighted small herds of caribou on the barrens. Always at noon he stopped to feed the dogs and wind them, but not until night set in did he hold up and pitch his tent.

He spared neither himself nor his huskies, who, all day long responded so bravely to his cry of "Marche, Marche!" As he swung the long caribou-hide thong about their ears and they strained forward with renewed efforts, his soul cried that it was justifiable. A human being was sick and starving in that camp on the lonely Serpentine. It mattered not that it was a half breed whom he was to succor. The Mounted knows no creed, no race, no color save the maxim of the force engrafted into his nature—"Maintien le Droit—maintain the right."

Wade's tutelage had been under an old sergeant, who had served on the force in the Reil Rebellion, and from him he had learned invaluable facts about the Northland. There was nothing new in this journey of Wade's. The scraggly cat spruce, the great caribou barrens, stretching off into unknown distances, had become monotonized into his soul, three years before, yet the deathly silence, the snow by day transformed into millions of diamonds, by night overflung with ghostly shadows; the North with its million years of mystery yet captivated him.

He had seen the sky overcast, dull, leaden, lifeless. Nights when the blackness was so dense as to be almost felt, and from its yawning mass the snow fell in blinding sheets, while the wind came soughing over the barrens until the tired huskies awoke, and, sitting back on their haunches, howled to the sky their doleful answer.

Ah yes, Wade had long been initiated into the life. If you had asked him why he still clung to it, no doubt he would have been puzzled for an answer. Without knowing it, the North spirit had entered his very bones. The lure of the nameless things kept pulling at his heart, and yet, down south there was the woman for whose love he would have chucked it all.

At the middle of the third day, he reached his destination, a pitiful shack, ill placed, ill made, and, in one of the bunks the suffering, scurvy-ravaged half-breed whom he had come to save.

He made a fire in the little stove, and putting some frozen moose in a pot, set it to stew, whilst he attended to the fevered wretch for whom he had travelled almost two hundred miles. The man was half Cree, half French, and his dark eyes lighted up with hope, when they opened on Wade's red tunic. In the Northland, Indian and white, law-breaker or honest habitat knows that from the North West Mounted Police he will get justice. No sneer, no high-and-mighty lord-it-over-you-manner marks his demeanor. Quiet, resourceful, determined in the cause of duty, the rider of the plains is one of God's noblemen.

He needs no monument to his fame. It is engraven forever in the souls of men. The prairies give tongue to his praise. The Northern lights have seen his unparalleled deeds of heroism—brave Fitzgerald and his men for instance, who froze to death in the North a couple of years ago—and who knows but that they are reflected to the God who made them?

That night and all the day and until dawn of the second, Wade nursed the half-breed, brewing him the spruce tea, and tending him with every kindness, then, wrapping him warmly on the long toboggan, he stood on the little step behind and started on the return journey. Sometimes he ran ahead of the dogs, urging them with his voice, talking to them, singing some chanson he had learned from a French Constable of the foree. Again, he would climb on behind and crack the long caribou-hide whip over their short ears. Once or twice the breed roused himself and feebly joined in the cry of "Marche, marche!" which has been corrupted so often into mush, mush.

Hardly had Wade pitched his tent for the night, when a storm blew out of the North, and the barrens were blotted out in its blinding snow.

He gathered what firewood he could, started his fire, brewed some spruce tea, and a pot of coffee, and, also feeding the dogs, crawled within the tent beside the breed.

"Big storm come, M'sieu," said the man, his anxious eyes on Wade.

The latter nodded cheerfully. "Oh, that's all right, Pierre. A storm is just a storm, that's all. You'd ought to be used to the snow, Pierre."

Once, just before Wade closed his eyes, he thought he heard the long, drawn out, wavering howl of the grey wolf, and his mouth set in grim lines, and he saw that his service colts were ready to hand.

The night passed off without disturbances, however, and, long before daylight, Wade had fed the dogs and was ready to start. A foot of snow had fallen. But it was of that light, fluffy kind, peculiar to the North, that forms no great impediment. However, Wade had perforce to strap on his snowshoes, and, now walking, now running ahead of the dogs, he proceeded to break trail.

Still it continued to snow, and the wind wailed over the barrens and swooped down and swirled about the men and dogs, almost enveloping them at times in the powdery spume, while, ever ahead of his panting huskies, ran Wade of the Royal Mounted. Now and then he had difficulty in locating the trail, sometimes even getting far out of his course, but always striking it again farther on. The snow settled in the fur of the huskies, and their dark eyes shone with all the glory of the storm, as they drew the laden toboggan after Wade. It was their life, merely part of the dog's work to battle with the elements.

Night closed in, and, tired out with the day's labor, the dogs being fed and having curled themselves up in the snow, Wade, his charge comfortable, fell into a sound sleep.



"Big storm come, M'sieu," said breed.

It seemed to him that he had only been asleep a few minutes when he was awakened by the breed's voice, "M'sieu, M'sieu—the dogs, M'sieu—the dogs," and jumped up.

At first he thought that they had somehow broken into the pack and were quarreling over the frozen fish, and, as he sprang through the small tent opening, he began cursing them in good, strong English.

But the sight that met his eyes was one that he was never to forget. Trailing past the tent, their heads pushing into the blinding North, was a mighty herd of caribou. Silently, ghost-like, the herd, fully ten thousand strong, came out of the storm, and disappeared into the storm. Their nearest flank was not fifty feet away. As far as his eyes could reach there was naught to be seen but one swaying, heaving mass. On their nearest flank hung the huskies, giving tongue to their desire.

For a moment the blood in Wade's veins seemed to stop, then he called to them, using all the cajolery at his command. If they heard his voice they failed to heed it, so he grasped his caribou-hide whip and started toward them.

The tail end of the herd was now passing, and, seemingly with one accord,

the dogs sprang at and pulled down a young bull, and were at its throat in a smother of fierce joy. The unheeding herd passed on.

With shouts of command, Wade jumped in among the dogs, plying his whip, calling them by name, until at last they drew off sullenly, and gazed up at him with fiery eyes and blood-stained fangs. Then the lead dog, he who had led them over all the miles of waste land, turned and bounded after the vanishing herd. One by one, despite his blows and commands, the others followed. They had tasted blood. The fierce spirit of their wolf progenitor had been awakened, and God alone knew when they would get satisfied and return.

For a few moment Wade stood there, with the storm swirling about him, a disconsolate figure in that desolate waste. If it was not for the odor of the thousands of advancing caribou wafted back to him on the North wind, he would have thought the passing of the herd a dream, a phantasmagoria of his tired brain. But a few feet away was the dead caribou calf, and beyond the snow was trampled and beaten down by innumerable hoofs.

Wade groaned. Days might elapse, perhaps, before the huskies, gluttoned,

might return, and long before that time his scant provisions would be exhausted.

He went back to the tent, but not to sleep. The breed received the news with dull apathy. Wade filled his pipe and thought the problem over. He had yet sixty miles to cover, and there wasn't much chance of help coming from the post for some days. Therefore, he set his jaws grimly, and the lines about his eyes became more pronounced as the blue changed to steely determination.

There was a noble cast to Wade's features. The well-shaped nose and mouth and the square jaw betokened pluck and endurance. The eyes, at times so blue, betrayed the mystic and the poet. His thick hair curled crisply and was a little greyed at the temples. He was thirty-six.

As soon as day began to break and they had partaken of their coarse fare, Wade lifted the stolid half-breed on to the toboggan, and, putting on his snowshoes, fastened the harness about his own broad shoulders.

The breed gasped at this. Some men would have left him to starve and freeze, but these Royal Mounted! *Le Bon Dieu*—the breed was a good Catholic—surely dwelt in their hearts.

It was yet snowing, and over the illimitable barren lands the wind still raged. Had they wanted refuge there was none—no trees of any size. Here and there in the hollows were a few birch and alders. On the higher ground the everlasting cat spruce, that wouldn't afford shelter for a jack-rabbit.

On, on, the harness galling his shoulders sadly, Constable Wade drew the toboggan. He wished Jane, the original of the girl in his watch, could see him now. He smiled grimly. Would she call him a coward now? he wondered. Yet she was a great girl, was Jane Cameron. Knowing no fear herself, she had scorned it in others. She had sadly misunderstood Wade.

"I wonder if she knows that Fraser, who she thought such a dare-devil, was a coward at heart?" he mused. "That Billy Van Tassell showed the white feather when the yacht came near foundering off the Jersey Coast. She don't, of course, and I'll never tell her."

"Never mind, Jane," he said, "some day, perhaps, you'll know that I'm not a coward. I wonder now if it would make any difference?" he asked of the storm.

All day he pulled the toboggan through the snow. Towards evening the fever had gone to the breed's head again, and he laughed and chattered and sang like a wild thing. Now he was counting his season's catch of fur and bargaining with the factor of some fur post over his supply of winter's grub. Again, he was in some fierce wrangle with one of his own breed, and the patois he spoke, now French, now Cree, and a jumble of both, was uncouth and uncanny. At times he imagined he was driving a team of dogs, for he would cry "*Marche, Marche,*" and again lapsing into Cree: "*Hi! Kuskey, Fay, O Atim, Mous, Marche! Marche!*"

No wonder the horror of it all worked on Wade, and his nerves were all of

a tingle when he made camp. But he set resolutely to work, and, brewing more spruce tea, coaxed the breed into taking it; then, despite the gibbering voice, he sank into a sleep wherein the doings of the day haunted him.

Morning found the storm unabated and Wade, every bone in his body aching, stumbling along on the last forty miles of his journey. But now, to make it worse, the cold became more intense, and the food, which would have been all sufficient had his dogs not deserted him, gave out. He had nothing now but frozen fish and caribou meat. He figured, if he could stand the strain, he would be at the post in two days.

But the terrific physical and mental activity was telling on Wade. He was becoming exhausted, and the snow, beginning to pack, hauling the toboggan became more difficult. And ever, as he bent his shoulders to the task, the groans and ramblings of the half-breed reached his tired ears, until he wondered if he, too, was going crazy, for at times strange figures danced before his eyes, and once he fancied, through the snow wrack, a dog team driven by a white man, with a breed ahead breaking trail. But, as he shouted, and there was no answer, he told himself that it was only a vision. Again, late in the afternoon, as he lifted his numbed feet slowly and bent his shoulders to the strain, he imagined the trail ahead of him to be covered with purple fireweed, and he laughed hysterically as he thought how like her eyes the deep blue of the weed was. Then he knew that he was losing his senses—that the tremendous exertion, the loneliness, the crazed breed behind him were telling on his nerves.

It had happened so to others. This sameness of things, the illimitable barren wastes, the snow and the cold with its misery had turned their heads, and converted them for a time into blithering idiots. But, Oh, God, how he wished he could hold on a little longer—just a little longer.

Aye, but he, too, was going—going, and he cursed the dogs that had deserted him. There was a conspiracy afoot to rob him of his chance to prove to Jane he was not a coward. This new thought became a mania now, and he turned at times and jabbered to the jabbering thing behind him.

"Ah, Pierre," he cried, "her eyes are almost as blue as the purple fireweed. And they say we can't do this trail, Pierre. She says you're a coward and I'm a coward. Is that so, Pierre?"

"She's waiting back there at the post for us, Pierre," he went on, "and we've got to show her, eh?" And on he went with renewed effort for an hour.

He stopped again and took out his watch, and opening the back with his stiffening fingers, leaned forward in a confidential attitude towards the breed.

"Now, Pierre," said he, "what would you say to that for a woman, eh? You aint much of a judge, I fancy, but you've got a Klootch of your own, no doubt, somewhere, and should know a thoroughbred by the look."

"Now, she thinks I'm a coward—a sort of a kind of a coward, Pierre, and

I've been trying four years to prove I'm not. 'You wouldn't call me a coward, would you?' he asked of the sick man, entreatingly.

"Her eyes," he went on, "are almost as blue as the purple fireweed that grows hereabouts, and her hair is golden-brown like the moss along the edge of the barrens. And I love her better than my own soul, Pierre."

At one time he thought he was running ahead of his dogs, for he tugged and increased his pace, calling them by name. "*Hi, Larka, Berta, marche, marche! Hi, Keena, Hudson, Larka, charge, charge!*"

Once he had a glimmering of consciousness. "*My God,*" he cried, "*I'm crazy—crazy as hell!*"

Night fell and still the interminable snow and, for he had now reached higher ground, the wind was colder. Automatically his feet moved to the command of his fevered brain, searching, searching out the right trail.

It was a sight to make the angels weep. The night, the storm, the crazy white man hauling the crazy breed through the storm wrack; mumbling, grumbling, stumbling along, the while the icy wind drove against the freighted toboggan until the breed looked like a frozen mummy. For hours he mechanically obeyed his fevered brain, then, exhausted, numbed with the cold, he laid down in the soothing snow.

God alone knows how he had managed to blunder along the right trail. An hour later, Fennety, who had become anxious about his comrade, came along with a dog team and a trail breaker and found him. It was only a couple of hours' run to the post, and in an agony bordering on despair the big-hearted Sergeant urged his dogs to their utmost.

The next day, while Wade was yet unconscious in his bunk, Sergeant Fennety sat down and wrote to a girl back south. He had never addressed her before, but his chum had often spoken of her in the past.

Now, from his delirium, Fennety gathered the true state of things. The tears choked him as he listened. Constable Wade a coward! Wade, who had, two years before, while on patrol in the prairie province, fought, single-handed, a fire, and saved a settler's house and stock. Wade, who had carried the dead child of a widowed Cree Squaw a hundred miles that its mother might bury it by the side of its father! Wade, who was all generosity and chivalry, a coward! And, in his intense feeling, Sergeant Fennety spared nothing. He told her of the man who had hauled the breed over the frozen barrens at the risk of his own life, and who now in delirium crying to her to know if he was yet a coward.

Four days later the letter was carried by dog team to Calgary, and in two weeks a woman was brought into the post by the mail.

She spoke no words, but, going over to the man who sat by the stove, dropped on her knees, and, throwing her arms about him, laid her face against his red tunic and sobbed like a child.

William McMaster's Dynamics

How a Business Creed is Working out in Practical Affairs

By C. LINTERN SIBLEY

"I BELIEVE that the psychological influence of enthusiasm is incalculable; and while I can scarcely claim to be the possessor of any extraordinary ability, yet perhaps enthusiasm has been the principal factor in my success," said Mr. William McMaster whose recent appointment to the directorate of the Bank of Montreal has brought prominently before the public of the Dominion the name of one of the most successful, and at the same time, one of the most unassuming of the business men in that Commercial metropolis at the foot of Mount Royal.

"It is my firm belief," he continued, "that if an employee is enthusiastic in his work, that enthusiasm is bound to mark him out for promotion. Similarly, enthusiasm at the head of a business communicates itself right down along the line. If the man at the head is lazy and indifferent, so is his staff. If he is busy, optimistic, then, other things being equal, so are those who work under his direction. The power of personal enthusiasm is wonderful."

Here we have the key to the success of one in whose career there has been nothing dramatic. Mr. McMaster has not flashed into the public view as a brilliant financial genius. He never started out on any great crusade of reform or fought political battles, or wrote letters to the papers, or bludgeoned his way into the public notice as a "captain of industry." He never made a lucky strike in Cobalt or a sensational coup in high finance. And yet he stands in the very front rank of the financial and industrial forces of the Dominion. His success has been the success not of opportunism or of luck, or of daring speculation, but the success of real, solid, old-fashioned business virtues. Indeed, I think if you were to search Montreal over you could not find a man better fitted by instinct and experience to write such a book as "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" than William McMaster, manufacturer.

Mr. McMaster belongs to that gradually diminishing body of men who may be termed the pioneers of modern industrial Montreal. He was born in Montreal in 1851, of hard-working Scottish parentage, and he started his career, not with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with intangible assets of far greater worth, namely, a rugged constitution and the high and stern ideals of life and duty which are characteristic of all that is best in the Scottish race.

He gathered the fundamentals of his education in the old Montreal Collegiate School, but he did not cease to be a student when as a lad he left school to earn his living in the offices of Moreland,

Enthusiasm, loyalty, and perseverance are the old-fashioned virtues which have contributed to place Mr. McMaster, the subject of this article, in a position of widespread influence in the great staple industries of Canada, and these are the three qualities which he places in the front rank as leading to success in life. No one could be better qualified to express an opinion on the business problems of the present day than one who has, without money or influence, worked himself up to one of the foremost business positions in the country, and his ideas, as quoted at the latter part of the article, will be read with surpassing interest by all business men.—Editor.

Watson & Co. All his life he has been a student, and to-day he is as keen as ever.

In the offices of Moreland, Watson & Co., he was gradually promoted from one position of responsibility to another and finally he was transferred to the Montreal Rolling Mills, which his employers at that time controlled. Here he became successively sales-manager, secretary-treasurer, superintendent, and finally vice-president and general manager. The Montreal Rolling Mills, not incorporated

in the Steel Company of Canada, Ltd., were long among the most important iron and steel works in the Dominion, and as the business expanded under his direction to keep pace with the expansion of the country, so did the influence of Mr. McMaster increase. He came to be recognized as one of the outstanding figures in industrial Montreal and his influence and services were much sought on the directorates of other companies.

Power in Trade Organization

Similarly he became a power in various trade organizations. The Metal and Hardware Association elected him as president in 1891. He served upon the council of the Montreal Board of Trade in 1898 and 1899. In 1903 he became president of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and he was one of the influential body of delegates chosen to voice the views of the Dominion at the Commercial Congress of the Empire in London, England.

The widespread character of his influence is shown by the numerous companies of which he is a director. These include some thirteen of the larger commercial, manufacturing and financial concerns of Canada. One industry in particular he has done much to develop; viz., the manufacture of explosives. He is at present president of a corporation of this kind with branch houses from end to end of the Dominion, and it is to the business of this company that his best energies are now devoted.

A man who, without money or influence, has worked himself up from a humble situation as an office hand to a position of such widespread influence in the great basic industries of the country, and who now has been given a voice in the inner counsels of the premier financial institution of the Dominion, must need have qualities above the ordinary.

Those who know him best can confirm Mr. McMaster's statement given at the beginning of this article that he has one quality that shines out above all others—the quality of enthusiasm. Work is a positive joy to him. He revels in it, glories in it. The sunshine of his enthusiasm reaches every department of the business he directs, and touches every individual. It is magnetic. It makes him a good "mixer" in the world of men. It stamps him as a born general.

One Secret of Success

"Apart from enthusiasm, what else would you commend to an ambitious young man," Mr. McMaster was asked.

(Continued on page 137.)



MR. WM. McMASTER.

Why Mexico Boils Over

A Striking Example of National Decadence

BECAUSE OF its present turbulent condition, convulsed as it is by an internecine strife between forces contending for supremacy, which are actuated rather by personal ambition than by any spirit of true patriotism, much lately has been published regarding Mexico. Daily despatches have kept us informed of the details of the controversy. Yet to the outside world but little is known of the causes which have contributed to make such conditions possible. Huerta is the central figure and he is playing the leading role in the terrible drama. The entire stage presents in perspective a scene which epitomizes the whole structure of Mexican civilization, as developed through and by four hundred years of struggle and combat.

At the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, about four centuries ago. Cortez, the leader of the invading forces, found it peopled by a stalwart race, the origin of which has never been clearly traced. The Aztecs of Mexico, like the Incas of Peru, had developed a civilization which, while less advanced in the arts and sciences than that of mediaeval Europe, in the direction of social organization, had progressed to a stage not unfavorably comparable with that of the Old World. Indeed, when the intrigue of the European courts at that period and the wrong and oppression inseparable from the feudal system are recalled to mind, it may not be doubted that the Aztecs had attained to a civilization in many important particulars, so far as it affected the general welfare of the individual member and accomplished the greatest good for the greatest number of the community, not at all inferior to that of Continental Europe at the same time.

While, by Cortez and his followers, they were dominated Indians, they differed essentially in every characteristic from the warlike tribes which were the aboriginal inhabitants of the territory now embraced within the boundaries of Canada and the United States. Their pursuits were mainly those of mining and agriculture, rather than those of the chase and conquest. Sober, intelligent, tractable, peacefully disposed, they fell an easy prey to the cruel and rapacious Cortez and his Spanish cohorts, and speedily were brought beneath the yoke of Spain. Once subjugated, they became the enslaved servitors of their conquerors, and for three centuries Spain continued to reap the fruits of their unrequited toil, by means of which she was enabled to load her galleons with the glittering riches of the Mexican mines, until her wealth exceeded that of any other country of Europe.

Even at the present time, notwithstanding the millions of pounds of the precious metals which have been taken

By DAVID E. ANTHONY

Nearly everybody knows that there is trouble of some kind in Mexico. Few, indeed, know why such political ebullitions should go on. Anglo-Saxon minds may fail to understand the situation. This article, by one who has visited the scenes of this former civilization will tend to clear up the situation for those who do not understand it. The old Aztec civilization following the Toltec and Chichimec, included in its arts, a form of agriculture, weaving, pottery, stone-working, and a rudimentary metallurgy. They possessed pictorial records, a ritual, a calendar, and an educational system. They had a well-defined social system, sacerdotal and other orders. Its repulsive features were human sacrifices and ritualistic cannibalism. But the modern Mexico—the successor of this early civilization, seems to be a reversion to the lowest types of each of its ancestral hybrid components.—Editor.

from her mines, Mexico is still one of the richest countries, in natural though only imperfectly developed resources, in the known world. The processes by which the gold and silver were extracted from the ores which were mined were primitive and crude, so that only the richest of the minerals were treated, and at the present time, near the mouths of some of the Antigua mines formerly worked by the Spaniards, lie great heaps of untreated metalliferous ores and the residuum slag of those which have been treated, which will assay in gold or silver, or both, higher in value than the raw ores of many successfully operated mines in Canada and the United States.

To such labors were the Aztecs goaded by the Spanish lash, and it is remarkable that they should have survived as long as they did. But no people, however sturdy, could endure so many centuries of cruelty and oppression under such task-masters as were the Spaniards, and at the present time, so far as is known, the Aztec race in its purity is extinct, although collateral branches are supposed still to have survived and to be represented by some of the Indian races yet inhabiting parts of Mexico—and in the aggregate Indians constitute about one-half of the entire population of Mexico.

In this article, however, we seek to deal with modern Mexico, if truly it may be deemed ever to have become modernized. It is feared the tale may be one of decadence and retrogression, rather than of national progress and development in modern civilization. To consider this intelligently a brief glance at her history as a so-called republic becomes necessary.

Her independence was recognized by Spain nearly a century since, in 1821, but for nearly fifty years thereafter she was almost continuously convulsed by internal dissensions and revolutions or

foreign invasion, until the patriot Benito Juarez, a Zapotecan Indian of the full blood, succeeded in overcoming Maximilian, the deserted emissary of Napoleon III., and at last established Mexico as a real republic. And so long as Juarez remained as its President, which unfortunately was for a few years only, Mexico remained at peace with the other nations of the world, and free from any serious internal dissension not speedily suppressed, and bid fair to take its place among civilized and truly progressive nations.

After the death of Juarez, in 1872, Lerdo de Tejada succeeded him as President, but his administration was a somewhat turbulent one, chiefly engaged in combating the revolutionary plots of Porfirio Diaz, who at that early date had aspired to the presidency, and finally, after three defeats at the polls, in 1876 was successful in establishing himself by force of arms in the palace in the City of Mexico, and in having himself proclaimed President of the Republic of Mexico.

With the sole exception of the four years from 1880 to 1884, during which period Diaz, by prearrangement and quite temporarily, and with a full understanding regarding its re-delivery to him, permitted his personal attache, Manuel Gonzalez, to occupy the presidential office, he continued to be President from 1876 up to the time of his abdication about three years ago, and at each recurring election was chosen to succeed himself by the "unanimous" vote of his countrymen, except only in the last, which led to his downfall. Up to that time he had no opponents at the polls, for reasons not difficult to discover.

Ballots Must be Signed

Under the Mexican law, not only is the ballot not secret, being selected by the voter in the presence of the election officials and any others present at the polls, but it must be signed by the voter. Not only is the ticket he votes known to every observer, but his signature identifies it as documentary and conclusive evidence of how he voted. And neither Nero, the Roman Emperor, whose name will always remain the symbol of cruel despotism, nor the Czar of all the Russias, nor the Shahs of Persia in the days of their most autocratic rule, exceeded Porfirio Diaz in despotic sway during all the years of his incumbency as President. A signed ballot adverse to him might become the death warrant of the voter, or at least an instrument for his oppression and imprisonment. And the polls were policed by the soldiers of his army, carrying weapons capable of shooting at the slightest command and at times none too considerably aimed

for the welfare of those who dared to oppose him.

I am aware of the fact that several gentlemen, who are quite prominent in the world's politics and as magazine contributors, from time to time have taken occasion to laud Diaz highly as a statesman and one upon whom solely depended the well-being and progress of Mexico. With such I am seeking no dispute, but the fact remains that, after so many years under his rule, Mexico is a century behind any other civilized country in the world in all that goes to make for true civilization and progress. Her natural resources are wonderful, practically inexhaustible and excelled by few, if any, of the nations of the world, and yet she is no further advanced than she was under her first Constitutional Emperor, Uturbide, nearly one hundred years ago.

A Slavery that Survives

Slavery was long since abolished, yet peonage, involuntary servitude for debt, insidiously planned and unscrupulously effected, and not one whit less hopeless than slavery, still survives throughout the greater part of Mexico, and in some localities, notably among the hennequin kings of Yucatan, in its most cruel form. And Diaz and his family and the officials of this so-called republic have profited by this survival, as well as by the operation of an infamous registration land law, which has resulted in the wholesale eviction of small farmers for failure, through ignorance, to register their titles to lands which had been held by their families for generations, because some one higher up coveted their holdings. And the enormous natural resources of the country are untouched because of the apprehension on the part of those who might develop them that, once their real value became known and their possibilities proven, they would be confiscated officially. Neither life nor property rights are as adequately safe-guarded as they were under Aztec rule. Then wherein lies the merit of Diaz to the title of a statesman?

During his successive administrations he did succeed in keeping Mexico at peace with other nations, but Holland and Switzerland have been at peace with all the world for centuries, and yet we hear nothing of their claims to superior statecraft, and hardly the names of their leading statesmen. And they, too, have mingled with the great family of nations, as Mexico has not done, and have been factors, possibly not ponderous, yet more than appreciable, in the world's progress.

But is Mexico any better off under the equally tyrannical Huerta, or could it be improved under the control of any other of its numerous presidential aspirants than it was under Diaz? Does not the trouble lie far deeper than the mere personality of its President? Has it the inherent elements essential for

success as a republican form of government?

Probably no other country in the world has as conglomerate a population and one as difficult of amalgamation into a homogeneous whole as has Mexico. As already stated, approximately one-half of its inhabitants are Indians of the full blood—and as a whole they stand the equal of if not superior to the average of the other one-half, composed of about thirty-five per cent. of Mestizoes, who are of mixed Indian and Mexican-Spanish descent, fifteen per cent. of Creoles, Mexicans of pure Spanish blood, and a mere sprinkling of Gachupinos, or native-born Spaniards, and other foreigners.

A Hybrid Race

Ethnologists are quite agreed that a hybrid race, especially where its progenitors are of widely diverse racial types, does not tend to an improvement of the human species. The offspring seem almost invariably to accentuate the

this small percentage of the population dominates all public affairs. It would be dangerous for any country to be so governed, even if the dominant class were harmonious and of accord on all public questions. Such a condition would not be tolerated in the Dominion of Canada for a single day.

Fifteen Per Cent. Control

But even this small percentage is divided and sub-divided into parties and cliques, each controlled by one of many ambitious leaders, whose only goal seems to be to become President. With the rank and file of the several armies recruited from the lowest classes of the people, as is the case, illiterate, tatterdemalion and degenerate, it is difficult to conceive how, even with the franchise open, free and untrammelled, such an electorate could judiciously choose a President, and when it is remembered that eighty-five per cent. of the voters are under the absolute domination of the remaining fifteen per cent., and that a recalcitrant is liable to most serious consequences, it seems improbable that a majority of the voters should ever be able to record their choice.

And it is no exaggeration to say that the masses of the people are kept so in ignorance of public affairs, and of the supposed principles for which any candidate for office stands, that not one in ten would be able to tell for what he was voting. The first liberal Constitution was adopted in 1824, and another, closely patterned after that of the United States, in 1857. This was largely amended in 1873 and 1874, so as to still more closely conform to the original model. Yet in the summer of 1911, after Diaz had been deposed, I attended the first political meeting ever held in one of the principle cities of Lower California—and this was all Madeiro, for he was then in power. I have no doubt an anti-Madeiro meeting would have met with the same fate as would have an anti-Diaz one under the preceding regime—execution at sunrise, the next morning for the projectors and imprisonment and persecution for the lesser participants. And this is no exaggerated view of the elective franchise as it exists in Mexico to-day.

The process by which such complete domination is retained is a very simple one. It is an excellent exemplification of the reductio ad absurdum of the logicians, or, better still, of the ancient symbolism of the serpent swallowing itself. Whoever happens to be in power as President controls the finances of the country, by the legislation of a subservient Congress, if found possible, as recently successfully accomplished by Huerta, and if not then by force of arms; the Treasury pays the army; the army mans the polls and thereby controls the vote; the vote naturally, and consequently retains the dictator in

(Continued on page 141.)



Election Day in Mexico.

—From the New York Herald.

faults and vices and to inherit none of the virtues of the parents. This seems to have been the universal result, and such it has surely been in the admixture of the Spanish and Indian races in Mexico, which has produced one of the lowest orders of the human race making any claim to civilization, known to us, rather uncharitably, I think, as "greasers."

From these figures it will be observed that the Creoles and Gachupinos together comprise only about fifteen or sixteen per cent. of the entire population, and they constitute the sole governing class in Mexico to-day. There is really no amalgamation with either the Indians or the Mestizoes, and the result is that

Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About "The Broken Halo" and its Author

A MOST remarkable record for longevity as a best seller has been made by "The Inside of the Cup" which comes out at the head of the Canadian list for the fifth month in succession. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" also keeps well up in the race, but for second honors, it has had to give place to Florence M. Barclay's "The Broken Halo."

Readers of MacLean's will recall the extraordinary success scored by this writer's first big novel "The Rosary" which in point of sales has seldom been eclipsed, the total reaching over 500,000 copies. "The Mistress of Shenstone,"

and her other subsequent novels have been highly popular but their aggregate sales have scarcely exceeded the total number of copies sold of "The Rosary."

"The Broken Halo" is not likely to approach "The Rosary" in that respect but its wholesome sentiment and spiritual meaning, as evidence of the ultimate victory of unselfishness, is bringing for it wide appreciation.

The opening chapters of the book deal with the meeting of the hero, Dick Cameron, with the "Little White Lady," the former as a young but capable medical practitioner and the latter as his patient. Cameron is twenty-eight, and she is sixty, a remarkable feature of the story being that the author, despite the difficulty of the problem presented develops it to the marriage of these two, bringing about that eventuality so that it seems perfectly natural and beautiful.

The reader is taken back to the boyhood of Dick Cameron. His mother dying when he was very young and his father being with his regiment in India, the little fellow was taken into the home of an uncle and aunt of cold and austere piety, the former being the rector of the parish church at Dinglevale. They repress his childish affections and beliefs and circumstances combine to bring him into rebellion against the artificial restrictions of the upholders of religion so that ultimately he grows up an avowed disbeliever in God.

As a little fellow of seven he goes to a children's party of the Manor House and there he gets into undeserved disgrace and the punishment he receives at the hands of his uncle hardens his little heart so that, seeking to do the wickedest thing he can think of, he sends a stone through the halo of St.

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER

The author of "The Rosary" whose latest novel, "The Broken Halo," is the subject of this month's review, comes from a family trained in the traditions of the best literature, many of its members having achieved distinction in their writings. Mrs. Charlesworth, whose "Ministering Children" was one of the literary successes of half a century ago, was her grandmother, and she is a niece of the learned Arabic scholar, Professor Cowell, whose services were so valuable in connection with the translation of "Omar Khayyam." Mrs. Barclay is a sister of Maud Ballington Booth, who has written several delightful books for young people.

Peter in the stained glass window of the church. This incident is subsequently described in the words of the "Little White Lady," as "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual loss."

How his final redemption is accomplished through her instrumentality is the big theme of the story.

At the time of the halo-breaking inci-

dent, Dick, seated on his mother's grave, determines that he will never pray again.

"I'll come out on top of everything and everybody always." In his determination to get "to the top of the tree" he has a brilliant school and college career and he comes back to Dinglevale a full-fledged doctor. Here, on the day of the opening incident of the story he finds himself installed in the Manor House, the master of the situation in the house that was the scene of his boyhood's disgrace.

Under the transforming influence of the heroine, a woman of intrinsic goodness, which remains unimpaired by experiences that would have left bitterness and devastation of soul in anyone less harmoniously constituted, comes Doctor Richard Cameron, the self-sufficient young agnostic and that influence is finally the agency that wins him back into spiritual re-awakening, overcoming inclinations and acts, prompted by the perversity of his ambition, which are at

variance with his better nature. At first it is only to advance his own position that he seeks the marriage, but in the end, through the beauty of their relationship his halo is restored complete.

Florence M. Barclay is the wife of the Rev. Charles Barclay, the vicar of Hereford Heath. She comes of the Charlesworth family whose representatives have served the Church in an unbroken line since the days of Queen Elizabeth. From the walls of the vicarage look down family portraits including old prints of bishops and clergymen in wigs and white surplices. Her grandmother was Mrs. Charlesworth who wrote "Ministering Children" which was received with such acclaim half a century ago and she is a sister of Maud Ballington Booth who has written several successful books for young people and a novel, "Was It Murder?" showing how circumstantial evidence, however convincing, may lead to miscarriage of justice.

Most of Mrs. Barclay's writing has been done at her home with its beautiful garden, redolent with flowers and echoing with the song of birds. But the garden setting in "Through the Postern Gate," suggesting the charming green-embowered homesteads of the English countryside, was written. (Continued on page 139.)



"Dick Cameron sends a stone through the Halo of St. Peter," an incident in "The Broken Halo."

Canada's Mountain Motor Road

A Stretch of Scenic Surprises That Will Rival Europe's Wonders

By L. VALENTINE KELLY

Motorists all over Canada and the United States should be watching the progress of the motor road through the mountains of Western Canada, for it is a tremendous undertaking and will eventually prove one of the finest opportunities for motor pleasures. It will show prairies, hills, timbered slopes, mighty mountains capped with perpetual snows, massive gleaming glaciers, heaven-climbing cliffs, wonderful hot springs, and more wonderful colors. It will open the wilds of the deep valleys to the motorists, the scenery, the hunting, the fishing; it will show cliffs and mountains as brilliantly painted as those of the far-famed Colorado Valley, and at no time will the motorist be more than thirty miles from a railroad and all the comforts of civilization.

Any man who is interested in motor roads will remember that it was scarcely two years ago that the work on the great Canadian mountain motor highway commenced. Federal and provincial authorities joined with the railways to construct a motor artery second to none in the world, planning to build across the mountains and eventually across the plains to Winnipeg, then Toronto, thence to the Atlantic seaboard. Starting at the Pacific coast this great work has been carried on with steady progress, the work being done in sections, and the worst sections being about completed. At the Pacific end it will, in the course of time, be linked up with the big highway being constructed down the coast from the boundary to California, and will give a thorough motor route of many thousand miles of wonderful motoring.

The Picturesque Rockies

The Calgary-Banff-Columbia Valley section of the Canadian road is one of the most picturesque and varied of the entire route. Its completion is promised before the end of the coming summer. When this section is done there then only remains a portion through the Selkirks to link the prairies with the western ocean by roadway.

To the citizens not particularly in touch with constructive development in Canada, this account of the building of the Coast-to-Coast highway will come as a practical confirmation of the many rumors of such. That Canada possesses scenic wonders and unusual beauty spots, has been almost hackneyed by its assertion, though many, as yet, fail to appreciate what a treasure house we have in the Rockies. The gain from this tourist traffic will be a new source of income for Canada. The writer gives us an insight into the progress of the mountain section.—Editor.

The most vivid scenery along this section is from the Columbia Valley end into the valleys of the Kootenay and Vermilion rivers. The Columbia River rises in the Windermere Lakes, eighty miles south of the town of Golden, and it is a magnificent stream from its very beginning. It is one of the few streams which are navigable from its source; steamboats ply up and down the wide

waters from the lakes at Athalmer and Windermere to Golden, on the railroad. The valley is broad, rich in timber, verdure, scenery, wealthy in fruit farms and tourist attractions. The Selkirks frame the western side, the Rockies the east, and a ribbon of goodly road climbs and drops, switches and swoops from Golden on the main line to Cranbrook on the Crow's Nest Pass line, one hundred and seventy miles south. But this is not the motor highway proper.

Where Bears Cured Their Ills

A few miles north of Athalmer where the Golden trail passes the gates of the Pierson ranch the new motor trail swings off toward the dark defiles and gleaming masses of the Rockies, just where the Sinclair Creek comes through the canyons. From the benches it climbs through the slopes of great timber, zig-zags around deep precipices, plunges into the open cut through which the sparkling snow-fed Sinclair Creek leaps and rumbles from the mountains to the comparative placidity of the hills and benches. Right here on the edge of the thick, clean timber and the grey and red rocks is a pool of hot springs, one of Nature's marvels. The springs are fifty-three hundred feet above sea-level, and have been valued for their medicinal qualities for many years by the few who knew of them. In the beginning it is said that aged and stiffened bears utilized the waters to limber up in spring-time; later the Indians took a leaf of instruction from the book of the wild animals and went there to wallow in the waters when the pangs of rheumatism or other illnesses gripped them; then white men followed suit. It is admitted that in the early days there were many western men who drank poisonous liquor until they became physical wrecks, and it is well known in the Columbia Valley that during the past years scores and scores of men have wandered more or less blindly up the narrow rocky trail to seek relief in the clean, hot waters when on the verge of the terrible delirium tremens.



The pioneer stopping-place at the entrance of the motor road into Sinclair Pass.



Sinclair creek canyon, two hundred feet high on each side of road. The falls of the Sinclair creek are here and drop eighty feet. The cost of this one cut in the construction of the road was \$26,000.

It is a beautiful spot unmarred by any puny attempts of man to beautify. Mighty cliffs tower hundreds of feet into the air, and through the fifty-foot gap between them the icy current of Sinclair Creek snarls and thunders as it is hurried down its stumbling, leaping way to the more level channel in the open. On a narrow, rocky shelf just where the creek bends from the cliffs into the foothills there is a dish-shaped hollow perhaps twelve or fifteen feet across each way and four feet deep. Here it is that the hot waters bubble up with a temperature sufficiently hot to cook an egg in fifteen minutes. A person bathing in this pool can thrust a leg or an arm over the edge and dangle the member in the absolutely ice cold waters of the creek. Red cliffs shut out the sunlight most of the day; down the slope the fresh, bright green of the timber and valley meadows rests the eyes; far across the valley a dozen miles to the west the snowy caps and grey rocks of the Selkirks gleam and stare.

The Lair of Wild Things

Up and up between the walls, around sharp bends the trail pushes in, ever-climbing for some nine miles until the summit of the Sinclair Pass is reached and the downgrade shows the wide Kootenay River valley in the distance. This valley is practically virgin game-country. For years the natives of the

Kootenay tribe have considered it as their own, and few others, excepting a few hunters and prospectors, had been in there up until a very short while back. Mink, marten, weasel abound, while the winter snows show the tracks of coyotes, moose, lynx. Summer, spring and fall the valley benches and heights are the homes of grizzly, black and cinnamon bear; sometimes mountain lions are there, and the deer live on the lower flats in hundreds. The Kootenay River and the streams flowing into it are dammed and choked with the work of the beaver, who are often seen at their labors; the waters of the river and streams are rich in cut-throat (Dolly Varden) trout. It is an ideal hunting and camping country, and will in time become a splendid farming land, the soil being rich and the benches and bottoms well watered. Two years ago the beaver had so dammed and choked the valley streams that wide stretches of meadow land and trails were flooded and the



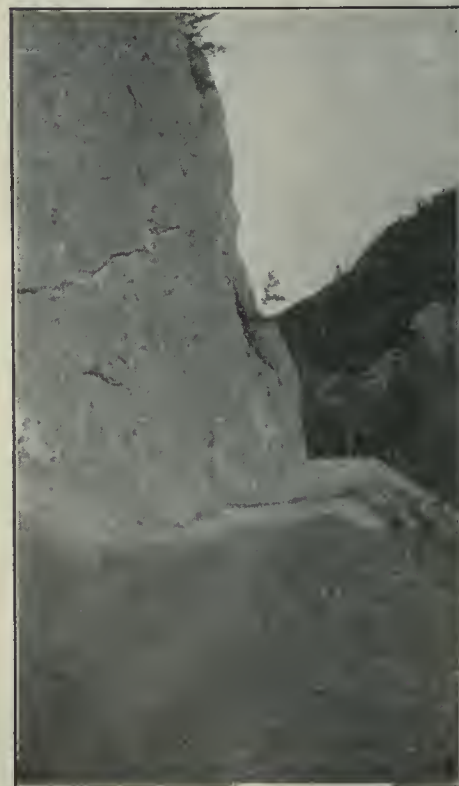
The strange Castle Mountain.

government was forced to withdraw the bar of the closed season. Hundreds of beaver were trapped there that winter and spring. That fall, as has doubtless occurred every fall, the black-tailed deer who had been fattening all summer in the valley migrated from the north end to the more open southern portion, and herds of them, numbering anywhere from fifty to a hundred head each, passed a given point every night during a period of a week or ten days. On the heels of these herds the trails of mountain lions were plain.

Goat and sheep were thick on the peaks and cliffs, wonderful scenery is everywhere, and the motorist is carried through on perfect road and good bridges. The highway follows the Kootenay River for fourteen miles, and then swings up along the Vermilion River, turning along this stream at its junction with the Kootenay. Another high range of mountains must be crossed here, and the Vermilion trail leading up over the pass of the same name mounts to an altitude of six thousand feet by easy grades. Red, black, green and grey are

the colors, topped with the bright blue of the mountain sky. Dark, shuddery depths edge some portions of the trail, while tangled brakes, brawling rivulets, rippling springs are everywhere. Over the summit the road goes down into the Bow Valley, crossing that river at Castle mountain by a steel bridge, and bending eastward toward Banff. Here, too, are hot springs, boating, bathing and fishing. Banff is a tourist point well-known over Canada, and little need be said of it as an attractive spot. Eastward yet the trail runs past buffalo pastures, herds of elk and deer that are behind the barred wires of the park fences; past the Three Sisters, the Kananaskis River, and out into the swelling, rolling foothills that stretch their grass or timber-crowned summits as far as the eye can reach north, south and east. After the hills come the level prairies, and through them, alongside the motor road the Bow waters ever tumble downward into the open country.

It is a magnificent section of Canada through which this motor road runs, and the distance is not too great for a car. The mileage from Calgary to the Windermere Lakes by this route is only about one hundred and seventy miles. The construction will be completed, and the highway open by next summer, and no Canadian need fear comparing the scenery, the attractions, and the road construction itself to any on the continent.



This rock is blood-red and is within two miles of Sinclair summit on Sinclair creek. The rocks blasted from the face of the cliff were used as road crown, and the stretch of road is also red.

In the Matter of a Memorial

Momentous Difficulties of Social Life as they Appear at the Manse Fireside

By E. J. GRAHAM

"MALCOLM, I want your advice."

The Reverend Malcolm Gray had been a husband for the space of six months; but he had learned already the significance of this tone. Marion had made up her mind.

"Yes, my dear," he replied, with a note of cheerful resignation.

"You know there has been a feud for three years between Mrs. Merritt and Miss Letitia Bradley."

"I have heard of it," was Mr. Gray's reply—and his face assumed the expression of awe with which man regards the woman militant.

"Well," triumphantly announced his wife, leaning forward with her hazel eyes alight. "I am going to reconcile these women. Why, they have not spoken to each other for three long years. Mrs. Merritt won't contribute to foreign missions because Miss Letitia is interested in them and Miss Letitia has no interest in our home work among the Galicians because Mrs. Merritt sends a box to them."

"That's an excellent idea," said Mr. Gray genially. "It divides the talents, as it were."

"But Malcolm, they are Christians."

"Christians are very human, my child."

"Malcolm!"

"For instance, at this moment I am thinking of how becoming blue is, and of how long your eyelashes are, instead of worrying over the feminine feuds of Knox Church."

"That's all very well," said his wife, while a dimple which no orthodox mistress of the manse should possess deepened in her right cheek. "I believe," she continued, "that you're afraid to say a word about it—and you are their pastor."

"I am afraid of them," Mr. Gray admitted without shame. "Yesterday afternoon, as I was coming out of Mrs. Merritt's gate, I met Miss Letitia, and she looked as if she could have stabbed me with her umbrella. I'll tackle most problems cheerfully, my dear, but a woman's quarrel of three years' standing is too much—even for their Minister!"

"Do you know what it was about?"

"I don't think any one knows."

"Well, I am going to find out. I shall call on Mrs. Merritt this very afternoon."

"She has an interesting collection of shells. You might say that I had mentioned them, and so introduce the subject to Miss Letitia."

The absurdity of many personal whims ever among the workers in religious organizations forms the subject matter of this amusing romance. The humor, as well as the tragedy of the minister's home creep out in the narrative. The writer is one of our cleverest Canadian writers.—Editor.

"Malcolm, you're horribly unsympathetic—and too frivolous for a clergyman. And you haven't given me a word of advice."

"Go ahead, my dear, but remember that you were not brought up a Presbyterian and that you have not a drop of Scotch blood in your veins. Also remember that you are only a charming young person twenty-four years of age."

"It sounds terribly young when I think of all the old ladies in the Missionary Society. Do you think it would help if I were to wear a bonnet?"

"A bonnet! No, indeed!" The Reverend Malcolm Gray almost snorted indignantly. "Be yourself, Marion, and don't try to dress for the part of an imaginary piece of perfection. Just remember that, if you get into trouble with these warrior ladies, I'll stand by you."

"You're a brave man," said his wife mockingly; but she laughed with a wistful face as she watched him go down the path to the gate. "I wish I knew how to be a minister's wife," she murmured confidentially to the coffee-pot. "Men take things so much for granted."

"Will I do?" said Marion Gray several hours later, as she entered her husband's study. He surveyed the neat brown suit, the little brown turban and the anxious young face beneath it.

"You ought to melt those two hard hearts into one," said the Minister gallantly. "You would be an acquisition to any Peace Conference."

"You're a great comfort, Malcolm, even if you won't give much advice—and I'll come home early and make grid-dle cakes for tea. Jane doesn't seem to understand them."

She smiled and waved her hand from the gate; but, in reality, the heart of Marion Gray was fast in her throat as she reflected upon Mrs. Merritt's severely-banded hair and the awful repose of her parlor. As she reached the corner of the cottage garden where the widow of the late James Merritt kept an immaculate house, she was accosted by Miss Maria King, who had played the organ in Knox Sunday School for the last fifteen years.

"I suppose you'll be at the meeting to-morrow, Mrs. Gray—for the Chilliwack Home in British Columbia."

"Oh—yes—certainly."

"I don't know that it does much good to gather in those Indians. They're a shiftless lot and get tuberculosis so easy. But perhaps it's our duty"—and Miss Maria sighed decorously. Then she continued: "You'll find Mrs. Merritt real interested. She's taken them up ever so much, especially since Miss Letitia is so down on home work."

"I'm sure it's very good of her" murmured Marion ambiguously as she hurried on, thankful that Miss Maria had suggested a topic for discussion.

Mrs. Merritt, in a severe black gown, made a sombre contrast to the windowful of geraniums, as Marion timidly glanced in the widow's direction.

"This is such a nice bright room, Mrs. Merritt. My husband was speaking to me of your collection of shells."

"I have some unusual ones," said Mrs. Merritt, unbending somewhat to the younger woman, who was so obviously anxious to be friendly. "My poor husband was fond of the collection and had some curious shells from California."

Mrs. Gray spent about half an hour over the pink and fluted loveliness of a trayful of these shells, but refrained from comment when Mrs. Merritt displayed with pride a dull brown specimen from Niagara Falls inscribed with the Lord's Prayer. Then the subject of the Chilliwack Home was introduced and Mrs. Merritt waxed eloquent on the subject of the neglected Indians.

"We're spending too much time and thought on those missions in China," she asserted strenuously, "and giving too little attention to our own country. Some people can't see any want nearer than Cheng Fu."

Mrs. Gray ventured a feeble remonstrance on behalf of China, but was silenced by the retort:

"I believe in taking care of our own first. The Lord wouldn't have left the Chinese so long without the Gospel if He'd intended us to be in a hurry about their souls."

The photograph album was the next object of interest, for Mrs. Merritt had the photographs of several workers among the Indians of British Columbia. Their training and toil were described at length until Mrs. Gray was impressed duly with the overwhelming importance of the Chilliwack Home. Suddenly they came upon an old photograph of a bridal group and Mrs. Gray seized upon it eagerly.

"How interesting! Isn't it lovely to keep souvenirs of one's wedding day. What a fine-looking man your husband

was! Your wedding-dress must have been charming, with all those little ruffles. And isn't that Miss Bradley standing beside you?"

"She was my bridesmaid," said Mrs. Merritt icily.

"She is such an active worker in the foreign mission cause," continued Marion nervously. "Do you think it would be possible to interest her in the Chilliwack Home?"

Mrs. Merritt's eyes assumed the expression of a well-bred agate. "I really do not know," she answered with an air of chopping each syllable.

"You have been such old friends that I thought you might influence her," was the next advance.

There was a silence of almost a moment during which Marion felt that the beating of her heart could be heard as distinctly as the purring of Mrs. Merritt's favorite cat, "Danny," which slowly winked a yellow eye as if deprecating this discussion. Then the hostess said blandly:

"You will be interested, perhaps, in seeing my willow pattern plates."

Marion walked away from the cottage, defeated, but not utterly cast down. She would try Miss Letitia before she gave up playing the part of mediator. But she was beginning to realize the force of a personal antagonism, where friends are few and affairs are petty. A Varsity girl was hardly prepared for such quiet insistence on the eternity of small enmities, but she was supported by a desire to be "a real help in the ministry."

Miss Letitia proved less formidable. As she rose from a writing-desk, littered with loose papers and smiled wanly at the bright, young visitor, Marion recalled that Miss Letitia had an awesome reputation as "poetess."

"I hope I am not interrupting your literary labors," she said solicitously.

"Not at all. I must write only when the feeling comes—and this is one of my gray days." Miss Letitia passed a thin hand wearily across her forehead.

Marion felt properly impressed by this manifestation of the artistic temperament and proceeded to adopt a sympathetic tone.

"Your gift is one which brings its own penalty, of suffering." Then the minister's wife experienced a pang of conscience, for Malcolm had informed her that Miss Letitia's writings for the local papers were "awful stuff." She reminded herself that her object was above reproach and that if becoming a peacemaker meant becoming a temporary hypocrite, there could be no great harm in it. With this practical application of a certain famous doctrine she continued to soothe the weary scribe. "You may know moments of depression, but you have the supreme satisfaction of expressing your very self." Then she added to her own ego; "Marion Gray, you are talking like a prig and Malcolm would faint if he could hear you."

However, a faint color came in Miss Letitia's thin cheeks and her faded blue eyes almost sparkled. "Oh, it is so good to meet with one who understands!"

"The stock-in-trade of the artistic temperament! What a mercy she is not

married!" was a further confidence which Mrs. Gray made to her own heart. Aloud she said smoothly:

"I have been denied such a gift. But I am very fond of poetry, and if there is anything you would care to read to me I should be so glad to hear it."

"Really, Mrs. Gray!" There was a fluttering movement of Letitia's hands and Marion felt rewarded for her small duplicity by the expression of heartfelt gratitude in the eyes of the poetess. "I have just been trying a few poor lines on 'The Faded Rose.' I dare say the theme is not entirely new; but the flower which has died always makes an appeal to the poet's heart."

Marion nodded gravely and Miss Letitia proceeded to read in a voice of melancholy cadence a poem of several halting stanzas on the decease of the rose. Lost lovers were much in evidence and Marion found herself wondering why spinsters with washed-out blue eyes insisted on being sentimental. "I'm a brute," she confessed, "how dreadful it would be to lose Malcolm!"

"How touching!" she exclaimed aloud. "The pathetic side of life evidently appeals to you, Miss Letitia."

"The shadows make the world's beauty," declaimed the poetess, rubbing her right eye with a lean forefinger. "Even in religious life, sadness has always appealed to me. I care most in the hymns which picture our dying state."

Marion gave a fastidious little shiver. How could the woman like what the minister's wife called "wormy" hymns?

"I think the most comforting reward for such work as yours is the thought that you have helped others. Mrs. Banks told me that when her little girl died five years ago your poem about her was the greatest comfort."

Miss Letitia's lips trembled. "I called it 'The Withered Violet,' and it was published in the Thornton Chronicle, with a heavy black border. But I have written no memorial verse for years, though I think it the noblest form. There was Milton's 'Lycidas' you know, and Gray's 'Elegy.' However, I have given it up entirely." Miss Letitia sighed over this relinquishing of memorial poetry and Marion felt as if she were near the clue to a mystery. Miss Letitia continued, "Even when Dr. Markham, the medical missionary at Cheng Fu was taken away by fever, I did not feel that I should write of the sad event, although several friends urged me to do so and send the poem to the Gospel Herald. They said it might comfort the widow and would show that our foreign missionary cause was flourishing in Thornton."

"But don't you think that a death like Dr. Markham's is more inspiring than sad? He had worked so well and was such a good fighter that I hardly felt his death a tragedy."

Miss Letitia gazed with disapproval on her pastor's wife. This was no way to regard a departure from this planet. It almost savored of cheerfulness and should not be encouraged.

"Dr. Markham was a good man who might have done much in Cheng Fu, had

he been spared. It was a most mysterious dispensation."

Marion recognized that it would be futile to quote Browning's "Epilogue," and reflected on the possibility of interesting Miss Letitia in the Chilliwack Home.

"There are heroes in our own country as well," she said brightly. "Look at the young men who go into the far north. I saw such an interesting letter the other day from a missionary who has been as far as Yukon." Then all diplomatic moves were discarded and Marion said boldly, "I should be so glad if you would come to our meeting about the Chilliwack Home to-morrow."

Miss Letitia bristled in a manner of which Marion would have thought her hardly capable. "I am not interested in the missions in British Columbia," she said, with spiteful energy. "I know that some people are so taken up with the Indian work that they can hardly spare any sympathy for the nations of the Orient."

The last phrase sounded so imposing that Mrs. Gray was silenced for the moment and wondered wearily if the role of peacemaker were worth the struggle.

"But this is our own country, and work is needed here, as well, Miss Letitia. I am sure that you could be useful to me in the home work too." Marion's tones were dangerously persuasive, but Miss Letitia preserved a hostile attitude.

"My time is fully taken up as it is." Marion realized for the second time that afternoon that she was beating her brown-turbaned head against a stone wall.

"What a pretty girl that is!" she said, indicating the framed photograph of a smiling bride.

"That is Gladys Summers, the daughter of my cousin Maria. Some thought Gladys a terribly fancy name for her, but I believe in poetic names myself. I wrote some verses on her, called 'Crowned With Orange Bloom.' As a matter of fact, she didn't wear any flowers in her hair—only had her veil bunched up in a kind of rosette. But she liked the poem ever so much. It was in the country paper, the Erie Signal, and some friends thought it was the best I had written."

Marion's courage suddenly arose to her lips. "I think it is so charming when a bride keeps these old photographs and souvenirs of her wedding day. I was so interested in seeing a picture of Mrs. Merritt and you as bride and bridesmaid."

Miss Letitia turned a white and pitiful face to her guest. "Do you mean to say that Sarah Merritt hasn't torn that photograph to pieces long ago?"

"She seems to think a good deal of it," said Marion mendaciously.

There was an electric pause, during which the visitor felt that an emotional hurricane was near. Then Miss Letitia's face went down into the thin, trembling hands and sobs shook her until Marion was terrified at the result of her attempts at peacemaking.

"Dear Miss Letitia! Please don't! I would not have mentioned it at all if I had known it would hurt you."

Miss Letitia, in spite of the artistic temperament, was of Puritan breed which considered tears a crowning weakness. She regained her self control, but remained huddled in the corner of the sofa.

"I think I may as well tell you about me and Sarah," she said in gully accents. "The trouble happened three years ago and no one knows about it but Mary Wilson, who's out in Saskatchewan and will never tell. But if you mention it—even to Mr. Gray—I'll never forgive you."

Marion murmured a comforting assurance—to which she loyally adhered.

"Sarah and I were always friends, ever since we were little tots and wore pinafores. She had a stronger will than I had, but I had more imagination and she was always interested in my fondness for flowers and books and was rather proud that I took all the prizes for essay-writing. She was good at mathematics and was sure to have first place in arithmetic. Well, we had desks together at school and gathered wild flowers together in the spring and I was the first person she told when James Merritt proposed to her."

Marion leaned forward and patted the clasped hands sympathetically. "I know, I have a cousin Mabel who is just like that. She was my bridesmaid, too."

"You see, neither of us had a sister and we just seemed to fit in to each other's disposition, even if our thoughts were so different. It was always like that and Sarah's marriage didn't make any barrier in our friendship, for James was one of those broad-minded men who liked to see a woman have her own friends. It's seven years since James died and I was with Sarah all through her trouble. It just seemed as if she couldn't do without me."

"Then," continued Miss Letitia, in faltering tones, "about three years ago Sarah was taken terribly ill with fever and the doctor insisted on a hired nurse. I was hardly admitted to her room, and, at last, I was told that she was dying. Mrs. Gray, you have no idea what that night meant to me. It wasn't as if I had been like a girl who had had a sweetheart of her own. Sarah had always been the stronger and I had just made her life my own. I could not sleep, at all; but just as dawn was breaking I got up and sat at this very table. Before I knew

what I was doing, I had written a poem in Sarah's memory, and the writing seemed to bring a great relief. Early that morning Mary Wilson came in to tell me that there had been a change. Sarah had rallied and the Doctor thought with great care she might recover. It seemed somehow, as if the poem had brought her back for she began to mend about that time I had the last line written. So, I told Mary Wilson about it and she went away, telling me I might see Sarah the next day. But it was more than a week before they would let me in to her room and then there was a scene

made her believe I was cold and vain and wanted to make a sensation out of her being taken off. So, we've not spoken to each other from that day to this and Mary Wilson was so scared of Sarah that she promised never to say anything about the poem. The worst of it was"—and here Miss Letitia's thin voice deepened into tragedy—"Sarah completely forgot herself and allowed herself to say things about my writings which no author could forgive. She said it was a waste of time and worse!"

Marion surveyed the limp figure with a thrill of sympathy. "I quite understand, Miss Letitia. It was a beautiful impulse which led you to write the poem, but, of course, Mrs. Merritt was so sick that she could not understand."

"But if you'd heard the things she said about the poetry!" repeated Miss Letitia, whose hands went out in a fluttering, protective fashion towards the scraps of paper on the table.

"Have you destroyed your poem on your friend?" asked Marion.

"No. I couldn't bring myself to do it, even if she has misunderstood. It's put away in my copy of Longfellow."

Miss Letitia made her way to an ancient mahogany bookcase and carefully abstracted a folded paper from a blue-bound Longfellow.

"If you'd care to take it home and read it, you may take it for a while. Somehow, I think I'd be more comfortable with it out of the house. But I simply can't burn it. You have been very good to understand."

"I shall consider it a privilege to read it. And now I want you to promise me something in return!"

Miss Letitia eagerly gave the promise.

"I want you to come to the meeting to-morrow for the Chilliwack Home and then to tea at the manse afterwards.

You have not been to see us yet and you and Mr. Gray can have a pleasant chat about books."

Miss Letitia faltered. Then she flung back her head with an unusual gesture of defiance. "Yes, I'll go. Sarah Merritt will be amazed to see me there, but I guess the church parlors are a home to all of us."

The griddle cakes were a delicious success and the Reverend Malcolm Gray did justice to their brown perfection with the appetite of a lumberman.

"Pastoral calls must be exhausting



the beating of her heart could be heard as distinctly as the purring of Mrs. Merritt's favorite cat."

that I've never got over. If you'll believe me, Sarah thought I was cruel and heartless to write about her dying and that I wasn't thinking of anything but getting my own name into the Thornton Chronicle. She had always heard that poets were selfish and hadn't a speck of principle and she'd believe it after that. You see, Mrs. Gray, she didn't understand that it was because I thought so much of her and felt so terribly sad over losing her that I'd turned to writing just as some women would have gone into hysterics. Mary Wilson had told her, thinking to please her, but it had just

work, Malcolm," said his wife, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Healthier than trying to make peace between cantankerous ladies," he replied. "You haven't eaten anything but a piece of toast. How was Our Lady of the Rueful Rhymes?"

"She's coming here to tea to-morrow night—and I promised that you would talk to her about books."

"Shades of Robert Browning! And you vowed to be a helpmeet!"

"The poor thing has such a drab existence, Malcolm, and she is so serious about her poetry."

"Her metres are certainly no joke. Thank goodness, she did not know you or she would have done an ode at the expense of our wedding. Very well, my dear, I'll do my share—only I hope she is not fond of Marie Corelli. By the way, I had a letter this afternoon from Ernest Grant, who is away up in a mining village in British Columbia. He wants us to send books and magazines out there."

"Oh give me the letter and I'll run over and see Mrs. Merritt about it. I want an excuse for calling again."

Mrs. Merritt wore an expression of surprise when her pastor's wife appeared for the second time in twenty-four hours. The letter from Mr. Grant furnished an excellent excuse for an appeal to the elder lady's experience and judgment, and Mrs. Merritt became positively genial over the requirements of western miners as to literature and art.

"We must put in some leaflets on the evils of strong drink," she said solemnly. "Those men will need a warning."

"There is something else besides Mr. Grant's letter which I want to show you," said Marion slowly. "I suppose Mrs. Merritt, you have heard of such a thing as the artistic temperament."

"None of my people had it," said Mrs. Merritt, with pardonable pride. "They were all respectable farmers who owned their own land and died with a balance in the bank."

"The best in the world!" said Marion with enthusiasm. "But there are people with certain gifts or talents who have certain drawbacks, too. I have known one of them who suffered greatly because of her desire for self-expression and who was always misunderstood. She was very sensitive and helpless in some ways, and in others was older and wiser than most of us. My friendship with her has helped me to understand the type."

Mrs. Merritt looked blandly interested and Marion continued.

"These people are seldom practical. The women are hardly ever the best of house-keepers and so they usually form an attachment for someone stronger. Miss Bradley is one of that type and when she wept to-day over your estrangement I felt that I should like to help the poor thing to a happier state of affairs. You see, her expression in poetry is just what tears would be to most of us."

The sudden turn of conversation had been so unexpected that Mrs. Merritt was completely non-plussed at first. A dull red flush appeared in her face and she said warmly, "Letitia Bradley is a meddling fool. Queer friendship it is to take a person's death for granted and sit

down to write a poem in cold blood about it."

"But it wasn't written in cold blood," cried Marion impetuously. "It was a cry of grief in the greatest trouble of her life. Your friendship meant more to Miss Letitia than anything else. Why, she had always depended on you for advice and comfort—and in her great distress she just naturally turned to poetry as you or I would never think of doing. These poets are not like others. They are not unfeeling—just children."

Mrs. Merritt's lips showed signs of unbending. "I always said Letitia had a lot of dumb foolishness. But to write about your corpse before it was cold—in fact, when it wasn't a corpse at all!"

"She wrote because she could not help it—she hadn't a thought of exploiting herself. It is such a touching poem—and I should like to read it to you. Miss Letitia has kept it all these years."

Before the worthy widow could protest Marion was fairly into the first stanza of the memorial verse, and Mrs. Merritt had the unique privilege of listening to an elegiac poem over her own departure from Earth. Mrs. Gray had a sweet and musical voice and she put her best effort into the reading of Letitia's mournful lines. Slowly the sternness died out of the listener's face, as she heard her own virtues most glowingly described, and she gave a slight cough over the reference to their plucking the June daisies together. Danny slept peacefully near the grate fire which cast a crimson glow on the crayon portrait of the late James Merritt and danced witchingly over the curly head of the minister's wife. One could not be offended with such a young creature, mused Mrs. Merritt, and really perhaps she was right about Letitia. As the concluding lines were read—

"She's laid her earthly honors down
And now she wears a heavenly crown."

a tear slowly splashed down Mrs. Merritt's cheek and was lost in the black silk expanse of her bosom.

On the following afternoon, Miss Bradley arrived early, at the meeting of the Chiliwack Home. Mrs. Gray with an excited streak of red burning in her cheeks met the shrinking poetess and whispered in confidence:

"Oh, Miss Letitia, I don't know what you'll think of me—but I read your beautiful poem to Mrs. Merritt last night—and she was touched by it. I think she understands fully now and I'm going to ask her to tea with us too—so that you may have a talk over old times." Before the agitated author could say a word, the minister's wife was at the other side of the room inquiring about old Mrs. Harrow's rheumatism.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Merritt, who presided with somewhat less than her usual severe dignity. It was found that there was a vacancy on the Executive Committee.

"I move that Miss Letitia Bradley be asked to act," piped Mrs. Harrow's thin, little voice.

"Would you be willing to act?" asked Mrs. Merritt.

Her gray eyes met the faded blue eyes of Miss Letitia and suddenly the years were as naught and they were pig-tailed girls in pinafores again.

"Yes—I think so," replied Letitia faintly. There was a curious hush over the members, as the Secretary wrote down the name.

"Then that completes the committee," was Mrs. Merritt's gracious comment.

And over in the corner, Marion Gray was saying to her tumultuous heart—"Now I'll see what Malcolm will say—and I do hope there's enough cream for tea."

Danish Doctor on Food Values

Dr. M. Hindhede, director of the laboratory for nutritive research of the Danish Government, has written a book, of which an English translation is published, entitled *Protein and Nutrition: an Investigation*. He brings forward evidence supported by facts that the value of protein as a food has been much overrated, and that men as well as animals can live on half the amount prescribed and accepted as necessary by scientific authorities. From their own figures and experiments he claims to disprove the deductions of Vort, Attwater, Hutchinson, M'Kay, Chittenden, and other dietetic authorities. He founds on personal experiment and his own experience. Dr. Hindhede, who is the son of a farmer in west Jutland, Denmark, was born in 1862. It was his observation of the wonderful working ability of the Jutland farmers which set him in opposition to the claims of the advocates of so-called strength-giving foods. He studied medicine with distinction, and settled down for twenty years amongst the west Jutland farmers as a doctor. Here he began to propagate his views as to the overrated value of protein in the feeding of milk-cows, and recommended a smaller quantity of oil-cake and more turnip fodder. His experiments led to his appointment at the head of a Government laboratory, with five assistants, exclusively for the study of human nutrition.

He came to the conclusion, that we are all more or less guilty of overeating, and that a vast number of common ailments are due to over-feeding. He says that a natural sense of health and well-being springs from his regimen, with a perfect appetite and pleasure in work. The moral of the book is that the richly albuminous food-stuffs are by far the most expensive, and that it is, therefore, sheer extravagance to squander the house-keeping money in a superabundance of protein unnecessary for body-building. Dr. M. Hindhede is neither a vegetarian nor a food-faddist, but approaches his subject from the scientific side. The vegetarian, however, will find a good deal of comfort in many of his conclusions.

Between Two Thieves

By RICHARD DEHAN

LXXXVI.

"They were fine men at first, some of them giants. Now they are boys—mere infants, one might say! . . . Conscripts, one might say also; but that they are without the conscription in England. Food for the Hungry One all the same. For Death is a glutton, Monsieur; not a gourmet. All he asks is—enough to eat."

"There was loss upon our side naturally. But upon the side of the British it is astonishing what slaughter!" pursued the newsvendor. "And what numbers of wounded there are to be dealt with Monsieur may conceive. In litters, or upon the backs of mules and horses, they are being conveyed to the coast, where transport-vessels wait to receive and carry them to the Bosphorous. On board—Heaven knows whether they will get any medical aid or surgical treatment until they arrive at the Hospital Barracks of Scutari. . . . And even there—since the English Army owns no trained nurse-attendants, or sanitary organization—and the building covers some six miles of ground and accommodates—according to the published reports—fifteen thousand men—the greater number of these poor devils are likely to spit up their souls unaided! For what can one young, high-bred English lady, aided by a handful of Catholic Sisters of Mercy and Protestant religieuses, do to assuage the sufferings of thousands? Why—nothing at all! Not even so much as that!"

The close of the sentence was snatched from the speaker's lips by the hurricane-passage of another of the gray-painted expresses, crowded with English troops. It flashed by and was gone. With the thin hair upon his big head yet stirring with the wind of its passage, the hunchback said, pointing to the lowered indicator of the up-train signal:

"The Paris mail is due in another moment. . . . Monsieur is travelling by that train?"

But Dunoisse, hardly knowing why, responded with another question.

"The English lady who has gone out to the great Hospital of Scutari to nurse the British wounded. . . . Oblige me by telling me her name?"

The deformed newspaper-seller answered, not knowing that he spoke with the mouth of Destiny:

"Merling, Monsieur; Mademoiselle Ada Merling. . . . Just Heaven! . . . Is Monsieur ill?"

For a mist had come before the burning eyes of the man who heard, and his heart had knocked once, heavily within his breast, and then ceased beating. Another moment, and the thin red stream

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

The story has for its main subject the sufferings of the English soldiers in the Crimean War, due to the malpractices of the British Army contractors and the treacherous conduct of the Emperor of the French, who is depicted as having drawn England into war with a view to her defeat and discomfiture.

Hector Dunoisse, the hero of the tale, and the chief tool of the Emperor, in laying his plans, was unaware of the object of the net he himself was engaged in spreading. To ensure his alliance he was imprisoned by the Emperor, and we find him in the present chapter on his way to Paris just after his release, it being supposed he had gone insane.

Mortimer Jowell is an officer in the British Army and son of one of the swindling army contractors, and Joshua Horrotian, his cousin, is a trooper in a cavalry regiment.

Florence Nightingale, so well known in connection with her hospital work at the Crimea, is the prototype of Ada Merling, whom Dunoisse has met upon two occasions, and for whom he has conceived a strong attachment.

within his veins, rushed upon the ceaseless, hurrying circle of its life-journey, bearing a definite message to his brain.

His star of pure, benignant womanhood, his light of hope and healing had risen in the pestilence-smitten, war-ridden East. Well, he would follow her there. And, if she would hear him, he would tell her all, and ask one word of pitying kindness to carry with him on the path he meant to tread.

Dead Marie-Bathilde had pointed it out with her little shrunken finger. He seemed to hear her saying: "For Peace is only reached by the Way of Expiation."

To have Carmel in the blood is no light heritage. Thenceforth the feet of Hector Dunoisse were to be set with inflexible purpose upon that way of thorns and anguish. He lived but to atone.

LXXXVII.

About this time a new voice began to be heard in England, a big insistent voice that the deafest ears could not shut out. It spoke with candid fearlessness and direct simplicity. It painted, with rough, sure touches, in the very colors of life, pictures that were living and real. It gave praise where praise was due. It pointed out neglects and denounced abuses, having begun by drawing the attention of Britannia to the fact that the sick among her troops—and we had brought the Cholera with us from England—had been landed without blankets or nourishment at Gallipoli.

To Ada Merling, dreaming one gold October noon under her Wraye Rest cedars, it came, as of old, to the virgin Joan of Arc. If Tussell of the roaring bull-voice and the pronounced Hibernian

brogue was her St. Michael, who shall wonder? . . . God chooses His Messengers when and where He wills.

For as the Sainted Maid was chosen, consecrated, inspired, and sped, nearly five hundred years before upon the errand that was to end in the deliverance of her dear land of France; so certainly the path this woman was to tread was pointed by a Hand from Heaven; so surely the words she was to utter, the deeds that were to be done by her—were prompted and helped by the Angelic Messengers of God.

One wonders whether any foreknowledge of her high fate, her great and wonderful destiny, the sufferings she was to alleviate and soothe; the sorrows she was to pity and console; the crying wrongs she was to redress; the prim and mean and narrow Officialism her generosity was to put to shame—may have been vouchsafed her, ere that sunset hour?

With her to decide was to act, swiftly and certainly. To Bertham, once again in divided, incomplete authority at the War Office, the quivering butt for every shaft launched at Officialism, she wrote in words like these:

"It is asked whether there is not at least one woman in England who is fitted by knowledge, training, character, and experience to organize and take a Staff of nurses to the East, in aid of these suffering soldiers? I know that I am capable of undertaking the leadership. If you think me worthy, say so, and I will go!"

Bertham was devoid of the base quality of vanity. Single-handed he had striven against colossal and venerable prejudices, moss-grown abuses, corruption wide-spreading as unsuspected and unseen. He had fought a good fight against overwhelming odds, and he knew it. The night before receiving her letter, as he walked home, with his long light step, through the graying gaslit streets, he repeated:

"We need three remarkable men to save the country. We have not got them." And then he added: "But we have one woman who might help us! Why have I not thought before of Ada Merling? I will write and ask her now!"

No answer came to his letter. We may know she had not received it. She was hurrying to London, to beg him to let her go. Ignorant of this, unable to endure suspense longer, he went next morning early to the house in Cavendish Street, and found that she was there.

She had arrived on the previous night. She expected him—came hurrying into the hall at the sound of his voice, speaking to the servant. And her air seemed so gallant, her eyes were so beautiful

and calm and courageous, that the sick heart of Robert Bertham lifted on a wave of hope as he looked at her, and said, taking her hand in his courtly way:

"In this my hour of sorrow and humiliation I have turned to you, dear Ada. Give me your answer. Decide—not as friendship dictates, but as reason counsels, and let your great heart have the casting-vote. It is tender to those suffering men, I know!"

She had answered in that voice of warm, human kindness:

"It would break for them, if it could not serve them infinitely better by keeping in working order. But you speak of your letter. Has not mine?—no!—mine must have travelled up in the very train by which I came. You will find it on your table when you go home presently, asking you to lay upon me, if you think fit, this burden of duty. Ah! if you do, God knows that I will bear it faithfully as long as He gives me strength."

So she had entreated to be let help when her help was the one thing needful! A passionate gratitude dimmed his brilliant eyes as he looked at her. He had no words, who was usually eloquent. But he took her white, strong, slender hand, and stooped low over it and reverently kissed it. Then he threw on his hat in his careless, breezy fashion, and, hardly speaking, and with his face turned from her, went upon his way. . . . And so out of the story, taking with him the love and respect of all true men and women, for one of whom, in the best and most chivalrous sense of the words, it may be written:

"He loved and labored for his fellow-men!"

LXXXVIII.

In the Paris mail, as in the Southern Express speeding to Marseilles, Dunoisse, per medium of the newspapers, plunged once more into the arena of worldly affairs.

At Marseilles he learned of the great battle that had raged two days previously, upon the scrub-bushed slopes of Inkerman. And of the War Council resulting in the decision that the Allied Forces should winter in the Tauric Chersonese.

The steamer by which Dunoisse took passage for the East was crowded to overflowing with French and English officers going out to fill up gaps created by Alma and Balaklava casualties.

Among his countrymen and countrywomen, Dunoisse had at first feared recognition; but, thanks to the change wrought in him by sickness and mental suffering, the eyes of people whose names and faces were familiar to him, glanced at him indifferently and moved away.

They gossiped in his near vicinity as freely as though he were deaf or ignorant of their language. One day it was mentioned in his hearing that de Moulny, Secretary-Chancellor of the Ministry of the Interior during the Presidency, had abandoned the diplomatic career, received Holy Orders, and gone out to the Crimea as chaplain-in-charge of one of the war hospitals at the French base of Kamiesch. Upon another occasion a

knot of French officers discussed with mordant relish the funeral of St. Arnaud.

As the steamer threaded her way amidst the swirling currents of the Cyclades, their accusing shapes began to start up, in some eddy of water and sunshine, or water and moonlight, under the steamer's side, and vanish in the flurry of her paddles and reappear in her wake, drifting away.

These were the dead, French and Turkish, but chiefly English soldiers who had sailed from Varna in September, and had been thrown overboard during the transit of the Black Sea.

And the wheeling cloud of gulls that came with and followed the visitors would scream as though in derision, and settle again to their feast in the transport's wake. But Dunoisse leaned upon the taffrail of the steamer, and stared at the floating dead men with eyes that were full of horror. It seemed to him that the empty sockets glared at him, that the stark hands pointed at him, that the lipless mouths cried to him: "Thou art Cain."

Had he not been going to her he could not have borne it. . . . He said to himself that, of all women living, Ada Merling alone would pity and understand.

Said a ruddy-haired, high-colored, handsome young British giant to another, graver, older man, and both were officers of a crack Dragoon Regiment going out to fill up Balaklava chinks in Redlett's Heavy Brigade:

"That white-haired polyglotter in the shabby togs, who answers you and me in English, and talks Parisian French with the French fellows, and Greek with the Cypriote currant-merchant who makes such a hog of himself at the cabin table d'hôte—and is civil in Spanish to the opera dancer and her aunt from Madrid whenever he can't avoid 'em — and swoops Turkish with the Osmanli Bey who's been Consul for the Porte at Marseilles—is a queer kind of chap, uncommonly! Do you know, I've seen him looking at those floating soger-men as if he'd killed 'em all!"

Answered the speaker's senior officer, lighting a large cheroot:

"Why should he look as if he had when he hasn't, and couldn't have? My dear Foltlebarre, you're talking bosh!"

"Bosh, if you like, Major," agreed the ruddy-haired boy, good humoredly; "but such a melancholy customer as that white-haired chap I never yet came across!" He broke off to cry: "By Gad! what a thundering big Government transport! That must be The Realm, going out with the forage and stores and winter clothing to the tune—a fellow I know at Lloyd's told me—of five hundred thousand pounds. They've been keeping her hack in Docks at Portsmouth on the chance of the war being over before the winter, and now they're rushing her out for everything she's worth!"

She was a great three-masted screw steamship of two thousand six hundred tons, and as, with her Master's pennant flying from her main top-gallant mast,

and the red Admiralty Flag with the foul anchor and the Union Jack canton bannered splendidly from her mizen halyards—she bustled by—hurrying under full steam and every stitch of canvas for her pilotage through the Dardanelles—she was to the inexperienced eye a gallant sight. But the experienced eye saw something else in her than highness. And the senior officer who had been invited to admire her, being a keen and experienced yachtsman—shook his head.

"My own opinion — supposing you care to have it!—is that your friend at Lloyd's—take it he belongs to one of the firms of underwriters who've insured her?—is likely to find himself in the cart. For I've seen some crank Government tubs in my time, and sailed in 'em—very much to my disadvantage. But never a cranker one than this, give you my word of honor! Why, she sits on her keel with a crooked list to port that a bargeman couldn't miss the meaning of. And she has no more buoyancy than a log of green wood. Look at our skipper shaking his head at the Second Officer as he shuts his glass up. Lay you any money you please he wouldn't like to have to chaperon her through a November Black Sea squall! By Jupiter! you were right just now, and I beg your pardon, Foltlebarre!"

He had been following the course of the "thundering big transport" through a Dollond telescope, and the face of the white-haired man in the shabby togs, as he leaned upon the taffrail of the passenger deck forward, had come into his field of view.

He said, after another look: "It's a disease, the existence of which is denied by the Faculty, but he has got it! That man is dying of a broken heart!"

LXXXIX.

Upon the deck of a large, luxurious steam-yacht, anchored with other private vessels in the roadstead below Beshiktash, and flying the Ensign of St. George, with the white, red-crossed, gold-crowned burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, were gathered so many men and women representative of society in Paris or London, that the background might have been Cowes, or Ryde, or Henley at the height of the season, instead of the European shore of the Bosphorus in November drear. And though many brilliant uniforms were present, with handsome men inside some of them, the loveliest ladies icily ignoring these, vied with each other in attentions to certain hairy, ragged, bandaged, and limping tatterdemalions, who sported their rags with insufferable arrogance, or the profound reposeful pride of old Egyptian kings. For they were officers of infantry and artillery who had been wounded at the Alma, or they were cavalymen whose stained red jackets, striped overalls, and battered brass helmets, proclaimed them to be of Redlett's Heavy Brigade. . . . And he who lolled under the green and white after-deck awning in a big Indian cane chair, with a little

(Continued on page 113.)

Marschall Von Bieberstein— Ambassador

Bismarck's Dogma] About Ambassadors Not Applicable to This Diplomat

By FREDERIC W. WILE

The subject of Mr. Wile's portraiture follows rather fittingly the sketch on Von Tirpitz that appeared in the January issue. Just as the latter was the creator of the German Navy, so Von Bieberstein is the logical outcome of those relations with Great Britain which were made by the development of German sea-power. In fact, this celebrity has had premier prominence in the diplomatic events of Europe. More interest will attach to him from the fact that he is credited with being the author of the famous Kruger telegram.—Editor.

concile her aspirations for more world-dominion with conditions held fundamental for the security of the British Em-



Frederic W. Wile

DEVELOPMENT of German sea-power was predestined to make relations with Great Britain the predominant foreign question of William II's reign. It was inevitable that sooner or later he should call upon the greatest diplomat in his service to help in its solution. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was sent to the Court of St. James early in the summer of 1912. Death struck him down almost before he had entered upon what he described as his "steep and stony path." But his place in history is secure. German paramountcy in Asia Minor, which will survive the collapse of Turkish power in Europe, is his imperishable monument. Baron von Wangenheim, Baron Marschall's successor at Constantinople, has just proclaimed that "neither to-day not in the future, will anyone be able to lay a hand on Anatolia, where we have vital interests." If the day ever comes when legions of the Kaiser must back up this "Hands Off!" warning with their bayonets, they will leap to action to safeguard the sphere of influence secured to Germany primarily by the diplomacy of Marschall von Bieberstein.

A blue-eyed, slightly stooped giant, with intellectual force clearly marked on his scarred face; fearlessness and resource incarnate; a manner which could swerve irresistible bonhomie to icy reserve; an amazing gift for adaptability to conditions; a German of Germans, who believed to the depth of his being in the righteousness and eventual realization of his Fatherland's ambitions—such was the Ambassador entrusted in the evening of a long career with the mission of bargaining for peace and friendship with Britain. No one probably more than Marschall himself—so was he popularly known—resented the silly reputation variously imputed to him, that the statesman who inspired the Kruger telegram went to England and Anglophile to the core, determined to cement Anglo-German amity at all costs. Baron Marschall's luggage, when he arrived at Carlton House Terrace, contained paraphernalia much more like an ultimatum than an olive-branch. Not a Government's last word as customarily spoken, but an ultimatum in this issue—that the dispatch to London of the Kaiser's most virile diplomatic personality was Germany's final effort to re-

pire. Baron Marschall is understood to have coveted the mission just because of its "steep and stony path." Before leaving Constantinople he publicly pledged that all his strength would be placed at the disposal of his Emperor in the task he had undertaken. Had he failed to master it, there would have been a disposition in Berlin to banish Anglo-German relations to the realm of the incorrigible.

Bismarck's dogma that Ambassadors have but to wheel about in obedience to orders, like a file of Prussian infantrymen at drill, never applied to Baron Marschall. He was sent to England because his chief stock-in-trade was resolute initiative. Marschall was a diplomat who acted, and reported afterwards.

He was, moreover, essentially what is known in his country as a Realpolitiker. A Realpolitiker is a statesman who, eschewing the chase for the chimerical, concentrates on the pursuit of the practical. When the time came for him to tell Downing Street what it was that Germany "wants," there would have been little beating about the bush, and a minimum of diplomatic blarney. He was an apostle of brutal directness. At the Hague Conference he supported stubbornly the German enterprise in Turkey and Asia Minor and though her designs on the Persian Gulf may not be officially indexed under the category of aggrandizement, they amount to that. The Bagdad Railway is German for "penetration pacifique." All the items in the calendar of Teuton aims and ambitions had a convinced adherent in the Giant of the Golden Horn. His whole political career was steeped in hostility to British policy. He fought it in South Africa, he opposed it at The Hague, and he combated it in Turkey.

Details of circumstances differ, but there is now agreement on the fact that Baron Marschall, while German Foreign Secretary in 1896 inspired, if he did not actually formulate, the Kruger telegram. It is certain that he was the author of the Circular Note which apprised the Powers that the continuance of Boer independence was "a German interest." When the Emperor William arrived at the Foreign Office for the first time after the Jameson Raid to counsel with his Chancellor, Prince

Hohenlohe; with the Secretary of his Navy, Admiral Hollmann, the Kruger dispatch lay ready for the imperial signature. The Kaiser was opposed to the whole idea of burdening the cable with that fateful message. Baron Marschall insisted. He represented that the telegram was demanded, and would be cordially approved, by German public sentiment. The Kaiser yielded, but it was not until after His Majesty had radically "edited" the Foreign Office draft that the telegram was permitted to go on its ill starred way. Baron Marschall remained an ardent member of the group of Continental statesmen who advocated a coalition to defeat British purposes in South Africa.

It was not surprising that the Foreign Secretary during whose administration Anglo-German relations were at the breaking-point should be assigned only a year later to take up the struggle against British supremacy in Turkey. With what telling effect he dedicated himself to the task is a commonplace of contemporary diplomatic history. Baron Marschall is given somewhat more personal merit for the rise of German power at Constantinople than is actually his due. The foundations of the work he was sent to do were laid deep and well several years before his entrance on the scene. The Kaiser had long since paid personal homage at the Yildiz Kiosk to the "great assassin." The newly arrived Colossus from Berlin was not the first to bring Abdul Hamid proofs of German friendship and disinterestedness.

What the Ambassador set himself to do, and did, was to reduce the Sultan to a state of practical subjugation to German ambitions in Turkey. Wholly unskilled in the arts of professional diplomacy at a foreign capital, it was not many months before Baron Marschall dominated the perspective. His influence was enthroned both at Yildiz Kiosk and at the Sublime Porte. Nobody, Turkish or foreign, could withstand him. He became a sort of unofficial Grand Vizier. German authority throughout Turkey rose as surely and as irresistibly as the sun itself over the placid Bosphorus. By a process of auto-suggestion, people came to regard the German Ambassador as omnipotent and invincible. He exploited his power to the full, and often with a high hand. A gang of Turkish dock navvies who refused, during the anti-Austrian excitement over Bosnia, to unload a perishable cargo from a German ship, cowered when the captain brought the broad-shouldered representative of Germany to the quayside. A word of command from Marschall sent the mutinous dockers scampering back to their work in the hold like a pack of beaten dogs.

A Man Who Could Wait

If Baron Marschall's career in the last decade of the Hamidian regime was a

story of incessant triumph, his record during the four years following the overthrow of the autocracy was still more remarkable. It is within the memory of all students of contemporary European events how soothsayers chanted the funeral dirge of German power at Constantinople after the revolution of 1908. But they failed to reckon with the amazing adaptability to new conditions, which was one of Baron Marschall's marked attributes. He completely reversed the tactics which had raised him to the pinnacle in ante-revolution days. He bided his time. He let Young Turkey come to him. Then he proclaimed that as the Old Turkey was an autocracy, pure and simple, he had necessarily cultivated relations exclusively with the despot; but now that Turkey was become a constitutional monarchy, his services were as freely at its disposal as they had been at the disposal of the discredited regime. No tribute to Baron Marschall's diplomatic skill could be higher than the mere statement that, despite Abdul Hamid, despite Bosnia and Tripoli, he left German influence in Turkey as strong as it was in the heyday of the autocracy.

Baron Marschall was a native of the South German Grand Duchy of Baden and was sixty-nine years old at the time of his death. After a dozen years of practice as State Prosecutor, he entered politics and was selected to the Reichstag. Always a favorite at the Karlsruhe Court, he was sent to Berlin in the eighties as Baden's diplomatic representative, with a seat in the Federal Council. Von Holstein, that long-time sinister and all powerful figure in German politics, was then at the zenith of his power, and Baron Marschall became one of his favorites. The Baden "State's Attorney," as Bismarck came contemptuously to call him, aligned himself with the group which successfully plotted for the overthrow of the Iron Chancellor, and when the latter's son, Count Herbert Bismarck, retired from the Foreign Secretaryship, Herr von Holstein handed over the office to his Baden protege.

Bismarck Nicknames Him

There was much opposition among the professional diplomatic clique to the appointment of the untrained "State Attorney," to the direction of the Empire's foreign affairs, and his tenure of Wilhelmstrasse, No. 76 was destined to be a period of stress and storm. It became an era of departmental scandals, litigation, duels, intrigues and exposures, from which the forceful Foreign Secretary did not escape unscathed; but his record there on the whole was credible. The Triple Alliance was renewed during his regime, and Russo-German co-operation in the Far East, after the Chino-Japanese War, took place under his aus-

pices. His experience as a special pleader at the Bar and his forensic skill proved valuable assets when he had to face the Reichstag in debate. When the implacable Bismarckians finally accomplished his fall from the Foreign Secretaryship in 1897, he was sent to Constantinople.

A physical giant, Baron Marschall was amiable and gentle of temperament, with an ample supply of reserve force. He was never hail-fellow-well-met, but could be taciturn without becoming austere. He did not make the impression that he was almost a septuagenarian. He spoke English quite fluently. French indifferently. A graduate of Heidelberg, he carried on his left cheek the unfailing sign of university education in Germany, a series of Schmisses inflicted by sabres in student duels. Considerably over 6 ft. in height and broad in proportion, Baron Marschall looked every inch the strong man, an impression not lessened by his habit of walking with the suggestion of a stoop.

His hobbies were chess, music, and gardening. One was surest of finding him in leisure hours at the Teutonia Club in Constantinople manipulating the little wooden men, or playing Beethoven sonatas on his own piano, or perhaps trimming rose bushes under a spreading umbrella in the lovely Embassy gardens overhanging the Bosphorus.

Baron Marschall's sudden exit from the European stage came in time to spare him what would have proved almost a personal humiliation—the break-up of Turkey and her German-trained army before the invincible hosts of the Balkans. Marschall, who had helped to develop it, was a firm believer in Ottoman power. Its ignominious decay would have torn the heartstrings of the once uncrowned autocrat of the Bosphorus.

(This is the fourth of the German series by Frederic A. Wille, Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Mail. Ballin appeared in November; Bebel, in December, and Von Tirpitz, in January. In March we present to our readers Germany's big Banker and Railway Builder.—Editor.)

The Country Faith

By NORMAN GALE

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green.
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives.
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain.
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all!

—Country Life in
America.

Spanish Gold

A Story of a Search in Ireland for Hidden Spanish Treasure Where
the Quaintest of Humor Pervades a Pleasing Romance

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

VI—Continued.

"Looks very much," said the Major, "as if he was trying to catch a Paphlagonia What's-it's-name, too."

"Athalonía miserabilis," said Meldon. "Do try to get things right, Major. You set up to be a tidy man and take it on yourself to lecture me every now and then for getting things into wrong places, but you're the most untidy person I ever met in conversation. You never get a name right."

"Well, Athalonía whatever you like. Anyhow, he's trying to catch one."

"He can't be, can't possibly be. There's no such creature, so far as I know."

"Well, he's catching something, and what's more he's caught it and he's bringing it over to you."

Thomas O'Flaherty Pat came towards them, and certainly carried booty of some sort in his hand. With a dignified and gracious bow, he presented Meldon with a large red crab.

"Good Lord!" said Major Kent.

The curate took the creature carefully, and bowed politely in return.

"Thanks awfully," he said. "I mean to say, of course, merci beaucoup."

"Ni Beurla agam," said the old man.

"Oh, never mind about the Beurla. What I want you to know is this, I'm greatly obliged to you for the crab. So's the professor here. We weren't exactly looking for crabs. We were looking for an Athalonía miserabilis, but we're just as much pleased as if you brought us one. The fact is we're both passionately fond of crab, dressed with breadcrumbs and pepper, you know. And in London, where we come from, the chief city of the Sassenach—you know the place I mean—crabs are too expensive for poor men like us to buy. You can't pick them up there the way you do here. You'd hardly believe the price a fishmonger would charge for a crab like this."

Thomas O'Flaherty Pat shook his head solemnly.

"Ni Beurla agam air bith," he said.

"All right," said Meldon. "Good-bye for the present. So long, old boy. We oughtn't to be taking up your valuable time. I really believe he doesn't know a word I'm saying. Look here—"

He seized the old man's hand and shook it heartily.

"Ceud mile failte—there, that's all the Irish I know, and if that doesn't send you off home I can do no more."

This hearty welcome produced the effect intended. Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, after a courteous salutation, turned and

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

The Rev. John Joseph Meldon, a genial Irish curate, and his friend, Major Kent, of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, take a trip to the Island of Inishgowlan in search of treasure supposed to have been hidden there by a captain of one of the vessels belonging to the Spanish Armada. The major does not believe in the existence of the treasure, but Meldon is very sanguine.

On arriving at the island they meet Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's. Higginbotham is engaged in surveying the island for the Government and arranging for sanitary dwellings to be built there. Meldon not wishing to mention the cause of their visit tells Higginbotham that the major is an expert mineralogist sent by the Government to explore the island. The following day Meldon and the major start to explore the island but find that one of the inhabitants, an old man named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, is following them everywhere they go. Meldon to put him off the scent pretends to be hunting for sea beetles and the old man then goes down on his knees and plunges his hands into the water, in which position we find him at the opening of the present instalment.

climbed slowly up the path which led to the top of the cliff.

"I hope," said the Major, "that that will be a lesson to you, J. J."

"A lesson about what?"

"About telling lies. You see the trouble they get you into."

"I see nothing of the sort. My lies, as you call them, got rid of that troublesome old fool, who might have gone on following us all day. Also they secured us this excellent crab, which I shall cook for supper to-night. And anyhow, they aren't lies. They are what is called



Geo. A. Birmingham, the author of *Spanish Gold*, *General John Regan*, etc.

diplomacy, and that's an art practised by the most honorable men—lords and marquises, and kings, and people of that kind. Do you suppose that the Prime Minister, when he thinks he'll have to go to war with Germany, tells the literal truth? Does he go and ask to have the first battle put off for a week because he's short of cartridges? Of course he doesn't. He gives the Germans to understand that England is chock full of cartridges of all sizes. The fewer he really has the more he says he has. That's diplomacy, and it's reckoned to be a very noble line of life. Well, the principle applies to treasure-seeking just as much as to international politics. No treasure would ever have been found if the people who were on the track of it went telling all they knew to every chance acquaintance. They simply have to put the general public—people like Higginbotham and Thomas O'Flaherty Pat—off the scent, and there's no way of doing that except the one. Besides, it wouldn't be the slightest use telling the literal truth. People wouldn't believe you. Suppose I went up to Higginbotham and said that you and I were here on a treasure hunt. Do you think he'd believe it? Not he. He'd laugh. He hasn't got enough imagination to believe the truth if you hung it up before him. His mind isn't fit for it. If you knew any theology, Major, you'd understand that economy, as it's called, consists of dealing out to the average man just the amount of truth he's fit to receive, and no more. The Church has always gone on that principle, and I'm acting in the same way towards Higginbotham and Thomas O'Flaherty."

CHAPTER VII.

Meldon, encouraging the reluctant Major by example and exhortation, continued to scramble southwards along the base of the cliffs. It grew very hot. Now and then Major Kent sat down, mopped his face, and declared that he would go no further. On such occasions Meldon lit his pipe and argued with his friend. It always ended in the Major going on, slipping, staggering, clutching. At last he sat down with an air of great determination.

"J. J.," he said, "the tide has turned. I'm going back. We've passed some nasty corners, places we couldn't get round at half-tide. I've no fancy for being drowned. You know I can't swim."

"All right," said Meldon. "trust me. I'll pull you through."

"If you mean that you propose to

save my life in a heroic manner and get credit and perhaps medals for it afterwards, I tell you plainly that I don't mean to give you the chance. I'm going home the way I came, partly on my two feet, partly on my hands and knees. I'm not going to be towed about the sea to gratify your vanity."

"The place I'm going to is just ahead of us. It's the very next promontory. We've time enough to get round it. You'll be sorry, Major, if you go back now."

The Major rose with a sigh, and followed Meldon to a headland which jutted further out into the sea than any they had passed. It was very difficult to get round it. The sea washed almost against the base of the precipitous rocks. There was no more than a narrow ledge, three or four feet above the level of the water, along which it was possible to walk; and even there it was necessary to press close to the side of the cliff. Once round the point, a long, narrow inlet opened before them. It was, even at the entrance, not more than thirty feet across, and it narrowed as it reached inland. On the south side of the channel the rocks rose sheer out of the water to a height of thirty or forty feet. Above them was a steep slope of short, wiry grass. On the north side, where Meldon and the Major stood, the cliff rose less precipitously, and it was possible to scramble along for a short distance. The tide was almost at dead ebb, and at the end of the channel the water lapped on a tiny beach, surrounded closely on three sides by cliffs. At the shoreward end of the beach, a few feet from the water, was a small hole, hardly to be dignified by the name of cave. It was evident that when the tide rose a little the water would reach the hole, and that at half-tide the entrance to it would be entirely covered.

Meldon gazed down the channel and saw the hole in the cliff. His face wore a look of intense satisfaction. Major Kent also seemed pleased. He gave a sigh expressive of relief.

"Now," he said, "we're stuck and we can't go any further. We've reached the last rock on which it is possible to climb, and I can neither swim nor fly. Suppose we start to go back?"

Meldon sat down and began to take off his boots.

"This," he said, "is the scene of the shipwreck, and in that hole the Spanish captain concealed his treasure. Reconstruct the scene for yourself, Major. The galleon, partially disabled by the loss of one or more of her masts, comes driving down on the island before a nor'-westerly gale. I gave you my reasons for saying the wind was nor'-west, so we needn't go into that again. Where does she strike? On the point we've just passed. It's the furthest sticking-out point there is, so of course she struck on it. You follow me so far? What happens next?"

Meldon, having got rid of his boots and socks, stood up while he took off his coat and waistcoat.

"What are you going to do?" said the Major.

"Swim to the end of the channel, of course, and see what's inside that hole. You can stay here and mind my clothes. But to go on where you interrupted me. Where was I? Oh, yes. The galleon had just struck on the point. What happens next? A great sea lifts her stern and slews it round. Her bow slips off the ledge of rock over which we walked—it would be about half-tide when the thing happened—and the galleon drifts stern foremost into this channel and sticks fast just where we're standing now. You follow me all right, don't you?"

"It's very interesting," said the Major, "but I don't suppose for a moment it's true."

"Of course it's true. It's what must have happened. Don't you see that under the circumstances nothing else could happen? Tell me this, now—if a wave, with a nor'-west wind, lifted the stern of the galleon round in the way I have described, what could the old hooker do but go stern first along this channel until she struck?"

"Oh, I dare say that's right enough, but there's such a lot went before that."

"Have you any other hypothesis which meets the facts of the case better? No. Very well, then, accept mine. That's the way all scientific advance is made. Some Johnny with brains produces a hypothesis. Everybody calls him a rotter at first. But he remains calm in the face of opprobrium."

"I'm the opprobrium, I suppose," said the Major.

"Well, in this case you represent the opprobrium. But to go on. What does the scientific Johnny do next?"

"You needn't go on."

"Oh, but I will. I read the whole thing up at college in Mill's Logic when I was thinking of going in for honors. I was young then. The scientific Johnny says, 'Take my hypothesis. If it doesn't account for the facts give it the chuck out; but if it does, then stop scoffing and get ready a statue to erect in my honor.' Now, what I say is this, Does my hypothesis cover the facts? There now, you've kicked one of my socks into a pool. I do wish you wouldn't fidget in a place like this. There isn't room for a display of temper."

Meldon got his shirt off and stood poised on the edge of the rock for his plunge. "I'll finish explaining what happened when I get back," he said. "I won't be long. Hallo! Who's that? Oh, Great Scott!"

He pointed with his finger to the top of the grassy slope which crowned the cliff opposite him. The Major looked upwards and saw, seated above the hole, Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. The old man, his hair and beard blown in picturesque wisps by the sea-breeze, was watching Meldon with a calm, disinterested gaze.

"What are you going to do now?" asked the Major.

"I'm going home again for to-day," said Meldon, clutching at his shirt. "I'm not going on with that old boy watching me. I tell you he knows what we are after. He can't have believed

that story about the Athalonia miserabilis. What horrid sceptics these unsophisticated-looking people are in their hearts!"

"He'd have been a precious ass if he had believed it. You give nobody credit for any intelligence, J. J. You invent stories which wouldn't deceive a babe in arms, and then expect people to be taken in by them."

"Well," said Meldon, "Higginbotham believed much taller stories than that one."

"I knew you were going too far with that sea-insect of yours. Why couldn't you have invented something more likely if you had to invent?"

"Oh, well, if we're going to enter upon a course of mutual recrimination, why couldn't you have refrained from kicking my sock into a pool?"

Meldon was pulling his boot over the damp garment, and spoke feelingly.

"But never mind, Major, I'm not by any means at the end of my tether yet. To-morrow we'll come back here at low tide and I'll swim to the hole then."

"What about Thomas O'Flaherty Pat? He'll follow us again."

"Oh, no, he won't. I'll manage him."

"How?"

"That'll be all right, Major. You leave it to me. If I say I'll manage him, you may take it as a fixed thing that he'll be managed. I can't tell you just this moment how I'm going to do it. I shall have to think the matter out by myself. But you may feel perfectly certain that it'll be all right. I've not done badly so far, have I?"

"In the matter of lies," said the Major, "you've shown an inventive power which has surprised me."

"Don't call them lies; call them disguises. Nine fellows out of every ten who go out treasure-seeking have to adopt some sort of disguise, and it's always considered quite right. Now, what's the difference, the moral difference, between a detective—"

"We're not detectives."

"The principle is exactly the same—between the detective getting himself up as a dock laborer in order to deceive the wily criminal, and our saying that we're bug hunters in order to put old T. O. P. off the scent? There's no earthly difference that I can see; so there's no use being offensive and talking about lies. Come on, now. I'm dressed, and we ought to be getting back before the tide rises."

"I said so an hour ago."

"Apart altogether from the disguises that we've been compelled to adopt," said Meldon, when they had scrambled round the point and conversation became possible again, "I maintain that I've done pretty well so far."

"I don't see that you've done anything except cut a hole in the knee of your best trousers."

"They're not my best; they're the oldest pair I have. I bought them two years before I was ordained. That's how they come to be the color they are."

Mr. Meldon meant that the date of their purchase explained their having once been light grey. It also explained

the fact that they were now considerably faded and mottled with a fine variety of stains.

"But leaving my trousers out of the question," he went on, "I think I've done a good deal. I've located to a certainty the exact scene of the wreck; I've reconstructed the catastrophe precisely as it happened, and I'm practically sure I know where the treasure was hidden."

"Oh, you're sure of that, are you?"

"Practically sure, is what I said. I don't set up to be infallible. The best men may make mistakes. Listen to me, now, till I explain. The galleon is lying jammed in that channel. The water is, of course, comparatively calm there on account of the shelter of the headland. The Spanish captain, not being a fool—we agreed from the first, you remember, that the Spanish captain wasn't an absolute fool—sees that there is no immediate danger of the galleon breaking up. These Spanish galleons were all pretty tough. You remember the one that came ashore on Robinson Crusoe's Island. It was pretty tough, and so was our one. Well, what does the Spanish captain do? He lowers his one remaining boat over the stern of the galleon and ferries his treasure into the mouth of the hole in the cliff. Then he drags it inland as far as the hole goes, maybe twenty yards or so. Afterwards he and the survivors of the crew landed just where we were standing, scrambled round the rocks—by that time it would be dead low water—very likely go up the same path that Thomas Flaherty Pat came down to meet us. Now what do you say to that?"

"I don't say anything," said the Major.

"No, you don't. You save yourself up so as to say, 'I told you so,' in case there happens to be any trifling miscalculation. Or if, as is far more likely, I turn out to be perfectly right, then you're in a position to pretend you agreed with me all along. But it's waste of breath talking to you."

"It is," said the Major.

"I'm glad you agree with me there, anyhow. Here's Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's path. Let's go up it and get back to the Spindrift. I'm as hungry as a wolf. That's the worst of breakfasting so early. By the way, where's the crab?"

"What crab?"

"The large red crab that old Tommy Pat caught and gave to me. Major, have you left it behind?"

"I never had it. If anybody's left it behind it was you. You were carrying it."

"But I told you to mind it while I swam up the channel."

"You did not."

"Well, I meant to, and anyway you ought to have known. How was I to go swimming with a large crab in my hand? Of course you ought to have minded it,"

"I'm sorry," said the Major.

"Oh, well, it doesn't much matter. I don't so much care about the crab itself. I dare say we shouldn't have been able to cook it properly even if we had it. What I'm thinking of is poor old T. O.

P.'s feelings. I'm afraid he'll be hurt if he sees us coming back without his crab."

"I shouldn't fret about that if I were you."

"Oh, but I do. It's not altogether Patsy Tom O'Flaherty's feelings that I mind. But on these occasions you ought always to try to win the goodwill and the confidence of the natives."

"You go a queer way about it, then, if that's what you want."

"Any book of travel," said Meldon, ignoring the Major's last remark, "will tell you that the really important thing is to get the natives to trust you thoroughly from the start."

"That's why you told that yarn about the sea insect, I suppose?"

"Look here, Major, what's the good of rubbing it in about the *Athalonia miserabilis*? I've owned up that that was a slip. I can't do more, can I? I don't keep harping on to you about the way you put my sock into the pool and forgot the crab, and those are a jolly sight worse things than any I've done."

"I wouldn't care much," said the Major, as they neared the top of the steep and slippery pathway, "to be climbing up this five or six times a day with a creel of seaweed on my back."

"No more would I," said the curate. "Seaweed's poor stuff, but I wouldn't mind doing it that number of times and more with a parcel of doubloons slung over my shoulder; gold, Major, good solid gold. It's this way that we'll have to bring it up from that hole. I've been reckoning out how many journeys we'll have to make with it. Supposing, now, that there's—"

"Do shut up, J. J.! What on earth's the use of talking like that? You know as well as I do that there's not the smallest likelihood of our getting any gold out of your hole."

"Oh, I'll shut up if you like. But I'll just say this: it's a good job for you, Major, that you have a man with you who has a little foresight, who figures things out beforehand and lays his plans in advance. You'd be particularly helpless if you were left to yourself."

They reached the top of the cliff. In front of them lay the long, green slope of the island, a patchwork of ridiculous little fields seamed with an intolerable complexity of grey stone walls. Below, near the further sea, were the cabins of the people, little white-washed buildings, thatched with half-rotten straw. On the roofs of many of them long grass grew. From a chimney here and there a thin column of smoke was blown eastwards and vanished in the clear air a few yards from the hole from which it emerged. Gaunt cattle, dejected creatures, stood here and there idle, as if the task of seeking for grass long enough to lick up had grown too hard for them. In the muddy bohreens long, lean sows, creatures more like hounds of some grotesque, antique breed than modern domestic swine, roamed and rooted. Now and then a woman emerged from a door with a pot or dish in her hands, and fowls, fearfully excited, gathered from the dung-heaps to

her petticoats. Men, leaning heavily on their loys, or digging sullenly and slowly, were casting earth upon the wide potato ridges. Apart from the other habitations stood Higginbotham's egregious iron hut; the very type of a hideous, utilitarian, utterly self-sufficient civilization thrust in upon a picturesque dilapidation. It gave to the island an air of half-comic vulgarity, much such an air as Thomas O'Flaherty Pat might have worn if some one had added to his customary garments a new silk hat. Beyond all lay the bay, round which the island folded its arms, a sheet of glancing, glittering water with darker sea behind it, and far away the dim outline of the mainland coast.

The Spindrift lay at her moorings, and beyond her another boat, cutter rigged also, which had just dropped anchor. Her jib was stowed; her mainsail shook in the breeze. Two men were to be seen casting loose the halyards. Soon the sail was down, and the men were gathering the folds of it in their hands and lashing the gaff to the boom. Major Kent and Meldon stared at the boat in surprise. For a time neither of them spoke. Then, taking his companion by the arm, the Major said—

"What boat's that?"

"She looks to me," said Meldon, "uncommonly like my old Aureole."

"I just thought she did. Now what brings her here?"

"I don't know."

"Look here, J. J., you go in for being clever; you've been swaggering all day about the way you understand everything and get the hang of whatever happens, even if it's two hundred years ago; just set your great mind to work on that boat and tell me what she's doing out there."

Stirred by the taunt, Meldon spoke with some appearance of recovering self-confidence.

"It's the Aureole right enough. I hired her to a man in a mangy fur coat, who said he didn't know anything about boats but had a friend who did. Now I'll tell you this, Major, to start with. Either that friend knows nothing about boats either, or else he has some pretty strong reason for wishing to get to this island. Nobody but a fool, or a man who was prepared to take big risks, would have ventured out here in her. Why, every rope in her rigging is as rotten as a bad banana. If there'd come on the least bit of a blow that fellow in the fur coat and the other play boy, whoever he is, would have been at the bottom of the briny sea."

"Well, they're not," said the Major, "so their deaths are not on your conscience."

"They wouldn't have been in any case," said Meldon. "I never thought they'd go outside Moy Bay, or I wouldn't have hired the boat to them. Who'd expect a seedy individual in a fur coat, a fellow that looked sodden with drink, to take a boat out on to the broad Atlantic? At the same time the other fellow can't be altogether a fool. He must know something about sailing, otherwise he wouldn't have fetched up here at all. Now, what on earth brings him out here?"

"Maybe he's a tourist looking out for scenery."

"He is not, then. There isn't any scenery here, not what tourists call scenery. And there's not a guide-book in the world that so much as mentions Inishgowlan. The place isn't even marked out on most maps. Whatever else he is, he's not a tourist."

"He might be a journalist."

"He might," said Meldon. "And yet I don't think he is. It's quite true that a journalist might come to see Higginbotham. Higginbotham is the sort of man a journalist would fasten on at once. A really smart man at his trade would scent Higginbotham from miles and miles away, and would track him over land and sea. Higginbotham would talk all day long if he got any encouragement. He'd pour out just the sort of sentimental rot about improving the conditions of the people's life that the plump, kind-hearted Englishman loves to read. There's a good deal to be said for that journalist hypothesis of yours, Major, but there are serious objections to it too."

Major Kent did not answer; he was not really much interested in the strangers. Meldon went on—

"In the first place, if he was a journalist, or if he was any kind of inspector, the Congested Districts Board would bring him round in their own steamer. They always take care to do a journalist middling well when they catch him, and they keep their eye on him. They don't let him off by himself in a boat to pry into all sorts of things which he has no business to see. That's one objection. The second is this: if he is a journalist, who is the other chappie, the one in the fur coat? Journalists never go about in couples. It would ruin their business if they did. No, on the whole I think we may decide that he's not a journalist. There's only one other thing he can be—a Member of Parliament, one of the conscientious, inquiring kind, who wants to look into the condition of Ireland for himself before he commits himself to an opinion on Home Rule."

"I hope," said the Major anxiously, "that his coming won't make it necessary for you to tell any more—I mean to say adopt any more disguises."

"I expect I shall have to."

"Well, now, J. J., like a good fellow, draw it mild this time. Remember, if he's a Member of Parliament he'll see through the ordinary disguise at once."

"That's just it," said Meldon gloomily. "If he's an M.P. he's sure to have made inquiries about our educational system and he'll never believe that story about the National Board wanting to build a school."

"He certainly won't believe about my geological survey."

"You mean on account of the pliocene clay? I don't expect he knows much about clay—not enough to make him sceptical, anyhow."

"I wasn't thinking of the pliocene clay. What I had in my mind was the inherent absurdity of the whole story."

"I don't see that at all," said Meldon. "On the contrary, I'm inclined to think

that he will believe that story. Anyhow, he'll ask a question in the House of Commons about it."

"I hope to God he won't! I should look a nice fool if that story ever got into the papers."

"You'd do worse than look a fool. You'd probably be called to the bar of the house, or be sent to jail for contempt of the Chief Secretary. I'll tell you what it is, Major, if that M.P. gets hold of the story you'd better sail straight to America."

"But it's not my story, it's yours."

"It's you they'd prosecute, though. That's the beauty of Ireland. The clergy are perfectly safe. Even the Chief Secretary aren't proceed against me; but he would against you, like a shot. He might set a Royal Commission on you."

"Don't be an ass, J. J."

"I'm not being an ass. I'm looking facts straight in the face and drawing conclusions. It's my opinion that if that man in my boat turns out to be a Member of Parliament—I say if—we shall have to adopt some fresh disguise."

"I can't stand another, J. J. I can't be four things at once. My brain won't stand it."

"It'll have to."

"What do you mean to tell him?"

"I don't know yet. I must be guided by circumstances. But you leave it to me, Major, and you'll find it'll pan out all right. I'm not by any means such a fool as people are inclined to take me for. After all, what's a Member of Parliament?"

The Major's spirits sank as Meldon's revived. He was a plain man with an immense dislike of complications, and he foresaw bewildering confusion before him.

"J. J.," he said solemnly, "I'm Major Kent, I'm also a mining expert in the pay of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary. I'm also a professor of sea-serpents and things of that sort. I can't and won't set up to be anything else on this trip."

"Oh, we're done with the sea-serpent. You can get that off your mind as soon as you like. That was only temporary. Remember, Major, what Shakespeare said, or if it wasn't Shakespeare it was some one else—'One man in his time plays many parts.' You're a man, aren't you? Well, there you are. You can't go behind Shakespeare in a matter of this kind. As soon as we've had a bite to eat I'll paddle across to the Aureole and call on the Member of Parliament."

"You will not," said the Major. "What's the use of running unnecessary risks? You leave him alone unless he goes for you in any way."

"That's the very worst possible policy to pursue," said Meldon. "He'll be off to colloque with Higginbotham straight away if I don't stop him; and it's ten to one he'll hear about the school or the geological survey. No, no. I'll take him in hand. If necessary, I'll trot him round myself. How would it be now, if I dropped a hint that we were members

of the Irish Lights Commission going about inspecting light-houses? He might believe that, and it wouldn't interest him enough to set him asking more questions."

"But there's no lighthouse here."

"That's true, of course. Still, we might be thinking of building one. But anyhow, it's time enough to think about that. I can't possibly tell what the best thing to say is till I see the man. In the meanwhile let's go and get our dinner. I was hungry before; I'm simply ravenous now."

"My appetite is pretty well gone," said the Major.

"Rot! What is there to affect your appetite? Why, man, we're getting on swimmingly, far better than I expected. You can't go out treasure-seeking without meeting an occasional difficulty. That's where the sport comes in. And listen to me, Major, it doesn't in the least matter what I tell the Member of Parliament or what he hears from Higginbotham. The old Aureole is absolutely certain to drown him on his way home, and anything he happens to have learned will go to the bottom of the sea with him. It's nothing short of a miracle that he got here safe."

CHAPTER VIII.

Having paddled the Major out to the Spindrift, Meldon suggested that they should dine on tinned brawn and bread-and-butter. It would, as he pointed out, take a long time to light the galley stove and boil potatoes, and every moment was of value now that the strangers on the Aureole had arrived and might go on shore to interview Higginbotham. It is likely also that extreme hunger made the prospect of an hour's delay very unpleasant. The Major, in spite of the anxiety which affected his appetite, agreed to dine at once. A tin was opened and a loaf of bread taken from the locker.

"Last loaf but one," said the Major, as he set it on the table. "To-morrow we shall be reduced to biscuits."

"Not at all," said Meldon. "I'll make a point of seeing Mary Kate's mother this evening and getting her to make us a loaf of soda bread. There's nothing so good as one of those pot-oven loaves, baked over a turf fire, and Mary Kates mother is just the woman to do it well."

"You know nothing about the woman. You've never seen her. How do you know whether she can bake or not?"

"I've seen Mary Kate, and that's enough. You're very unobservant, Major. It's a great fault in you. And when by any chance you do observe anything, you fail to draw the most obvious inference. Now I know all about Mary Kate's mother by looking at Mary Kate. She's a plump, well-nourished little girl, comparatively clean, with a nice, comfortable, red petticoat on her, therefore—observe the simple nature of the inference—therefore Mary Kate's mother is a competent woman. Is it likely that a woman who couldn't bake an ordinary

loaf would have reared a child like Mary Kate?"

"She may not have a mother at all," said the Major. "It might be her grandmother or her aunt that reared her."

"There you are again. That's your wretched, niggling, Anglo-Saxon way of grubbing about at details instead of grasping the broad principles of things. It doesn't matter to us whether Mary Kate has a mother or not. The point is that somewhere behind Mary Kate there's a competent woman, a grandmother, or an aunt, or a deceased wife's sister—it doesn't in the least matter which. Whoever she is she can bake. But I'll tell you what it is, Major, if we had my little girl here on board, we shouldn't be going on our bended knees to strange women for the want of a bit of bread. We'd be sitting down now to a good dish of steaming hot potatoes, with their skins just beginning to peel off them. In fact, I shouldn't wonder if she had them fried for us. Think of that!"

"I'd rather——"

The Major's remark was interrupted by a heavy bump on the side of the yacht. It was clear from the sound of scraping that followed that a boat had come alongside.

"That fellow, whoever he is," said the Major, "will have all the paint off us before he's done."

"It must be the Member of Parliament off the Aureole," said Meldon. "I call this most fortunate."

He sprang up and climbed on deck. The moment afterwards he thrust his head into the cabin again and said—

"It's not the Member of Parliament after all. It's only Higginbotham."

He plunged forward as he spoke until his body hung down the ladder.

"Best thing that could have happened," he whispered. "So long as Higginbotham is here we are safe, and the Member of Parliament can't get at him. I'll bring him down and give him a bit of brawn. We can open another tin if he seems hungry."

With a violent wriggle Meldon got his head and shoulders on deck again. He welcomed Higginbotham with effusive hospitality, and warmly invited him to go below and have some dinner. It appeared, however, that Higginbotham was not hungry. His face wore a look of perplexity and irritation. There was evidently something troubling him which he was anxious to have cleared up.

"I saw you leave the shore," he said, "and I got young Jamesy O'Flaherty to put me off. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not a bit," said Meldon. "We're delighted to see you. You say you won't have any brawn. Well, try a slice of bread-and-jam. Major, get out the strawberry jam; it's in the locker under you."

"No, thanks. The fact is I only came out for a few minutes' conversation with you. I——"

"If you like," said Meldon, "I'll light the galley fire and make you a cup of tea."

"No, thanks. I want to speak to you for a few minutes and then I'll go back

to my work. I've been rather annoyed this morning. I'm sure there's some ridiculous mistake which can be cleared up in ten minutes. I thought it better to come straight to you."

"Quite right," said Meldon; "if the thing is clearable at all, I'll clear it. I'm rather good at clearing things up. Ask the Major if I'm not. Just you make a clean breast of whatever the trouble is. You won't mind our eating while you talk."

"It's about sugar candy," said Higginbotham.

"Great Scott!" said Meldon. "Mary Kate!"

"I don't know anything about Mary Kate, but all the children on the island have been following me about and bothering the life out of me for sugar candy. They say you set them on."

"Look here, Higginbotham," said Meldon severely. "The Major and I are busy men, whatever you may be. If you're in any real trouble, we're quite ready to do our best to pull you through, but I don't think it's fair of you to come here wasting our time over some trumpery business about sugar candy."

"But the children said you sent them to me."

"It's all well enough for you to be fussing and agitating in this way about mere trifles, but I have serious matters on my mind. I simply haven't time to waste over sugar candy. If the children have taken your sugar candy, see their parents about it and get them properly whipped. You can't expect us to go about taking sticky stuff out of their mouths to gratify you."

"I didn't say they'd stolen my sugar candy. They haven't. What I said——"

"Very well, then, what are you making all this row about? Do you mean to suggest that we took your sugar candy? Neither the Major nor I ever eat sugar candy. If you set half a pound of it down on this table now, and invited us to gorge, we simply wouldn't touch it. Look here, Higginbotham, you and I are old friends, and you often used to go up to Rathmines with me to see my little girl, so I'll just give you a word of advice that I wouldn't give to a stranger—if you want to get on with the people on this island, don't go quarrelling with their children. There's old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, for instance, as decent an old fellow as I ever met, and quite easy to make friends with. He went out to-day, quite off his own bat, without so much as a hint from me, and caught a crab and gave it to me. Anyone with a grain of tact could get on with poor Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. As quiet a man as you'd see anywhere. But you go and rub him up the wrong way, get his back up, and generally play old hokey with his temper by nagging at his granddaughter about some barley sugar."

"It was sugar candy," said Higginbotham, feebly; "and besides——"

"Well, sugar candy, then—it's all the same. It wouldn't make any difference if it was peppermint lozenges. You worry and threaten the poor child about a pennyworth of some ridiculous sweet-

meat, and then you profess to be astonished that the old man won't give up his house to you. I'd have been much surprised indeed if he did under the circumstances. No man likes to have his grandchildren ragged. You wouldn't like it yourself if you had any. And a little girl, too! Higginbotham, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"If you'd let me speak for a moment," said Higginbotham, "I'd explain."

"You're far too fond of speaking," said Meldon. "Half your troubles come from talking too much."

"But you've taken the thing up wrong. I'm not blaming you. There's a mistake somewhere, I know. I wish you'd let me say one word."

"I can't and won't spend the rest of the day arguing with you about sugar candy. It wouldn't be for your own good if I did. Are you aware, Higginbotham, that there are two English members of Parliament in that boat, anchored a few yards away, and that they've come here expressly to see how you are getting on?"

"How do you know that?"

"Well, I don't absolutely know it. But I can't imagine what would bring a member of Parliament to this island if it wasn't to inspect your work. They don't come here for the salmon fishing; you may bet your hat on that. Now, if you'll take my advice you would seize the earliest opportunity of smoothing down old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat before they get listening to his story."

"But the old man can only talk Irish."

"Don't you trust too much to that, Higginbotham. In the first place, I strongly suspect that he can talk English just as well as you can; and besides, you can't be sure that the members of Parliament don't know Irish. I can tell you there are some mighty smart men in Parliament now. It just happens, Higginbotham, that this morning, while you were chasing and ballyragging that unfortunate little Mary Kate round and round the island for the sake of a bit of sugar candy, I was having a quiet chat with Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. It just shows me the kind of fellow you are. You don't hesitate to come here bothering the Major and me with your wretched little grievances while I've been doing you a good turn in a really important matter."

"What?" said Higginbotham.

"I've a very good mind not to tell you after the way you've behaved. But I'll just say this much. You want old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's house and bit of land, don't you? Very well, you go up there to-morrow at half-past eight and talk to him about it."

"Have you persuaded him to give it up?"

"I won't say another word. Just go up and see for yourself."

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Meldon; I really am. I'm sorry for bothering you about the sugar candy. I wouldn't have mentioned the matter to you only——"

"All right," said Meldon graciously. "Don't trouble to apologise. The Major

and I don't mind a bit. But I'll tell you what you can do now. I have to go and call on the members of Parliament. Will you—??”

“There's no use doing that,” said Higginbotham. “I saw them going ashore in their punt as I came off to you.”

“All the same, I'll look them up,” said Meldon. “I'm sure to find them somewhere about on the island. What I want you to do is to stay here and play chess with the Major till I get back.”

He winked fiercely at Major Kent as he spoke.

“I know you play, Higginbotham, for you were a member of the chess club in college. You'll enjoy having a go at the Major. He's a perfect whale at the Muzio gambit. Very few men know the ins and outs of it as he does.”

“I don't,” said the Major sulkily; “and anyway, there isn't a chessboard on the yacht.”

Meldon winked again, this time with fervent appeal.

“It's all right about the board,” he said. I saw one in Higginbotham's house last night. I'll go ashore in your curragh, Higginbotham, and send it off to you. Good-bye. Oh! Before I go, Major, you might as well give me another sixpence in case I meet Mary Kate again. You may as well give it to me as be losing it to Higginbotham, making bets as to how one of your gambits will turn out.”

There was no one on the little pier when Meldon reached it. He supposed, quite rightly, that those of the inhabitants of the island who were interested in strangers had gone after the M.P.'s. It seemed likely that Mary Kate had followed them. She was a child of inquisitive mind. He walked up to Higginbotham's house, obtained the chessboard, and sent it off in the curragh to the yacht. Then he made his way to the nearest cottage, knocked at the door, and entered. A young woman, bare-armed, with a thick stick in her hands, was pounding a mass of potatoes and turnips in a large tub.

“Good evening to you,” said Meldon cheerfully. “Getting the food ready for the pigs? That's right. Feed your pigs well. There's nothing like it. Here, give me a turn at that stick. You look as if you were getting hot.”

“It isn't the like of this work that you'd be used to,” said the woman smiling.

“Oh, but I can do it,” said Meldon, taking the stick from her. He pounded vigorously at the unsavoury mess for a while. Then he said, “Are you the woman of the house?”

“I am, your honor.”

“Well, then, where's Mary Kate this afternoon?”

“Is it Michael O'Flaherty Tom's Mary Kate you'll be wanting?”

“How many more Mary Kates are there?”

“There's ne'er another in it only herself.”

“Well, then, it's her I want. Where have you her?”

“She's no child of mine,” said the

woman. “I haven't but the one, and he's beyond there in the cradle. If she was letting on to your honor that she belonged to me she was just deceiving you. Faith, and it's not the only time the same little lady was at them sort of tricks. I hear that herself and the rest of the children had the life fair bothered out of the gentleman that does be measuring out the land, about sugar candy or some such talk.”

“I wouldn't wonder at her,” said Meldon; “but where would she be now, do you think?”

“She might be off chasing home the brown cow and the little heifer for her da.”

“And where would the brown cow be?”

“Faith, that same cow is mighty fond of roaming where she's no call to go.”

The woman stepped outside her cottage door and peered up and down. “Come here now, your honor, and leave off mashing them turnips. If that isn't herself with the brown cow in front of her and the little heifer beyond there over by the wall, it's mighty like her.”

“I'm much obliged to you,” said Meldon. “Good evening.”

He crossed two stone walls, waded through a boggy field, and came within hail of the child who drove the cattle.

“Mary Kate!” he shouted. “Hullo, there, Mary Kate O'Flaherty!”

She turned and looked at him in wonder. Then, recognizing the giver of the sixpence in the morning, grinned shyly.

“Mary Kate,” shouted Meldon again, “will you come over here and speak to me? Leave those cows alone and come here. Do you think I've nothing to do only to be running about the island chasing little girls like yourself?”

But Mary Kate had no intention of leaving the cow and the heifer. With a devotion to the pure instinct of duty which would have excited the admiration of any Englishman and a Casabianca-like determination to abide by her father's word, she began driving the cattle towards Meldon. Four fields, one of them boggy, and five loose stone walls lay between her and the curate. There were no gates. Such obstacles might have daunted an older head. They didn't trouble Mary Kate in the least. Reaching the first wall she deliberately toppled stone after stone off it until she had made a practicable gap.

The cow and the heifer, understanding what was expected of them, stalked into the field beyond, picking their steps with an ease which told of long practice, among the scattered debris of the broken wall. Meldon, with a courteous desire to save the child extra trouble, crossed the wall nearest him. Mary Kate dealt with a second obstacle as she had with the first and reached the boggy field. The cattle, encouraged by her shouts, floundered through, drawing their hoofs out of the deep mud with evident exertion. Mary Kate, light as she was, sank to her ankles in places and splashed the calves of her legs with slime. Meldon, who wore boots and had to be careful where he walked, waited for her on dry ground.

“Well, Mary Kate,” he said. “Here you are at last. A nice chase I had after you. Tell me this now, did you see the two strange gentlemen that came off the other boat?”

“I did.”

“Did either of them give you a sixpence the same as I did this morning?”

“They did not.”

“Didn't they now? I'd hardly call them gentlemen at all then, would you?”

Mary Kate grinned. Her first shyness was disappearing. She began to find Meldon a companionable person.

“Where did they go when they came ashore? Was it up to the iron house of the gentleman that does be measuring out the land?”

Meldon had gathered from the woman, whom he had interviewed on his way that this was the proper description of Higginbotham.

Mary Kate understood him at once.

“They did not then.”

“Well, and if they didn't go there to where did they go?”

“Back west.”

“Do you mean up the hill there to the place where the cliffs are?”

Mary Kate grinned assent. She was a child who set a proper value on words and used as few as possible in conversation. Meldon wondered why the Members of Parliament had gone straight past the human habitations and the works of Higginbotham, which might be supposed to interest them, to the desolate region where only very active sheep grazed. He decided that they must have gone to look at the view, and he thought less of them. The tourist—the mere unmitigated tourist—with no political or social objects before his mind, goes to look at views. No one else—certainly no proper, serious-minded Member of Parliament—would waste his time over a view.

“Mary Kate,” he began again after a pause. “You're Michael O'Flaherty Tom's Mary Kate; aren't you?”

“I might then.”

“What's the good of saying you might when you know you are? You can't get over me with that sort of talk. Do you see that?”

He held up between his finger and thumb Major Kent's second sixpence.

Mary Kate grinned.

“Well, take a good look at it. Now, tell me this, Is Thomas O'Flaherty Pat your grandfather?”

“Is it me grandda you mean?”

“It is. Is Thomas O'Flaherty Pat your grandda?”

“He might,” said Mary Kate.

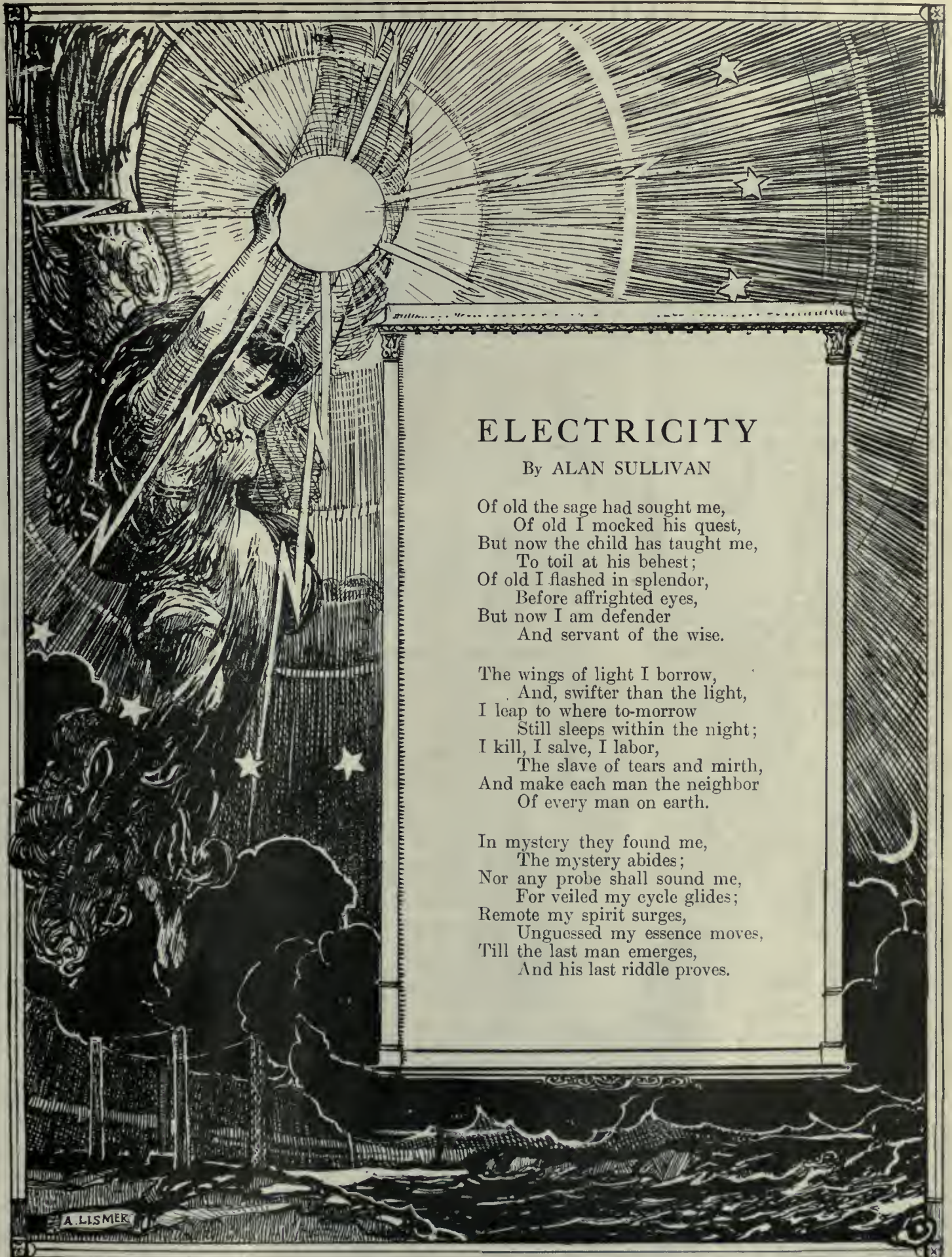
“Well, go you up to him wherever he is and tell him this: that the gentleman who does be measuring out the land wants to see him to-morrow morning at half-past eight o'clock. Do you understand me now?”

“I do surely.”

“Well, what are you to tell him?”

“I am to tell him that the gentleman from the Board who does be measuring out the land wants to take the house off him.”

(Continued on page 97.)



ELECTRICITY

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Of old the sage had sought me,
 Of old I mocked his quest,
 But now the child has taught me,
 To toil at his behest;
 Of old I flashed in splendor,
 Before affrighted eyes,
 But now I am defender
 And servant of the wise.

The wings of light I borrow,
 And, swifter than the light,
 I leap to where to-morrow
 Still sleeps within the night;
 I kill, I salve, I labor,
 The slave of tears and mirth,
 And make each man the neighbor
 Of every man on earth.

In mystery they found me,
 The mystery abides;
 Nor any probe shall sound me,
 For veiled my cycle glides;
 Remote my spirit surges,
 Unguessed my essence moves,
 Till the last man emerges,
 And his last riddle proves.

\$1,000 For Country Teachers

The Real Source of National Greatness Lies in the Little Red School Houses of Canada

By E. C. DRURY

IF ANY CLASS more than another, in its own interests and in that of the commonwealth at large, should be provided with a high average of education it is the farming class, which in our country at any rate, constitutes nearly the total population of the rural districts. This is true for several reasons. It is true that out in the quiet country, surrounded by the sweet sights and sounds of nature, and in the simple social life of the rural neighborhood, it is possible to develop the sweetest, sanest and strongest of natures. The country is the ideal place for "plain living and high thinking." On the other hand, there is the undoubted tendency of isolation, sordidness and monotony to dim the faculties of the mind, narrow the vision, and in the end, to result in brutishness. Most of the great minds of the world, in the past and in the present, have been country-bred. On the other hand, the most brutish and ignorant peasantries, races represented by that tragic figure of "the man with the hoe," have been the products of rural life. To quote words used of another subject, country life seems to have in it "the savor of life, unto life, or of death unto death." The difference between these two results is found, not only in the material well-being of the people, for sordidness and narrowness are not the exclusive characteristics of the poor, but in the mental outlook and culture of the individual and the community. In other words, the amount and the character of rural education, while not the only determining factor by any means, has much to do with deciding whether a rural population shall on the one hand reach the ideal rural life, with all it embodies of sweet simplicity, sanity and strength, or on the other retrogress into an ignorant, sordid peasantry, without ambition and without hope.

To a much greater extent than the townsman, the countryman is thrown on his own mental resources. Country life furnishes it is true, mental stimulation in abundance, but these are quiet, unobtrusive, uninsistent in their nature, and make no impression except on a mind either naturally or by training, prepared to receive them. A man may live all his life in the country, and never be stirred by a beautiful sunset, by the glorious coloring of the changing autumn woods, or the marvel of the springing grain. He may spend his years controlling and directing the wonderful life-

The educational systems of Canada are under fire. Recent movements in Ontario point to increased demands for the Universities and High Schools. Statistics show that about 5 per cent. of country children go on for higher education. The salaries of the rural teachers are too low, yet the country ratepayers are already too heavily taxed. Consequently our schools are being guided by immature girls in many cases. Give the teacher a salary of \$1,000 and let the Province bear the extra cost, and the men of the nation will accept the situation as a life work, and become real leaders in that rural culture that alone makes for national greatness. This article contains the real essence of the whole matter. This logic is convincing and his conclusions irresistible. Mr. Drury graduated from the O. A. C. in 1900. Of his class of 17, only 3 are now actively engaged in agriculture. He is vice-president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture and a leader in agricultural thought in his Province.—Editor.

processes of plant and soil and animal, and yet never have his curiosity aroused enough to enquire as to the why of the things he does, or the results he obtains. It was of a countryman that Wordsworth wrote:—

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

The mental life of the countryman, then, largely depends on his own receptiveness, individually and collectively. Properly prepared for, it should be the richest and truest of which man is capable. Unprepared for, it may sink and degenerate until the people, through sheer mental inanition, become almost brutish, as is evidenced in the case of some of the European peasantries.

The townsman on the other hand, while surrounded by unbeautiful things,

by smoke, and dingy walls, and glaring pavements and harsh noises and unsavory odors, is never in any danger of that lethargy of the mind which is the bane of country life. His mental stimuli, while inferior, are insistent—thrust at him as it were, so that he cannot avoid them. The roaring crowds; the traffic; the day's news handed from mouth to mouth as he goes to and from his work; much discussed municipal questions; the labor union or the club: all these provide mental stimulation of a sort. Under these circumstances the mind cannot be inactive. It is because of an unconscious appreciation of this condition that so many young people, when they leave the country for the city, give as their reason "There is more life there." It is true that the surroundings of the townsman are inferior in their mental possibilities to those of the countryman, producing as their ultimate result, that shallow, fickle and irresponsible type of mind, which, as a matter of history has always made a city crowd dangerous—a type quite different from the quiet strong, sane type which is the best product of country life. But the fact remains, in spite of this that in the city there is a mental life, which thrusts itself even upon those who have absolutely no training, while in the country, though the conditions are such as to lead the highest and best thought-life, the stimuli have to be sought for, they do not compel attention, so that the man of untrained mind may miss them altogether, and become the prey of a deadly mental lethargy. For this reason, for his own sake, the education of the countryman should be even more carefully attended to than that of the townsman.

But not alone for his own sake should the countryman be carefully educated, and a high standard of average intelligence be carefully maintained in the rural districts. The country furnishes the very life of the whole community. From it come two necessities, food, and racial stamina. The townsman cannot argue that it is no affair of his what conditions are in the country. If the land is misused through lack of intelligence, or if, on account of a poor social life, people will not stay in the country, the townsman pays the piper in an increased cost of living. Statisticians have prayed, over and over again, that the enervating conditions of the city life would speedily result in racial deterioration, and finally in ex-



The little one room school should be a neighborhood centre.



Starlinek Consolidated School in Manitoba.

tion without the constant influx of fresh blood from the country. The quality of the country people is of vital importance to the townsman, and, if the country cannot supply the means necessary to a proper system of education, it is both expedient and just to call upon the towns for the necessary help.

There has been a growing feeling for many years that there is something wrong with our rural schools. The average boy or girl as they finish their course in these schools, generally in their early teens, cannot be said to have any real education. They have learned to read, write and cipher, for the most part very indifferently. They have crammed enough facts and dates in geography and history to pass an examination—and forget them as quickly as possible once the examination is passed. They have had a few dozen lessons in nature study or similar subjects, given generally by a teacher who has no real interest in the subjects other than to fulfil the departmental regulations, and who, because of his own lack of enthusiasm in the matter, fails to arouse any enthusiasm of natural observation in his pupils. But these boys and girls, unless they are of exceptionally active mind, have been given little impetus toward real mental culture. For one thing they have not developed the reading habit. It is not an uncommon thing, and I personally have seen several cases, where a young man or woman, after having got all our rural public schools could give them, have confessed that they had never read one book after they had left school. They have not learned the accuracy that a respectable grounding in arithmetic should give them. How many of our public school pupils could extract a square root after having been out of school for five years? And with this meagre smattering of knowledge, and with no mental culture whatever, these boys and girls are turned out to do the best they can in forming a rural social life.

And this is the educational prepara-

tion for life that our country people are receiving. The influence of the high schools does not reach them except indirectly. A very small proportion of rural common school pupils ever reach the high school. In 1911, there were 122,537 pupils in the rural common schools of the Province of Ontario. In the same year there were 11,714 pupils of rural origin in the High Schools, Collegiate Institutes and Continuation Schools. Very few, even of this small proportion who attend the secondary schools, return to the country. For the most part, they go on to the secondary schools with the distinct object of preparing for the University or for some urban calling. Of those who finally reach the University practically none return to the country, and even those who have taken a course in our Agricultural College are rare figures in country life, for the most part preparing for professional agriculture in some form, and living in town to practise it!

Thus the country districts are left, not only with a low average level of education and culture, but without the advantage that would come from a few leaders of superior training. In the cities and towns is gathered the whole body of the educated people, but out in the country there is not even a fair proportion of educated people to act as leaders. Is it any wonder, under these circumstances that the social life of the country is barren, and that the people of the rural districts are unprepared to exercise their proper influence on the affairs of the nation? When we remember that it is in the conditions prevailing in the country that men have the greatest need for mental culture, in order that they may make the most of their lives, the condition of our rural districts becomes sad indeed. Is it not possible that we are nearer to the condition of the peasant than we are to that of the intelligent independent yeomanry that should be our ideal?

The Rural School Must Furnish Men

It is clear that if the educational level of our rural population is to be raised, as things are at present, it must be through the medium of the rural public schools. It may be that some time in the future, when we are wise enough to remove the fiscal and economic burdens that now hold him down, the occupation of the farmer will become profitable enough to attract men of superior education, though until that time comes we may not even expect to see the graduates

from our Agricultural colleges on the farms. At the present time, however, we can expect little help from our Universities and High Schools, in raising the intelligence and culture of the rural neighborhood. The public schools, however, we have, and the question is, how can these schools be so improved as to give a reasonable amount of educational culture to the 95 per cent. of their pupils so as to better fill the peculiar needs of the rural community?

Consolidated Schools Not the Solution

At least two plans to accomplish this end have been proposed in Canada. Some nine or ten years ago we had the movement for the Consolidated Rural School. It was proposed that instead of little one-roomed schools scattered everywhere through the country, there should be a consolidation of the present school-sections, four or five sections being thrown together to make one larger section, with a graded school of four or five rooms and as many teachers, and covered vans to convey the children to and from school, over the longer distances made necessary by the larger section. This plan was launched under powerful auspices, and with strong financial backing. Several model Consolidated Schools were established and run for a number of years. The idea, however, never grew, and now nothing is heard of it. It had considerable merit, but unfortunately there were more than overbalancing defects. There is no doubt that better schools and teachers and more efficient organization and equipment would have been obtained in this way, but there were three very weighty objections. In the first place, owing largely to the cost of conveying the children to and from schools, involving the employment of more teams and drivers than there were teachers, the expense of running these schools was bound to be enormously high, and out of all proportion to the increase in teaching efficiency. In the second place, there was a very real difficulty in the danger to the health of the children involved in a drive of four or five miles before and after school, during the severities of the winter months. I remember seeing, in one of these model consolidated sections, a school-van which had not finished its rounds at 6 o'clock in the evening. Some of the children had been on the road two hours. There are not many parents who would not prefer that their children should walk two or even three miles, rather than take a drive of that duration in the winter months.

It Would Rob the Rural Centres

But there was still another reason why the Consolidated School was doomed to failure, at least under the conditions existing in Canada. The neighborhood is a very real unit in rural society. The matter of distance determines its extent, so that it cannot extend for more than a reasonable walking or driving distance from its centre. In other words, the same factors determine the extent

of the neighborhood as determine the size of the school section. It is no wonder then that we find the rural neighborhood centering around the local school. To place that school in the centre of a district eight or ten miles square was to destroy its value as a neighborhood centre, as well as to remove it too far from the outlying parts of the district to get that local interest which counts for so much in the country. It may be that a feeling that by consolidating the school sections the rural neighborhoods would lose something that by right belonged to them, had something to do with the facts that this idea never "caught on" with the people. Be that as it may, the movement for Consolidated Rural Schools is now as dead as a doornail.

But now a new plan for the improvement of the rural schools has been brought forward. We are told that the common schools have much to do with the trend of population from the country to the town. They have been "educating people away from the land." How the teaching of the subjects taught in the public schools can influence the child to choose medicine or law or business rather than agriculture, I for one cannot see. I had thought that these rudiments were equally appropriate for all walks of life. However, this objection is raised to our public schools, and there is a strong movement on foot to change our rural school curriculum so as to educate the children back to the land, instead of away from it. To this end increasing emphasis is being laid upon nature-study, school-gardening and agriculture. They are to be emphasized so that the children will become interested in the soil, and will choose farming as their life's work. Thus the rural schools are to be made an agent to stem the tide of rural depopulation, and to coax, cajole, and if necessary almost drive the children of farmers into following their father's calling. The rural schools are to be made to some extent at least, vocational schools. Coincident with this movement is that for manual training in the city schools, the object of which is undoubtedly not only the mental culture obtained by work at the bench, but the directing of the minds of artisans' children towards the workshop.

It does not require that one should be a prophet or the son of a prophet to see whereto this tends. In India they have what is known as the caste system. Each vocation forms a distinct society of its own, and the son absolutely must follow his father's calling. There is no such thing as a young man choosing his calling. He is born to his calling, and there he must stay. This system is one of the greatest evils in heathen India. We have of course no such thing here. Here every young man can choose his calling with perfect freedom. But once let vocational training be introduced in our public schools, and let us see what happens.

Let us suppose the teaching of agriculture is introduced in all seriousness into rural schools, and manual training into city schools used by children of ar-

tisans. To teach these subjects well,—and there is no use teaching them any other way,—requires time, a good deal of time. There is only one way that time for them can be got,—by curtailing the time devoted to other subjects. Thus the child must be older than he otherwise would be when he reaches the standard required to enter the secondary schools, older when he matriculates, and, should he choose a profession later in life when he begins work. No one can claim that this is not a serious handicap to the son of the farmer or the artisan who wishes to follow some calling other than that of his father. Give still more time to these subjects, and we have an almost irresistible force, not only of influence, but of compulsion, to drive the child into his father's vocation. Is it fair or right, is it in the interests of true democracy that any force, any influence should be used to direct the mind of the child, into any special walk of life? Should he not be left absolutely free and untrammelled in his choice of a vocation?

Till they reach the age of fifteen or sixteen, children live in a world of their own, a world largely made up of imaginings, of fancies and day-dreams, — dreams which rarely come true, but still are beautiful and bright and wholesome. They are as care-free and irresponsible as the birds, and generally as happy. They accept their parents provision without thought of where it comes from, and the thought of money rarely enters their heads. We all remember this magic period of early youth, when the sun shone more brightly, and the birds sang more sweetly, and the springing flowers were more beautiful than they ever have been since. When, in words of Kingsley:

"All the world was young, lad,
And all the trees were green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen."

But into this fairyland of childhood comes the vocational teacher, with his questions of profits and loss, of methods and costs, and what happens? I will merely quote from an article written by a direct representative much in favor of teaching agriculture in rural schools:

"Who has the cow that gives most milk? I asked one school.

"Our old roan has the bunch licked," said one young boy.

"Huh! She's only a grade," replied a red-haired hopeful, minus two teeth. "Our pure-bred Holstein can knock the spots off her."

"Please sir, I'll bet our new Ayrshire has them all stuffed," a little fellow piped up."

Leaving aside the question as to whether these young hopefuls would not have been better employed in learning to speak decent English, is it not all a pretty sordid business? Is it not a fair stretch of the imagination to see these boys, in their teens, full of thoughts of profits and loss and money-making, robbed of the happy irresponsibility of childhood, a lot of sordid

little money-grubbers. Is it right so soon to turn their thoughts toward the material things that constitute the care of the adult world? They will have to take up the burden soon enough. Why not leave them free until their turn comes?

But there is no doubt our rural schools are capable of improvement, though my own opinion is that this improvement does not lie along the line of vocational training. As to nature-study and school gardens, they may be very helpful, if they are taught as recreative subjects, and are not allowed to interfere with the serious business of the school. This serious business is nothing less than the thorough and complete mastery of the three Rs. A child will learn to farm or make shoes after he has left school, but if he has not mastered the three Rs then, he will never do so. And more important than any other thing to him, are these fundamentals, for they are the golden keys with which he may unlock the great world of books, and make his own the knowledge and experiences of all past generations of men. High-school teachers constantly complain that the pupils coming up to them are ill-prepared, and know nothing thoroughly. Is it not possible that the public school curriculum instead of being too narrow and in need of additions, is too broad, and in need of pruning, so that the work may be more thoroughly done?

Only Five Per Cent. to High Schools

Up to the point where the High School Entrance Examination is reached, the educational requirements of the pupils who will enter the secondary schools and those who will not do so are the same. They are the fundamentals, which everyone must know. Generally, the work of the public school stops there. About 5 per cent. go on to the secondary schools. For the remaining 95 per cent. educational opportunities are ended. Many of these would undoubtedly go further were it not that it requires considerable sacrifice and expense to send them. It generally involves the boy or girl leaving home and paying board in the town where the secondary school is situated. Many rural parents who would gladly have their children go further, cannot stand the expense necessary to send them, or shrink from allowing them to leave home at such an early age. Should not something be done for these, in the way of continuation class? It seems to me that the work of this class might at the same time be made highly profitable to the pupils and not very burdensome to the teacher. It should not consist in teaching a poor smattering of languages and algebra and the sciences, which cannot be pursued far enough to be of any permanent value, but its aim should be to cultivate the habit of reading, to teach the pupil to formulate and express his own thoughts, and above all, to broaden his mind and set him thinking. Could not a course of say, two or three years be arranged, during which the pupil would

(Continued on page 110.)

The Test of Danforth

A Live Story in Which Love at First Sight Finds a Means to an End

MISS MOLLY MARVEL, only child of the wealthiest man in New York, gave a sudden cry as she half rose from her seat in the tonneau, steadying herself by grasping her father's arm.

"There he is, at last!" she said.

"Who?" demanded her father, absently.

"The man I am going to marry," said the girl, her resolute brown eyes fixed intently on some one in the crowd which poured past the slowly moving car.

A father who had survived twenty-one years of submission to the caprices of an imperious daughter could hardly be expected to show surprise at anything. Cyrus Marvel, like iron in his dealings with men, was mere putty in the hands of his winsomely pretty and absolutely unmanageable daughter. She had squandered several substantial fortunes, organized a party of friends for a rusticated trip disguised as gypsies, played in a polo match against a team of army officers, spent part of a season with a repertoire company on a tank route, engaged herself one season (according to the newspapers, at least) to marry an impecunious Italian Count, and the next season a coming playwright, who, by the way, never came; and so on ad infinitum. Her father, therefore, was not particularly startled at her announcement.

Looking in the direction she indicated he picked out a tall young fellow who was stepping briskly through the crowd. The stranger towered a head above the press; and a goodly head it was, something on the Caesar-Stephen Langton order; so much so, in fact, that the fedora hat which he wore well back on his head looked incongruous, ill-fitted to the brow it shaded. A helmet or a mitre even would have served him better. He was tramping along with eyes fixed straight ahead, quite unmindful of the crowd and unconscious of the effect his appearance had had on one occupant of the big car, stranded just opposite to him in a momentary jam of vehicular traffic.

"So that's my future son-in-law," grunted old Cyrus. "Never set eyes on him before. He'd be ornamental around the house Molly, but don't know as we could make anything but a football player of him. What's his name?"

"I don't know," replied the girl. "This is the first time I have seen him myself."

Marvel gave a gasp. He watched the back of the stranger as it bobbed in and out through the crowd, for a moment or two. "There's one satisfactory thing about it," he said, with relief. "You'll never see him again."

"But I must," exclaimed the girl earnestly. "You must send James to

By BERTRAM COSTAIN

Romance can be found even in the strenuous activities. In this instance it is discovered in the preference of the headstrong daughter of a multi-millionaire for a young man of unknown antecedents and the subsequent steps taken by her father to test the merit and honesty of the stranger. The story of the test of Danforth carries the reader into the realm of Wall Street intrigue where stranger things than are found in fiction are daily occurrences.—Editor.

follow him, to find out who he is and where he lives. I can drive the car home."

Marvel opened his mouth to utter a peremptory refusal but got no further than a gruff "I'll be hanged——"

A glimpse of his daughter's face convinced him that she was in earnest. He shrugged his shoulders resignedly and, leaning forward, touched the chauffeur on the shoulder.

* * *

Before a legacy from an only and almost unknown uncle had left him independent with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year, John Danforth had tried his hand at many things. He had first studied for the law, but it had not taken him long to discover that he would never make a lawyer. Then he had secured a position as a travelling salesman for a typewriter concern. The human race can be divided broadly into two classes; those born to sell and those born to be sold to. Danforth was hopelessly in the latter class, as his salesmanager soon found out. Then he became a reporter and would have been a successful one but for the fact that his ideas on the value of news clashed with those of the hard-headed city editor. Danforth had a genius for detail and he lugged inconsequential facts into his stories until they became mere capitulations of cumbersome detail instead of luminous pen-pictures. Often he was so engrossed in getting the little things that he lost sight of the story itself; as, for instance, when he clothed the account of a divorce case in high society with an exhaustive argument on the points which had created incompatibility of disposition between the interested parties and forgot to record the fact that the defendant failed to appear, having eloped the night before with a noted actress!

And so, when the inheritance came, mightily relieved that he would no longer have to bother with the dross details of existence, Danforth settled down to a serious study of science and literature.

Twelve hundred dollars is not much to live on in the city of New York. Danforth got along capably, however. He boarded with a widow in moderate circumstances. As the study of certain branches of science became of such absorbing interest that the days were always too short to allow any time for recreation or frivolous amusement, he was able to foot his board and tailor bills without difficulty.

When he had walked out of the Planet office for the last time, great thoughts were in his mind. He would write a book, a great book, one that would revive the style of the old masters. When that was done, he would take the time to work up certain fascinating theories on astronomical topics which he had been revolving in the back of his head for some years.

The great book was still unwritten, the project having been abandoned after several fruitless attempts at a start. All that he had accomplished was the publication in a current magazine of an astronomical treatise in which he attempted to prove that the galaxy of systems, which go to make up the universe, revolved around a Heavenly body of inconceivable magnitude, which he agreed with Madler in locating in the Pleiades. This theory, conceived with imaginative ingenuity and expounded with a certain brilliancy of style, had attracted widespread interest. Scientists had united in attacking it and Danforth had been the storm-centre of an international controversy. His fame had been short-lived, however. The public had long since forgotten him and his plausible theory as well.

His circle of acquaintances had been gradually growing narrower since his withdrawal from active employment, and it was with considerable surprise that one morning at breakfast he found a letter at his plate which came quite apparently from an unknown source. His surprise deepened as he slowly digested the contents.

John Danforth, Esq.

Dear Sir:—

It was with considerable interest that I read your recent article on the existence of a cosmical centre. In regard to the conclusions you reach I thoroughly agree. Although my name may be familiar to you only as a man of business, allow me to assure you that I have taken the deepest interest in scientific research, and only the demands made on me by my business interests prevent me from devoting a portion of my time at least to the pursuit of a wider knowledge.

I would like to see you personally and would suggest, if you find it convenient,

that you call at my house to-morrow afternoon before 4 o'clock.

Yours very sincerely,

CYRUS MARVEL.

Danforth whistled softly to himself. Across the table sat a stoutish young man, finishing his breakfast leisurely. Jules Cavendish was the only other guest then gracing the board of the Widow O'Shaughnessy. In fact, up to the time of Cavendish's arrival two weeks before, Danforth had been the sole boarder and accordingly had looked on the advent of another one as somewhat of an intrusion. Cavendish, it turned out, spent his days on or around Wall Street; in what capacity he did not say. He was inclined to give himself airs and even on occasions to patronize Danforth. He always had money and spent it freely. In a number of other ways he had managed to make himself obnoxious.

It was rather natural therefore that Danforth should fold the letter back into its envelope and say carelessly:

"Ever met Cyrus Marvel, Cavendish?"

"Er—yes," replied the other.

"He writes that he wants me to call and see him. Rather a singular request from him."

"It's downright queer," affirmed Cavendish, showing interest. "He's a funny old fish, is Cyrus—as close as an oyster. In addition to his offices downtown, he has two wires into his house and does most of his business there. Has a whole office staff there every day. He seldom goes out unless he has to. Why there are lots of men on Wall Street who have never set eyes on him. I can't understand what he wants to see you for. You have'n't enough money for him to bother taking." This last with a loud laugh.

"The appointment has nothing whatever to do with business," said Danforth, testily.

"Don't tell me that old Midas Marvel has a thought for anything outside of money," said Cavendish, rising and shoving his chair back from the table. "If you meet the daughter put in a good word for me, will you? She's the only girl I've ever seen that could make me an applicant for the Ancient and Honorable Order of Henpecked Husbands."

Danforth kept his appointment the following afternoon. He was ushered into the presence of America's richest man without any delay. Many millionaires, senators, yes even Cabinet members, too, had sat around the ante-room of Cyrus Marvel waiting patiently for an audience with the great man. If Danforth had stopped to think he would have been mystified to account for his having acquired, unbeknown to himself, the open sesame.

Cyrus Marvel was a massive old man. His powerful head, his square hewn features and his grizzly hair gave him a stern, almost a forbidding look. He was a masterful talker, magnetic and convincing, pouring out a rapid-fire succession of staccato sentences that bristled with unconscious epigrams. He engaged

Danforth in conversation on certain topics of scientific interest and the knowledge he displayed was incredible in a man supposed to spend every waking minute in the pursuit of the almighty dollar. Soon he carried Danforth beyond the point where the latter remembered that Cyrus Marvel was a multimillionaire whose time during business hours, roughly speaking, was worth upwards of \$1,000 a minute. For three-quarters of an hour they talked unrestrainedly as men do when on a topic of mutual interest and during the whole time they never once got nearer to the earth than Mars. Finally Marvel rose.

"I had an object in getting you here, Mr. Danforth," he said. "It's this way. I've a rather complete library here and the finest private observatory and laboratory in America. I've just completed the installation of a telescope—the second biggest on the continent. They are here for use and I want you to use them. With such facilities you would probe behind the veil and find some of the secrets of space, my boy. I want you to make full use of everything I have, to come and go as you will. Come along now and I'll show you around."

He hurried off, conducting Danforth to another part of the building where he introduced him to the wonders of the library and observatory. Danforth was amazed at the completeness of the equipment, at the seemingly unending tiers of books and at the huge telescope, through which a man could gaze at stars so far away that it took millions of ages for their light to reach the earth.

"Now I must get back," said Marvel, briskly. "Make yourself perfectly at home here. Come as often as you feel inclined to and sometimes run into the office and see me. If there's anything you want to find out about this place, just ask Miss Gray, She's my librarian. Thought she was here to-day but guess she left early. I've arranged everything for you. There's a button. If you need anything, ring. Good bye." And he was off before Danforth had time to utter a word of thanks.

Danforth paid several short visits to the Marvel mansion during the next month. On these occasions he found none of the members of the household at home. Marvel himself was racing back and forth across the continent on matters pertaining to a railroad merger he was engineering. His maiden sister, who kept house for him, and his daughter were on a tour of the summer resorts, as Danforth learned from the newspapers. The librarian had apparently seized the opportunity to enjoy a holiday.

One morning he put in an early appearance and after an hour's work in the observatory, walked into the library in search of a certain book. A girl was seated at the librarian's desk. Her back was toward the door by which he had entered and, as she was deeply engrossed in the pages of a magazine, she did not observe his entrance. Danforth for his part was in a preoccupied mood and he had almost stumbled over her before he became aware that he did not have the room to himself.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hastily. "I am very clumsy. You see I didn't know anyone was here. You are Miss Gray, I presume. Perhaps Mr. Marvel has spoken to you about me. My name is Danforth."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Danforth," said the librarian. "Mr. Marvel has instructed me to do everything I can to assist you in your work."

"It is very good of him—and of you," said Danforth, absent mindedly. "By the way, there's a book that I want very particularly just now and I suppose you must have it somewhere. If you will be good enough—"

He stopped short. His gaze, which up to that time had been focused on some indefinite point in space, had suddenly settled on the girl. The surprise he experienced was enough to hold him transfixed for several moments.

At first he was conscious only of a pair of eyes—large, luminous orbs of bewildering darkness and depth. Gradually he became aware of the fact that these wonderful eyes were set in a face which presented claims to attention on its own account; an altogether charming face, oval in shape, well nigh perfect in profile and with several dimples thrown in for good measure. A heavy mass of brown hair shaded the face. Finally, Danforth learned that it belonged to a young lady of medium height and girlish slowness, attired in a severely business-like but decidedly becoming costume.

"You were going to give me some instructions?" he heard a voice ask, a voice of such charm that it associated itself at once with the owner of the eyes, dimples and hair. The words were uttered, however, in a crisp and business-like tone.

"Yes," said Danforth, recovering himself, partially. "Could you get me this book of Huxley's, please?"

He wrote the title on a slip of paper, handed it to the girl and retired hastily. Danforth had always been afraid of girls. Had the librarian lived up to the half-formed expectations he had entertained of her—a bespectacled spinster, thin, thorough and thirty-five—he would have placed himself on a friendly footing at once. But the fact that she had turned out a mere slip of a girl and a beauty at that, drove him from the room speechless, his six foot two of powerful masculinity in full retreat after the first tilt with five foot five of demure femininity. He turned at the door. She was watching him with a suspicion of a smile; amusement at his discomfiture, he thought.

Danforth did not make much progress on the work he had in hand that morning. His mind ran on brown eyes and cleft chins rather than on the constellations. Several times he started back to the library on some pretext or other but stopped before he got to the door. When Miss Gray brought him the required volume, he accepted it with a brief word of thanks and plunged into it with a pretence of active absorption, despite the fact that he believed he could detect signs of willingness on her part to stay and talk, if properly urged. When she had gone, he threw the book down



"There he is, at last!" said she.

and anathematized himself roundly for a tongue-tied humpkin.

Danforth came back every day after that. He arrived early and stayed late. The librarian showed equal diligence, being engaged in indexing a portion of the library. Danforth became expert at trumping up excuses to take him there and it was not long before he had been pressed into service as an indexing assistant. They got on famously after Danforth recovered from his first awe. Miss Gray proved a masterful young person, ordering him about freely; and Danforth delighted to obey. Many an hour they put in together busily at work on the books, she chatting gaily, he listening, watching, and admiring, but talking little; not having much opportunity for the latter, it is true. Occasionally he talked of his research work and the girl listened intelligently. Danforth decided that it was very pleasant indeed to have a person to expound his theories to, who had the rare gift of understanding.

At the same time he managed to make considerable progress with his work. Thanks to the boundless resources of the Marvel library, he gained added light on problems which he had been studying in a rather dilettante way previously. With the information at his disposal he began the development of a theory based on the movements of the solar comets. Gradually he became more and more absorbed in his work and, although he did not lose his desire for the company of the fair librarian one whit, he found it impossible to gratify that desire as much. As his research brought new facts to light, strengthening the conclusions he

had reached *a priori*, Danforth found less and less time to give to the new index. His relations with Miss Gray became limited to brief conversations during intervals of his work. That his defection had not pleased her was apparent. Her attitude toward him showed a mingling of coolness and reproach. Danforth was too busy to notice this.

Finally one morning he forged the last link into his chain of logic. The sequence of argument had been completed, the last word written. On finishing a great task, a man's first impulse is to find some one to talk it over with. One can imagine the inventor of the printing press running to skeptical old Mrs. Gutenberg with the first ink proof in his hands. With some men it takes the form of hunting up a reporter.

Danforth dropped his pen and strode into the library. Miss Gray was sitting at her desk, busily engaged with scissors and a pot of paste.

"Come here," he exclaimed, commandingly. In the triumph of the moment he had lost all diffidence and restraint. He took the girl by the hand and half led, half pulled her along in headlong haste to the observatory.

"It is finished," he exclaimed. "I cannot find a flaw in it. It will establish a new direction for astronomical research. I'll show you—" And he plunged into a lengthy explanation which would perhaps have been intelligible to a college professor. The girl followed him intently and patiently.

"There you have it in a few words," said Danforth, at the conclusion of his harangue.

Then he realized that he still had possession of her hand. In order to better understand certain diagrams to which he had referred, she had been compelled to lean one elbow on the table and their hands had been very close together. Danforth had not realized this before. He did now. It thrilled him. Her deep brown eyes were fixed upon him at a distance of little over a foot.

"You are wonderfully beautiful," he exclaimed.

"It had taken you longer to find that out than to discover the movements of comets," she whispered.

The sciences and all pertaining thereto slipped entirely from Danforth's mind.

"No, no," he protested. "I knew it the first time I saw you; or rather about two minutes afterward. Your beauty made me afraid of you."

He had taken the other hand now.

"You seem to have recovered from your fear," said the girl. Their eyes met and a moment afterwards the distance between them had been shortened to—well, practically nothing at all.

Danforth realized that he had taken her in his arms, and the thought of his daring did not arouse any thrill of apprehension.

"I don't think I am afraid any more," he said.

He raised one arm to coax her face into a certain position and the next moment she had broken away.

"I must get back to my work," she said, a little breathlessly.

And for the second time Danforth let her go, when he wanted above everything else to keep her, and when, in addi-

tion, her eyes contained the message of her willingness to stay. But a prudent consideration had entered his mind. If she remained in the room, he would make love to her. A man should not make love to a girl unless he intended to marry her. And a man with twelve hundred a year had no right to marry. Ergo, he must not urge her to remain.

A few minutes afterward, however, he put his head in the library door and announced: "You are going to lunch with me to-day. I won't take a refusal this time. I will come for you in half an hour."

At the end of the half hour he returned and found her ready. Thoroughly enamoured, he sought out the most expensive restaurant he knew of and recklessly squandered two weeks' income. "What a delightful little place," she said, and Danforth remarked that she behaved as though she was thoroughly accustomed to dining in public.

That remark gave Danforth considerable food for thought. He continued thinking on the same strain off and on during the rest of the day. By breakfast next morning, he had reached a certain conclusion.

Twelve hundred dollars a year was a mere pittance, beggarly even for a fellow with no expensive tastes. It precluded all possibility of intimate friendships with members of the other sex and made the thought of marriage an absurdity—if a fellow happened to think of marriage, that is. Now a girl like—well, like Miss Gray—had certain acquired ideas and tastes which would make a substantially large income a necessity before a fellow could presume—. Why, probably Marvel paid her more than that. Her dresses were always plain but they had something about them that even to his uninitiated eyes suggested worth. He might have spelled it with a capital W if he had known.

* * *

"Danforth, do you want to make some money?" asked Cavendish, who was seated at the other side of the breakfast table.

"You must be a mind reader," said Danforth. "I do want to make some money—badly. I was just thinking about it."

"Would you care how you made it?" asked the other in his habitual off-hand way.

"I would turn my hand to any work," replied Danforth.

Cavendish suddenly leaned forward and regarded the other intently and searchingly.

"See here," he said. "Just what are your ideas on the question of right and wrong? Would you countenance the methods of Wall Street, the subterfuges of financiers? I would like to know, just for curiosity's sake, if you would consider right anything that stopped short of being legally wrong."

"I don't know," said Danforth, passing up his egg with a show of lack of appetite—the inevitable symptom. "I confess to ignorance of the methods of your Wall Street associates, Cavendish. They may be all right though one hears

plenty of evidence volunteered to the contrary."

"I have a little plan afoot," said Cavendish, choosing his words cautiously, "which promises to be highly remunerative. It would violate no law and would be regarded as strictly legitimate by every man with any experience in—well, let us say frenzied finance. I need a man to help me. You seem to have all the necessary qualifications, with one added advantage. You have access to old Cyrus Marvel."

Danforth began to show a live interest. He returned the steady gaze of the corpulent Cavendish with equal intentness.

"What would that have to do with it?" he asked.

"Well," said Cavendish, with an easy laugh, "it's this way. If our enterprise is successful, old Cy will pay the piper. With your free entry to his house, you might be able to get certain information necessary to our scheme which I would have difficulty in obtaining any other way."

Danforth felt the hot blood surge to his face. He had an almost uncontrollable desire to lean across the table and strike Cavendish. The latter's square, bluish chin offered a tempting target. But he checked the impulse.

"Then you mean," he said, trying to speak coolly, "that your plan is to gouge—is that the word?—Cyrus Marvel, and to accomplish it through my friendship with him?"

"Don't flatter yourself," laughed Cavendish, bringing out his cigarette case and handing it across the table. Danforth shoved it back with a shake of the head. The other took a cigarette himself and lighted it before resuming. "Cyrus Marvel doesn't know the meaning of the word friendship. He's a wolf in human guise. Marvel is the Ishmael of big Interests. He preys on everyone; and everyone who dares preys on him. Take it from me, my worldly unwise friend, he has some use for you or he would never have taken you up. Friendship? Shades of a thousand bankrupts! How much friendship would you expect from a boa constrictor? Danforth, don't stay out on sentimental reasons. Why, Marvel himself would laugh if he knew anyone had refused a good chance to gouge him. I thank you for the word. Gouge is good."

"What would I have to do?"

Cavendish blew a ring of smoke and watched it curl upward toward the ceiling before replying.

"Yours would be a character part chiefly," he said. "Get on a certain train at a certain place. Wear a plain grey suit, flannel shirt with collar, but no tie. Go through the train until you strike an old codger dressed like yourself. Kiss him on the right hand and say: 'Have ye eaten the book?'"

"That's enough," said Danforth, his fists again itching to get into action. "I warn you not to try practical jokes on me. I'm short tempered at times."

Cavendish became all seriousness at once. "Pardon me," he said, with a placating smile. "I should have given you some explanation before springing

that comedy stuff. Still that is exactly what you are expected to do. It would be part of your share of the work. Before I go into this further, I want some assurance that I'm not wasting my time. Are you open to come in on this?"

If the thought had not occurred to Danforth that, out of regard for Mr. Marvel's interests he should hear what the proposition was, he would have ended the discussion there and then. But it appeared to him strongly that he should find out as much of the nefarious scheme—for such he judged it to be—as he could. In this way he might be able to thwart it.

"You've got to show me it's worth while," he said, trying to adopt his choice of words to the situation.

"Very well then. Do you know the T. & O. P.? You may think it's a star or an asterisk—oh, well then, asteroid. But it's not; it's a railroad," said Cavendish, with thinly veiled contempt of the other's ignorance of business matters. "If you knew anything about such things, you'd be aware of the fact that the T. & O. P. is a rickety old road, connecting two other lines. It's recognized as the prize white elephant of the railroading industry. It hasn't paid a dividend in twenty years. The stock as a result has been down as close to zero as any stock could ever get. Then Cyrus Marvel bought out the two lines it connects—he has a scheme on to control a direct line from coast to coast—and so he started gunning for T. & O. P. The directors are a stubborn, fussy lot. They didn't care to stand and deliver at the command of this old highwayman of high finance. They fought back. And so far, Marvel has not been able to get control. News of the fight leaked out and, as everyone backed Marvel as the ultimate winner—he always wins—T. & O. P. started to go up. You see, if he got the road, he would make something of it. So for the first time in a quarter of a century, the bulls took a whirl at old Top."

"Now, then. To-morrow is the annual meeting of the company. If it transpires that Marvel has bagged control, stocks will go up still higher. If he has failed to acquire control, there will be a landslide. T. & O. P. stock will go down out of sight. If we could make it sure that Marvel did not get control, what a chance to make a killing!"

"I happen to know that a block of Top stock is in the hands of an old party up near Albany—enough to control the situation. Marvel learned of this a few days ago," went on Cavendish, speaking in a low tone and rapidly. "He has arranged with Spearing, the old party, to come to New York. Spearing's a hard old specimen of the hick tribe, and just as grasping as old Marvel himself. He knows the value of the stock he holds. He won't come down until to-morrow morning and then he'll put in an appearance at the last moment with the stock in hand and sell out to the highest bidder."

"And Marvel will pay. It has become a personal matter with him. His old enemies, the Parlow and Hartley crowd, have quietly lined up behind the T. & O. P. directors with the amiable ob-



"The whiskers came away in his hand."

ject of blocking his transcontinental scheme. Marvel will beat them, if it costs him a million. He has an agent up there watching Spearing as close as a two-dollar plunger watches the bookie. As soon as Spearing gets on a train, Marvel will get word by wire. Another trusted agent will be at the station to meet Spearing and as soon as he sets foot on the platform he'll be whisked off in a taxi to Marvel's private office. The opposition won't get even a sidelong glance at him—unless we shove in and mix things up a bit.

"Our plan, of course, will be to get hold of Spearing ourselves and then tip off his whereabouts to the highest bidder. And it isn't going to be child's play either, getting hold of the old boy. He thinks every second man in New York is a bunco steerer and that gold bricks are commoner here than testaments. If a stranger were to speak to him, he'd yell for a cop. And if he saw me—well, we are acquainted and for some reason or other he has formed a highly erroneous opinion of my character. I'll have to stay out of his sight, that's certain.

"Now here's the plan. I'll be on the platform when the train pulls in as I know every one of the Marvel crowd, I'll pick out whoever is waiting for Spearing and be right at his elbow. As soon as the train comes in sight, I'll jostle up against him and accuse him of

picking my pocket. I've bribed a station policeman to be on the job and, at the first sound of altercation, he'll take both of us unceremoniously by the collar and escort us out. It will take Marvel's man some time to explain himself. In the meantime Spearing will have arrived. Unfortunately it is out of the question for anyone to accost him there without having some ready proof of connection with the Marvel crowd. The old man will be carrying his suspicions on hair trigger.

"No, it will have to be done by somebody getting acquainted with him on the train. And there's only one way that you can get into the good will of Eli Spearing. He's strong on the religious stuff. Belongs to some sect that call themselves Seven Sealers. I don't know much about their outlandish belief except that they base it on what somebody found out when the seventh seal was opened. He had to eat a book to find it out. So when a man has swallowed their belief, they say he has swallowed the book; and that makes him a full fledged Seven Sealer. Sounds incredible, doesn't it? Still, that's one of the mildest things about them. They tolerate clothing only as a concession to decency and a means to keep warm. For that reason, they dress simply and eschew such luxuries as neckties. They define Heaven as the home of Sealers only and hell as the abode of the rest of

mankind. Whenever two of them meet, they kiss each other's hands and babble texts.

"Is the beauty of my plan beginning to dawn on you? You get on at a suburban station decked out in full Sealer regalia, run across the old man and shoot him the pass-word. By the time you pull into the depot, you're as thick as thieves. Volunteer to help him find his way about town. You will have him cinched, for he doesn't know anything about the city and the noise will kind of get to him at first. A taxi will be waiting. Bundle him in and give the driver Marvel's address. He'll take you instead to a certain office on Broadway. Tell a red-headed clerk with spectacles that you want to see Mr. Marvel. The clerk will say that Mr. Marvel has been called away on unexpected business but will be back in half an hour. Then he'll slip into a back room and get me on the 'phone. I'll go right to Marvel and offer to tell him where Spearing is, if he'll pay my price. With the meeting on at 1 o'clock, Marvel will have no time for dilly-dallying. He'll have to come across or fail to secure control.

"If he doesn't pay, I'll go to Parlow and Hartley and they will. Then we can use what we get out of it to play old Top on the market with advance information as to whether it will go up or down. There's a fortune in it."

(Continued on page 104.)

Greater Love Hath No Man

In the Power of a Madman Who Attempts the Rockies as
Napoleon Did the Alps

By H. A. CODY

An incident in the life of the author has suggested this story. Readers of MacLean's are already familiar with the author of the *Frontiersman*, and will not be disappointed in this tragic yet semi-humorous experience on the trail.—Editor.

A MORE determined band of men never swung pick or threw the diamond hitch than the five who formed the Vigilance Committee of the little mining town of Bull's Eye in the far northland, ere the advent of the Mounted Police. Tim Barker facing them realized what to expect. He had seen others pass before this same tribunal, and knew their fate. He was not surprised, therefore, when the leader, a tall muscular fellow, bronzed and grizzled, brought his fist down upon the rude table with a resounding thud and blurted out at the man standing before him:

"Tim Barker, we given you your choice. Either hit the trail in two hours, or stay here and take your dose."

There was silence in the room after these words, though outside the storm raged with unabated fury. Tim glanced through the small window at the whirling snow and a quiver shook his frame.

"Make up your mind," again roared the leader of the Committee, "and be d— quick about it too; we can't stay here forever."

Once more Tim's face sought the window, and his gaze passed beyond the small dirty panes, through the storm to a little log shack from which a stream of smoke was curling. For an instant he forgot his impatient judges, and saw only a sweet face, and eyes filled with tears, and heard a voice pleading, "Tim, he's young and not strong, so you'll take care of him for Nellie's sake."

"You sneak thief, why don't you answer?" shouted the leader, springing to his feet. "What's the matter with you?"

Tim no longer hesitated; his course was now clear.

"You devils," he cried; "you know nothing about mercy. I'll hit the trail. I'd rather have my life snuffed out in God's great open than let you do it."

Turning, he left the room, and striding rapidly through the storm soon reached the log shack from which the smoke was ascending.

"Tim, oh, Tim, is that you?" a weak voice wailed, as he opened the little door and entered. "Tim, I'm so sorry. What did they do to you?"

"Come, bottle that nonsense," was the reply. "You've done the mischief, and whining won't do any good. Put some grub in yon sack, and be quick about it, too."

"Oh, Tim, what's the matter?" moaned the voice.

"D— you! You know what's the matter. Do as I say, and hurry."

Then he glanced toward the lad standing there, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and there came to him again the pleading words, "Tim, he's young, and

not strong. You'll take care of him for Nellie's sake?"

With a groan he sprang forward and grasped the lad's hand.

"Forgive me, Don," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm sorry. Say, laddie, I've got to leave, start on the long trail."

With a terrible cry Don leaped to his feet.

"No, no, Tim! I am the thief! I am the one to suffer, and not you!"

But Tim seized him by the shoulder with such a grip that the lad winced.

"Look here, Don. I promised Nellie that I'd take care of you. I know you stole the gold from the cabin, but I'm strong and you are weak. I'll reach the coast over the mountains, and you can come out in the spring. But never breathe a word to a living soul here or they'll skin you alive for a thief and a coward. Come, lad, good bye, I'm off."

Leaving Don huddled upon the rough floor, his form racked with sobs, Tim strode out into the storm, out upon the terrible trail—the long trail of death. For days he moved forward, up a long narrow valley, over numerous inland lakes, ever pressing on toward the mountains far away in the distance. At first he moved with an elastic step, but when his scanty supply of food gave out slow was his progress. Starvation now stared him in the face. He had expected to obtain small game, such as rabbits and ptarmigan, but in this he was disappointed. Weaker and weaker he became as he trudged along through the desolate wilderness. The dazzling snow blinded him by day, the frost stung him at night, whilst the pangs of hunger almost maddened him. His snow-shoes were like great clogs weighing him down, and often he stumbled and only with difficulty regained his feet. His rifle which had been his companion for years, seemed like a ton in weight, and with a sob he laid it aside.

At length he reached a large lake, out upon which he slowly moved. Why he did so he could not tell, only he felt that he must keep in motion as long as he could drag one foot after the other. It was night and the stars gleamed and twinkled coldly overhead, mocking him, so he imagined. Everything was as still as death—unbearable. He felt he would

go mad. Presently he paused. What was that? There was something moving over the snow, gliding toward him. Another, and then a third, he could see their dim forms. Nearer and nearer they came, swift as the rush of doom. In an instant the truth flashed upon him, they were starving wolves—He forgot his weariness, hunger, and despair. The love of life still burned within him. He grasped his revolver, he would fight to the last. The dark forms came closer, and he fired once, twice. They paused only for an instant, when the leader, big brute that he was, sprang upon him. Just in time the revolver spoke again, and a sharp yell tore the night air, and the animal fell struggling upon the snow. Sickening, snarling sounds told of the fate of the fallen beast, for the law of the wild knows no mercy. His two companions fell upon him, and their sharp teeth tore the quivering flesh into shreds.

Tim did not wait but hurried forward. But, alas, his renewed strength could not continue, and ere long he felt weaker than ever. His head reeled, his knees trembled. His snowshoes were so heavy that he tore them from his feet. Then he crawled upon his knees. He would reach the shore, and die there in the shelter of the trees, and not out upon that lonely lake.

"Nellie, Nellie!" he cried, but no response came to his piteous appeal.

Then he strained his blurred eyes through the darkness, as if to see a light or something to cheer him. And as he looked a gleam rose before him on the shore not far away. A new hope now filled his heart, and once more he struggled forward. He regained his feet. He reeled to and fro and staggered like a drunken man. He could go no farther. Must he die there in the very presence of help! He lifted up his voice in one wild call for assistance. Presently a door opened, and a figure stood before him. With a last desperate effort he crawled forward, he reached the door, wriggled himself over the threshold, and fell senseless within.

When consciousness returned he found himself lying upon a rude bunk in a small room. Standing by his side was a man tall and large, with long hair, and a beard falling to his waist. He was eyeing him with an expression Tim did not like.

"Who are you?" he asked in a tired voice, as he made an effort to rise.

But the large man answered not a word but stood there with a terrible look in his eyes. A chill passed through Tim's body, and once again he asked,

"For God's sake tell me who you are! Why don't you speak?"



"Often he would stop and shout to the surrounding mountains."

"You are my prisoner," at length came in deep guttural tones from the giant.

"Your prisoner!" Tim exclaimed, "What do you mean?"

"I am Napoleon," the man replied. "I am the Emperor of the world, and I have captured you at last."

Then the terrible truth dawned upon Barker's mind. The man was mad, the victim of a delusion. He had escaped both storm and wolves only to fall into the hands of this creature. It was fearful, and beads of perspiration broke out upon his forehead as he thought of his position. What was he to do? He was weak through long fasting, and his body must be strengthened if he expected to contend with the towering form before him. Looking around the room he saw a piece of moose meat on a small table. He made an effort to rise, but the giant laid a strong hand upon him, and glared more fiercely than ever.

"I am hungry, starving," said Tim. "For God's sake give me a piece of that meat."

The giant put his hand to his forehead, as if trying to recall a lost chord of memory. Then without a word he crossed the room, cut off a large slice of the meat, and began to prepare it over the coals which were glowing in the rude fire-place. The smell of the cooking meat almost maddened the starved man, and it seemed a long time before his strange host handed to him the piece of cooked meat upon an old granite iron plate. Tim now breathed more freely. The man was not as mad as he had imagined. This idea was quickly dispelled, however, for no sooner had Tim begun to eat than the giant again broke forth in wild language.

"I am Napoleon, and you are my prisoner. Eat and be merry, for to-morrow you die. You are a spy sent here to find me out. But you shall never leave this place alive."

And eat Tim did, for his only hope lay in his renewed strength, and he wasted no time in mournful reflexions. Then the giant began to call aloud, at the same time shouting forth strange orders.

"Ho there menials," he roared. "I am Napoleon, and my prisoner shall have the best the land affords."

He next called for his officers, and a triumphant smile passed over his face as he pointed across the room.

"Look, there they stand, as fine a body of men as ever trod earth or drew sword. And see my soldiers marching by. They know their Emperor, and are saluting me. Don't you see their helmets gleaming? What noble fellows they are, one hundred thousand in all, and I their leader. We shall conquer, yes conquer the world, ha, ha!"

He was standing erect as he finished this harangue. He saw the whole thing; it was wonderfully real to him. He was the Emperor; his servants were serving him; his officers were standing by waiting to obey his slightest command, and one hundred thousand men were passing before him ready to do and to die. And thus all through the night the giant continued to give his wild orders to imaginary people.

Toward morning when daylight dawned he threw himself upon the floor, and slept long and heavily.

Barker remained awake for some time engaged in earnest thought. He knew that the man was a prospector by various mining tools he saw in the cabin. The lonely life, and long dark nights had evidently deranged his mind, an occurrence only too common in the north. The man was asleep and it was hard to tell what he might do when he awoke. A sudden thought came into his mind. A knife lay near and it would not take much strength. He banished the idea, however, with a shudder. No, he could not do such a cowardly thing.

Thinking thus he fell asleep, and when he again opened his eyes the day was far advanced. The giant was standing before him, eagerly awaiting his awakening, and grasping in his hand a large sharp-pointed knife. His eyes glowed like two fiery rockets, and when he opened his mouth to speak his words came forth in a deep guttural roar.

"Now, spy, I've got you at last. You shall not escape me this time. Your hour of doom is come. Napoleon, the Emperor of the world, stands before you; his army is waiting, and you must die."

It was certainly a critical moment for Tim. The slightest movement on his part would hasten the blow. He was too weak to spring out of the bunk, and it would be the utmost folly to attempt a struggle with the creature before him. What was he to do? He was one hundred miles from the coast, with a rugged mountain between, alone with a raving maniac. As he lay there almost entranced by the sight before him a thought suddenly flashed through his brain. It was his only chance, and he seized it as a drowning man clutches at a floating oar. Turning his eyes toward the opposite wall he stared as if in the greatest amazement.

"Look, look, mighty Emperor!" he cried, "there is Italy. Don't you see your enemies forming to attack you? They are ready to fall upon you to destroy you. See, the Alps rise before you. Lead forward your men over the mountains, and I will be your guide."

A cunning expression now came into the giant's eyes, and slowly he lowered the glittering knife as he turned his face in the direction of Tim's pointing finger. He saw the whole picture most vividly and at once a desire seized him to attack his enemy.

"Lead on," he shouted, "and I will follow. Ho, soldiers, make ready to march upon Italy."

"Great Emperor," said Tim, "it will take two days to break up camp and prepare for the march. One thousand men cannot undertake to advance over the Alps at a moment's notice."

This was his only hope now. He was too weak to travel, and the rest of two days would be needed for the great struggle over the mountain pass. He hardly expected that his words would have any effect upon the excited man before him. He was, therefore, much relieved when the giant at once turned and ordered his men to break up camp

and be prepared to start in two days.

Terrible was this time of waiting to the anxious Barker. The giant was ever on the move giving incessant orders to the four walls of the room. Their supply of provisions was getting low and it was necessary to get away as soon as possible. On the morning of the third day they drew out from the little cabin, with snowshoes on their feet, and their scanty supply of food strapped securely upon Tim's back. And then the struggle began. Up and ever up they moved through a long winding valley, where the mountains towered above them on every side. Slow was their progress for Tim was still weak and the madman spent much of time in giving wild orders. Often he would stop and shout to the surrounding mountains:

"Look how they march! Watch them climb! I am Napoleon, and they are my men. We will conquer Italy, ha, ha, ha!"

Thus day after day they pressed onward along that cruel way. Nearing the summit a furious storm burst upon them blotting everything out of sight in its merciless sweep. They could not face it, though for a time Tim struggled forward leading the giant who was now as quiet as a child. But it was no use, and they were forced to take shelter behind a huge ledge of rocks which fortunately was near. Here they waited until the storm beat itself out, and then weary and cold continued on their way. Everything around them was as still as death. There was a dazzling whiteness everywhere.

At length the summit was reached and a magnificent view was obtained of the surrounding country. Down below stood a fine forest, beyond which nestled an Indian village. Tim could see clouds of smoke curling into the frosty air from numerous cabins. Far beyond stretched the cold waters of the North Pacific Ocean. And standing there on the face of the mountain Tim forgot his companion. A prayer of thankfulness went up from his heart. He believed that he was saved, and at once there arose before him a vision of Nellie waiting to receive him.

Instantly this vision was dispelled for with a roar as of a wild beast the madman was upon him. Terrible was the giant's strength, and though Tim fought and struggled desperately he was as a child in the creature's grasp, who crushed him in the snow, and then clutched savagely at his throat. The helpless man felt that his end had come. A blackness rose before his eyes and he ceased his struggles. Suddenly the terrible grip relaxed, the giant was hurled from his body like a rocket, and amidst tumbling, tossing snow Tim felt himself borne on, down, down, he could not tell where. He knew that it was a snow-slide, which is so common in the north after a heavy storm. He had often looked upon the grand spectacle from a safe distance. He had seen the mighty onward rush down to the valley below, and then when the timber-line was reached the crash would take place, and the snow would

(Continued on page 111.)

A Review of Reviews

Articles of Unusual Interest Condensed from Contemporary Literature, Home and Foreign

India's Army of Idlers

Religious Penances and Punishments Self-inflicted by the Holy Men of India Due to a False Philosophy

WHILE penance is found in other countries, there is no country in the world where it has become so universal, or is carried to such a degree as in India, writes Rev. W. M. Zumbro, in *The National Geographic Magazine*.

Heaven is established on the air, the air on the earth, the earth on the waters, the waters on truth, the truth on the mystic lore (of the sacrifice), and that on Tapas (penance or self-mortification)

Four miles from Madura is the rock of Tirupurankundram (Hill of the Holy God Puran), sacred to the god Subramaniam. Here, twice a year, thousands of worshipers from all over South India gather for a religious festival.

These festivals serve the triple purpose of a camp-meeting, a country fair, and a market; for the Indian devotee combines business with religion in an interesting way.

It is a gay throng that assembles, rich in bright colors, fascinating in its varied life and movement—the easy pose of the village youth, the quaint charm of the Indian maiden, the confused babel of voices. Here is a little microcosm of the great India.

On the west the rock rises 500 feet sheer above the plain on which it stands, while it

slopes away more gradually toward the east. On the top of the rock is a Mohammedan mosque and at the foot is the temple of Subramaniam.

It is two miles around the rock, and every one going to the festival must needs walk around the rock, always going from left to right like the hands of a watch.

These great religious assemblies would never be complete without the religious ascetic or Sadhu. Here one sees him in

full power, crowned with glory and honor.

In addition to the professional mendicant, who sits quietly behind a cloth or a skin spread on the ground to receive the offerings of the faithful, there are many serious ones, who have made a vow to do some act of penance or self-torture in honor of the God, or in return for some favor, or to acquire merit, or for some other reason. Burying one's self in a standing position until only the head remains above ground, walking on

iron spikes, dancing and carrying a "kavadi" on the shoulder or a heavy load on the head, rolling in the dust and heat around the rock, stooping every few feet until the fingers touch the ground—this latter by women—these are some of the familiar forms of penance to be seen here.

The foreigner hurrying through India rarely understands or appreciates these Sadhus. He looks upon them as droll fellows or simpletons, knows little of their subtle philosophy, and sees only the body clothed in white ashes, dirt, and rags, or the self-torture by which they seek to gain release.

What lies back of all this suffering, and why will men voluntarily torture



LIVING ON A WIRE.

As a thoroughly comfortless method of existence, few can surpass that adopted by the Sadhu in the picture, who spends nine-tenths of his time balanced on a slack wire in the forest. Most Indian ascetics wear strings of beads about their necks or carry rosaries in their hands, reminding one that it is from the East, probably during the time of the Crusades, that Christendom borrowed this aid to devotion.



PREPARING FOR THE POLE SWINGING.

This photograph shows the hooks being fastened into the muscles of the back of a devotee preparatory to his being swung in the air, suspended from a high pole. This practice of hook swinging has for some years been forbidden by the British Government.

themselves with a torture equaling in ingenuity and cruelty any prescribed by Inquisition or by primitive savage?

The late Prof. Sir Monier Williams wrote as follows:

"According to Hindu theory, the performance of penances was like making deposits in the bank of heaven. By degrees an enormous credit was accumulated which enables the depositor to draw the amount of his savings without fear of his drafts being refused payment. The power thus gained by weak mortals was so enormous that gods as well as men were equally at the mercy of these all but omnipotent ascetics."

Some of the Horrors

In the Mahabaratha there is a story of two brothers, Daityas of the race of the great Asura, who undertook a course of severe austerities with the momentous object "of subjugating the three worlds. They clothed themselves in the bark of

trees, wore matted hair, besmeared themselves with dirt from head to foot, and in solitude upon the lone mountains endured the greatest privations of hunger and thirst. They stood for years on their toes with their arms uplifted and their eyes wide open. Not content with these sore penances, they, in their zeal, cut off pieces of their own flesh, and threw them into the fire.

The Vindhya Mountains, on which these determined ascetics had placed themselves, became heated by the fervor of their austerities, and the gods, beholding their doings, and alarmed for the consequences that might ensue, did everything in their power to divert them from the strict observance of their vows. The gods tempted the brothers by means of every precious possession and the most beautiful girls, but without success. Everything failing, Brahma was at last compelled to grant them very extensive powers and privileges, including com-

plete immunity from danger except at each other's hands.

When these successful ascetics returned home they arrayed themselves in costly robes, wore precious ornaments, caused the moon to rise over their city every night, and from year's end to year's end indulged in continual feasting and every kind of amusement. Evidently there was no thought of sin or expiation, nor did any regard for virtue enter into the consideration of the objects kept in view by these resolute Daitya brothers.

The idea seems to be that those who practice austerities, whoever they might be, appropriate energy, as it were, from some universal store, and they are thus strengthened to work their will, whether for good or ill.

The Two Vital Doctrines of Hindu Theology

In the period between 600 and 480 B. C. a marked change comes over the life and thought of the people. The two philosophic doctrines of Re-incarnation (rebirth) and Karma (retribution) were developed. A man's body, character, birth, wealth, station in life, happiness, or sorrow came to be regarded as the just recompense or reward for his deeds, good or bad, in earlier existences. If one could cease from acting he might then hope for release from the necessity of rebirth. One could cease from action only by crushing out desire. A great passion for release arose and many went out to the mountains and sought by indescribable self-torture to reach the end of birth and sorrow.

In later times there came about a still further development of Hindu philosophy. Each man was regarded as made up of an individual soul, a subtle invisible body, and a gross body. The soul is of the same essence as the all-spirit, from which it is detached in some mysterious way, and the final goal is reunion with the all-spirit.

On the other hand, the soul is united with the subtle body, and by birth the subtle body becomes incarnate in a gross body, by which it is greatly modified. The impressions made upon the subtle body by its association with the gross body so affects its nature that even after the separation through death the taint of the gross body still remains, and this inevitably brings about the reincarnation of the subtle body along with the soul; but, for the soul, rebirth is a most terrible hardship. Escape is possible only provided the subtle body is freed from the influence of the senses, weaned from the affections and desires of earthly life.

The release may be obtained in two ways: (1) by reasoning with the soul, persuading it to believe that the undue attraction for the body cannot conduce to happiness, for the body does not endure forever; (2) by mortification of the body, thereby preventing the soul from deriving any pleasure from its union with the gross body.

It should not be thought, however, that such complex philosophy lies back of all

or most of the self-inflicted penance of the present-day Sadhu.

Sometimes a man will cut himself in a belief that his enemy will be made to feel the pain equally with himself, or he will undergo torture in order to bring ruin on his enemy whom he could not ruin in any other way.

It also happens that the path of the ascetic is one of the surest paths leading to wealth and fame. In India heroic contempt of pains and pleasures has always commanded the wondering attention and respectful homage of the multitude. Very well, then; a man intent on fame inflicts cruel torture upon himself; soon he becomes an object of veneration; his fame spreads abroad; miracles are attributed to him; money and food flow in; or it may be that spiritual pride and vanity inspire the sufferer.

A man deeply affected by world-weariness, one upon whom the tedium of existence presses hard, those upon whom sorrow, want, and misery bear heavily, those discomfited in the world strife, or subject to domestic disappointment, or disillusionment, in the West these sometimes find relief in suicide; in India, in asceticism.

Buddhist and Jain, Hindu and Mohamadan, all still feel the impulse that 2,500 years ago drove forth the Indian ascetic, bare-headed, bare-footed, naked, or nearly so, and during all these centuries has kept them wandering, sometimes without any reliance on or belief in God, mortifying the flesh, and all in order to secure cessation from the evils of rebirth, wandering ceaselessly, sometimes blamelessly, while generation after generation has come and gone, nations risen, decayed and vanished. It is a source of ceaseless wonder.

What has been the result of this 2,500 years of painful asceticism?

Under the old regime, before the days of the post-office and railway and telegraph, these wandering ascetics were news-carriers from one part of the country to another. Ideas which might be fermenting in one locality were carried by them to other localities.

Politically the influence of the Sadhu has been against the development of a healthy, national life. His detachment from human interests, his philosophic outlook upon life as an evil, a delusion unworthy of serious consideration, has worked against any serious effort for the development of a strong political organization and has made India an easy prey to the despoiler.

From the religious standpoint his theory as to the efficacy of austerities and his belief in the necessity of separation from the world and its pleasures in order to secure the ineffable joy of union with the Divine has helped to keep the heart of India turned away from the commercial and material things of life and has helped to hold India true to its deep religious nature, has exalted in the minds of the people the excellence of the spiritual over the material.

It has held in abeyance every spirit of inquiry and has prevented the rise of the scientific spirit, since it looks upon all phenomena as illusion, and holds that



A YOGI.

The term yogi cannot be applied indiscriminately to any ascetic, for it is limited to those who practice yoga (union), a complicated system of philosophy which aims at attaining union with the Supreme Being. This the Hindus believe can be obtained by complete abstention from all worldly objects and by intellectual concentration, accompanied by various postures, breathings, and rules of diet, which vary considerably with different systems of yoga

true knowledge is to be gained only by contemplation and austerities, and regards passing events with contempt.

It has kept alive for centuries an army of five million idlers, who, though able bodied men, produce nothing and live on the charity of those who work.

As to the future of Sadhuism, there can be no doubt but that the system is losing somewhat of its hold over the people. The commercial spirit of the West is coming in, emphasizing the desirability of physical good, stimulating the hunt for wealth, and the British government secures this wealth in the possession of the owner.

English education is eagerly sought after, and the youth educated in western thought hold the Sadhu in something of disdain. A new national spirit is being developed which substitutes interest in present affairs for a far-off goal of liberation from rebirth.

Consequently the inevitable struggle between the old and the new is already

under way, but the spirit of Sadhuism is too deeply rooted in the life of India to be altogether displaced.

And, indeed, when one remembers the industrialism of the West, its vulgar aggressiveness, its sordidness, its unscrupulous struggle for wealth, as if that were the only good, the cares of life choking out the good seed and deadening the religious emotions, one cannot but wish that the people of India may long retain enough of this spirit to hold them true to the simple, frugal, unconventional life of the fathers and keep the emphasis on the value of the spiritual and unseen things of life above the material and sensuous.

Post Impressionism Doomed

So Says Greatest Conservative Painter of France
"POST-IMPRESSIONISM" in art and, incidentally, the application of its crudity of coloring to women's dress has not come to stay. It is but a passing craze,



MEASURING THEIR LENGTH.

A common practice among Hindu pilgrims in making the circuit of sacred places is to do so by a series of prostrations. Taking a stone in one hand, they prostrate themselves at full length, with arms extended, leaving the stone to mark the measure of their length; then, rising, rising, they walk to the spot marked by the stone and make a second prostration, and so on until they have reached their starting place. As some of the circuits are several miles in extent, the exertion involved in this act of devotion can be imagined.

declares no less an authority than Emile Renard, according to the *Lady's Realm*, professor at the Beaux Arts, the French national school, who is regarded as the foremost conservative painter of this country.

Paris, of course, especially that part made up of the unthinking and inartistic crowds that fill to overflowing the various more extreme art exhibitions, has gone mad over what is known as the "new movement" in art. Shows by the "Pictorial Visionists," "Cubists," "Roundists," "Futurists," and the even newer "ists" who appear almost every day, follow one another with bewildering speed.

"Post-Impressionism decidedly has not come to stay," says the professor. "Neither can the effect it has exercised on woman's dress be other than passing. The brazen discords of colors so in vogue this season can never remain popular in France, England or America, because they are against good taste. They are not natural. In our climate they are forced and jarring.

"That the new and very bright colors are not natural," he continues, "is because our taste is arranged by nature. Ah! how wonderful nature is and what an artist! She loves harmony. She understands, creates, the eternal fitness of things.

"Vivid, glaring colors are only harmonious in very hot climates. As she nears the equator, nature's colors grow in intensity. The flowers are enormous and glow under the beauty of the pure cardinal colors; so with the plumage of the birds; while the insects shine with their coatings of gold, silver and bright greens.

"In the more temperate climate the sky is seldom without clouds, the color of vegetation is attenuated by mist, and during a certain part of the year things are grey indeed. Again as an illustration: in the extremely cold countries there is little color, we might say nearly everything is black and white.

"I do not mean to say that in our country all artists should put their sensations on canvas in Whistleresque tones, nor that our women should dress entirely in the sombre tint of greys and browns with only here and there a touch of some delicate shade of old rose or light blue. Not at all. I believe in individuality of taste, and it is just because of this that I do not believe in 'post-impressionist' colors.

"If we were all disciples and followed their teachings we would all be dressed 'high in key,' and how monotonous and wearing to the eye these noisy reds, crude greens, yellows, purples and blues would quickly become. The leaders of these new movements will not admit anything 'low in key' either in household furnishing, painting or dress, while we are broad enough to see and believe in things 'high in key,' but not everything, regardless of taste or appropriateness.

"The same rich yellow so becoming to a dashing beauty from Seville would look vulgar indeed on an English belle. The Neapolitan in her native dress would appear incongruous with a grey Parisian boulevard as a background, and the Parisian must seem sadly out of place in a severe tailor-made suit on the via Toledo.

"It is climate and nothing else that makes the English girl prefer more sober attire than her French neighbor, while

the Parisian in turn cannot tolerate the flaring ribbons and multitudinous feathers worn by her cousin in Marseilles. Each thinks the other has bad taste. They are wrong. Each one dresses in accordance with the climatic conditions, and nature is a wise guide.

"In their many manifestos the post-impressionists claim that our taste is all bad; that it has been led astray by a false culture. The Futurists see no good in Raphael, Michel Angelo, Titian; they, along with Shakespeare, Dante and Beethoven are all wrong, and it is only by worshipping these 'false gods' that our horrible, deplorable, decadent tastes have been nourished. But I think that I have shown that nature herself has formed them and she gives us her examples.

"The matter could be gone into scientifically and proved according to the rules of the number of vibrations colors contain and their relation with atmospheric conditions, but it is too exhausting a subject to take up here.

"Art—the simple and sincere art—demands a whole life of study and contemplation. It is so difficult that few have the will power and devotion to consecrate their existence to it. This extreme difficulty is the cause of the numerous modern schools that all seem to have the same maxim: 'No effort.'

"Their only aim is to attract attention, to astonish the public, and to teach the public a so-called new vision, a new way to see things. Its greatest evil is, above all, the putting on sale of paintings done in haste containing no study or preparation. In this way many canvases that will not stand a critical examination can quickly be painted, and large sums of money realized.

"There is absolutely no relation between these schools and the real impressionists who have rendered artistic vision an actual service and have accomplished many things which were impossible before their coming. To be a good impressionist it is necessary to have mastered drawing. Although in their works drawing is not thrust upon one, it is, nevertheless, there, and accordingly as the artist draws well or badly will the pictures be good or poor 'impressions.'

"A proof how easy these new 'isms' are, is the fact that whenever one blossoms out, in the next revolutionary salon there are a hundred others so alike that one can hardly distinguish one from the other. They come in groups while the real innovators come alone. They, too, have their influence and their imitators, but one can readily separate the great from the commonplace.

"Ah! it will quickly have passed away," continued Renard, "this post-impressionism, and this present craze for raw and bright contrasts in color that kill the beauty of brown hair and grey eyes will be relegated to the creamy-skinned brunettes of Southern climes to whom they are natural and becoming."

Emile Renard is an artist who is a descendant of artists. He was born in

that delightful hamlet of artists where the celebrated Sèvres china works is situated on the border of the River Seine. Both of his parents were engaged there at designing and decoration. At an early age Renard showed the hoped-for talent, and was still quite young when he entered Cabanel's class at the Beaux Arts, the very class of which he is now professor.

At twenty-three his first painting was accepted at the salon where his success has increased with each succeeding year. He has been the recipient of many medals, and for years has been treated as a member of the official salon. Practically all the principal art galleries in the important cities of Europe have his canvases hanging on their walls.

In 1911, Renard won the Grand Medal of Honor at the Salon des Artistes Francaises with his famous painting, "First Communion Luncheon."

Fashions and Insanity

Is the Influence of Fashion a Fertile Cause of Nervous Disease?

PEOPLE with a passion for violet clothing are three-quarters mad. This is the discovery of the distinguished alienist, Dr. Bernard Holz, and he is backed by other investigators. Generally he declares that fashion and clothes have the most direct influence on insanity. Dr. Rudolf Foerster of Berlin has been investigating the same subject and has recently published a book on it. Dr. Foerster says that it is a sign of progressive paralysis when a man of plain life takes to dressing himself up like a Piccadilly dude and wears a silk hat; and Dr. Holz says that it is a sure sign of paranoia when elderly persons show a minute zeal about their clothing, and particularly when two elderly members of the same family copy each other's garb.

"A certain proportion of lunatics," says Dr. Holz, "probably three per cent., owe their troubles to the influence of fashion, that is to women's fashions. This does not include the vast number upon whom fashion acts indirectly in an injurious sense, for instance, to tight-laced women who suffer from hysteria. Hysteria is essentially a fashion nervous disease. Also it does not include thousands of indirect victims whose nervous systems are undermined by disappointment with their dressmakers, jealous of other women's clothes, inability to pay modistes' bills. If these cases are counted, then a third of women lunatics are victims of fashions."

When fashion is an indirect or contributory cause of insanity, Dr. Holz finds that it chiefly produces functional disturbances of the mood, such as undue exaltation, undue depression, and diseases of the will. The commonest form of indirectly caused fashion-insanity is maniacal depression. Fashion lunacy seldom appears early in life.

"The greatest of all dangers for women of between forty and fifty," says Dr. Holz, "is a too minute attention to clothing and to changes of mode. When



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James, Jellies or Catsups bearing the E.D.S. trade-mark are made from the choicest fruit cultivated and grown on E. D. Smith's own fruit farms, and sent to you carefully preserved to retain the luscious fruit flavor without anything of an adulterous nature added—nothing but pure wholesome fruit and the finest quality sugar. The honesty and genuine flavor of the E. D. Smith products have won an extensive favor and enviable reputation upon the market to-day.

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Is made under the cleanest and most hygienic conditions science and money can bring together. Hence its wholesomeness—its goodness. Buy it when and where you will, Ingersoll Cream Cheese

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Always fresh and pure and delicious in flavor. Contains the finest and most expensive ingredients—yet is more economical than any other cheese. Get a package to-day from your grocer. Send for our little folder of recipes.

In packages—15c.
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THE PRIDE OF THE HOSTESS

ST. VINCENT ARROWROOT is the final touch to a good meal, which makes the hostess justly proud. It makes such delicious, dainty desserts, and meets with high favor from everyone who tastes it. For custards, blanc manges, puddings, biscuits, etc., St. Vincent Arrowroot is unexcelled. Ask your grocer about St. Vincent Arrowroot. Once you try it you will always use it.

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If there is a Piano at Home You Need Prestolene

Prestolene Piano Gloss will remove all finger marks, grease stains and scratches, and do it better than any other polish. The very finest surface will take Prestolene without the slightest injury. Positively it will not injure the most finest finished surface of any furniture. No effort is required. It goes a long way and can be used on every grade of furniture without leaving a greasy or oily residue to collect dust—an important feature.

Try a bottle to-day, the results will delight you. Price 25 cents.

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The International Specialty Co., Ltd., Bridgeburg, Ont.

a young woman is unreasonably keen on fashion that may mean mental disease; but when a woman getting on in life does so it almost certainly means a mind unbalanced. One sign of all half-lunacy is an entire lack of sympathetic and human interests and a fussy self-concentration on one's own petty, often insignificant needs and imagined needs. This concentration is petty and insignificant when in an elderly woman it takes the form of dress. Women with grown-up children, perhaps grandchildren, who persist in leading fussy, 'worldly' lives, who think only of their complexions and their hats, are nearly always half way towards insanity."

With this view Dr. Foerster's book agrees, for it notes that insane women often collect vast quantities of useless clothing, spend extravagantly and show an unnatural desire to shine in society.

"The first sign of normally healthy-brained organism is," says Dr. Holz, "a considerable decline of interest in clothes after one passes thirty. When a woman has passed sixty, a craze for clothing may mean premature dementia senilis. A client of mine, the brilliant and admired Baroness A., who spoke five languages and wrote attractive verse, suddenly began at the age of seventy to study fashion papers. At first she discussed the fashion with the brilliance which she showed for every other interest; and she began to design her own dresses. For several weeks she was entirely concentrated in this petty work. Six months later she was entirely imbecile, lost interest in everything except brightly colored clothing, and within a year was dead.

"In such cases," says Dr. Holz, "the craze for fashion may be merely a symptom of insanity which is already well under way. But insanity may be caused in perfectly healthy persons who pay too much attention to clothes. Concentration of the mind on one subject; the sight of unattainable furs and gems; and above all, the consciousness of a woman of small means that she appears badly dressed at social gatherings—these things have a distinctly disorganizing effect upon the nervous system. A woman of strong mind escapes this peril by keeping to her own class; but if ambition is stronger than common-sense the ceaseless struggle for fine clothing, and perpetual self-consciousness may undermine sound mental health. Probably there are usually other causes. But it is not necessary to assume inherited or constitutional mental weakness in every case of madness brought on by fashion."

Dr. Holz's experiments with patients and animals indicate that possibly colors may have something to do with insanity. He holds that blue and violet are "insane," that is, nerve-disturbing, colors; and adds that the lunacy rate may be affected by fashions when the prevailing mode compels a particular color to be worn. Dr. Holz tested the pulses and nervous reactions of seven women patients when beautiful colored articles of attire were unexpectedly placed before them. He found that, contrary to cur-

rent belief, red and orange do not excite. Green soothes; but purple, violet and blue have disturbing effects. The craze for violet which is common with South German women may be one cause of mental instability. The experiments with animals chiefly consisted in dressing dogs and rabbits in violently colored jackets. In most cases violet and blue causes a more violent revulsion and stronger desire to get rid of the jackets than any other color. Rabbits, in particular, were bewildered when dressed in blue.

Dr. Holz thinks that pyromania, the passion for setting fire to property, may be a fashion disease. He says he treated three women victims of pyromania, all of whom showed a craze for minutely careful dressing. One woman never took off her gloves or her veil, being under the delusion that this involved immodest exposure. This woman's craze for incendiarism was so strong that she concealed a piece of a broken tumbler, and tried with it to focus the sun's rays on a summer-house table.

"Hysteria," says Dr. Holz, "is prevalent with women and very rare among men, partly because men wear a uniform dress and are therefore saved from the morbid excitements of fashion. That, too, explains why peasant women in countries where an unchanging national dress is worn, are so remarkably free from hysteria. They are not subjected to the exactions and despotism of fashion, which are among the most fertile causes of nervous diseases in the world."

A Factory-Girl Poet

An Article which Tends to Show that Poets are Born not Made

THE power, the beauty, the wizardry of literary expression is one of the most wonderful things in the world, says S. Skethorn in *Chambers's Magazine*. It is not only wonderful; it is inexplicable. No plummet can fathom it; no measure can encircle it; no phrase can define it; no philosophy can explain it; no labor can master it; no riches can buy it. Whole libraries have been written on the secret of style; but the secret is as baffling as ever; it bursts out in unexpected places as do wayside flowers. The most learned disquisitions tell us nothing. 'Knowledge is power,' but the key of knowledge does not open this door. The utmost we can say is that 'style' is the secret of choosing words well and in the right order, according to the genius of the language from which they are drawn. But who whispered that secret into the poet's soul or formed that fine faculty of selection no one can tell.

Quite recently a small volume of poems has been published called *Songs of a Factory-Girl*. The author, Ethel Carnie, worked in one of those huge, grimy mills that blacken the face of Lancashire. She would rarely see the blue sky in the busy manufacturing town, for a heavy cloud of smoke often lies over it; she would rarely hear the swallows and the nightingales and the thrushes, for the noise of man drowns the music of God. Day

Educators Everywhere

are speaking out against the use of tea and coffee with growing children.

In the young, susceptibility to harmful drugs—such as "caffeine," in tea and coffee, is more marked than in persons of mature years.

And just as many adult tea or coffee drinkers suffer from nerve irritability, heart disorder, digestive disturbances and other ills, so the child with its far more sensitive make-up often suffers a hurt which may show in deficiency of learning ability or physical frailty—more noticeable to the teacher than to parents.

The thing for parents to do is to keep coffee and tea out of the reach of our little citizens. The most unkind thing a mother can do is to place a cup of coffee before her child.—Dr. E. A. Peterson, Medical Director Public Schools, Cleveland, O.

The symptoms produced by coffee-drinking can be observed in the arrested physical and mental development of children.—Dr. Otto Juettner, Sec. Cincinnati Polyclinic, Cincinnati, O.

In the light of such testimony the parent who gives a child tea or coffee is taking grave chances of ruining the child's health.

Mothers, quick to remedy wrong health conditions, yet reluctant to deny childish pleasure its hot breakfast cup, now use

POSTUM

—a pure food-drink made of wheat. It is free from caffeine or any other drug, and children can drink it at every meal and grow strong and rosy.

"There's a Reason"

Give Her BOVRIL

Bovril presents the goodness of beef in a handy, readily-prepared and easily-digested form. It is a wonderfully warming winter beverage. It builds up the weak constitution and strengthens the strong one. It guards against the attacks of colds, chills and influenza. Directions on every bottle.





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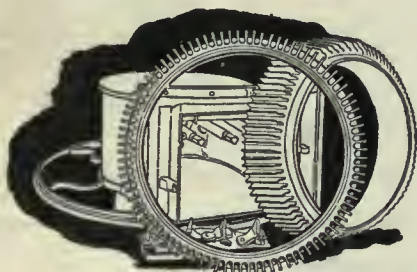


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those in the "Hecla" are steel and are neat and clean. Being uniform, they can be set so close together that, where we formerly used 19 cast iron flanges we now use 97 steel ones without covering any more of the primary surface of the pot.

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In a test extending over two years, Steel Ribbed (Patented) Fire Pots showed a saving of 11% in fuel over cast flanged pots.

Our Catalogue explains other exclusive "Hecla" features
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Clare Bros. & Co., Limited

Preston, Ont.

after day she would follow the same dreary routine, rising early in the morning and trudging through the narrow, gray streets, and the outlook would be restricted and the reward in wages comparatively small. In the open country the cherry-trees might be starred with blossom, and the pear-trees in bud, and the beauty of the pink-and-white apple-blossom ready to come out at the call of the sun. But Ethel Carnie could not see these things in the town itself; yet, somehow, she had seen them, and the beauty and marvel of it all had entered into her soul. Otherwise she could not have written this sheaf of sweet songs. Take, for example, the opening lines:

You who have clasped life close, and known

How great it be, despite of wrong,
The cark of care, the pang of pain,
I greet you with this book of song.

That is not great poetry, but it is good poetry. It is the verse of a cultured and thoughtful mind, and we are not accustomed to associate poetry with cotton-mills. Or take this:

My soul hears melody in many things;
For this I thank the gods each hour
I live.

Should sorrow shade each joy with
brooding wings
All through my life, whilst fate to me
shall give

An ear to list the song that Nature old
Has chanted through the ages, I shall
say—

Though friends desert, and time turns all
the gold

Of love to gray—that it is sweet to
stay.

Whence came this music, this command of words, this culture? It is like a rose-bush growing out of dead bones. How are we to explain it? It is impossible to explain any more than we can explain the light of love in a woman's eye or the wonder in a child's face. These are secrets locked up in the alchemy of Nature. They are not to be known to the curious and vain. They are often hid from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes.

The same mystery attaches to many of the world's greatest masters of creative art—to Shakespeare, Bunyan, Burns, Rousseau, and many more. Their art is an enigma. It has never been explained, and perhaps never will be. Take William Shakespeare. Love's Labor's Lost is generally accounted his first play; and he is supposed to have written it when he was quite a young man. Who taught this boy, bred in the Forest of Arden, to use the English tongue as it had never been used before, and as it has never been used since? Who taught him to know nature, philosophy, and the human heart above all men? Who inspired those marvellous lines in Antony and Cleopatra where Charmian, one of Cleopatra's attendants, looking with awe





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Brunswick Billiard Tables are used exclusively by the world's cue experts, and are found in the finest private billiard rooms throughout the world. The moderate prices and easy terms bring billiards within reach of every home. A Brunswick table provides inexhaustible resources of wholesome amusement for all the family. The foremost educators and trainers of young men endorse billiards as the ideal amusement and recreation for active, fun-loving boys.

Brunswick Billiard Tables

Brunswick Billiard Tables are adapted for all games of billiards and pocket billiards, including "snooker" and "life." All styles. Regulation sizes 3x6 to 6x12, inclusive.

Brunswick "Baby Grand" styles of Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables are made of Mahogany, with classic inlaid design. Richly finished. Unexcelled playing qualities. Sizes 3x6, 3½ x 7, 4x8. The illustration at bottom of page shows one of the "Baby Grands."

Brunswick "Convertible" styles of Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables can be used in any home. They serve as handsome Dining Tables, Library Tables or Davenportes when not in use for billiard playing. Sizes 3x6, and 3½ x 7. Equal in playing qualities to "Baby Grand."

A Year to Pay—Playing Outfit Free

If desired, we spread the payments over an entire year. Complete, high-grade Playing Outfit free, including Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Chalk, Assorted Tips, Lightning Cue Clamps, Markers, Cover, Billiard Brush, Rules, Book on "How to Play," etc.

Write for Book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet"

Send for our beautiful color-illustrated book containing descriptions, Factory Prices and details of Easy-Purchase Plan, or call and see tables on exhibition, at any of branch offices named below.



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All the world over—in cottage and mansion—millions of mothers, every morning, serve Quaker Oats to children.

No ordinary oats. They want richness and flavor. They are teaching their children the love of oatmeal.

So legions of these mothers send thousands of miles—over lands and seas and deserts—to get luscious Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

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The reason for all is this:

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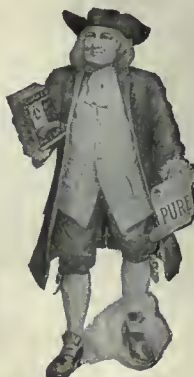
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You get no puny grains, no poorly flavored flakes. And you never will in Quaker.

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The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(503)

upon her dying mistress exclaims, 'O eastern star!' And Cleopatra replies:

Peace! peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

—lines which, as Mr. John Masefield truly says, are among the most beautiful things ever written by man. How came such a golden soul to be formed out of such common clay? These are questions which baffle all understanding.

Take, again, Jean Jacques Rousseau. Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written a little book on the French Revolution, in which he again shows that it was Rousseau who constructed the democratic theory upon which France in those fateful years attempted to proceed. He did it in a small book of one hundred pages, the *Contrat Social*; yet so lucidly, tersely, accurately—in short, so convincingly and completely—that he said in that little book all that can be said for or against modern democracy; and he did this by means of a most wonderful style, a rare choice of words, and a marvellous way of putting them together that make his book stand out even in French literature a perfect masterpiece of political exposition. Where did Rousseau learn the refined taste, the rich color and tone, that mark his work? His father was but a poor watchmaker, and the boy was brought up in a most haphazard fashion. His education was desultory to a degree, and at the age of ten he was forsaken by his parents and turned adrift upon the world. Yet from his first fugitive essays he was a lord of language, and he possessed a power of expression that was destined to make kings tremble, and to inflame France with a fever of lust, and passion, and hate, and discontent. What kindled that consuming fire in the heart of this undistinguished and vagrant youth?

Or take Robert Burns—Scotland's immortal glory—who said in the dedication to the second edition of his poems: 'The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.' On another occasion he confessed to owing much 'to an old woman remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry.' What was it that transmuted this raw material into everlasting wealth? How came his unrivalled versatility from such narrow confines? The wit, pathos, humor, satire, imagination, and fancy, the deep human note, the soaring lyric lilt, and the incomparable singing faculty? No man ever lived who saw more beauty in simple, common things, and no writer,

Woman's Debt to Society

THERE are certain things a woman owes to Society; they have been pointed out with differences by all sorts of people, from ex-President Roosevelt to the Woman Suffragist. And there are certain things that a woman owes to herself. Unless one gets what is due to oneself, one is unable, or certainly less able, to pay the debt to others. Thus a woman owes it to herself to postpone as long as possible old age in looks if she cannot in years. If she can beautify and improve her complexion, so much the happier woman she.

It was written once, "All roads lead to Rome," but there was only one Royal entrance to the city. Similarly there is only one Royal road to the Kingdom of Complexion Beauty. In the boudoirs of nine beautiful women out of ten throughout the world it is called

Valaze.

Sallowiness, freckles, coarseness or roughness of the skin, blotches and similar defects of the complexion are remedied by this Skinfood and Beautifier. It ACTS on the skin, seeking out the deepest layers, the deepest tissues, the deepest cells, and there works like Nature works, thoroughly and surely for skin health, purity, color and freshness. This preparation will not only restore a lost complexion, but CREATE a new one. Price 55 cts., \$1.25, \$2.30 and \$5.35. Post Free. The larger the size the more economical it is in proportion.

Novena Sunproof Cream.

affords positive protection to the skin against the sun as well as the wind, and prevents—as VALAZE removes—freckles, sunburn, tan, sallowness, and chapping and cracking of the skin, due to heat, wind or weather. It is quite innocuous and may be used for children. Price 85 cts. and \$1.60. Post Free.

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contains many of the properties of the Valaze Skinfood. It will be found quite different from any other soap in soothing the most sensitive skin. It carries into the skin the glow of health, and gives that transparency and satiny feel which are such typical results of all the Valaze preparations. Price 70 cts. and \$1.25 a cake. Post free.

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This is Mme. Rubenstein's latest Viennese specialty for the hygiene beautifying of the face and hands—by WASHING. Washing the face with Valaze Beauty Grains keeps the skin charmingly pure and alabaster-like in its transparency. The daily use of this specialty improves the skin's texture and preserves its velvety touch. It does away with greasiness of the skin, coarseness of pores, and prevents their becoming enlarged, a blemish which gives such an unrefined aspect to an otherwise handsome face. When used for washing the hands, Valaze Beauty Grains invest them with a delicate creamy-whiteness, and add a dainty distinction to their appearance. Price, 45 cts. and 80 cts. Post free.

All orders, requests for free advice and for "Beauty in the Making" should be addressed by readers of this paper to Madame Helena Rubenstein, 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, London, W., England.

Valaze Snow Lotion.

(a superb Viennese Liquid Powder) is a beauty lotion par excellence. It refreshes and whitens the skin, and enables it to retain that dull ivory finish so much sought after. Price \$1.20 and \$1.95 a bottle. Special Snow Lotion is an important variant of Valaze Snow Lotion and is most strongly recommended for those whose skins are greasy. It effectually subdues "shine" or oiliness of the skin for outdoor and indoor functions. Price \$2.05 a bottle. Post Free.

Valaze Blackhead and Openpore Paste.

banishes these disfigurements, closes enlarged pores, cures a greasy, coarse skin, and assists in preserving a healthy complexion. By its use the skin is perfectly cleansed, effectually braced and stimulated to healthy action. Price 60 cts. and \$1.10 a box. No. 2 of same for more obstinate cases, \$1.60. Post free.

Novena Cerate.

is an emollient skin cleanser. When the skin is delicate and sensitive or intollerant of soap and water, it should be cleansed with Novena Cerate. It is rubbed well into the skin, left on for a few minutes, then rubbed and wiped away with a soft towel. The result is a delicate skin bath, such as one finds quite a new experience. Price 75 cts. and \$1.25 a pot. Post free.

Valaze Beauty Cream.

This is a new preparation, non-greasing, and is the only one of the type so called non-greasy or vanishing creams which contains no Stearine or Glycerine. When put upon the skin it leaves none of those "make-up" traces which are equally characteristic of the usual products so unpleasant both in "feel" and appearance, and so offensive to every woman of dainty tastes. It has, besides, the peculiar and unequalled advantage of making the deepest lines and wrinkles on the face non-apparent. Intended for day and evening use, this new specialty, a veritable chef d'oeuvre amongst toilet aids, increases the charms of every complexion, and gives the face the sensation of extreme comfort. When ordering one should state whether it is for greasy, dry or normal skin. Price 40 cts. and 65 cts.

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Clients ordering any of the above preparations will be entitled to ask for and to receive a Free Sample of the Famous Valaze Pine Bath Discs sufficient for two baths. These Pine Bath Discs are a composition of the Marienbad pine essence with certain chemical salts, which dissolve in the bath, saturate the water with an exquisite aroma of the woods.

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not even Shakespeare, puts more meaning into short, simple words. Year after year thousands gravitate to his birth-place and grave to pay homage to the genius of this poet of the plough. What was the secret? Carlyle tried to pierce it, but all he can tell us is that 'Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy,' which is simply a phrase covering our ignorance. And so we might write of many other men and women of genius, indeed of all men of genius, for all genius is inexplicable; but one more example must suffice.

Three hundred years ago there was a poor, ignorant tinker. He was despised and ridiculed by the villagers because of his religious fervor and strange enthusiasm; and, besides, tinkers in those days were generally regarded as vagrants and pilferers. His Nonconformity led him at last to prison, and there he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a book which has passed through a larger number of editions than any other book except the Bible, and which made his name immortal. Yet Bunyan never owed anything to this world's wisdom. He himself says: 'I never went to school, to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up at my father's house in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen.'

So the inquiry follows a circle, and we come back to the point from which we started. The mystery of literary expression is past finding out; it does not disdain the gifts of good fortune and education, but it is independent of them; it does not wantonly outrage the recognised laws of written speech, but it will not be enslaved; it is a law unto itself; it favors no class or creed or sex or station in life; it answers no questions and makes no explanations; it is more elusive than a maiden's love. We know it when it comes, but the mystery of its coming never ceases. The marvel is akin to the mystery of the sacred words, 'Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.'

The Luxury of Being Educated

Is the Desire for Money Blinding us to the Benefits of a Good Education?

I TRAVELED for a long day last year across the Kansas prairies with a very typical group of graduates from American colleges says Henry Seidel Canby in *Harper's Magazine*. They were from the East, the Middle West, and the Far West, brought together merely by the exigency of the moment, like a Freshman class in college. The journey was quiet; we sat in the club-car at our ease, and conversation was general. I was struck by the narrow range of this conversation. Whether it flowed freely among a group at the observation end of the car, or became more intimate when chairs were drawn together by the buffet, a few topics—business conditions, real estate, anecdotes, and reminiscences—seemed to bound it. Interest did not go further. The men themselves were far from un-

interesting. From the Oregon apple-grower to the New York broker, every one was a factor somehow or somewhere in American life. They were not uninteresting; but they were uninterested, except in their narrow ranges. The broker's interest in apple culture went no further than its financial aspects; the apple-grower's interest in Wall Street was romantic merely; both yawned when I talked of the Russian story I was reading, or tried to follow through the window the route of the Santa Fé trail. There was nothing novel in this experience; but it was illuminating. It seemed to me that these men had failed to get their money's worth of education.

It is very curious that so few care, or dare, to get their money's worth from the American college. The poor man gets the best returns. He must ask the college first of all to make his boy self-supporting—if possible, more efficient than his father; and he gets, as a rule, what he pays for. But the poor man is not the typical college parent. The typical parent of our undergraduates has stored up more or less capital; he has a position waiting for his son; his boy will be able to live comfortably, no matter what may be the efficiency of his mind. The ability to support himself, the power to make money, is certainly not the most important quality for this boy to possess. What the son of parents in comfortable circumstances requires is not so much a narrow training in the support of life as a broader one in how to utilize living. His interests, quite as much as his mental powers, need stimulus, development, and discipline.

I know that in stating the situation so flatly I run head on into an American tradition—or prejudice. The American democracy—even when in no other way democratic—believes that the American boy, though millions may hang over his head, must work for his living, must make money. If there were danger of starvation ahead he could not be more anxious to fix his son's mind on the duty of earning ten dollars a week. I do not blame the fathers—even in the instances to which I limit myself—the well-to-do parents of intellectually able sons. They are applying the American tradition as it was applied to them. But what is the effect on the boys?

Sometimes it is good; often it is unfortunate; occasionally it is disastrous. A Junior comes into my office for a talk. He is clear-eyed and intelligent, but conventional from his clothes to his conversation. His father controls an enormous business, and he is to begin at the bottom of the corporation as soon as he graduates. He has inherited shrewdness and self-confidence. He'll "do as dad did." A fast motor, a country club, a good boat, a yearly trip to Paris—his ambitions go no further. Among his college courses, English composition interests him because "dad" says he'll have to write good business letters; economics a little because it deals with cash; English literature in a barely discoverable degree because of the useful culture which is supposed to flow from it. All the rest of the world of knowledge—

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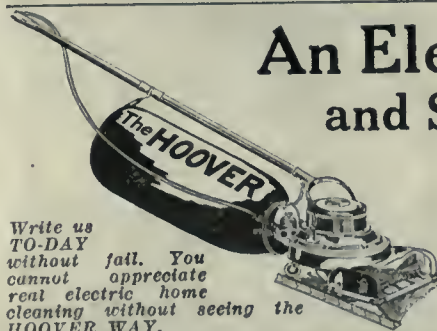
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historical, scientific, esthetic—is a dull blank. It does not interest him now; it will never interest him.

It is not to be expected that the college can ever make an intellectual of such a youth; nor should it try to do so. But if we could have interested him in ideas; if we could have extended and lifted the range of his pleasures; widened and deepened his conceptions of commerce; given him a "social conscience"—we would have accomplished something.

But the youth whose plight arouses my sympathy and indignation is of a different type. His kind is not so abundant in the colleges, but its numbers are increasing yearly. He best represents, I think, the new generation of educated Americans.

His mind grips upon knowledge and moves slowly with it, as the wheels move when the gears of an automobile engine slide into first speed. He is roused to an enthusiasm of thinking by a stimulating book. Ideas which he does not fancy begin to anger him—a sure sign of intellectual progress. He begins to ask intelligent questions. Then he falls into a depression over his ignorance. There is no pressing need for him in the family business, no reason why he should not be educated to the full; in fact, his parents pride themselves on the education which they are giving their son. And yet, when Senior year comes, and his desire for knowledge awakens with the approach of the end of the conventional period of training, clouds appear on the domestic horizon. He is not sufficiently anxious to enter business; he does not know what he wishes to do; college seems to be making him impractical. A practical adviser, suggests that the youth be put into the bond business so that he waste no time while making up his mind as to his future profession! If he had wished to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or an engineer, they would gladly have given him the extra years of preparation. But he merely wished to think and to know; to study more economics, more history; to read widely, to carry through some guided work in social service, until he could shape his philosophy of life, control his mind, and find out what he wished to do with his powers. And this, coming in no recognized category of youthful endeavor, is impractical, aimless, or leading perhaps to idleness and eccentricity. He must get to work!

They have made a mediocre business man of him; and if that is what they wanted, they have moved sagaciously. Nevertheless, I do not believe in their lights.

I am assured that the best thinkers in the educational world are spending their energies not on lengthening, but in shortening, the period of education; in cutting down waste, in increasing efficiency. I can reply that such work is invaluable. Let us improve, condense, reform, wherever we can, making four-year courses into three, if they teach only three years' worth, concentrating and improving the work in our schools until they turn out boys of sixteen as well educated as French or German students of the same

age. Let us save what time we can, so that the youth who can afford no more education than that provided by the usual college course may get it more speedily or more efficiently. But it is not a question here of providing the best education in the least time for those who must hurl themselves into the economic struggle. It is a question of providing the best education, regardless of time, for the boy whose struggle will be not so much to support life as to use it properly. If such an education is a luxury—and when I think of the pre-eminent need of the times for more intelligence, I begin to doubt my term—then it would be easy to present statistics from our colleges which would flatly contradict the platitude that in all things America is luxurious.

If the parent with a comfortable living or a good position to give his boy would put less emphasis on the rigors of the coming financial struggle, and more upon the advantages of a well-opened mind, the effect upon the college would be tremendous. The undergraduate would feel it first of all. Many of them are eager for active life, and will not wait for more education; many of them are poor and cannot wait; but many more would choose the luxury of a deeper preparation if anxious parents, moved by a short-sighted public opinion, did not force them, still immature, into the world.

The effect upon the professor of a more generous parental attitude toward education would be as great as upon the undergraduate, and more calculable. The college, as distinguished from the technical school, has always proposed, as its ideal, to educate for living—and this term includes both earning one's living and enjoying it. The difficulty now is that the faculty, the parent, and the undergraduate each grasp their interpretation of this broad purpose and pull as hard as they can in different directions.

But if education should be numbered among the permitted luxuries of American life, the greatest effect would be on a department of the university which means little now to the undergraduate and less than little to the American parent. I mean the graduate school, the business of which is to give advanced training in the pursuit of knowledge. The well-to-do parent is not especially interested in the productive activities of the graduate school, and I do not see why he should be. He thinks of it, if he thinks of it at all, as a highly specialized laboratory for turning out unreadable treatises on the sources of unreadable plays; or accounts of ridiculously named chemical compounds; or pamphlets on Sanscrit inflections; or philosophical theories whose very titles he does not understand. It is absurd to maintain that he should be vitally interested, because these represent the outposts of knowledge. No one blames him for a lack of interest in the valves of a steam turbine, in how to modify milk for a ten months' baby, in the manufacture of breakfast foods.

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interested. I mean in the opportunities it offers, or could offer, to his boy. We have heard much of what the graduate schools can do for the country. I am more concerned just now with what they might do for the undergraduate who is to be allowed the luxury of a little more education.

My own experience was typical only in so far as my condition resembled that of hundreds of boys, who come to Senior year in college with a distressing vagueness of aims, a feeling of incapacity, and one certainty—that they are not yet educated, that they are not yet ready to enter the world. As it happened, I was allowed to choose the path of the graduate school.

I entered uncertain, doubtful of what interested me, guiltily conscious that I ought to be earning ten dollars a week in an office or a mill. I found myself in a new atmosphere. We were starting over again; we were boasting of our ignorance, we were clamoring for knowledge; yearning for opportunities to study in a field which grew wider and wider under our touch. Our thoughts leaped ahead—though still vaguely—to the practical, concrete work we must do, and we were distressed at the opportunities for knowledge which must be left behind us. Ennui became unthinkable; idleness a crime.

Of course, in a way, we were specialists, and this seems to remove my personal experience from the argument I am advancing for the luxury of a full education. In reality, I think, it does not. For we were specialists only by compulsion, because, since most of us were preparing for teaching or scholarship, we knew that we must confine most of our labors to one field.

In fact, the graduate school looked with a hardly concealed contempt upon the candidates for a simple M.A. degree, who would not go to the bitter end of any one line of endeavor, who were seeking merely a further preparation for life. And that was its weakness. There it shared—though the accusation would have angered its professors—the American prejudice against the luxury of a general education. In all that seething intellectual life, with its burning interests and increasing powers, many of them saw no health except in the student dedicated to research. Those who left us by the way—for the law, for business, for diplomacy, or for literature—they regarded as strayed sheep.

The colleges also have been indisposed to allow the competent—who do not wish to become specialists—the luxury of a full education.

Conclusions will quickly be reached by those who take the trouble to look about them. We are not so rooted in our prejudice against work that is unmeasurable by cash as to have produced no examples of those who are profiting themselves or the country by the luxurious excess of their education. The young millionaire who is using his wealth efficiently, enthusiastically, wisely for social service and social knowledge, is no longer so rare as to be unfamiliar, though he is still a curiosity. He is drawing divi-

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Observe, on the other hand, the sons of parents in comfortable circumstances, the boys who were guaranteed a fair start in life whenever and however they entered upon practical work, and who sought only the utilitarian in college. Have they gained by their loss of culture and a broad education? Are they more useful to the community, more interesting to themselves; are they happier? Those who left us when their interests were just awakening—have they gained by the year or so of time they have saved?

Consider those familiar figures in American life: the bored youth selling bonds "to keep doing something"; the half-hearted successor to a big business who lets his subordinates carry most of the work; the wealthy youngster who conducts a gambling business on the stock-exchange because he must have some excitement; the rich idler too intelligent to find the usual means of time-killing efficacious; the heir to a million making more money doggedly because he doesn't know what else to do. Some of these misfittings, no doubt, arise from difficulties of temperament, or defects in character; but many of them are due simply and solely to insufficient education. These men have not been raised intellectually to the level of their opportunities. Their interests are still dormant. Nothing very serious is the matter with them; they get along well enough according to common opinion. More education, whether in college or in graduate school, was not a necessity; it was a luxury; but it was a luxury they could well have afforded.

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With these two sayings of the great German Chancellor, Professor Brander Matthews in *Munsey's* prefaces an article on foreigners viewed through American eyes.

Every book which extends our knowledge, he says, of another people is a corrective to hostile sentiment. It is a contribution to that international amenity which would make war far less likely. Familiarity, in the better sense of the words, breeds respect.

There are four books of American authorship published in the past few months which make for this international amenity because they broaden our knowledge and thereby tend to inhibit the development of hostile sentiment. These four books are "One Hundred Years of Peace," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "The United States and Mexico, 1821-1948," by George Lockhart Rives; "European Cities at Work," by Frederick C. Howe; and "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," by the late Price Collier.

We have just been celebrating the centenary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie and we are soon to celebrate the centenary of Jackson's victory at New Orleans — that most needless of battles, since it was fought after the treaty of peace had been signed. It is the history of those hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States that Senator Lodge outlines. He reminds us how often the peace which has endured for nearly a century was strained almost to the breaking point, partly because British knowledge of us was inadequate and inaccurate, and partly because the British had not cared to make friends with us.

In fact, Mr. Lodge's pages proffer abundant proof of the validity of Bismarck's two sayings. There was more than one occasion in the course of these hundred years of peace when the British discovered the high cost of the windows broken by its newspapers—and not by the newspapers alone, but by its magazines and reviews, and by its writers of books. And Dickens, the greatest of these, was the greatest offender.

Here Mr. Rives is at one with Mr. Lodge, remarking that "it is perhaps not too much to say that the publication of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' did more than almost any other one thing to drive the United States and England in the direction of war."

Washington Irving, although he had been a colonel on the Governor's staff during the war of 1812, went to London almost as soon as peace was declared. Less than half a dozen years thereafter he published "The Sketch Book, rich in the ripest appreciation of England. In one of the earliest essays in the Sketch Book, Irving deplored the tone of British writers on America and pointed out the disadvantage of this, ultimately, to England itself.

For more than half a century "The Sketch Book" was continually republished in England, and yet Irving's words of warning were unheeded. Again

and again the two countries came to the brink of war. Absence of knowledge on their side and hostile sentiment on ours were predisposing conditions; and there was no lack of exciting causes.

Then, fifteen years ago, came the Cuban War; and then, for the first time in our history, we found a friend where we had been wont to find a foe.

At last the rulers of Great Britain had perceived the advantages of friendship with us—advantages persuasively pointed out by the gentle and friendly Irving eighty years earlier. Mr. Lodge marshals evidence to show that this change of heart is genuine. Hostile sentiment has died down in the United States and there is wider knowledge in Great Britain. Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" has taken the place of Dickens's "American Notes."

The Inscrutable Mexican

There was no people about whom we Americans had less pure information and more numerous prejudices than about the Mexican. We lacked knowledge and we had hostile sentiment—or, if our sentiment was not energetically hostile, it was contemptuously indifferent.

Few people were ever more unlike or less fitted to understand each other than the inhabitants of the United States and the inhabitants of Mexico.

Fourscore years ago we failed to recognize the fact—as we also fail to recognize it now—that, in Admiral Chadwick's words, "The Spaniard is a man who is not understandable until we reckon with him, not as a European, but as the Moro-Iberian, which he is, a man apart and differentiated from the other races of Europe by the impress of the earlier Afro-Semitic and Saracen stocks."

That this is the case Mr. Rives makes plain; and to make this plain is the main purpose of this book. His theme is the relation of Mexico and the United States in the thirty years which ended with the cession of California. He centers his attention upon Mexico, or, rather, on the Mexicans; and he retells the political history of the United States only in so far as this retelling is necessary to the understanding of what took place in Mexico. His attitude is that of the disinterested historian. His book, therefore, is a contribution to the cause of international amenity.

Of less immediate importance to this cause are the other two books, Mr. Collier's "Germany and the Germans" and Mr. Howe's "European Cities at Work." Indeed, it may be doubted whether Mr. Collier's book might not arouse hostile sentiment if it were widely and carelessly read in Germany. Mr. Collier had very decided opinions of his own, and he expressed them with a caustic cleverness which would tend to make them unwelcome on the banks of the Spree.

However, he did not write these pages for circulation in Germany, but for the perusal of his fellow Americans, to whom he has supplied an immense mass of information intended to enlarge our knowledge of the Germans and thereby to

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increase our friendliness. He has the fullest and the keenest appreciation of the finer qualities of the German people and of the great things they have accomplished.

But Mr. Collier is equally keen in perceiving the defects of the Germans. They are arrogant and intolerant, while they are in certain aspects provincial, not to say parochial. They aim to play a great part in the world, and they are not men of the world. In fact, Germany might almost be termed a parvenu among the peoples, a self-made nation. And there is wisdom as well as wit in the saying that a self-made man generally worships his maker.

The inquirer will find in Mr. Collier's pages the facts that will enable him to explain to himself the reasons for the German deficiencies and defects in literature and the fine arts—with the striking exception of music, of course, the one art in which they have long been supreme leaders. He will find also an explanation of their willingness to accept an autocratic form of government.

It may be that we are too extreme in our insistence on the freedom of the individual and in our reliance on private initiative; and this is the main contention in Mr. Howe's suggestive and stimulating book on "European Cities at Work," which is almost wholly devoted to the scientific development of the rapidly expanding German towns.

Mr. Howe dwells on the perfection to which the Germans have carried that most modern of the arts—the art of town-planning. His account of the marvelously skilful development of certain German cities is most useful. The Germans have here set an example which we will do well to follow.

It is well for us to be reminded at frequent intervals that we have much to learn from rival peoples; and a knowledge of the success of these rival peoples, in matters where we have been less successful, tends to increase our respect for these peoples. Thus Mr. Howe's book is also a contribution to international amenity.

It is well for us also to have our attention called to the fact that rival peoples have occasionally something to learn from us, even in the government of cities. For example, the traffic regulations of New York are better than those of London or Paris.

Mr. Howe remarks upon the stateliness of the railroad stations erected in certain German cities. No one of these compares in beauty with the two noble edifices recently opened in New York. And unless these new German stations are different from those in Switzerland and France and England, they are beplastered with advertising posters,* whereas no station in the United States is allowed to be disfigured in this fashion, a curious commentary on the prevalent European belief that the Americans have no love for beauty and are money-mad.

*This is not the case in Germany.—Editor, MacLean's Magazine.

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Why Man Of To-day Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By WALTER WALGROVE

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Canadian Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The Canadian man, because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; makes the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to

clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so that it is

pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

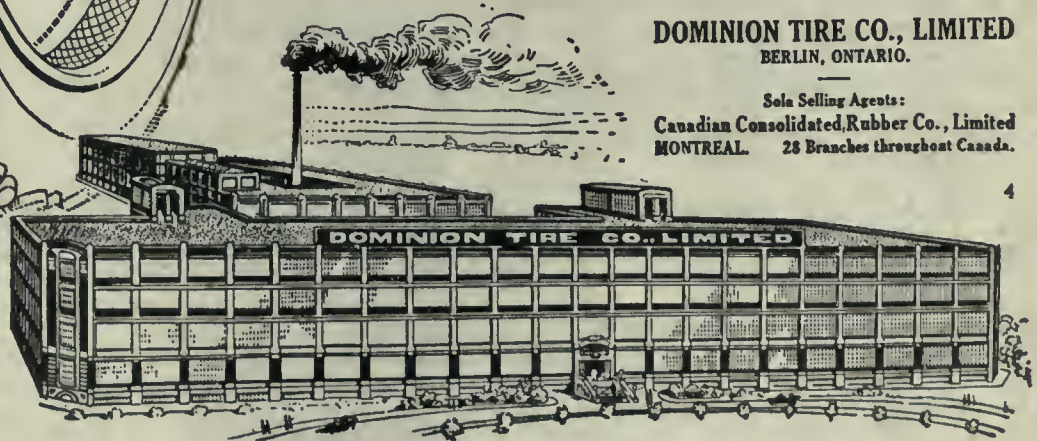
This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 241, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in MacLean's Magazine.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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Adding Years to One's Life

Most People Try to Shut the Door After the Horse is Stolen

YOU can find out easily whether you are ageing too fast; you may ameliorate conditions that have brought on premature old age, and you may prolong your youth to a really remarkable extent. Dr. Smith Williams, in *Nash's Magazine*, shows how really simple it is to add a few years to your life-span.

Do you know how old you are? The question sounds absurd, but it is not. Of course, you know when you were born; but are you sure you know how fast you have lived? Age is not measured solely by birthdays. It is far more surely measured by the state of your arteries. If you eat too much nitrogenous food, the bad effects will make themselves felt on your arteries, and you will age in reality by two or three years with each successive birthday.

Proteid (meat) poisoning makes brittle arteries; and a man with brittle arteries has the sword of Damocles hanging perpetually over his head. Hundreds of thousands of people are thus menaced, as the death-rolls from apoplexy, heart-failure, paralysis of liver and kidneys prove day by day. Do you know whether you are thus menaced? If not, it is worth your while to find out.

One of the most striking conclusions to which recent investigators have come to that a very large proportion of people who have reached middle life have acquired habits of eating that are directly injurious, and that subject their systems to a slow poisoning that, in effect, hastens old age, and ultimately brings death itself.

The investigators tell us that a great number of persons who have passed middle life have accustomed themselves to a diet that includes an excess of proteids—that is to say, of foods that contain nitrogen, of which prominent examples are eggs, and all kinds of meats.

"Protein," says Dr. L. F. Bishop, the well-known American physician and investigator, "is very important in building up the tissues, strengthening the muscles, and stimulating the activity of the brain and the emotions. It is the food that produces great leaders and brain workers, but it is also a food that, in the present day, is terminating prematurely some of the best lives in the nation."

You perhaps suffer, now and again, from headaches or neuralgias. You may be rheumatic or gouty. You are subject to attacks of biliousness, are easily fatigued, lack energy and initiation of mind and body, find yourself short of breath on walking briskly or on going upstairs. At times your heart palpitates unduly. These are all symptoms that suggest disturbed assimilation.

The first question to ask yourself is this: Is there any food that I am accustomed to take habitually that is poisonous to me? It is quite possible, according to the newest theories, that your regular diet may include something that, to you individually is toxic.

The obvious way to test the matter, if you have any doubt at all on the subject, is to remove one or more of these questionable foods from your dietary for a given period, and note the results. The proteids that are most under suspicion are those contained in the animal albumens—meats of all kinds, including fish and eggs—and in such leguminous vegetables as peas and beans; and the uric-acid-forming constituents of tea and coffee. In making a radical test, all these should be avoided.

It is unquestionable, however, that you may be suffering from a slow poisoning due to deleterious food, without experiencing any symptoms that you associate directly with your diet. Your arteries may be gradually hardening, week by week, without producing any sensation that arouses your suspicion. About the only way to put the matter to a crucial test is to go to your physician and have him measure your blood-pressure. It is now recognized that increased blood-pressure is one of the earliest symptoms of proteid poisoning. The physician is provided with several appliances by which the pressure may be tested, and is able to offer timely warning to many a middle-aged person who supposed himself to be in fairly good health, or who, as yet, has only vague premonitions of his malady.

If you take two eggs for breakfast, a glass of milk or a cup of beef-tea at luncheon, and a moderate helping of beef (say a piece of steak three inches long and one inch thick) at dinner, you have consumed a quantity of protein adequate for the day's needs. And this without at all taking into consideration the protein contained in the bread, potatoes, rice, beans, peas, pudding, and soup that have rounded out your meals for that day. Obviously you are a very moderate eater indeed if you do not ingest an excessive quantity of protein.

You must squarely face the question whether you will live to eat, pampering your appetite and risking the consequences, or whether you will eat to live, making a rational selection of food and exercising a wise restraint as to the quantity ingested.

But, however abstemious your diet, you cannot hope to keep your bodily machine in good working order unless you give some attention to the obverse side of the question of digestion and nutrition—that is to say, to the matter of bodily exercise. No discussion of longevity would be in any sense complete that left this out of consideration.

-- An athlete who retains the resiliency and strength of youth at fifty or sixty years of age may have an organism which, judged by the condition of its vital tissues, is no nearer the final breakdown—no older, to use the conventional phrasing—than the system of the average gourmand of sedentary habits who by count of birthdays is twenty years younger.

Of course, games and sports that develop an interest are in every way better than mere perfunctory exercises. Tennis, golf, cricket, hockey, and football are excellent, each in its own way. So are

rowing, swimming and riding. In default of anything better, brisk walking will serve a useful purpose; while mountain climbing, for those whose hearts are in good order, has many advantages.

Whatever the form of exercise, it should be pursued with sufficient vigor to stimulate the heart's action, ensure deep breathing, and so increase the heat-producing activities of the tissues that the blood will be brought to the surface, the skin made to glow, and the perspiratory glands stimulated to free action.

Fortunately it is possible to secure all the exercise that health requires without leaving one's own bedroom, and without the use of any paraphernalia whatever.

All that is necessary is to select a few intelligently devised exercises and to follow them up persistently for fifteen or twenty minutes every morning on first rising. If you will put yourself through a routine of ten or a dozen simple movements, aimed to bring into action the muscles which your ordinary occupation leaves undeveloped, you may secure many of the direct physical benefits of outdoor games or gymnasium exercises, without further encroachment on your time or business activities.

The person of distended waist-line suffers from shortness of breath, not necessarily because his lungs or heart are affected, but because the adipose tissue crowds the liver and other viscera into the thorax, thus restricting the breathing-space. But the deposit of excessive quantities of fat is in itself evidence of defective circulation of the blood; and unless the condition is corrected there is a tendency to weaken the heart, further interfering with the circulation and facilitating thus the degenerative changes which lead to arterio-sclerosis with all its attendant evils.

But you need not suffer from such degenerated abdominal muscles or from such accumulation of fat in the region of the waist, if you have the strength of mind to follow a systematic line of exercises aimed to keep the abdominal wall in a state of healthful efficiency, assuming always that at the same time you will practice reasonable self-restraint in eating.

Unless you have a definite programme you are likely to exercise in so desultory and haphazard a manner as to fail to get the best results. It is essential to outline a definite series of exercises and follow them up systematically.

You are too busy to follow such advice, you say. The excuse is a common one. But the time will come when you will cease to indulge in that particular sophistry. As you feel your powers failing, you will realize that your work is not fully accomplished; that it is good to go on a few years more in this wonderful world. Then you will seek advice about means to prolong your life. You will wonder if exercise will not be "good for you." But if you delay too long you may find that you have lived so long without exercise have permitted your tissues to get into such a state of disrepair and degeneration, that it is too late to hope to restore them to activity.

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The great difficulty is that most people cannot be induced to shut the barn door until after the horse is stolen. However, if you have read this article, you are forewarned; and if you elect to live a short and inactive life rather than to make a bid for a long and active one, you at least make the choice knowingly.

The Medical Profession and the Public

Do Doctors Use Medical Etiquette to Deceive their Clients?

MR. BERNARD SHAW, hurling at doctors virtually all the accusations that the world has formulated against them in the last two thousand years, declares that medical etiquette is really a cloak for a huge conspiracy of silence against the public and that its object is the protection of the doctor's livelihood and the concealment of his errors. Mr. Burton I. Hendrick in a revolutionary article in *McClure's Magazine* tells us what stand the medical profession is taking towards its accuser.

Three years ago, he says, in the preface to his play, "The Doctor's Dilemma," Mr. Bernard Shaw assailed, in his most characteristic manner, the whole medical profession. This vitriolic diatribe repeated virtually all of the accusations the world has hurled at doctors in the last two thousand years. They foster cases of imaginary illness, Mr. Shaw declared, in order to increase their incomes; they magnify trifling indispositions into serious maladies, in order to obtain the credit of remarkable cures. Frankness is the last virtue they possess; they do not dare to preach that reform of habits which is the one essential demanded in the treatment of most complaints, especially those that are the consequences—as so many diseases are—of gluttony, hard drinking, and general debauchery. Surgeons constantly perform unnecessary operations, and physicians make unnecessary and expensive visits. Both branches of the profession lack fixed standards of treatment—medicine, falsely called a science, is really the plaything of fashion. Medical ethics and medical etiquette are really the cloaks for a huge conspiracy of silence against the public.

Charges like these coming from so famous and so universal an iconoclast naturally caused little surprise and aroused no particular resentment but in reviewing Mr. Shaw's book Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Boston, one of the most eminent of American Physicians sums up his views as follows:—

"I can verify every one of Mr. Shaw's statements in my own practice; and if we admit, as Mr. Shaw does, that these evils are no more the fault of the doctor than of the public, I think we must recognize the justice of his point of view. If he were writing in this country, Mr. Shaw would doubtless perceive how many influences are now at work to counteract the evils that he so truly portrays, and to bring about the reforms that he suggests."

This is not the only indication that American physicians of the highest class are alive to certain evils in the trade, and are doing their best to stamp them out. Only a few years ago, in 1903, the American Medical Association, the greatest, most comprehensive, and most influential medical organization in the country, abandoned its celebrated "Code" of "Medical Ethics," and adopted a radically revised compendium of "Principles" in its place.

Until the last few years the medical profession, as this "Code" clearly emphasized, regarded itself as a thing apart, a separate estate, like the clergy, more or less superior to law and conventional morals. That it should have ethics of its own necessarily followed from this conception. Like the healing of men's souls, the healing of their bodies implied a special providence. As a result of this idea, there had developed certain mannerisms and professional posturings. In medieval times, the doctor, dressed in a long robe and a black cap, conducted his conversation in Latin, and administered his mysterious and nauseous and utterly worthless nostrums according to fixed formulas that amounted almost to incantations. This was the type of physician that so aroused the wrath of Molière, whose whole life as a dramatist was spent in ridiculing the medical superstitions of his time. There are few outward vestiges of this sort of thing to-day; although fifty years ago surgeons used always to put on frock-coats when they performed operations, and in Paris, in the sixties, evening clothes were regarded as essential to the dignity of such a performance.

Surgeons now operate in uniforms, it is true; but they are made of clean, white antiseptic materials; they are put on, not for the purpose of inspiring the patient with awe, but of protecting him from germs. Only a few remnants of the old superstitious days remain. Young medical students are still too much inclined to grow beards as a visible sign to the world that they are engaged in a learned occupation. Besides being affectations, these beards make ideal harboring-places for germs. A clean-shaven physician is by all odds the most sanitary.

Perhaps the most ridiculous lingering trace of monkish superstition, however, is the custom of writing prescriptions in Latin—or what is sometimes said to be Latin. There was a time, many centuries ago, when Latin was the one accepted mode of communication among educated men. Doctors, like all other learned people, transacted their business in this tongue, and all early medical books were written in Latin. But this language is no longer the generally accepted medium of learned intercourse.

The great glory of modern medicine is that it regards nothing as essential but the truth. It does not take things for granted. The experimental laboratory has no respect for authority; it submits everything to its microscope and its test-tube. Bacteriology never lies. This is probably the reason why a repugnance to useless misrepresentation is now

spreading through the whole profession. Old medical codes constantly taught deceit. Professors in medical colleges invariably instructed their students that the doctor was perfectly justified in lying to a patient for the patient's good. Medical ethics made only the distinction that the doctor must not lie for his own good. Whether this practice was immoral, therefore, philosophers must decide; that it was silly, useless, and demonstrably harmful is now the accepted idea.

Any one who has gone with a serious illness to an exclusively truth-telling physician readily appreciates the difference. Such a doctor makes no attempt to conceal the gravity of the patient's condition; he describes, in plain words, just what the matter is, and the chance of recovery—sometimes remote, of course. Possibly the patient leaves his office downcast. One realizes, however, that it is not the fault of the physician, but of the disagreeable facts. The relief that comes over such a patient, however, when, at a subsequent visit, this same doctor notes an improvement and tells him that he is progressing toward a recovery, knows almost no bounds.

But are lies ever justified? If a man is likely to drop dead with heart disease any minute, should his doctor tell him so? Will not the shock of such a piece of information hasten his end? Even in extreme cases of this kind, the most enlightened medical men believe that there is no justification for deceit. Dr. Cabot, who believes in truth-telling on such occasions, describes this power as a manifestation of spiritual antitoxins; just as the physical frame manufactures antibodies that destroy the poisons set free by the microbes of disease, so the spiritual nature develops certain resistance against attacks of this kind. "In all my experience," he says, "I have never known a man or a woman made worse by telling them the truth." In some cases, possibly, the shock may kill. That is no reason, however, why the truth should not be told. It is certainly better that a life here and there should be lost than that the whole medical profession should live in an atmosphere of suspicion and deceit.

Another evil of the old ethics, which still prevails to a large extent, but which the most enlightened minds are attempting to eliminate, is professional secrecy. Secrecy among doctors has two purposes—to protect the confidences of patients, and to protect the doctor in his mistakes. Old-fashioned physicians make almost a fetish of maintaining absolute secrecy about the ailments of their patients. Anything the doctor learns about a sick man—his disease, his character, his vices, his family and personal affairs—he must regard as secrets of the confessional.

Idle gabbling about friends; or betrayal of facts learned confidentially, is reprehensible, of course, in physicians, lawyers, clergymen, or even private citizens. Under ordinary circumstances, a doctor should certainly respect his patient's confidence. There are other considerations involved, however. Modern scientific progress has revealed, above

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all, the social nature of disease. Very few human beings are sick solely unto themselves. Very few of us can be sick, that is, without exposing others to the danger of sickness. If a man could go into an unfrequented corner and have his disease all to himself, his right to complete secrecy, as set forth in Dr. Flint's doctrine, might be defended. But he can not. Modern sanitary laws—the creation of health boards, the nailing of a sign on a house in which there is scarlet fever or diphtheria—are sufficient recognitions of the fact that doctors can not treat illness as confidential.

In regard to nearly all contagious diseases, this fact is generally recognized. But in regard to one group of infections the old doctrine still too generally prevails. And these are the two diseases which are most frightful in their consequences to the individuals afflicted, and to innocent relatives, especially children. There is one common situation, for example, which seems to present a puzzle to medical ethics. The doctor learns that a young man, thus afflicted, is soon to be married to an innocent woman. What should he do? It seems an insult to human intelligence to discuss the question at all. What do medical "confidences" or medical ethics count for, when the life of a woman and the sanity of children are involved? The fact remains, however, that many doctors regard it as "professional" to keep quiet, "not to give the man away," in cases of this kind. The Flint principle, "to which there are no exceptions," would seem to oblige him to sit by and see a hideous crime committed.

As a matter of fact, this disease, when submitted to long and painstaking treatment, is usually curable. There are certain blood-tests by which the experienced specialist can tell when it is finally eliminated from the body. The least a physician can do is to compel the diseased man to submit to this treatment, and to entertain no thoughts of marriage until the Wassermann reaction shows that he is free from infection. In case the physician can not do this, he should, of course, at once inform the young woman's responsible relatives. With that his responsibility ends.

The Doctors Who "Hang Together"

The old-fashioned ideas that demanded secrecy for the protection of the doctor receive little respectable support to-day.

This habit doctors have of sticking by one another, even in their mistakes, too generally prevails. An idea that it is immoral, however, and brings the profession into contempt, is rapidly gaining ground. A physician who exulted in pointing out the errors of his associates, and who gave them wide publicity, would naturally not long survive in any community. A sick man, however, calls in a consultant, and pays him money, for a particular purpose. He wants to know whether he has been receiving proper treatment; if he has not, he is entitled to this information. The consultant's first obligation is to the patient, and not to his brother physician. If—to imagine an extreme case—he discovers that the

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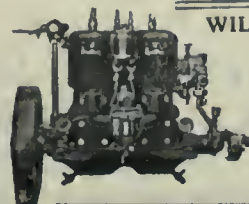
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attending physician is incompetent and does not understand the case, it is his duty diplomatically to inform the responsible people of the fact. It would be indecent to declare the truth from the house-tops; but the information is something that the parties chiefly interested have a right to. Any other standpoint flies in the face of common sense. The only defense of silence is that of protection to the attending physician, which is only another way of saying that an incompetent person should be left free to perpetrate his mistakes. The consultant, it may be urged, is merely giving his opinion, and he too may be wrong. But the answer is that it is only his opinion you are paying for.

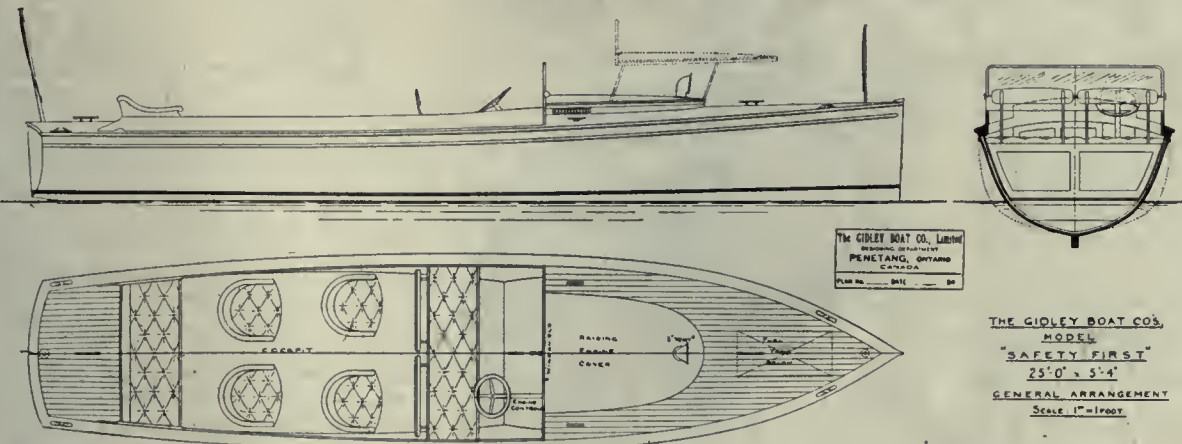
Why Shouldn't Medical Men Hold Patents?

Professional ethics, even in their present revised form, prohibit a medical man from holding a patent upon a surgical instrument or a medical preparation. The non-professional mind finds it difficult to understand the point in this. If a scientist discovers a serum that may be the means of saving countless human lives, or invents a surgical instrument that makes possible a new operation, is he not entitled to benefit financially from his discoveries? The argument against it is that his private control would interfere with its unrestricted use; that the profits might make the new treatment so expensive that many poor people would be deprived of it. If these new things were not in fact commercialized, there might be some point in this contention. What actually happens, however, is this: As soon as a new preparation or a new instrument is devised, large manufacturers at once seize upon it. Some of these men have no scruples against making money even out of the misfortunes of humanity. The profits, therefore, which are frequently large, instead of going to the man who is entitled to them, go to private capitalists, and these capitalists, as the surgeons complain, "soak" them in the prices charged. But there is another valid reason why medical men and medical institutions should patent their discoveries, and that is in order that they may control them and thereby protect the public against frauds. A medical research institute, for example, discovers a serum for a deadly disease, and gives it freely to the world. It would really protect the public if the institute should patent this preparation and give the exclusive right to prepare and market it to some manufacturer whom the directors trusted and could control. Its profits could be used for continued medical research. In that way the public would be protected against an impure product—and that there are a good many poor preparations of anti-toxins put out is notorious. The highest medical authorities are gradually coming around to this opinion. The greatest of the time is unquestionably Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Frankfurt, the discoverer of 606, or salvarsan. Dr. Ehrlich has patented this preparation,—one of the greatest discoveries of modern times,—and escapes the charge of exploitation

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the patent medicine quack and the swindler. It has been the means of opening the doors of many canning factories, packing houses, bakeshops, public kitchens, etc., to the public visitor; concealing nothing. It is an education to those who read the advertising pages of a magazine. The brainiest men of the American Continent are devoting their time and talent to this great modern force of advertising.

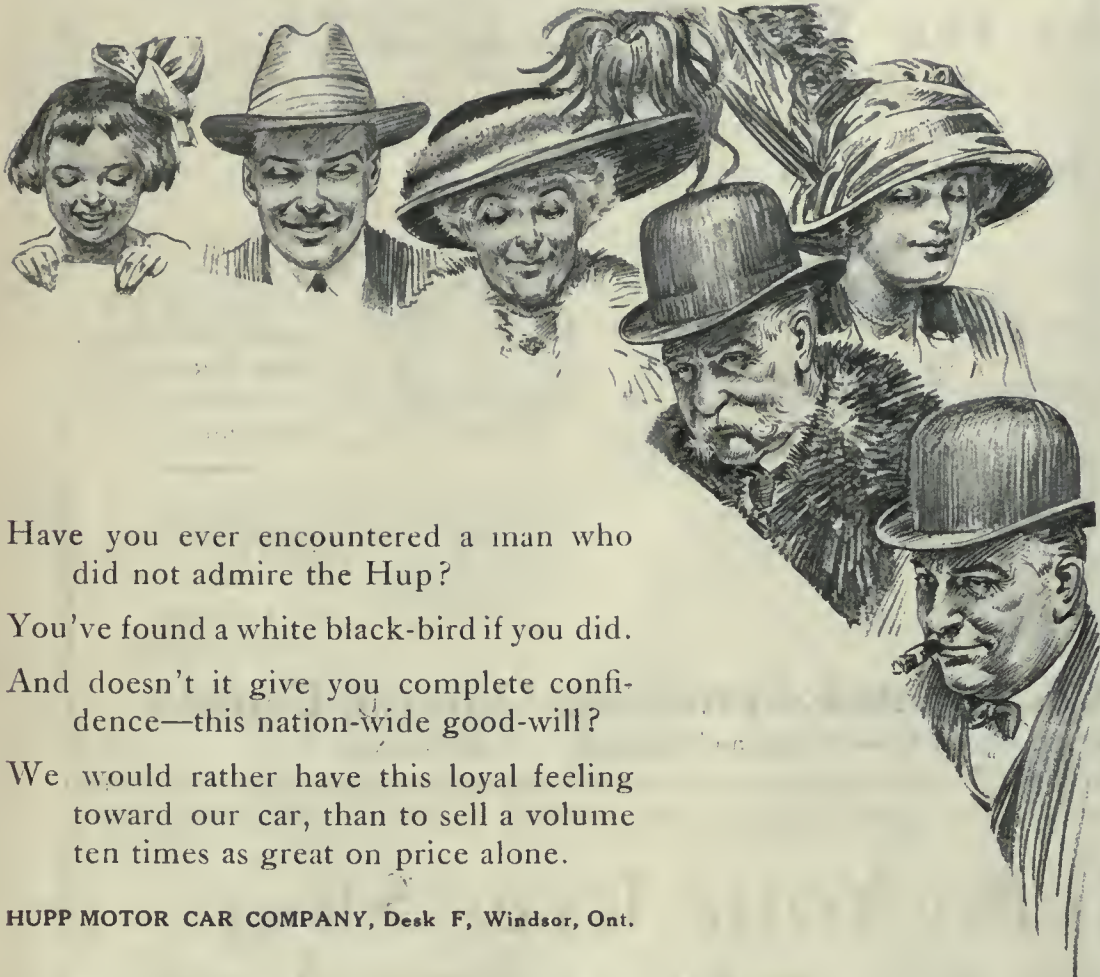
It pays the reader to search the columns of a Magazine like MacLean's which gives you just the information you require to make wise selection of goods that are reliable and trustworthy. Leisurely you can plan and decide upon your purchases without the sad experience and dissatisfaction that the shopping test brings to those who buy at random.

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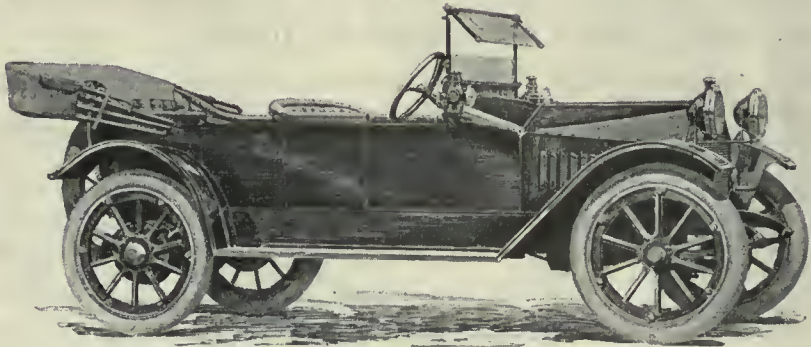
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The War Upon the Fee-Splitters

In the last few years the American Medical Association has directed a wholesome crusade against one of the most disgraceful practices of the medical profession—that of "fee-splitting." The poor practitioner collects his two or three or five dollars a visit, while his more prosperous colleague gets his hundred, two hundred, or five hundred dollars for an operation. In scores of cases the physician, called in the early stages of the disease, has to turn his patient over to the gentleman with the knife. Is he not entitled to a "commission," a "rake-off," a "squeeze"? In altogether too many cases the surgeon sees the thing from the same point of view. When his bill is paid, therefore, he "rebates" a certain percentage, agreed on in advance, to the doctor.

A physician can not receive commissions and do his duty to his patient. In places where the practice rages most furiously, the wildest competition prevails. Surgeons bid against each other for patients, and inevitably the man who pays the largest commissions gets the cases. As a result, the physician sends his man, not to the most competent surgeon, but to the one who pays him the biggest "squeeze." Patients of such men do not get the best surgeons, because really high-class men will not split fees. It needs no great knowledge of human nature to foresee that this habit may also lead to unnecessary operations. Any one familiar with graft in any form will likewise understand that a fee-splitting surgeon will recoup himself out of the patient. A dishonest contractor who bribes a politician for city work always adds the amount of the bribe to his bill. A dishonest surgeon will do precisely the same thing.

Japanese Court Ladies and Life

A Glimpse of the Everyday Life of the Japanese Court only Lately Revealed to the Public

IN SPITE of the increasing enterprise of Japanese journalism the every day life of the Japanese Court has been enveloped in a veil of secrecy, and until quite a short while ago no consecutive and intelligent account of what actually goes on there had ever been published. The death, however, of the late Emperor and the retirement of the Lord Chamberlain Prince Tokudaiji have removed the two chief obstacles to a more intimate knowledge of Palace happenings. All the more interest therefore attaches to the contents of a small volume just published in Japan entitled "The Reminiscences of Court Ladies," from which a writer in the *Contemporary Review* gathers some interesting details.

The Chiyoda Palace is hidden away in the immense compound, behind the triple moat and high walls, which occupies practically the centre of the city of Tokio. Besides the Palace itself, the compound contains barracks for a regiment of guards, the offices of the Im-

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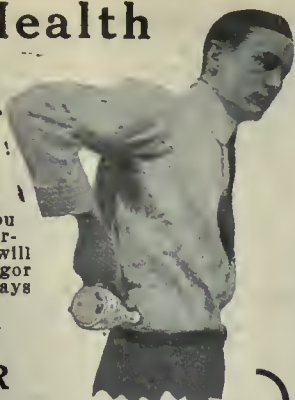
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perial Cabinet, of the Privy Council, of the Ministry of the Household, immense stables, telegraph station and post office, power and water stations, and residences for almost innumerable officials.

The Palace itself is illuminated with electricity, warmed by steam heating, and, indeed, there is little internally to differentiate it from the palaces of other countries. Externally, the architecture is Japanese. The structure is one-storied, rambling, and in part visibly ancient.

In the Inner Court is neither gas nor electricity, nor even an oil lamp. The reasons are firstly the danger of fire, the extinction of which would mean the intrusion of unhalloved feet within the semi-sacred domain, and secondly in order to preserve the unique Japanese characteristics of the building. The "Inner Court" is practically the only residence in Tokio, of high or low degree, without the slightest trace of Western civilization, which has ostensibly conquered the country. So strict are the precautions against fire, that all the kitchen stoves, which are of the usual Japanese style and all hibachi, must be extinguished at eight o'clock in the evening, even in the coldest weather.

The whole of the service in the Palace is monopolised by women, with the exception of the Imperial pages, who are the messengers between the Outer and the Inner Courts.

The three essentials of Palace life would appear to be cleanliness, ceremony, and tradition, or rather superstition. To such an extent is the cult of cleanliness carried that even the maids, who attend on the Court ladies during their toilet, perform their duties on their knees, and on no account must they touch their own lower limbs. Should this accidentally happen, the offending maid must instantly withdraw and undergo a course of purification, before she can again appear before her mistress. If the rules with regard to the maids of the Ladies-in-Waiting are so strict, it may be imagined that those with regard to the personal attendants of their Majesties are even more so. It is, of course, well-known that all service before their Majesties has to be performed on the knees, and it is not etiquette to approach their Majesties except on the knees, even the physicians, who attended on the late Emperor during his last illness not being exempted from this rule. It is also common knowledge that no one may touch the Imperial person with ungloved hands. This rule is equally strict for the Ladies-in-Waiting, and especially so when in attendance on their Majesties when bathing or at their toilet. There is a story, confirmed by the police records, of a coolie being sent to prison for touching the Empress-Dowager's hands. Some years ago the carriage in which the Empress-Dowager was driving in the country, near Numazu, met with a slight accident, and a coolie working near by at the time ran up and assisted the Empress-Dowager to alight, in so doing touching her hand with his own bare

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one. He was arrested and punished for his presumption.

There are about thirty Ladies-in-Waiting, and between two hundred and fifty and three hundred Court women. The Ladies-in-Waiting rise, when on duty, at six o'clock, and an elaborate toilet has to be gone through, of which the coiffeur, dressed in the exacting but charming ancient Court style is not the least important part. The ladies take an early breakfast, prepared by their maids, and then don their morning Court robes, which are generally of Western cut, the orthodox Japanese ceremonial robes being reserved for great ceremonial occasions. Immediately breakfast is finished, the ladies proceed to the Imperial apartments for attendance on the Emperor and Empress. At half-past eleven a tiffin is served to each in her room. This is, however, only a formality, for all the food eaten by the ladies on duty is sent to them from the Imperial kitchen, whilst that prepared for them by their maids is remitted back to the maids for their own consumption. The food is always Japanese, served in Japanese style. At three o'clock in the afternoon fruits and sweetmeats are eaten and at five o'clock dinner. All these meals are formalities in the same manner as the tiffin, being sent out again for the delectation of the maids, whilst the genuine edibles are sent in from the kitchen. At about three o'clock in the afternoon the ladies change into Japanese robes, which they infinitely prefer to the tightfitting corsetted dresses of the West, rarely suitable either to their figures or their faces. Bedtime comes, at about ten o'clock, the period after dinner being devoted generally to conversation with the Imperial couple, or to some kinds of parlor games, or to versifying, of which the late Emperor was very fond, and in which he was most proficient.

Except on the rare occasions when they accompanied the Empress-Dowager to attend some charity function, or to visit some school, or acted as the Empress's messengers on occasions of congratulations or condolence, the Ladies-in-Waiting never used to leave the Palace precincts. The result is that most of them are very naturally ignorant of the affairs of the world, and even of things of the most common nature. The one lady who has been in a theatre is regarded as approximating to an adventuress. On the other hand, they are well read, as there is no longer a censorship on the books and papers introduced into the Palace. In order to counteract the hypochondriacal tendencies of a life so grooved as that of the Inner Court, the Empress-Dowager some years ago insisted on the ladies taking horse-riding exercise within the Palace grounds. It is related that one lady was so proficient as to be able to indulge in trick riding and the haute école for the enjoyment of the late Emperor, who, when younger, was himself no mean performer on horseback.

Although foreign influence and customs have obtained a considerable hold in Japan, there is still a great deal of

attention paid to ancient tradition, superstition, and neeromancy. During the illness of the Crown Princess a few years ago, and again during the last days of the Emperor Mutsuhito, the houses of fortune-tellers were thronged with visitors, from the highest to the lowest, seeking to know the ultimate result. Indeed, on some occasions the police had to clear the narrow streets to prevent the traffic being blocked. It is a custom at Court in times of drought for the ladies to hang up in the trees in the gardens *teru-terubozu*, or dolls of silk paper. These are invocations to the deities to send rain, and as they are left until rain does come may be presumed to be uniformly successful. When at last the rain descends the dolls are rescued, soaked in saké, and floated away down the moat.

The principal Ladies-in-Waiting are the Lady Yanagiwara, the Lady Takakura, and the Lady Sono. The first-named was the favorite Lady-in-Waiting of the Dowager-Empress, and was chosen by her to be the mother of the Heir to the Throne, when the physicians had assured her that her own hopes in that direction must be abandoned.

Lady Takakura is the oldest of all the Court ladies, being seventy-three years of age, and having been a Court lady in the time of Komei Tenno, grandfather of the present Emperor. Throughout the last reign she was a great power at Court, and the late Emperor is reported to have relied very much on her wisdom and advice. She has the exclusive privilege of using a cushion when in the Presence, a concession to her age, and a tribute to the Imperial admiration of her talents and perspicacity. She has been the stumbling block in front of innumerable Chamberlains and Ministers of the Household, who have striven to introduce a more Liberal ozone into the Inner Court. When the late Lord Iwakura drafted a scheme of reforms, which would much have curtailed feminine influence, he sent for the Lady Takakura as First Lady-in-Waiting, and explained to her his intentions. She looked at him a little pityingly, and then replied: "My lord, these things may be very well, but when I take instructions, I take them only from my mistress, the Empress." That was the end of Iwakura's well-meant reforms, for he lacked the courage to run the gauntlet of the corps of Ladies-in-Waiting.

Count Hijikata, for long the Minister of the Household, was also severely rebuffed when he attempted to correct the morality of certain of the Palace women. He took his complaints to their superiors, the Ladies-in-Waiting; but their only reply was to recall a certain delicious scandal having the Count and a famous geisha as the hero and heroine. Later, however, he obtained his revenge, for when the present Emperor was eight years old the Emperor Mutsuhito determined to remove him from petticoat influence, and to have him brought up in a more modern and manly style. Hijikata was appointed his tutor, much to the resentment of his former foes, the

Ladies-in-Waiting. Before accepting the appointment, however, he insisted on and obtained from the Throne a promise that under no circumstances should interference with his conduct be permitted from the side of the Inner Court.

The Lady Sono

The Lady Sono is probably the best known, by name at all events, of the Ladies-in-Waiting. She is a daughter of Count Sono, is still in the early forties, and ranks as one of the most beautiful women of Japan, even according to Western standards. On account of her beauty, wit, and accomplishments, she was one of the favorite attendants of the late Emperor. She is a brilliant poetess.

At Court she is known as "The Lady of the Bottle Gourd Suite," many of the Court ladies being designated by the names of the apartments which they occupy. The origin of the name is as follows. The late Emperor strongly objected to the introduction of gas and electricity into the Inner Palace and as a result, as already mentioned, light is only obtainable from candles set in lanterns. In summer these latter are of paper, being made at Gifu, whilst in the autumn many of them are of hollowed gourds. One evening when walking in the gardens, the Emperor was much amused to find a suite of apartments lighted by candles set in gourds on which comic figures had been painted. The antics of these, as they swung to and fro in the breeze, caused the most hearty amusement. Further examination proved the rooms to be those occupied by the Lady Sono, and they were promptly and Imperially dubbed "The Bottle Gourd Suite."

Religion at Court

It is very curious to find that Buddhism is practised extensively at Court, and that there is even a splendid Buddhist shrine within the Palace. It is generally assumed that as Shinto is the State religion, it would be natural to find it exclusively patronised at Court. The Empress Dowager, however, is a firm devotee of Buddhism, to which the late Emperor also paid great respect.

That Court influence may be useful even in religion, the following anecdote proves. The grandfather of a certain Lady-in-Waiting visited and died at the Chomyoji Temple of the Nichiren sect in Totomi Province. It was a very poor and obscure institution. His granddaughter visited his grave, and on her return determined to copy out and present to the Temple, as proof of her piety, the eight volumes of the scriptures of the sect. The work was completed in two years, and very fine it looked on gilt-edged paper, with illuminated lettering, and bound in gold brocade. Just as the Temple authorities had concluded that their home was tottering to its foundations and must wind up its affairs, the volumes arrived, conveyed by a Court messenger. The fame of the incident was noised abroad. Adherents gathered round. A subscription list was opened and eagerly filled up. Within a very short time a brand new gold-lac-

quered temple was erected. Funds still continued to roll in, and started by an act of filial devotion the Chomyoji is now well on the road towards a rich and prosperous career.

A New Vocation for Women

Beauty and Brains Find Another Avenue in Which to Coin the Ducats

BEAUTY is sometimes said to be the only quality a woman need possess to insure success upon the stage; but, as a matter of fact, no girl will go far unless she has other qualities to recommend her.

This is doubly true as regards the profession of Mannequin—a profession far less prominent, in fact almost unheard of by a large section of the public, yet very similar to the stage as regards many of the attributes required of its votaries.

Some of the necessary qualifications of the would-be follower of this profession may be gathered from an article by Gordon Meggy in *Pearson's Magazine*.

Your perfect mannequin is, he says, like the poet, born—not made. She may have beauty, grace, elegance, a perfect figure, and still be useless for the purpose. Some women would never be able to wear smart clothes smartly; others may acquire the ability to do so; a few possess it intuitively.

Paquin, Lucille, Redfern, Drecoll, Marcial, and Poiret, these are a few of the big Paris couturiers who are famous all over the world. Among all the mannequins these big houses employ, eight out of ten are French-women—not because they prefer to employ French-women, but because it is essential to them to have the very best mannequins available, and Frenchwomen happen to be such. Yet it is some consolation that the two most beautiful mannequins in Paris—unless it is the predilection of an Englishman for Englishwomen—are London girls.

The Mecca of the Mannequin

To the professional mannequin, Paris is as much of a Mecca as is London to the provincial actress. The biggest houses are centred there, the best posts are to be obtained there, and the greatest opportunities are to be met with here. But Paris is not to be reached all at once, for there are steps to climb and experience to be learnt in this profession as in others.

It often happens that the first step in the mannequin's career is taken at one of those big, middle-class establishments where drapery, millinery, and dress-making are centred under one roof. Even here it is sometimes necessary for dresses, hats, or cloaks to be put on for the inspection of customers, and probably one girl more than the others will be in demand for these purposes. Here, your mannequin in embryo, and soon she may obtain a post as one of the mannequins at a slightly higher-class house, where "Paris models" are a feature.

She will then find herself in competition with more "talent," for this is the class of house where many girls, who fancy this is their métier, make a start.

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Climbing the Ladder

In the dressmaking as in the social world, there are many grades. The mannequin's success may be counted by the rapidity with which she ascends the ladder. But, however great her beauty, her ability, her adaptability, and her natural attributes, she will find much to learn, especially in the matter of deportment, when at last she jumps the gulf that divides the really great dressmaking houses from all others.

The mannequin at a great couturier's usually starts at a salary of about fifteen dollars a week. She must now wear her gowns in a manner and with an "air" to please the most exclusive set in the world.

Nor will she wear dresses indiscriminately any more. She will only display those which are suited to her particular type. She may even be reserved to show dresses only to certain clients—those of the same type as herself. For your wealthy lady of fashion, who spends thousands of pounds each season on frocks, is almost invariably attended to by the same employee of the house she patronizes, that a particular mannequin should be kept for a particular client, though not usual, is still not unheard of.

There is yet another part of the mannequin's work which is of equal, if not of greater importance. She must assist at the inspiration of new models—for the true artists design their creations upon the actual figure.

One big Paris house employs a girl with a very Eastern type of beauty. All gowns of an Oriental character are designed upon her, and she has inspired the creation of many wonderful Eastern garments.

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The employee who becomes invaluable can command a big price. \$1,500 a year is no unheard-of sum for mannequins to secure, and they often attain to higher and more responsible positions.

At this moment, a big Continental branch of one of the first Paris houses is under the management of a lady who began life as a saleswoman at a suburban drapery store near London at five dollars a week. Her next step was to Oxford Street, and from there she went as a mannequin to a small but very exclusive house in Paris, the London representative of which had seen her displaying one of his firm's models, and had been favorably impressed.

A year later, half the big Paris houses were after her. She accepted an offer of a hundred francs a week; this was doubled within three years, and she developed so much business ability that, when a new branch was opened, the management was offered to her at five thousand dollars a year.

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And what sort of time does the mannequin have? Not at all a bad one. Her hours are about from ten till six—sometimes later if there is a rush. But she is not working all the while, and exactly what she does depends upon the season.

During periods of "creation," that is to say, when new models are being created for the spring and autumn, the mannequins at the big houses assist the couturier as nearly as possible in rotation. First one and then another will be required to act as the model around which some new design will be evolved—a task which may take anything from twenty minutes to a couple of hours.

When she is not wanted for this purpose, she may be occasionally required in the salon to display gowns to any client who may look in. This will usually be in the afternoon between three and five o'clock. The rest of the day she can amuse herself. But she must always be at hand in case she is wanted, and for this reason some establishments have an elegant spacious "green-room," where the mannequins can read, write or rest as they feel inclined.

During the spring and autumn seasons she has less time to call her own, for there is a rush of customers to inspect and buy the new models which the house has been so busily creating. So, for about four months in the year—May, June, September, and October—she works under high pressure. She will be showing off gowns every afternoon and often in the mornings, too, since the fashionable hours of the day are all too short. For the time being she becomes a quick-change artiste, making perhaps a score of complete changes in a few hours, and parading either upon the miniature stage which is a feature of the modiste's salon, or in the salon itself, so that intending purchasers may make closer inspection of the gown she has on.

A Chance for Romance

A little dull and monotonous? Not at all! In every woman there is an innate love of dress and of admiration. The mannequin can gratify both. And, beyond this, she can get on if she wishes to and if she has ambition. She sees the inside of the business all the time, can find ready and practical appreciation for her ideas, if she is clever enough to have any, and has a double string to her bow in that she can get into the good graces of her employers or of the patrons of the house. For, beautiful and pre-possessing as she must be, many and many a mannequin has accepted some post as companion to a wealthy client, and has thus been ushered into a newer and wider life.

Nor is she a stranger to romance. In Paris particularly, and in London also, it is not women alone who seize the opportunity to admire new dresses. Both on the occasion of special exhibitions of models and at other times, men visit the dressmakers with their wives, their mothers, or their sisters, and share the delight that pretty frocks afford. Is it to be wondered at if they sometimes fall in love with the beautiful girls who wear them?

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Legal Limitations of Marriage

Complicated Laws of the Various American States Respecting Marriage

A PENNSYLVANIA law became operative in August, says a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, requiring those wishing to marry to appear at the license bureau and answer under oath some fifty questions. It is rather absurd to swear that one is not an imbecile, and a physician's certificate, as required by a law passed by the last Colorado legislature, is a better guard against communicable disease than a statement of the patient. Still such a law may be of use, though not so much in punishment following its violation as in the reflections and precautions which it may occasion in those who propose to marry. The laws of the different states limiting marriage relations have recently been summarized in a bulletin prepared by Dr. Charles B. Davenport and issued by the Eugenics Record Office. They are more numerous and complicated than most people suppose.

Marriage of idiots and the insane are illegal in about half the states and these marriages are presumably invalid everywhere, as such persons can not make contracts. On similar grounds in three states a marriage is invalid when one of the parties is intoxicated. Only five states forbid the marriage of those suffering from venereal disease. It should surely be made as serious a crime to communicate diseases as to commit larceny or assault and battery, and public sentiment would probably uphold legislation to this effect. In only a few cases have laws been passed with direct reference to the eugenic aspect of the case. Connecticut and Kentucky forbid illicit union with imbeciles, the latter state under penalty of twenty years' imprisonment. In Delaware a child of a parent insane before it was born can not marry. In Utah, an epileptic woman may marry after the age of forty-five, but not before.

Laws limiting closeness of relationship in marriage are based on social rather than on biological considerations. Indeed we have no scientific knowledge that would enable us to prescribe limits of consanguinity within which marriage is undesirable from the point of view of heredity or eugenics. The marriage of first cousins is illegal in about half of the states, including Pennsylvania and Illinois, yet such marriages have been and are common in all classes of society. The most distinguished family known to the writer are the seven children of Charles Darwin, who married his first cousin. The royal families of Europe are closely inbred, but form a superior group. A consideration of their heredity shows, as might have been anticipated, that both desirable and undesirable qualities are enhanced by the marriage of those related by blood.

The social reasons making it desirable to forbid the marriage of those who become related through marriage are not urgent; indeed they have practically disappeared since segregation of the sexes

has been largely abandoned. The limitations do not exist in many of the states and in others are curiously inconsistent. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is not prohibited, but in West Virginia a man may not marry his deceased wife's step-daughter and in Massachusetts he may not marry his deceased wife's grandmother.

The laws in regard to intermarriage of races differ greatly in different states, as does public sentiment. Just now southern newspapers are urging the dismissal of a university professor because in an article in this journal he spoke kindly of the mulattoes. In Maryland whites and negroes or mulattoes who intermarry "are deemed guilty of an infamous crime," and are subject to ten years' imprisonment, while a mile away such marriages are legal. Apparently a white person and a mulatto who marry in Pennsylvania can return to live in Maryland, but would be subject to five years' imprisonment if they went to Texas. In California and in several other states marriage of a Caucasian with a Mongolian is illegal, and several states have laws against marriage with a North American Indian.

The diversity of the laws of the different states, marriages that are legal and approved by public sentiment in one part of the country being crimes elsewhere, indicates that it may be less difficult to apply eugenics in practice than it is to determine which kind of eugenics it would be desirable to apply.

Canada to the Fore in the World of Art

Few Canadians realise the position that their country has won in the world of art and it will no doubt be news to many that Canada has given the world two prime donne. The fact of Albani's French-Canadian parentage is not generally known and few realize that Donaldalda is also a daughter of the Dominion.

It is only a few years since Madame Donaldalda arrived in London to put to the test the reputation she had gained in France. An immediate success was the result. She was engaged by the Royal Opera Syndicate at Covent Garden for three years, and for a further three years in Brussels, where she achieved a brilliant success, she only remained one season, paying the huge forfeit of \$11,000 in order that she and her husband might leave Brussels and accept an engagement in New York.

From there she returned to Paris to appear at the Opera Comique in "La Boheme," "Manon" and "La Traviata." Then she succeeded to the role of Madame Melba at Covent Garden, achieving distinction in all those parts in which she had won fame in America and Paris. With Caruso she sang all the principal solos in the works of the great masters, and the power of her acting and the supple quality of her voice won her thousands of fresh admirers. She then

visited Germany and Holland, and had the distinction of singing with Professor Nikisch at Leipsic; he, too, became enthusiastic over her voice.

A quality which has contributed greatly to her success is her magnificent courage a notable instance of which was shown when Madame Tetrassini was suddenly taken ill on the day before the opening of the Grand Opera Season at Covent Garden. The King and Queen were to be present to hear their favorite opera, and as soon as Madame Tetrassini's inability to sing was known her understudy was communicated with. But to the consternation of the authorities at Covent Garden, she was discovered to be lying ill at her hotel. Then commenced a search for a substitute; and one available operatic soprano after another fought shy of assuming the role of Violette in "La Traviata" at so short a notice on so important an occasion.

It was then remembered that Madame Donaldalda had come with Madame Tetrassini on the Cunarder Mauretania to England and that she was then in Paris. It was late at night when Donaldalda received the summons to take the famous Florentine's place and open the grand season at Covent Garden. A perfect rendition in every detail of a grand opera character is essential to its successful interpretation and Madame Donaldalda, who rushed to London in response to the urgent cables, informed the management that she would be doing herself an injustice in appearing at so short notice without rehearsal, particularly as she was more accustomed to sing the part in French than in Italian. The management were in despair at her refusal and told her the honor of Covent Garden was in her hands; to that appeal Madame Donaldalda succumbed. Her success was never once in doubt, and her brilliant singing of "A fors e lui" was only one feature of a notable performance. No less convincing than her vocal achievements were her dramatic and pathetic picture of the hapless Violetta, but the audience did not know that in the last act, where the weakness of the consumptive heroine necessitates a reeling attitude, she was leaning over and reading from the score which had been conveniently concealed amid the stage furniture. It was on this occasion that the late King Edward, before sending for Madame Donaldalda to compliment her on her success, asked "why she did not die on the sofa instead of falling on the floor," and laughed heartily when told that in consequence of there having been no rehearsal, Caruso had not expected her death at that moment. Madame Donaldalda at this performance appeared in a twentieth century evening gown. The narrative of the opera takes place about the year 1830, but she had no stage costumes, and happily nobody appeared to notice the difference, though the rest of the cast were dressed in costumes of the proper period.

Antics off the Driver Ant

A Striking Description of the Habits of Some of the Pests of the Congo

THERE are some advantages in living in a country like the Congo, says the Rev. J. H. Weeks in *Chambers's Journal*. You can grow your own bananas and oranges; you can live an unconventional life, and need not trouble about visiting-cards; the house 'boys' have no difficulty in carrying out the bulk of your furniture on Saturday morning, and stowing it on the front veranda, while they wash the house through with bucket and broom; and one is never troubled with the drawing-room chimney smoking, for in the first place, you will be extremely fortunate if you have even a sitting-room, and, in the next, there are no chimneys in the house, as fires are not required in a climate where the temperature never falls below sixty-seven degrees in the shade. These are a few of the compensations that reward the white folk for living near the equatorial line.

But there are some disadvantages that break the monotony of life; and although disagreeable at the time, they are subjects for conversation and laughter afterwards. It is midnight, and you are enjoying a sound and dreamless beauty-sleep, when you are aroused by the slapping of the cockroaches on the bamboo walls of your bungalow. It is not the first time you have heard these ominous sounds, and experience tells you that the ferocious driver ants have made an attack on your house. They have fastened on some unfortunate cockroaches that are now trying to shake off their enemies by flinging themselves against the walls, or, what is more probable, in blind panic at the attack they are trying to escape, and unheeding where they are going, and not gauging the distance and force of their flight, they are thus banging the walls.

On a small table by my bed I always keep a pair of thick woollen stockings, and reaching out for these, I draw them up well over my pyjamas, and thus equipped I am ready to meet the emergency. The stockings are too thick for the ants to bite through, and the wool is too rough for them to climb easily—a very maze in which they become bewildered—so they are quickly caught and killed before they reach the thinner material of the pyjamas. I pass out of the bedroom, across the dining-room into the study, which is also our reception and drawing room, and light the lamp. Returning, I carry out my wife, and then our two small children, and place them on the home-made sofa, and cover them with a rug kept handy for the purpose. They rest perhaps doze off to sleep again, and I sit and read to pass the time away while the ants are busy clearing everything before them.

Just stand at the door of the bedrooms, and by the light of the lamp left burning on the table watch the scene. The walls are covered with ants; they drop from the roof on to dressing table and washstand; they swarm over the mosquito-curtain, the wardrobe, and the trunks. The floor is almost brown with

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them. No living thing can stand against their onslaught. Lizards are being dragged away, beetles and cockroaches are being carried off, the rats and mice are scuttling away, and in two hours that room is as free of insects, lizards, beetles, and mice as if it were built only yesterday. These scavenger ants are a blessing in disguise; but we should appreciate their kindly offices more highly if they would visit us at a more seasonable hour. During fifteen years of life among one of the cannibal tribes on the Upper Congo we had many visits from these ants—more than twenty; but we never knew them to come at any other time than between the midnight hour and 2 a.m.

Soon after two o'clock we return to bed, for the ants are now busy in other parts of the house, so they will leave our bedroom alone, since they never sweep through the same room twice in a visit, knowing well from instinct that they have swept it all too clean on the first foray for it to need a second.

In the morning, we go to lay the table in preparation for breakfast, we find that the main army of ants has disappeared with their loot, but a regiment has been left behind in possession of our larder. The legs of the shelves holding our food are always standing in water; but the driver ants have sacrificed thousands of lives to form bridges; the tins of water are full of ants, and over the dead bodies of their comrades the living ants, laden with food, are passing to their nests, and others are hurrying forward to secure their loads. The meat left from the previous day is one moving mass of ant life. It seems chaos in miniature; but you can see the heavily laden ants struggling from beneath the others with their loads of meat. There is no malingering in their efforts to get at the food—not to eat it, but to carry it away to their own larder.

In despair, we take up the dish and make a dash for the open, where we deposit it on the ground. We have tucked our shirt-sleeves up well above the elbows, and as with the right hand we carry out the dish the ants attempt to rush up the arm, but we sweep them back with the left hand. How fortunate it was that we turned up our sleeves. Otherwise the ants would have run under the cuffs and swarmed over our bodies in an incredibly short space of time, and we should not have been able to strip quickly enough.

We place the dish of seething ants on the ground, and make a clucking noise. The fowls hear the call; and, hurrying from all quarters, they set to work on the ants. Some of the ants escape to tell the tale of the huge enemies that attacked them with ruffled feathers and much cackling, but the majority fall an easy prey to the fowls. Everything is carried out from the larder, even the shelves and tins of water—now transformed into overflowing tins of ants—in which the legs stood; and when the cupboard is washed out with carbolic and water, then, and not till then, have we got rid of our troublesome night visitors. Troublesome? Well, not altogether, for we know it will be some time before we shall see another cockroach in the house,

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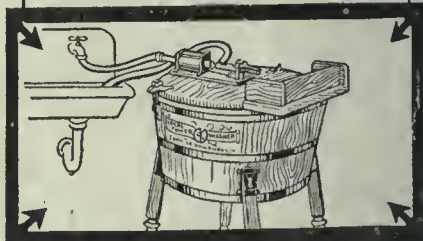
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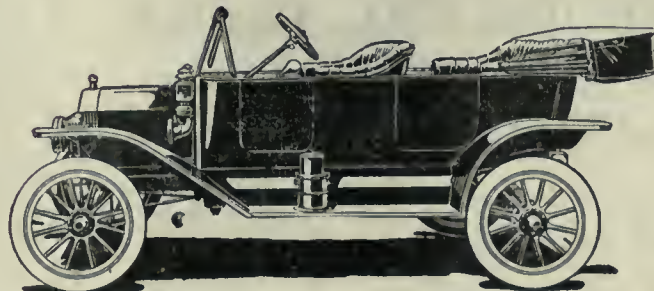
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and for a week at least we shall not hear the lizards drop from the ceiling with a thud on to the table or floor, the beetles (heavy, hard-shell fellows) will not creep out of the thatch to fall with a sharp crack on the boards below, and it will be a week or more before the rats and mice will find sufficient courage to return to their old haunts and renew their forays on the candle-box and egg-basket.

I can imagine no death more horrible than torture by driver ants; yet that was sometimes the agonizing death allotted, under certain circumstances, to persons charged with witchcraft—to be securely fastened and thrown into a nest of driver ants. I am glad to use the past tense, for this does not happen now within the sphere of Christian influence on the Congo.

Driver ants are often to be met in their marches about the country in search of food. I have known them to be three days and nights hurrying across our station in one direction, and at exposed points, such as paths, the soldier ants—fierce fellows more than half an inch long—made living tunnels with their bodies that the workers might journey in safety. Drop anything on the line, and the soldiers instantly scatter in all directions to discover the cause of the assault, and unless you have withdrawn two or three yards from the line of march they will find you, and attack you with such savage determination that they will quickly put you to rout. However, discovering nothing, they re-form the living tunnel, and the working ants, who in the meantime have not stopped for a moment their ceaseless journey, pass on with their loads. When the ant army has passed, you will notice that the hard earth is beaten smooth with their countless feet.

My Dream Newspaper

An Experienced Journalist Describes His Ideal Newspaper

MANY people see visions of the transformations they would effect if they were Kings or Presidents. Mr. John Foster Fraser in the *Quiver* gives us the substance of his dream as a newspaper editor.

For thirty years, he says, ever since I was a lanky lad at school—I have been doing journalistic work. My experience has run the whole gamut, from reporting "drunks" in the police court on Monday mornings to acting as special correspondent in Macedonia during times of race and religious hatred and terrible butcheries; and in between have been descriptions of notorious cases in the divorce court, trials of murderers and blackguards innumerable, railway accidents, colliery disasters, all the dramatic and sensational events which go to the making of "news."

Often I read and hear complaints about newspapers being too sensational, that they minister too much to the craving for what is morbid. But newspapers are reflections of the public mind; and as there are all sorts of people, so there-

are all sorts of newspapers—except that there are no newspapers so prurient as are some sections of the public. The ordinary man and woman, inclined to criticize the Press for what it publishes, are generally those who know nothing whatever about the scrupulous care taken by all newspapers which count to hide the gross details of cases which journalists often report. Indeed, writing in general terms, newspapers are cleaner than the public mind. There are inferior journals which go a long way toward contributing to the appetite for sensation. Some of them have enormous circulations, but that means there are immense masses of people who desire the things which these papers give. I grieve over both, but it is the public which decides the circulation of a newspaper.

So it is that our daily sheets, whilst providing the useful intelligence of the world, satisfying curiosity about the sayings and doings of the principal people in the world, give much space to recounting events which reveal the baser traits in our nature. An ingeniously planned and diabolical murder mystery fills long columns of the Press. A tremendous financial swindle, plunging thousands into ruin, is described with complete minutiae. All the things which men and women ought not to do receive elaborate attention. The public delight in the gruesome, the tragic side of life, and they maintain a constant inquisitiveness about the lapses of their fellows.

If a stranger from another planet visited us and drew his conclusions about human nature from the pictures given in newspapers, he would be saddened. But also he would be misinformed. For whilst in my life I have become acquainted with much wickedness, whilst I know that the full story is not always told, for it would be too distressing, I have come too close to the hearts of men and women not to be aware there are other characteristics which ought to be just as interesting; that there are actions just as dramatic, but which never get the honor of a paragraph in any of our journals.

That is a gap which my newspaper in the future—at present, alas! only a dream—will be able to fill.

Not long ago there appeared columns in the Press about the shocking cruelty to a girl by her mistress. Wherever one went people were talking about the trial. But in my dream newspaper very little space would be given to a case of this kind. For the world has much more goodness in it than evil, though people are somewhat reluctant to admit the fact. None of us, however, are quite so good as those who love us think we are, and none of us are so bad as we frequently accuse ourselves of being. Instead of columns being given presenting the details of the conduct of a heartless mistress to her servant, I should like to have a staff who would seek out the kindly actions that are done, and which would give inspiration to other folk who read about them. We have little in our modern Press about the good-hearted mistress, the woman who does her best to



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Take up any journal, and it is likely you will find a police-court account of the heartless conduct of a man who has neglected the care of his children. In my paper there would be told the story of men who work hard and long, and for a poor wage—men who strive to feed and clothe their children, even though they themselves go short—men who do not grumble, but who heroically do their little fight in the world—men who are not brilliant, who are just drab and mediocre, but who give their ten and twenty years of service to others. We hear little about such men in our newspapers. Yet I often think they are more deserving of journalistic attention than the unfortunate creature who, saddened by drink, lapses from his duties to his children. And there are millions of such men in the world.

What bright, happy, gaily written descriptions appear in all the London papers during what is called the "season," about society's doings. There are accounts of the sybarite luxury of the present day, the gorgeous dinner parties, the crowded "At Homes," and much space is devoted to elaborate descriptions of dresses worn by lovely ladies. We read about the tiaras upon the brows of countesses at the opera, and the weeks which have been devoted by titled dames to preparations for the success of fancy-dress halls at the Albert Hall.

Yes; these are pleasant things to read about. But there is another picture which, whilst not so gaudy, is more beautiful, because it is more elevating, and about which little is ever written. There is the poor mother, with her large family, who is doing a worthier service to humanity than these charming and gracefully gowned society ladies. There is the widow, who is never more than half a dollar away from starvation, who finds it hard to get butter to put upon the bread of her children—the woman whom you may see, if you are out early enough, washing the steps of offices in the City of London; or who, bedraggled and dingy, you may meet slowly crawling home, utterly worn out, after a day of charring. I know such women. And what always strikes me as refreshing about them is that they never grumble. They just do the work which comes to them, and are grateful if they have enough money to pay the rent, and to provide their children with a little meat for dinner on the Sunday. The nobility—and it is nobility—in the lives of these poor, shrunken, bent-bodied women will receive honor in that newspaper of which I dream.

Whenever I see prizes given at schools, or watch a coveted trophy handed over to a team which has won the blue ribbon in athletic endeavor, and listen to the cheers of the crowd, my thoughts go to those who have not won. They have striven just as hard; probably they have striven harder. They deserve our admiration, but seldom do they get it. Look along the range of your acquaintances, and you know how, generally speaking,

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prosperity has come to many, possibly to most, with little striving on their part. Think also of those acquaintances who have not succeeded in forging ahead, and very likely you will find they are just as good men, frequently better men, than the others. You know how they have been putting forth all their energies, but always missing the reward. I wonder if in that newspaper of the future the readers will be interested in the things which will be written in praise of the failures of the world? I hope so, for there is always much to be said in behalf of those who have tried, but have lost the victory.

In my dream newspaper of the future there will be little record of crimes committed by the few, but some endeavor to show how great and widespread is the charity of the many. Instead of stories about murders, I would appeal to the interest of my readers with stories of the life sacrifice of men and women in order to provide comfort and shelter, and some happiness, for those who are dependent on them. Instead of columns being devoted to the empty pleasures of what is frequently described as the Smart Set, I would tell of the real joy in the hearts of people—and they are legion—when they do kindly acts in providing food and clothing for those who are unfortunate.

Sometimes I hear men preach about the growing wickedness of the world. They are quite wrong. The world was never a better place to live in than now, and never was there more real Christianity than there is to-day. Hearts are just as tender as ever they were; but it is our newspapers which give prominence to cases of hard-heartedness and sordid pleasures and the evils which exist. The badness in the world is insignificant compared with the goodness. We should do well to think more of the bright and beautiful things in life. In that distant dream newspaper of mine much attention will be paid to worthy actions, so that the reader will not put down the journal with a sigh, but with a smile of gladness.

Are We Immoral?

No! Says One Writer. We are Only Changing Our Moral Standards and Progressing

WHAT'S WRONG with our morals? is the query propounded by Arthur Pollock in *The Forum*. That is the somewhat hysterical cry of to-day. It is the question perhaps most frequently and gravely propounded from the pulpits of our churches, and promulgated in the pages of our many publications with editorial hands, figuratively at least, upheld in holy horror. The answer might be succinctly stated, Progress!

For we are growing. And growing, we are suffering from nothing more alarming than the usual and natural growing pains. You may call this a period of unrest, or go further, as some do, and call it revolution. At any rate, it is a period of readjustment, of social, mental and moral house-cleaning. For civilization faces new problems. Their solution means a long step forward. And, in or-



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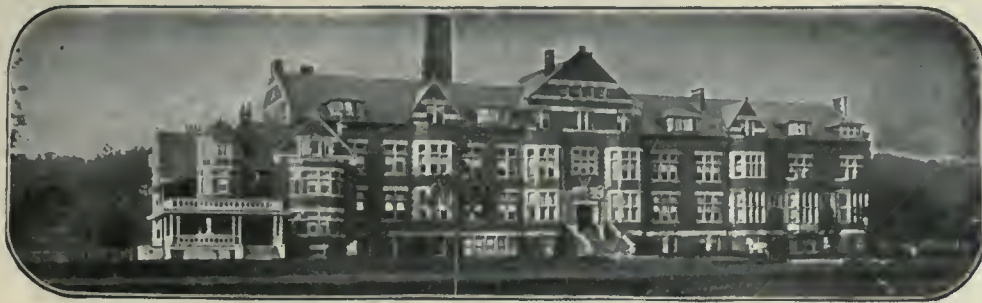
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der to take the step which the presentation of these problems has fortunately precipitated, civilization is finding it necessary to discard much of its superfluous rubbish of outworn and now ridiculous convention, for new standards more strictly in accord with natural demands and common sense.

Of these problems, whose successful solution spells progress, one of the very biggest is that of the relation of the sexes. And the greatest virtue of the feminist movement is that it has forced this problem to an issue. We had become inured to the prudish habits of speech that are a cloak to slothful thinking; the fear of expressing new thoughts concerning sex had gradually brought about the inhibition of such thoughts. We had settled back complacently to snooze in the old and comfortable grooves of conventional thought, when along came the woman movement, roused us in the middle of the night as it were, and demanded a speedy solution of all sex difficulties. That is why it has "struck sex o'clock" in America.

That is why in our literature and in our life to-day sex is paramount. After all, we are, consciously or unconsciously, always striving to improve the race in one way or another. At this moment much improvement simply seems to lie along the line of sex. The whole woman movement is a question of sex. It is more than merely a question of political equality, more than a fight for the ballot. It entails a whole new set of sex standards. For that reason it has lured all our latest ideas upon the subject of such standards with salutary effect to the surface. And sex, therefore, being the object of social and political readjustment, is inevitably the subject of literature and thought. But there is nothing at all of immorality about that.

Naturally, when the discussion and consequent regulation of conditions has been lazily put off so long, the reaction is great. Hence some find the present day discussion distasteful. But it is not so because of any impropriety inherent in the discussion itself nor in the subject of it, but because it has been delayed until we have become mealy-mouthed and stultifying and falsely modest. And so each evidence of changing moral standards is heralded as horribly immoral. It may be a change for the better. No matter! It is a change. And, to those who feel that whatever is right, a change seems always dangerous—at least until the old has been forgotten and the new has become established as a custom.

And not only is sex discussion natural, necessary and inevitable, but the conditions in modern life most often made subject for criticism are not in any way immoral. Most standards of morals are, of course, unstable, many of them ridiculous. That which is hideously immoral to-day may, with the connivance of custom, become entirely moral to-morrow. Scott speaks somewhere of a woman acquaintance who read in her maturity the books that were her childhood friends, and found them impossibly improper. In the course of her lifetime ideas of proper reading had completely turned about.

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What is indecent in America may in Africa, perhaps, or somewhere else, be quite the proper thing. It is apparently a question of geography and chronology. There can, therefore, be only one way, anywhere and at any time, to determine what is moral or immoral. As individuals and as a race we live to progress, to evolve somehow toward perfection. To reach the highest efficiency in meeting the barriers life confronts us with is our unconscionable aim in life. But all progress, mental, moral and physical, toward this end is through processes of some sort of evolution. Therefore, any act or word, thought or condition, which may tend to retard or divert the proper course of the evolution of the individual or the race falsifies the laws of life and is immoral. Conduct and conditions that foster proper evolution are moral. That is the only possible and permanent standard of morality. Though superficial custom may obscure this standard, though we are in our conduct seldom conscious of it, it is the standard by which the worth of all other standards must eventually be weighed. And judged by it the present conditions are found to be not unhealthy.

The clothes of to-day show a striving in their wearers for greater freedom from useless and artificial restraint; modern dances indicate a desire for a more plastic, less mechanical—hence more healthful—outlet for energy of body and exuberance of spirit; and the literature of the theatre and the library manifests a desire on the writer's part for greater freedom of speech and subject matter, a desire to deal with the biggest things in life with a proper regard for the biggest truths of life. All of which are earmarks of a progressive spirit. But nevertheless the gowns that women wear are branded as indecent—often in language which itself is very far from decent; the plays we see and the books we read are, in lurid language, decried as feulent; and, in language often sprinkled with obscenities, the dances we delight in are called degenerate.

As a matter of fact, for the first time since the questions of modesty and comfort first became confused, clothes are now approaching their only excuse for existence—the creation of beauty and bodily well-being, both favorable factors in the progress of the race. Prudishness is not propriety. Propriety in dress is expediency and sightliness only; prudishness is an illogical and uncomfortable luxury. More than that, when it is allowed to transcend expediency and beauty, prudishness itself becomes immoral. Why should a girl be required, when once she has outgrown short skirts, to conceal the fact forever after that she was born a biped, and strive to create the impression that she moves about from place to place on rollers? Every summer the ridiculousness of prudishness in dress is manifest. Nature has horse-sense: she forces the bathing girl to wear on the beach what, on the board walk, would be heralded as immodest; in the water nature will not allow her the unnecessary convention of too much modesty, for a woman cannot swim with

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comfort and be falsely fastidious as well. But the slit and scanty skirt is no less proper than the bathing suit. In the matter of the latter, however, necessity thrusts common sense upon the wearer; in the matter of the street skirt she is left to choose for herself. And, awkward and swaddling clothes being less inconvenient on the avenue than in the ocean, she chooses them and bears the resultant lack of freedom in the name of modesty when, at bottom, it is nearer immorality. For in so far as modesty overrides convenience and the consideration of health, it is immoral. And only when clothes show signs of becoming again the unhygienic monstrosities that they heretofore have been, need we grow alarmed as to the question of their conformance with good morals.

The drama now, so far as progress and human problems is concerned, is more moral than it ever was before. In this respect, at least, that indefatigable old preacher, Bernard Shaw, is truly superior to Shakespeare. He reveals to us more about the life we're living and the world we're living in than Shakespeare ever cared to know or tell. He is really an "interpreter of life." And, if literature and drama made from life constitute an "incursion into the sewer," so much the worse for life, so much more need that the truth concerning it be spoken.

The dances of the day reveal, not degeneracy, but the modern spirit of development. The variations of the dance which at present find favor with the public are but phases of its progress. If there is anything immoral about them, the immorality lies principally at the door of those who are too prodigal in their criticism. The critics have converted an innocent pastime into a vice, by depriving the performer of his belief in its innocence. For, lest the guileless girl who finds some pleasure in these dances forget that it is her duty rather to be shocked, all the most revolting details of their supposed origin are trotted out in print before her. If you can convince a girl that to sit at home and knit is wrong, she will do wrong to sit at home and knit; and her imagined wrongdoing will have a disintegrating effect upon her character, will even eventually be revealed in the lines of her face. Why tell a girl that if she knew how and where these modern dances originated she would never dance them? Pork is no less palatable because it was once part of a most unlovely pig. But it might easily be possible, by going into concrete and disgusting details in the presence of one who has always found pork entirely delectable, to make it forever after revolting to him. Who cares if these dances have a past, when their present is so propitious?

We are not immoral—we are "getting on." Modern dances constitute one of the small straws which show the way the wind is blowing. We are kicking over irksome traces, and, in the freedom their removal affords us, sizing up the situation preparatory to a bolt in the right

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Be this as it may, it is an indication of the trend of popular sentiment too significant to be ignored.

Editors of periodicals in which fiction plays a leading part must bow to the demand for the "So-they-lived-happily-forever-afterward" wind-up of serial and the complete-in-one-number story. When fifteen per cent. of the women who compose the bulk of the bookseller's customers turn to the last page of a novel before glancing at the first, and lay it back disdainfully upon the counter if assured by the glance that it does not "turn out well," he is a dull student of the trade-barometer who does not trim his sails to meet the favoring winds.

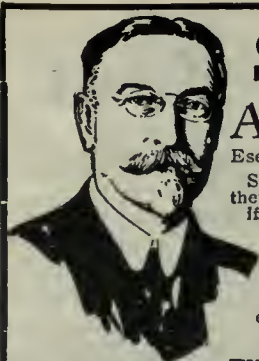
"But—" I remonstrated when an editor, in suggesting I should write a novelette for his magazine, stipulated that it should have a happy sequel—"all chronicles of real life do not end in peace and plenty!"

"My dear Madam!" replied the Man of Manuscript Letters, indulgent of my weakness, "it is precisely because so many life-histories have a gloomy close, that readers clamor for a different diet. They crave relief from the ghastly truth. To admit that a book does not have a sunny close is to brand it as a failure with the trade. People read novels for amusement alone. They want to dance, not to reflect or to weep, and we must pipe whether we want to obey or not."

Is it then a selfish desire to get out of a murky atmosphere for a brief breathing-spell, or altruistic longing for a make-believe millennial reign of peace and prosperity—the joys of the Socialist's heaven—that has begotten the new craze for a prophecy of "smooth things"?

That it is a modern development of literary taste is apparent at one glance backward.

The twentieth century censor of current literature would have none of the "glooming peace" with which the woful story of Romeo and Juliet is rounded off by antiquated Shakespeare. The young lovers would be married in the Verona Cathedral, with a Montague Jr. as best man, and a Capulet cousin, "gowned superbly," as bridesmaid, Ophelia would be resented from "muddy death" in the



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"weeping brook," by Hamlet's arrival upon the scene as she goes down for the third and last time, and her reason be restored by the shock of the cold bath. The seducer of Effie Deans would be converted at a Covenanters camp-meeting and instantly set forth in quest of the peasant girl, never drawing rein until he marries her in the village church with Dumbiedikes grinning in the background, and Jeanie Deans weeping for joy upon her father's shoulder in the front pew. Queenly Rebecca of York would become Mrs. Ivanhoe, and calmpulsed Rowena console herself without ado with a neighboring squire.

One shudders to think of the accumulation of "Rejected, with the Publisher's thanks" MSS. in the libraries of Stratford-on-Avon, Twickenham, Gad's Hill and Abbotsford, had 1913 standards of literary taste prevailed in the Elizabethan, Queen Anne, or even the early Victorian period.

Charlotte Brontë told Mrs. Gaskell that she did violence to her artistic sense and conviction of what had really been—what to her apprehension could not have fallen out otherwise in the ideal world which was more a verity to her than the narrow, sordid sphere of her outward life—when she changed the last page of her greatest novel—Villette.

If the reader will turn with me to the complaisant ending of the book thus humanely "doctored," he finds in it the anti-climax of the matchless picture of the tempest that "roared frenzied for seven days" in the ears of the woman keeping agonized vigil in the home she had made ready for her betrothed. One rises from the persusal of the only weak paragraph in the book with the suspicion that the dutiful daughter passed over the reluctant pen to her critic, letting the Yorkshire parson have the last word.

Every writer who knows for himself the rapture of creation—ecstasy inconceivable by the mere copyist—comprehends what one who was a prince among novelists meant when he avowed in awestricken tones, that his characters sometimes "got away from him," doing and saying what they pleased in spite of him. "Then it is," he added reverently, "that I find I have done my best work. I do not explain the phenomenon. I know it to be true."

In direct phrase—"the story tells itself." Humbler artists can enter into the meaning of the four words. And having told itself, it may not be changed arbitrarily. Authors are proverbially thin-skinned, receiving suggestions as to the management of their brain-bantlings in the same temper as that which fond mothers display when their bairns are criticized unfavorably. I maintain that resentment to be pardonable which is aroused by the perfunctory admonition of publisher or editor—"We do not interfere with plan or action of the tale so long as it ends well. Upon that we insist." If the whine or snarl of the creator of plot, action and ending remind his mentor of clownish Touchstone's one flash of manly spirit—"A poor thing, but mine own!"—the employer and

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We have all heard the musty anecdote of the tilt of wits between Ben Jonson and his crony, John Sylvester, when the latter challenged Ben to make an impromptu rhyme in three minutes. Sylvester led off with—

"I, John Sylvester,
Kissed your sister."

The challenged party capped it on the spot—

"I, Ben Jonson,
Kissed your wife."

"That is not rhyme!" growled disgusted John.

"No?" retorted rare Ben. "But it is true!"

I am reminded of the old joke when I am told that stories drawn from the actual happenings of everyday life are seldom, if ever, artistic. The same school of critics contend that portrait-painting, however finely executed, is of a lower grade of art than fancy sketches born of the maker's imagination. Yet La Fornarine and Mona Lisa have brought no contemptible meed of praise to their respective artists, and who will deny that Guido Reni's fame is due as much to his portrait of Beatrice Cenci as to all his other works combined? Here let us pause to consider what the highest order of art in music and painting would have lost if patrons of both had stipulated for a dash of Baechantes and harlequins in the corner of every canvas, and for the ingenious introduction of dance-tunes and rag-time music in the noblest opus of the great master of music.

A more pertinent analogy would be the insistence that the "Dead March" in "Saul" should have a rousing finale in a stirring waltz, with never a change of key, and a "Miserere" slide into a lively quickstep.

It would be a curious study to trace backward the origin and growth of what has brought about the present craving for a sequel—not "round and perfect as a star"—but artificial in conception and in execution as conventional as the willow pattern upon a tea-plate. Our forbears may have strayed into ultra-sentimentality. Their predilection for the tragic muse may have been a shadow cast by the vanishing Dark Ages. Were their dramatists and novelists less true to life, as they knew it, than are we in an age that is at once optimistic and utilitarian, when we contend that nothing is well that does not, in outward seeming, end well?

If we relegate to the realm of fairy-tale pictures of so-called everyday, flesh-and-blood entities, (of which do not let us forget, our generation makes a faulted speciality), then the jingle of wedding-bells, the avalanche of bouquets, the chorused benedictions of reconciled enemies and the listed virtues of regenerated rascals that round off the last chapters of the "best sellers," have their rightful place in the esteem of educated men, women and children. That they are contrary to the natural laws of God's universe, goes for naught from the artistic standpoint. Briars and thorns

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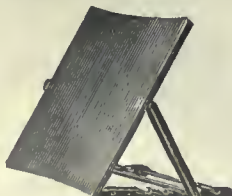
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and thistles are planted like thick set hedges throughout three hundred pages. We turn to the three-hundred-and-first, and presto!—feast our eyes upon arable fields, green and symmetrical, with straight, weedless rows of vegetables and fruits, bounded by clipped borders of privet and box. The relations of cause and effect are scouted as idle tales; sowing and reaping have not so much as collateral kinship.

Here and there, an arch heretic stands up courageously in the market place in defence of nature, truth and justice, and by the might of native genius wins the applause of the populace. Witness Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles;" Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marriage of William Ashe;" Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Story of Avis" and "A Singular Life;" Margaret Deland's "Awakening of Helena Richie." Yet great as are these masterpieces of the novelist's skill, I have heard of critics of putative refined taste and "culture" lament the "unsatisfactory conclusion of what would, but for this blemish, be a perfect specimen of the highest type of modern fiction."

The character-drawing in each is acknowledged to be inimitable; the action is spirited throughout; the interest is sustained from the first to the last page as only a master-hand could uphold and carry it onward. The diamond has one flaw; the sun a single spot and that a big one; the glorious opus leaves a discordant note.

Genius and the skill of the magician's wand have overpowered prejudice and defied false standards in the works I have named and in others as notable. Singly and united, they have not availed to weaken the greed for Stories that End Well—the anomalous product of what we vaunt as A Practical Age.

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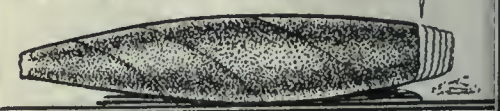
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mile apart, very little walking will be entailed to reach any particular spot above ground near the line of route.

The carriages will not be connected to each other, although they will pass through the stations close together, and only six or eight passengers will be accommodated in each. We may imagine, therefore, a row of small carriages moving through each station continuously at about three miles an hour, whilst the passengers step out on to the first half of the platform and enter from the last half. At the same time, other carriages will keep coming up and joining on behind, their speed between stations being about twenty-five miles an hour; but they are slowed down before reaching the platforms. Similarly, the carriages in front will detach themselves one by one as they get up speed again; hence they will be a long way apart in passing through the tunnels.

Of course safety devices will be provided to prevent any possibility of passengers being squeezed or otherwise hurt, and these appliances have already been invented to complete the system.

The carriages are made to run exactly as described by an enormous screw which revolves in a small subway between the rails. This screw is in the form of a tube about two feet in diameter, and has a spiral rail attached to it, the distance between the spirals being varied according to the speed required. Thus at the stations the turns of the spiral rail are only one foot apart, whilst in the tunnels they widen out to eight feet. Fixed under each carriage are two little rollers which roll on the spiral rail; hence for every revolution of the screw the carriages are moved forward one foot at the platforms and eight feet in the tunnels. With this arrangement it is only necessary to revolve the screw the correct number of turns a minute to run the carriages at three miles an hour through the stations, when they will speed up to eight times as fast in the tunnels, where the turns of the spiral are eight times as far apart.

The screw is revolved by an electric motor at each station, and it is in one length between stations, supported by rollers. At the ends of each length the spiral rail is broken for a few feet; but this does not matter, as each carriage is pushed over the gap by the one following.

There are, of course, two lines of rails and two screws, running opposite ways; whilst at each terminus there is an ingenious contrivance which automatically guides each carriage round a loop on to the other line ready for its return journey.

In between the rails is a wide slot through which the arm carrying the rollers passes to the screw, and this slot is used to guide the carriages and keep them straight by means of little wheels having vertical spindles fixed to the underside of each carriage. The latter being guided in this way, there is no need for flanges on the wheels, which are therefore flat and run upon flat rails; and as such small carriages are very light in weight, it will be practicable to make the rails of rubber or some soft material which will be silent. In any case,

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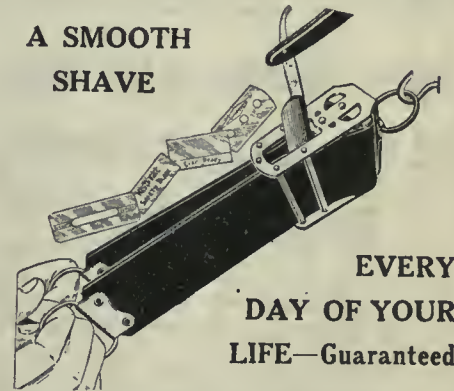
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very little noise will be made compared to the ordinary train, owing to the lightness of the vehicles and their distances apart in the tunnels. Moreover, it will be impossible for carriages to collide or to escape their guide-wheels and come off the line; and as the speed and position of each vehicle is exactly controlled by the screw, no drivers, brakes, or signals will be needed; whilst conductors will be replaced by automatic contrivances for controlling the doors.

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(Continued from page 32.)

"Well," said Meldon, "you can put it that way if you like. And mind this, Mary Kate — are you listening to me now?—mind this, if your grandda isn't there at half-past eight o'clock the house will be took off him whether he likes it or not. But if he's there, maybe it won't. Do you understand that?"

"I do."

"Well, now, there's one thing more. You're a mighty clever little girl, Mary Kate. I suppose now you can speak the Irish just as well as you can the English. Well, then, you be up at your grandda's house at the same time tomorrow, so as you'll be able to tell him what the gentleman says to him and tell the gentleman what he wants to say."

"Sure, there's no need."

"I know there's no need just as well as you do. But you're to be there all the same. Will you promise me now that you'll go?"

"I do be in dread of the gentleman," said Mary Kate doubtfully.

"And well you may after plaguing the life out of him all day for barley sugar. Oh, I heard about your goings on. But don't you be afraid. That'll be all right."

"Will he be for beating me?"

"He will not. I made it all right with him, and he won't raise a hand to you, so you needn't be afraid. Just you face up to him and tell him what your grandda says about the house. Now, here's the other sixpence for you. Be a good girl and mind what I said, and maybe you'll get another sixpence yet."

Meldon left the child and strolled down to the pier. He was gratified to see the two strangers in their punt rowing off to the Aureole. Their taste for scenery was evidently satisfied. He paddled out to the Spindrift very well satisfied with himself. He found Major Kent and Higginbotham sitting over the chessboard in the cabin. The Major had just been checkmated for the fourth time and was in a very bad temper. Higginbotham had taken quite the wrong way of soothing him. There is nothing more irritating than to have the mistakes of the past brought up and explained, all their foolishness exposed. Higginbotham, with that curious memory which only chessplayers possess, had insisted on going over each of the four games he had won and showing the Major where the weakness of his moves lay. Meldon interrupted the fourth demonstration.

"Wake up, you two," he cried as he entered the cabin, "and let's get tea. I'm as hungry as if I hadn't touched food to-day. I'll tell you what it is, Higginbotham, I wouldn't like to be an inhabitant of this island of yours when there's a famine on. I never came across such a place in my life for raising an appetite on a man. You ought to get your Board to run it as a health resort for dyspeptic people who can't or won't eat."

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"Dyspeptic people," said the Major sullenly, "are the ones who eat too much."

"Oh! well you know the kind of people I mean. I may have got the name wrong. I'm not a boss at scientific names, and I never said I was. I leave that to you and Higginbotham. You like talking about pliocene clay and such things. Hullo! Where are you going?"

The Major had risen from his seat and was making for the galley. He disliked the mention of pliocene clay. It seemed to him that it might lead to inquiries from Higginbotham about the geological survey of the island.

"I'm going to light the stove," he said.

"Oh, I'll do that," said Meldon. "I know you hate messing about with coal and paraffin oil. It dirties your hands. You and Higginbotham spread the cloth and get out the cups and things."

"I'm afraid I can't stay for tea," said Higginbotham. "I've got a lot of writing to do."

"Nonsense," said Meldon hospitably. "You can't really want to write. No posts go out from this island."

"No, they don't. But I'm expecting some members of our Board round before the end of the month, and I like to have a report of my work written up. I didn't realize that it was so late till you came on board."

"Very well, Higginbotham, we won't interfere with your work. The Major and I both know what official work is. We're sorry to lose your company, but, of course, we quite understand. Major, if you put Higginbotham ashore in the punt, I'll light the stove. Good-bye, old fellow. Mind you don't forget to be up at old O'Flaherty's to-morrow at 8.30. It's most important. Are you ready, Major?"

Major Kent was already busy at the stove and refused to leave it. It was Meldon who took Higginbotham to the pier. When he returned the stove was lit, the kettle on it, and Major Kent was waiting for him.

"J. J.," said he, "I'll stand no more of this. If you want to entertain Higginbotham you must do it yourself. You know I'm no good at chess. What do you mean by dumping a man like that down on me for the afternoon?"

"I thought you'd like a game," said Meldon.

"You thought nothing of the sort. You knew I was no match for a fellow who has won championship cups and things. He talked to me about the Sicilian defence. What do I know about the Sicilian defences?"

"If he hadn't had Sicilian defences to talk about he'd have talked about geology, and that would have been a great deal more unpleasant for you."

"I don't see why he need have been kept here to talk at all."

"My dear Major, aren't you a little unreasonable? I had to keep Higginbotham occupied in some way. I had to keep him off the island. Don't you see that if he landed he'd have been almost certain to knock up against one or other

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of those Members of Parliament? Then he'd have let the whole thing out—geological survey, school, and all. You wouldn't have liked that. You told me yourself you wouldn't like it."

"He'll see them to-morrow anyway. It'll be all the same in the end."

"He may not see them to-morrow. They may be gone out of this. You don't realize, Major, what a restless animal the modern Member of Parliament is. He never stops long in one place. He can't, you know. The British Empire has grown so enormously of late that the Members of Parliament simply have to dart round to get a look at it at all. Besides, even if Higginbotham does see them it won't matter. I have everything fixed up for to-morrow. By the evening we'll have our hands on the treasure, and be in a position to laugh at the whole Government. Ah! there's the kettle boiling."

A few minutes later Meldon entered the cabin with the teapot in his hand.

"I was just going to tell you," he said, "when the kettle boiled and interrupted me, that I've made it all right about old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. He won't track us to-morrow."

"What did you do?" said the Major a little anxiously. "Did you disguise yourself again?"

"I did not then," said Meldon, "but I don't deny that I more or less disguised Mary Kate's grandda, and for the matter of that, Mary Kate herself and Higginbotham. I resorted to what you military men call a stratagem."

"What did you do?"

"Well, maybe as you've been a magistrate since you've given up the army, you'll understand me better if I say that I established an alibi."

"I wish you'd talk sense, not that I care what you did. I'm past caring."

"An alibi," said Meldon, "is what they call it when a man is in another place from where the prosecuting counsel wants him to be. Now I don't want old O'Flaherty down on the pier to-morrow morning when we land. I don't want Higginbotham either. For the matter of that I don't particularly care about seeing Mary Kate there. So I've settled things in such a way that they'll all three of them be somewhere between half-past eight and half-past nine to-morrow morning. That's the alibi. See?"

"I do not."

"Well, I can't help your not seeing. The facts are just the same as if you did. We want to get off to that hole to-morrow without being tracked by old T. O. P., or talked at by Higginbotham. That's so, isn't it? Very well, we'll get off, unseen and unknown. That's what comes of managing these things with some little intelligence."

"What about the Members of Parliament, if they are Members of Parliament?"

"As I think I told you before," said Meldon, "they'll probably be gone to-morrow morning. But even if they're not, it won't matter. They went off this afternoon up to the top of the mountain to look at the view. Now fel-

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lows who go wandering about after scenery aren't likely to interfere seriously with us. We needn't bother about them."

CHAPTER IX.

Meldon's stratagem was entirely successful. Not only did Higginbotham and old O'Flaherty keep their engagement punctually, and Mary Kate go to act as interpreter, but almost all the rest of the inhabitants of the island went to listen to the discussion. The pier and the fields through which it was necessary to pass in order to reach the path down the cliff were entirely deserted. Meldon carried a bathing towel slung round his neck. The Major had a basket with some luncheon in it. After landing they took a look at the Aureole. The two strangers were busy on deck.

"What on earth are they doing?" said the Major.

"It looks to me uncommonly like as if they were trying to pull the halyard clear of the block at the throat," said Meldon. "If they do they may reeve it again themselves. I'm not going over to help them."

"But what can they want to do that for?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Maybe they've got a new one on board. The old one's pretty bad. I shouldn't wonder if they wanted to get rid of it. But anyhow it's no business of ours. Come along."

"I wish very much," said the Major an hour later, when they were scrambling along the rocks below the cliff, "that there was some nearer way to this beastly treasure-hole of yours."

"Well, there isn't; not unless you like to let yourself down off the top of the cliff where the old boy was sitting yesterday, or off the other one on the north side of the bay. I think it dropped more sheer. By the way, that mightn't be a bad idea for getting the treasure up. You could stand on the top and let down a bag to me. I'd fill it with doubloons and then you'd haul up. See? It would be a great deal easier than carrying the stuff all round here and up the path. We'd run it down the hill to the pier in half an hour."

"It would be easier," said the Major. "But it will be time enough to arrange about that when you've got the gold."

They reached the shelf of rock outside the cave at last.

"It's a pity you can't swim," said Meldon. "You look hot enough to enjoy the cold water this minute."

Meldon himself, stripped, stood for a minute on the edge of the rock stretching himself in the warm air. Then he plunged into the water. He lay on his back, rolled over, splashed his feet and hands, dived as a porpoise does. Then, after a farewell to the Major, he struck out along the channel. In a few minutes he felt bottom with his feet and stood upright. He heard the Major shout something, but the echo of the cliffs around him prevented his catching the words. He swam again towards the shore. The Major continued to shout.



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Meldon stopped swimming, stood waist-deep in the water, and looked round. The Major pointed with his hand to the cliff at the end of the channel. Meldon looked up. A man with a rope round him was rapidly descending. Meldon gazed at him in astonishment. He was not one of the islanders. He was dressed in well-fitting, dark-blue clothes, wore rubber-soled canvas shoes and a neat yachting cap. He reached the beach safely and faced Meldon. For a short time both men stood without speaking. The Major's shouts ceased. Then the stranger said:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I am the Rev. Joseph John Meldon, B.A., T.C.D., Curate of Ballymoy. Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"Damn it!" said the stranger.

"I wish," said Meldon, "that you wouldn't swear. It's bad form."

"Damn it!" said the stranger again with considerable emphasis.

"I've mentioned to you that I'm a parson. You must recognize that it's particularly bad form to swear when you're talking to me. You ought to remember my cloth."

The stranger grinned.

"There's devilish little cloth about you to remember this minute," he said. "I never saw a man with less. But any way, I don't care a tinker's curse for your cloth or your religion either. I'll swear if I like."

"You don't quite catch my point," said Meldon. "I don't mind if you swear yourself blue in the face on ordinary occasions. But if you're a gentleman — and you look as if you wanted to be taken for one — you'll recognize that it's bad form to swear when you're talking to me. Being a parson, I can't swear back at you, and so you get an unfair advantage in any conversation there may be between us — the kind of advantage no gentleman would care to take."

"Well, I'm hanged."

"Think over what I've said. I'm sure you'll come to see that there's something in it. By the way, I seem to recognize the rope you've got around you. If I'm not greatly mistaken, it's the throat hal-yard of my boat. I know it by the splice I put in where I cut away a bit that was badly worn. It's a remarkably neat splice. Now, if you don't mind my saying so, you're a fool to go swinging over a cliff at the end of that rope. It's rotten."

"Like everything else in your damned—I mean to say your infernal old boat. You may be a parson, but I call you a common swindler if you're the man who hired that boat to my friend Langton."

"Are you a Liberal or a Conservative?" asked Meldon in a cheerful, conversational tone.

"What the devil — I mean, what on earth has that got to do with you?"

"Oh, nothing, of course. Only as you're a Member of Parliament I naturally thought you'd like to talk politics, and it would be easier for me if I knew to start with which side you were on."

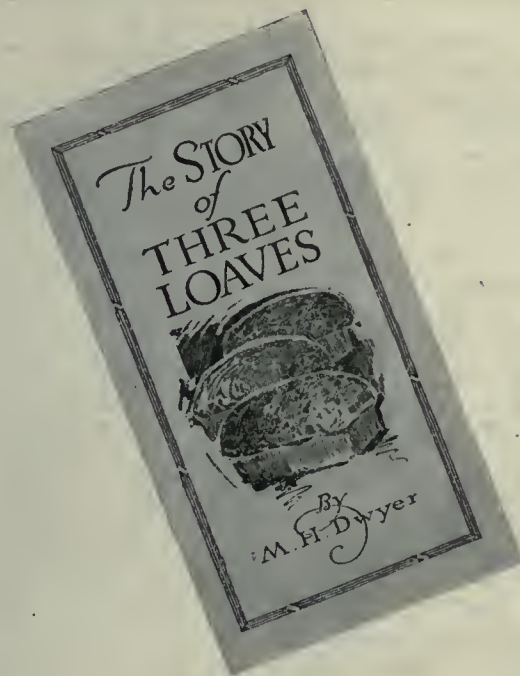
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"I'm not a Member of Parliament."
"Well, I suppose Mr. Langton is. It's all the same thing. I might have guessed he was something of that sort when I saw him in that fur coat. Is he a Liberal or a Conservative?"

"Are you an escaped lunatic?"

"Don't lose your temper," said Meldon. "If he isn't a Member of Parliament, say so, calmly and quietly. There's nothing, so far as I know, insulting about the suggestion that you and he are Members of Parliament. Lots of fellows are quite keen on getting into Parliament and spend piles of money on it. I think myself that it's rather a futile line of life. But then I'm not naturally fond of listening to other fellow's speeches. It's all a question of taste. Some people like that kind of thing well enough. I don't blame them. There's nothing to be ashamed of in writing M.P. after your name. There's certainly nothing to get angry about in my supposing that you do. But if you like, we'll drop the subject. What did you say your name is. Mine, I think I told you. It's Meldon—Joseph John Meldon, B.A."

"And what are you doing here, Mr. Joseph John Meldon?"

"Bathing. What are you doing?"

"I'm bird's-nesting."

"Ah!" said Meldon. "Now I was very keen on bird's-nesting myself when I was a boy. I remember one time going off to an island in the lake near my old home, swimming, you know, and coming back with four waterhen's eggs in my mouth. One broke on the way and it happened to be a bit—you know what I mean—a bit high. I sometimes think I can taste it still. I couldn't spit it out on account of the other three—"

"How long do you mean to stand there talking?"

"I'm in no hurry," said Meldon. "It's early yet, and it isn't every day I get the chance of talking to a Member of Parliament."

"I've told you once already that I'm not a Member of Parliament."

"Come now, I can understand modesty, and I can understand a man's adopting a disguise. I've done that myself before. But it's a bit too thick when it comes to trying to persuade me that you're not a Member of Parliament. Is there any kind of man except an inquiring English M.P., who'd come off to Inishgowlan in a five-tonner and swing off the face of a cliff on a rotten rope? What would anybody else do it for? Tell me that. Where would be the sense in it? You tell Higginbotham you're not a Member of Parliament if you like, and he'll maybe believe you, though I doubt if even Higginbotham would. Or try it on with Major Kent. He's an innocent sort of man. But there's no good talking that way to me. If you're not a Member of Parliament, what are you?"

"Perhaps you'll believe me and clear out of this if I tell you that my name's Buckley, Sir Giles Buckley, and that I haven't been in this cursed country, or

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England either, for the last ten years until a week ago."

A sudden light flashed on Meldon's mind. Old Sir Giles Buckley, the grandfather of the man in front of him, had known about the Spanish treasure. He had heard the story, just as Captain Kent had, from Lady Buckley. No doubt he, too, had written it down in some diary, or had left notes of his expedition in search of the treasure. This man — this disreputable, disinherited son of the last Sir Giles—had of necessity been heir to Ballymoy House and the papers it contained. The situation became clear to Meldon. Here was a rival treasure-seeker, a man evidently possessed of information superior to that of Major Kent's grandfather, for he came straight to the very spot which Meldon had taken much pains to discover.

"I'm delighted to meet you" said Meldon. "Your father was always a liberal subscriber to the funds of the church in our parish. I hope you mean to keep up his subscription. The rector has been worried a lot over the loss of what your father used to give. It's most fortunate my meeting you in this way. I'll explain the situation to you in a moment. When the Church of Ireland ceased to be established by law—Gladstone, you know, I think it was in 1869—"

"I'm not going to subscribe one penny to your church," said Giles. "I haven't any money, and if I had I wouldn't give a solitary shilling towards paying a fellow like you."

"Well, anyhow it can do you no harm to understand how we're situated. Under the Act of Disestablishment the existing clergy—"

"Damn it!" said Sir Giles.

Then he pulled vigorously at the rope which was still round his armpits and shouted, "Langton, Langton, haul up, will you? Have you gone to sleep? Haul up, I tell you. Not too quick. Do you want to knock my brains out?"

(To be continued.)

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Across the land stern winter stalks in snow-white gown and cowl,
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It calls to those within whose veins the blood of vikings old
Is ever ready for the trail, the upward path and bold,
Or them the North no terror holds: its fiercest mood is kin
To their deep elemental joy, which loves to dare,—and win.

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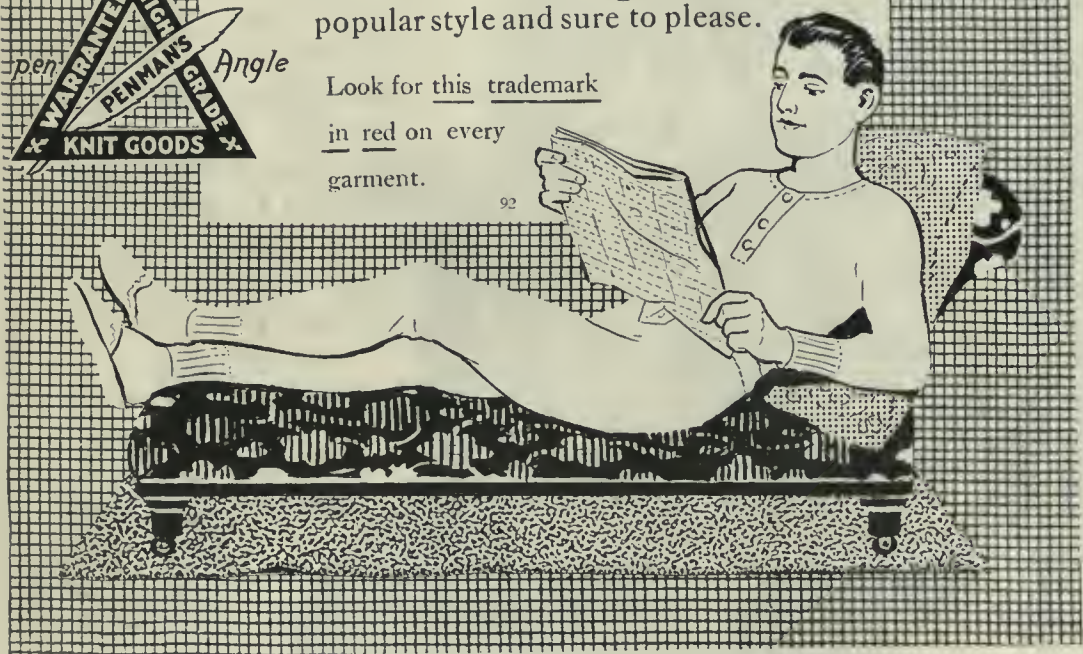
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Test of Danforth

(Continued from page 41.)

"And what will happen if Spearing gets suspicious or impatient and starts out to find Marvel on his own account?" asked Danforth, after a pause.

"Don't worry about that," said Cavendish. "You get him into that office and the rest will be easy. Without straining my mind any I can think of about ten different ways of keeping Eli under cover."

"Look here," said Danforth, "How did you get all this inside information?"

"That," said Cavendish, with an easy smile, "I do not care to divulge. I have a personal connection with one of the interested parties."

"Does your connection assure you of getting information as to the train Spearing will come on? There are several morning trains he might take."

"There you have me," confessed Cavendish, showing a little uneasiness. "I don't suppose Spearing has decided himself as to which he will take. There's one thing certain about it. The information will be wired into Marvel's office to-night or first thing in the morning. That's where you come in. You must secure that information in time to enable you to get out and board the train at a suburban point."

At 10.15 next morning Danforth escorted a stoutish man, with a beard so long and full that it absolutely concealed his lack of a necktie, from the platform of the Grand Central depot and hailed a taxi. He bundled his companion in with great expedition and gave the driver instructions to drive to the home of Cyrus Marvel as fast as the limitations of the law and his machine would allow. When they arrived, Danforth escorted his man into the private office of the millionaire.

"This is Eli Spearing," he said. "My meeting him is a matter that will require some explanation. There will be plenty of time for that later, however, when you have finished your business with him." And he started for the door.

Marvel dismissed a stenographer, who had been taking dictation, and motioned to Danforth to wait.

"Let's have the explanation now," he said. "I already know something of this. But go on."

Danforth explained briefly how he had been approached by Cavendish and how he had ostensibly fallen in with the scheme in order to protect Marvel's interests where possible. He told of getting on the train, of striking up an acquaintance with Spearing by pretending to hold the same faith, and finally, of his volunteering to take the old man to Marvel's office.

"I suspected it," said Spearing, with a grating chuckle, when the recital came to an end. "You're a poor actor, young man. I spotted you right off. Next time you attempt to pass yourself off as a man of religious turn, study the scriptures first. I knew that my coming to New York was expected here and, when there

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was no one at the station, I felt sure something was wrong. I had half a notion to call the police and hand you over as an imposter. Then I thought I'd let you go ahead and get a sure case. But if that driver hadn't come straight here—I know something of New York, after all—the trip would have ended up suddenly and the police would have you now, young man."

"And this man Cavendish—" began Marvel.

"Is my nephew," declared Spearing, with another chuckle, "and a scoundrel he is. He's got all the family shrewdness without any of our moral ballast. One of these days, he'll trip up."

"That explains how Cavendish got his information," put in Danforth.

"It does not," rasped Spearing. "He didn't get any information from me. He had confederates in this very office."

"Nothing could get out at this end," asserted the millionaire, positively.

"Explain to me how you found out when I was coming to New York," demanded the holder of the controlling stock.

"You have been watched for days by a confidential agent of mine."

"He followed me to the station and wired you I suppose. Now here's the point. I didn't make up my mind as to what train I would come down on until five minutes before I started. How, then, did the information about the train get around, if it didn't leak out in the office here?"

"Perhaps Mr. Danforth can explain," said Marvel.

Danforth hesitated: "The information came from this office," he said finally.

"Then," said Marvel, "I believe I can easily find out who was responsible."

"Mr. Marvel, I wish you to understand that my object in getting the information," declared Danforth, earnestly, "was a worthy one. Still, if there is any blame to attach to the incident it belongs absolutely to me."

"The party who assisted you—"

"Knew that I needed the information to prevent Cavendish from carrying out his scheme. I trust that you will not endeavor to probe into this matter any further," said Danforth, anxiously. "I would indeed regret if any harm came out of this to the one who innocently assisted me."

"I am not inclined to blame Miss Gray," said Marvel, drily. "You see, I am a good guesser."

"That's all very well," broke in Spearing, in his high pitched voice. "Just the same if any employee of mine, man or woman, gave out information about my affairs. I wouldn't bother going after the motive. I'd bounce 'em out right off. I want dependable help."

Spearing had a nervous habit of fingering his whiskers. Several times, Danforth had imagined he saw something familiar and yet baffling about the old Seven Sealer. As Spearing ended up with a vicious bob of the head, Danforth, who had been fixing him with an indignant stare, glimpsed something which made him sit up with surprise. Leaning over suddenly and reaching out,

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he seized the ample hirsute appendage of the old man and gave it a tug. The whiskers came away in his hand. Jules Cavendish stood, or rather sat, revealed.

"Cavendish," gasped Danforth, hardly able to believe his eyes. "What kind of a trick is this?"

"My cue to exit," said Cavendish, getting up with a laugh. "I'm rather put out, Danforth, that you were able to detect my disguise. Rather prided myself it was good. See you later." And he strode with a jaunty air out of the room.

"There is an explanation due you now," said Marvel, plunging at once into the breach. "It will be given in due time. For a time permit me to dismiss this incident entirely, though I want first to thank you most heartily for the part you took in my interests. I believe you were entirely influenced by a regard for my welfare."

"I bungled things terribly somewhere," said Danforth, highly puzzled at the turn of events.

"My sister and daughter have returned home and I want you to dine with us to-night," went on Marvel. He leaned over and touched the younger man on the arm. "Danforth, I'm a man of few words. When I desire a thing done, I go the most direct way about to get it done. I tell you frankly that nothing would please me better than for you to marry my little girl. You have convinced me of your honesty and worth. If you ever try to win my girl, you will do so with my full approval."

To be nominated as the husband of the heiress of countless millions by the possessor of the millions himself was so complete a surprise that Danforth was too taken aback to reply for a moment. "You overwhelm me with this evidence of your regard," he said, finally. "I cannot conceive why you should hold so good an opinion of me. But what you suggest is impossible. In the first place, Miss Marvel who is noted for her beauty and accomplishments would never take notice of an ordinary fellow like me. And in the second place, I am in love myself, already."

"Don't make up your mind now," urged Marvel. "Do you realize that all I possess will go to my daughter? It would make you the richest man in America, perhaps in the world."

"I am sorry not to be able to fall in with your views. Soon you will be glad that I did not for you will realize then, as I do now, how completely unworthy I am. Still, I may as well confess that I contemplate robbing you, if not of a member of your household, at least of a member of your staff. I have conceived a very deep regard for Miss Gray."

"Then your mind is made up?"

"Yes."

Marvel touched an electric button and issued a command for the appearance of the librarian. In a minute or two she appeared, a little flushed and excited.

The old financier rose. There was just a touch of the theatrical about the flourish he gave as he announced;

"Mr. Danforth, I desire to present you to my daughter."

It took a full minute for Danforth to collect his scattered senses after this startling climax to a series of upsetting surprises. He saw the girl glance reproachfully at her father and heard her say, "Now dad, you have spoiled everything," punctuating it with a little stamp of the foot.

The millionaire, puzzled at the reproof, withdrew hastily from the room.

"Yes, it is right. I am Molly Marvel," said the girl, then. "There is a long story to tell. Will I explain it all to you now?"

"Please," said Danforth, but without any enthusiasm. He was beginning to realize that the turn events had taken had completely upset the roseate plans he had been entertaining. He felt that he could have won Mary Gray, the librarian. But with Molly Marvel his pretensions became almost an impertinence, it seemed to him.

She took her father's chair and instructed Danforth to draw one up beside her.

"I hardly know how to begin," she said. "Father should not have given me away so soon. It was planned that you were not to know until—until—"

"Why did you have to be anyone else but Mary Gray?" he asked, gazing at her with somewhat the same wistful expression that a child would use in looking at a toy which had been taken from it and placed back on the shelf as too dear to purchase.

"It need not make any difference with our friendship," she said, softly.

"I shall probably never see you again," he declared, restraining his emotion with an effort. "I—it will be best for my peace of mind to go now."

"You must not say that," urged the girl earnestly. "Do not let my change of name and position be a bar to our continued acquaintance. I want you for a friend, John."

To hear her speak his name sent a thrill through and through Danforth. Emboldened, he reached out as though to seize her hand.

"Mary—" he said. Then he stopped and slowly leaned back in his chair again.

"If I had been Mary Gray," she asked, "would you have stopped there?"

"What I could say to Mary Gray, I cannot say to the daughter of Cyrus Marvel," declared Danforth, sadly but firmly.

The girl sighed. "I knew it would be that way," she said. "Now that father has given the plot away, I am afraid that I shall have to—Well, I will tell you the story anyway."

"I saw you one day," she went on, "when father and I were out driving along Broadway several months ago. You were on foot and you looked so handsome and noble and nice that I—Well, I have always been very decided in my preferences. I told Dad that he had never refused me anything in my life and that now he simply had to get you for me. He laughed at first but finally had you followed. Then he

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traced up your record and everything he learned about you was good. So then he decided to arrange things so that we could meet. During this time I had seen you often but you never once deigned to notice me. You seemed always to walk as though you were away up in the clouds.

"Dad and Jules Debord, his secretary worked out a plan between them. Jules is a bachelor so he persuaded your landlady to take him in under the name of Cavendish. Then Daddy wrote you, and got you to come here often to work at your dear, funny old theories and things. It was lucky you were interested in the sciences for Daddy has always been interested too and it made him kindly disposed to you at the start. It was planned that I was to meet you there as Miss Gray, the librarian, the real Miss Gray being given a holiday. That part of it was my own idea. Father wanted to introduce you in the regular way but the other seemed so much more romantic, and besides I was afraid you would not let yourself like a millionaire's daughter, because it might look like fortune hunting, while you might get to like a mere librarian."

A pause.

"Don't you think this would be a good place for you—well, to make some comment?" she hinted, archly.

"You were quite right, Mary," he said, tensely. "I proved an easy victim of the plan and if it is any satisfaction to you to know it, I did fall in love with the mere librarian. For that matter, I would have fallen in love with Molly Marvel too. I don't see how I could have helped falling in love with you no matter who you might have been."

The girl smiled radiantly. "I believe I make rather a good librarian," she went on. "It was the first real work I had ever done. At first it was hard but gradually I got interested in it and finally I liked it much. I believe this is going to make a great change in my life and that I will never again be the careless, idle butterfly that I was before I met you. Do you realize what a good influence you have been to me, sir?"

"Father soon became almost as enthusiastic about you as a certain other member of the family. But it has been one of his rules that you have to test a person before you can really tell what they are. So he decided to test you. You see, he has always been afraid of fortune hunters where I was concerned. He always said that, when he found a man who did not take any interest either in the making or the spending of money, he would force me to marry that man."

"That was why Jules Debord proposed this scheme to you. He has a most peculiar sense of humor, and nothing would do him but to invent that elaborate story about T. & O. P. stock and to then impersonate Eli Spearing himself. And he insisted that he was going to make you dress yourself in the same ridiculous way. You do look rather funny, John. Do please forgive me for laughing at you. I hope you are not



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offended at the way we have used you. It worried me a great deal to think that perhaps at some stage you would find out it was all an imposture and go away.

"It was all an invention of Jules De-bord's. Father has owned T.&O.P. for a year now. It was a shaky old road when he got it but now it is beginning to pay. There is no such person as Eli Spearing and no such sect as the Seven Sealers. Parlow and Hartley are not opposed to us in business matters now. You see, Father counted on your not knowing anything about such matters as you have never been interested in business."

"I'm afraid that I know more of the canals of Mars than I do of our own railroads. I am beginning to realize the profundity of my ignorance," said Danforth, with a contrite air.

"You're wonderful!" declared the girl, warmly. "You have given your time to the things that really count. The stars are much more interesting than stocks and bonds—now."

"Does not money rank with the things that count?" he asked.

"No," she replied, simply.

Another pause.

"I suppose you think me very bold to have done all this, and very unwomanly to have told you about it," she went on, after a pause. "But what else could I have done? We would never have known each other if I had not taken the initiative in this way. My position was the penalty of being the daughter of a rich man. Do you—think very hardly of me for it?"

"I love you," he said simply. "And, although I shall never forget my grief at losing you, I shall always consider it the greatest thing in my life that I had the opportunity of knowing."

"Please, John," she pleaded. "Don't leave it all to me. I have said too much already."

"Molly," he cried, suddenly, taking both her hands in his, without meeting any resistance on her part. "You are the heiress of countless millions. I have an income of twelve hundred a year. Can I honestly ask for your hand in marriage?"

She did not reply but her bowed head did not seem to express dissent.

"There is a way out of it, darling," he said. "Come with me and be content with what I can give. Leave all this wealth behind you. I'll make up for the years I have wasted. I shall work hard to make a home for you. It will be a poor home for you, sweetheart, but if love can be any substitute for luxury, I offer it to you."

"It is all I want, John," she said, nestling passively and happily in his arms.

"Then you consent?" cried Danforth, in a transport. "You make me the happiest of men. We shall have a little nest of our own, Mary. With you always by to encourage me, how I shall work!"

"I have never cooked anything in my life," she confessed, "but I can try."

"You will make a wonderful cook," asserted John. "Won't it be splendid, just you and I with our own home and our own way to make in the world? You

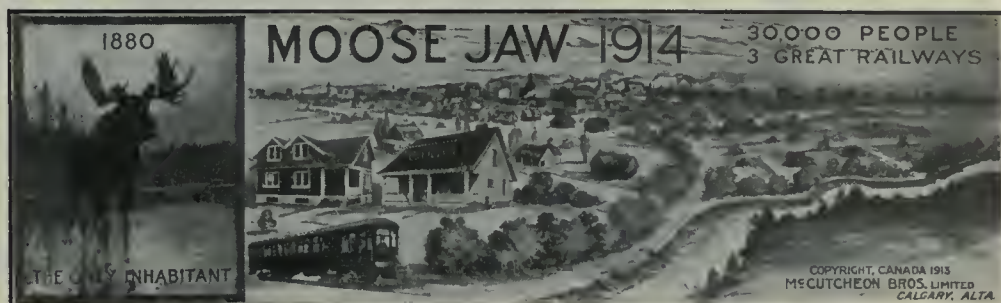
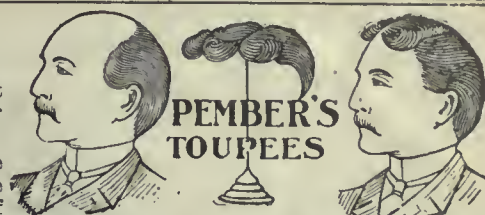
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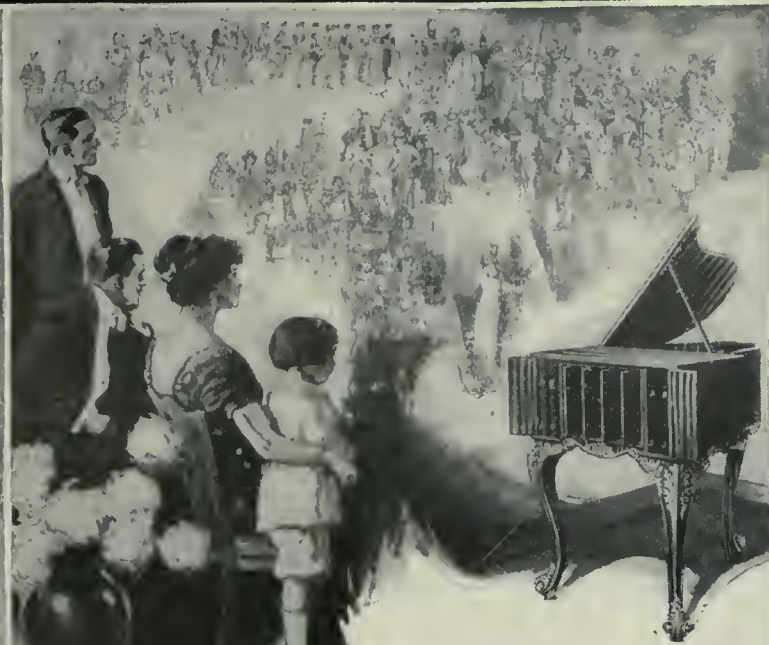
Moose Jaw has grown to be a city of 30,000 with the C.P.R. alone; with 3 great railways its growth will be without precedent. The Dominion Government Storage elevators are now being built; an item that discloses Moose Jaw as a vast grain centre. The largest linseed oil plant in Canada is being built here, pointing the fact that Moose Jaw is the centre of a great flax growing district. A great deal of building development in the city is now taking place. The new car line has been built to Kingsway Park in the southern portion of the city. Six modern homes have been built in Kingsway; 34 more of these beautiful homes are planned for early construction. Development in Kingsway Park will add greatly to the value of residential lots in Council Crest, which is just across the way from Kingsway Park. Just now, at the point of time where the financial stringency ceases and where an era of greater prosperity begins, this is the time to invest to great advantage in Moose Jaw property. A dollar now will do the work of two dollars a little later. If you are an investor we will be very much pleased to write you a letter dealing completely and accurately with the investment possibilities of Moose Jaw inside property. \$100 and upward can be invested in Moose Jaw to-day to great advantage. Write us a letter of inquiry and we will reply with complete information about this thriving city in the great wheat area of Saskatchewan.

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"I love to hear you talk that way," she said. Then, after a pause, softly: "And of course, John, if things do not go right and if I made a very, very poor cook, we would always know that there was Dad to fall back upon."

\$1,000 For Country Teachers

(Continued from page 36.)

read twenty-five or thirty standard English books under the teacher's supervision, write a good many compositions and essays, and take a little advanced arithmetic? Would not such a course impose very little additional burden upon the teacher? And would not the pupil who had taken it have a better furnished mind, and be better fitted to take a worthy place in the life of the community than many of those who have passed through the secondary schools at the present time? We have been fond of comparing our school-system to a ladder with its top in the university and its foot in the public school, but we have not provided landings for the great majority who never reach the top. Why not provide a landing where those who can go no further than our rural schools may get off and find themselves somewhere instead of nowhere?

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But, to this, to make our rural schools an inspiration to thought and culture in the rural communities, we must have better teachers. At present of the 5,728 teachers of rural schools in Ontario, but 882 are men, and the rest are girls and women, most of them immature, many of them indifferent teachers, and very few of them expecting to remain in the profession for any length of time. They are, however, on the average, perhaps better than the men. Of the total number of teachers, more than half have third-class certificates or less, and almost a third have no certificates, or only a temporary one! We must have better teachers, but how can we get them?

If we could establish a minimum rural salary of say \$900 or \$1,000, we no doubt could get good teachers. For that salary we would likely get men who were not using teaching as a mere stepping stone to something else, but who would make it a life-work, perhaps married men, who would be quite permanent in their positions and would be real leaders in the rural communities. Then we might expect the rural public schools to be real educational factors. But again the question comes up "How can we get the money?"

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ally "No," and he has reason back of him. He is already about the highest taxed person in the community, discriminated against by our fiscal system, and with his actual investments yielding less than current rates of interest. In fact, so highly is he taxed that he is leaving the farms in thousands. But, as we showed in the beginning, it is the business of the whole community to see that the country-people have at least a fair degree of education, and the whole nation suffers if they have not. As a nation we apparently have money to burn. We can spend millions on absolutely useless public works. The Federal Government wastes enough in training a diminishing number of militiamen to pay fair salaries to rural teachers all over the Dominion. The money would give better returns spent in educating our country children than in a costly and useless headquarters staff. We can advocate trunk roads for automobiles, to be built at enormous cost; we can give millions to mendicant railway magnates; we can afford to build an enormously costly navy. Surely we can afford a few millions for the essential work of rural education. Even a little of the money that our Provincial Department of Agriculture spends in exhorting the stupid and unappreciative farmers to work harder and grow bigger crops, might be better spent in helping them to get a better education for their sons and daughters.

The best products of the farms of our country are the bright-eyed, vigorous rosy-cheeked children. Let us see to it that while we are preaching better cultivation for our fields we are not neglecting the cultivation of this most important crop of all.

Greater Love Hath No Man

(Continued from page 44.)

curl back like ocean waves breaking up on jagged rocks.

He had little time to think now for his brain was too much dazed by the swift movement. He was surprised, nevertheless, to find that he felt no pain, and when the motion ceased he was able to breathe without much difficulty. This gave him new hope, and he believed that air must be coming to him through some opening. He could not see, but he began to grope around with his hands through the soft yielding snow. Presently they struck something hard, and to Tim's delight he found it was a large tree which had withstood the fierce impact of the slide. In feverish haste he tore away more of the snow and found that on one side of the tree the mass was very hard, while on the other it was quite loose. In some manner he had escaped the tree and had been swirled around below as if

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in an eddy. New hope now seized him. The tree would mean his salvation. Working himself forward inch by inch from his cramped quarters, he was ere long able to reach a limb some distance above. By means of this he slowly pulled himself up. Then he gained another, and still another. Often he paused for he was very weary, and becoming weaker all the time. But still he struggled upward, the snow getting lighter as he rose. Then, what was that? Light, thank God, it was light, the light of the sun. Never did it seem so good to him as he struggled from that ocean of snow and fell forward senseless.

And there he was found by the Indians when they came to view the snow-slide, and taking him to their village nursed him back to life. But of the madman nothing could be found; the Napoleon of the mountains had at last met his Waterloo.

A Confidant of Queen Mary

During the past few years there has come to front at the Court of Great Britain a woman who, in many respects, is the most powerful unofficial individual in England. Her name is hardly known even to the best informed man in the street, while little or nothing is known of her personality. Yet by her influence over Queen Mary upon the social usages and the ceremonial part of the Court life her power is enormous.

This woman who prefers to pull the wires in the background is a widow. Before her marriage she was Lady Bertha Wilbraham, daughter of the late Lord Lathom. Officially, she is one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen, but in reality she is the favorite friend of Her Majesty and occupies very much the same position in the present Royal household as Miss Knollys occupied in that of Queen Alexandra when she was the first lady in the land.

The ladies-in-waiting are usually on duty at Court for periods of three weeks each, the various ladies of the household taking turns at the duties. But Lady Bertha Dawkins, for the past eighteen months, has been almost continuously at Court, and Her Majesty is coming more and more to leave the control of the Royal visiting list in her hands, which is tantamount to investing her socially with an almost autocratic power. All who are pushing and struggling to be asked to meet royalty at any house party or to secure an invitation to any Court function have, as a first step, to secure the favor of Lady Bertha Dawkins, just as in days gone by, great ladies plotted and schemed to get into the good graces of Miss Charlotte Knollys.

During the season King George and Queen Mary dined on six occasions with various people other than those of Royal rank, and on such occasions among the list of guests chosen by Queen Mary to sit at the Royal table there were always two or three special friends of Lady Bertha.

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Between Two Thieves

(Continued from page 24.)

court of admiring beauties gathered round him, and the wife of the English Ambassador sitting upon his right hand—the man whose astrakhan-trimmed Hussar jacket, stiff with tarnished gold lace, was slashed to ribbons; whose busby had been shorn by a sword-cut of its red plume and gilded cord—whose crimson overalls were stained like the tights of a street tumbler—who had lost his sabretasche and half a spur, and whose boots—once the pride of a Pall Mall maker's heart—were slit in places and had burst in others, was the most cosseted, complimented, caressed and waited-on of all those who basked in the light of admiring glances and the warmth of approving smiles.

As Houris in rustling silks, marvellous lace mantles, and bonnets of the latest Parisian mode hovered about him, ministering with champagne-cup, Russian tea, caviar sandwiches, little Turkish pastries, and large Turkish cigarettes to his imperial needs, you saw him as a man of forty-nine or thereabouts, tall and lean in figure, sinewy of muscle, long of bone. His features were boldly aquiline and not unhandsome; his eyes were of keen, sparkling yellowish hazel, his reddish curling hair and bushy, untrimmed whiskers of the same shade were just sprinkled with gray. The outline of his jaw had the sharp salient line that distinguished the bows of the brand new pivot-gun screw-steamer that lay anchored with the French and British line of battleships in the roads at Beshiktash; his smile revealed a magnificent unbroken row of shining white teeth, and his left arm was bandaged and slung. Also, he had a Russian sabre-cut on his sharp cheekbone, and a Russian bullet in the muscles of his ribs made him catch his breath and grimace occasionally. For this egregious dandy, the owner of the luxurious steam-yacht and many things more desirable; who said "aw" for "are" and "wheiah" for "where," and "Bay Jove!" with the drawl one has heard Bancroft use in Robertson comedies, was Lord Cardillon, the Brigadier who had led the famous Light Cavalry Charge at Balaklava, on the white-legged, big brown horse—who was even then being pampered with cakes and sugar in his loose box in the 'tween decks—and whose tail the hero-worshipping crowd were to pluck bare when he got back to London.

Now, as the gold and crimson twenty-six-oared State caique with the gilded whorl and the preening peacock at the prow, shot upstream towards Therapia, Cardillon laughed, and said to the middle-aged handsome woman who sat near, the diamonds on her white hands flashing in the sunlight as she stitched at a masculine garment of coarse white calico. . . .

"You haven't asked how my audience went off, Lady Stratelyffe!"

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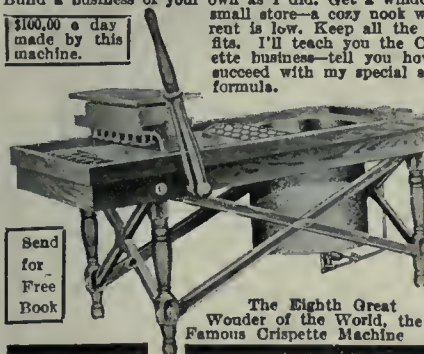
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"I had forgotten," she answered, "but I presume nothing new or original was said or done, and that you were dismissed with the customary compliments?"

His laugh, rather sharp and hard, rang out again clearly. People were listening and his white teeth gleamed in rather a self-conscious smile.

"After the usual stage-wait—filled up with coffee and chibuks—we found his Sublimity at the top of a long crystal staircase, illuminated with red glass lustres. The Shadow of Omnipotence took exception to the condition of my toggery. He said to Prince Galamaki who presented me: 'Mashallah! but the infidel's clothes are torn and filthy. Does the Queen of England pay her Pashas so badly that they cannot afford to buy new uniforms?'"

There was a burst of laughter, masculine and feminine. He went on, in the dandified drawl, pulling at his bushy whiskers with the free unbandaged hand:

"Galamaki—who had the honor of meeting you at Petersburg, Lady Stratelyffe—and who had attended to make his bow prior to leaving for the Embassy at Vienna, looked civilly agonised, not having mentioned to the Padishah that I understood Turkish pretty well. So I said, in that language, that in England we considered that the uniform of a soldier who had seen service was his robe of honor. And that I had dressed to wait upon the Sultan as I should dress to wait upon the Queen!"

There were "bravos" and the clapping of hands. Faces of both sexes turned towards the speaker; and though he hid his pride and exultation at the homage under an affectation of cynical indifference, it expanded his sharply-cut nostril and burned in his light hazel eyes. He went on:

"Though the look of some of these fellows we're waiting for might scare her. . . ."

"Oh no!" said Lady Stratelyffe, looking up from her work. "How could you possibly imagine that?"

"English ladies are all so brave, nowadays!" he returned, with an inflection of sarcasm.

Said a velvet voice behind him, with a sweet foreign accent that added honey to the implied compliment:

"Milord, the English ladies but follow the example of the English gentlemen!"

"Capital, Madame de Roux!" called out a handsome gray-haired man, rather formally and stiffly dressed for a yacht party, who had been conversing with a French officer in Zouave uniform. "You scatter your sugar plums broadcast!—even a diplomatist may hope to pick up one in the scramble. . . . Now, if you had said 'The English Army,'—Lord Cardillon would have taken the compliment to himself!"

Cardillon returned, ignoring the prick of sarcasm:

"Madame de Roux, who is upon her way to the Crimea, to confer supreme happiness upon a gallant countryman, can afford to give English ladies due credit for bravery. When do you sail, Madame?"

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She thought in two days' time. . . He said, with gallant regret:

"I wish I might have had the pleasure of carrying you there in the Foam Star. But I am compelled to return to England, worse luck."

Cardillon had sighed, and his sighs were not generally wasted. Henriette turned upon him the eyes that had always reminded Dunoise of moss-agates gleaming under running brook water, and said with the subtle, half-mischievous smile that crinkled the corners of her eyelids, and hardly curved her mouth:

"You should have nothing left to sigh for at this hour!" He said:

"But I have! I sigh for one of those violets you are wearing:"

She glanced down at the knot of pale purple blossoms pinned at the bosom of her lawn chemisette, revealed by the unfastened mantle of sables. Emboldened by her smile, he stretched a hand to them. But she leaned back, avoiding the contact of the sinewy, sunburned, covetous fingers. She had grown pale, her eyes and lips had shadows round them—she looked older, more worn. Then, as he hesitated whether to pursue his intent or withdraw his hand, she rose in a frou-frou of silken draperies, and was gone upon the arm of Lord Stratclyffe, leaving only a perfume and a desire behind her. . . . And Lady Stratclyffe, looking across her sewing, said quietly:

"Answer me, since even our exquisite ally must not be trusted with official secrets! . . . With whom does the blame rest? Need our army of invasion have suffered all these hardships and privations and miseries? How comes it that we are so lamentably deficient in Commissariat and transport arrangements? Why—I quote your own words—have we 'nothing that we ought to have'?"

He glanced about him before replying. But, seeing him engaged in talk with the Ambassadors, his guests had moved away, leaving an island of gleaming white planks about them. He said:

"Dear Lady Stratclyffe, the system of our army administrations has been, from first to last, a system of contracts. One must own it has not been a success. Contractors are not, as a rule, trustworthy or conscientious. . . . Ours have not proved themselves exceptions to the rule!"

XC.

He stooped to pick up her forgotten work, and added, as he laid the mass of coarse white calico back upon her knee: "Do say what this is you have been sewing at? It looks like—dare I say?—a nightshirt?"

"It looks as it ought," she answered, placidly threading a gold-eyed needle. "And Ada will applaud me. Your recognition of the garment should lend it value in her eyes."

"It is for the hospital?" He added as she signified assent:

"How is Miss Merling, by the way? She got in yesterday morning, I understand, with her staff of nursing ladies—of all denominations, according to the



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newspapers. . . . One hopes they exaggerate?"

She answered:

"The Sisters are strictly bound not to speak of religious matters to any patient who is not of their church. . . . I am sure that they can be depended upon. So far as I can judge, their demeanor is perfect. It struck me that they accorded a more prompt obedience to Ada's orders than the other nurses displayed. And when one remembers that they only arrived yesterday morning, the changes that have already been wrought are astonishing. I could not have believed it had I not seen!"

He asked:

"And the lady-in-chief. One hopes she is serenely confident in the success of her great undertaking?"

Something in his tone stung. Lady Stratelyffe answered, with her eyes upon her work:

"The undertaking is great, undoubtedly. As you must know, her letter volunteering to assume its burden crossed that which Robert Bertram had written entreating her to accept it. The Barrack Hospital here and the General Hospital will be under her sole direction. She has also the supervision of all other British military hospitals in the East. But I can detect no 'confidence' in her bearing. . . . It would be more appropriate to describe it as calm."

"The Mediterranean is calm," Cardillon said, smiling and shrugging. "Yet I've been three times wrecked in it and once in the Ionian Sea!"

"There is no storm behind Ada's calm," said Lady Stratelyffe, "though when she found that the head and foot-pieces of two thousand iron bedsteads sent out from England in our transport The Realm for use in the Barrack Hospital here, had been buried under mountains of shot and empty shell, destined for the batteries of Balaklava, she was certainly not complimentary to the contractor who supplied, and the agent who undertook to pack and ship them! For the shot and shell must be unloaded at Balaklava before Ada can receive the missing parts of the beds. And that may mean a matter of weeks: From the windows of the Embassy I saw the transport pass this morning—a magnificent vessel!"

He asked:

"You are speaking of The Realm?"

Adding, as she signified assent: "It was to her I referred just now when I said that all stores and clothing needed by the army were even now on their way up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. Your bungling agent is a well-known middleman between Government and its purveyors. Has a son, by the way, for whom he got a commission in the Guards, and who has good blood in him—however he may have come by it! Was mentioned in despatches from headquarters after the Alma. Not bad for a callow ensign, it appears to me!"

"Do tell me what he has done!" she begged. "I have missed so much that has been reported!"

"I'll do better than tell you. You shall hear the story from his company captain, Caddisbroke!"



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The hirsute and bandaged wearer of a superlatively shabby red coat which had formed the centre of a group gathered near the saloon-cabin companion came limping on a crutch across the deck, followed by the silken swish of feminine skirts and the creak of masculine boots.

"You called me, Lord Cardillon?"

"To tell Lady Stratelyffe what young Jowell said at Alma to the dandy False Retreat in the Hussar jacket and red forage cap."

A pretty woman with an infantile lisp wanted firht to know what wath a Falth Retreat? The crutched new-comer answered, exchanging a glance with the Brigadier:

"We're beginning to get used to 'em, Madame de Bessarine, in moments of crisis. In fact, they're a feature of this campaign. They're mounted officers with airs of authority, and staff epaulets and brassards as correct as their English accent. Buglers with 'em too, up in all our calls—particularly numbers four and seven. . . . And when the Light Division were beginning to reckon with the six Vladimir battalions, the 'retire' was sounded, and in the confusion the Ruskis broke in on their centre and left—and tried to take the colors, and there was trouble. So Sir Bayard Baynes rode back to us—and you may guess we were well in the background, having Royalty to keep in a handbox!—and suggested an onward movement. And the Duke of Bambridge gave in. And we came up at the double, hurrying like mad, and had no sooner begun to pound the two great columns of gray coats into smithereens than up comes a dandy False Retreat riding with an order "The Duke requests the Cut Red Feathers to retire without delay!" And the bugler-blackguard blew—and our bugles sounded down the line—and our men called out 'No, no!' And this young Jowell—acting as lieutenant for his half-company in place of Ardenmore killed—calls out—and I heard him from the ditch I'd tumbled into when they shot me: 'The Duke never gave that order—and I'm dam' if I'll obey it!—I'm blest if I do, so there!' And when His Royal Highness heard it, he was uncommonly tickled—and said they should bear it at home!"

XCL

The south-westerly breeze had shifted. Sky and water darkened, a cold north wind blew, scattering some sleety drops of rain. And as the squall broke, and the awnings tugged at their reevings, came the splitting crack of the old brass Turkish canon from the batteries of Deli Talian, and the deeper, more sonorous boom of ships' guns answering back again.

Eighteen guns. They were coming! they were coming! The men of Alma and Balaklava and Inkerman, whom their country and the nation they had fought for could never praise and honor enough.

They came! and from the flagships of the English, French and Turkish Admirals anchored at Beshiktash the guns boomed out their welcome—the Three

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No. 14

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Gentlemen:—
It may be of interest to you to know that I am very pleased with my Russell-Knight "28," purchased from your Company last spring. All being well, I hope to have a second car of your make next year.

One cannot say too much of the comfort of your "28"; it surely has no superior, is a very smooth operating car and easy riding.

I desire to express my fullest recognition of the quality of the Russell-Knight Car and bespeak for you continued success.

Yours truly,
(NAME ON REQUEST)

No. 11

Calgary, Nov. 25, 1913.
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With reference to the Russell Model "28" purchased from you three months ago, I have driven the car about three thousand miles, and during the time I have had it I have not had a particle of trouble in any way. The electric starter is a marvel, never having failed me once.

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Yours truly,
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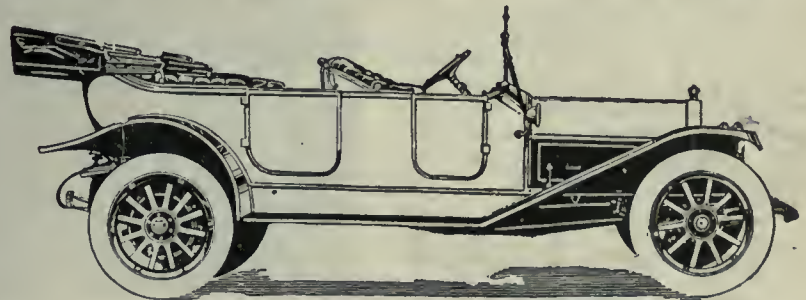
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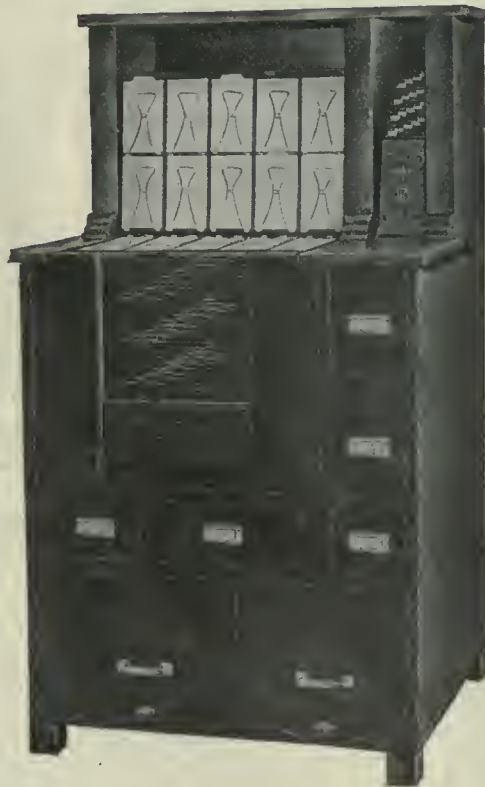
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Ensigns dipped as in a royal salute. But the cheers and acclamations died in the throats of the thousands whose eyes were nailed upon those mighty argosies, deep-laden, deck-piled, with Death's blackening harvest. The shouts went up, quavered, and broke, and died.

The transports followed each other at an interval of a cable's length. They moved slowly, laboriously, painfully, like living creatures enfeebled by famine and sick to death. Such canvas as they spread hung crookedly; their tangled cordage, hanging in neglected loops, gave to them a strange air of neglect and dishevelment. Their sails had proved useless; their auxiliary steam-power alone had proved available. For the wounded and the pestilence-smitten, the dead and the living, were herded and packed and crowded on those dreadful decks, as wantonly as though some giant child had been playing at soldiers with real men and real ships—and had wearied of the game half through, jumbled the men in anyhow—and given each ship a spiteful shake, and gone sulkily away.

One day a great writer will rise up, who will tell this story as it should be told. You will burn and thrill, you will weep and laugh as you read. . . . Meanwhile, be patient with the feeble pen that stumbles and falters, lost amidst a wilderness of nameless, forgotten graves.

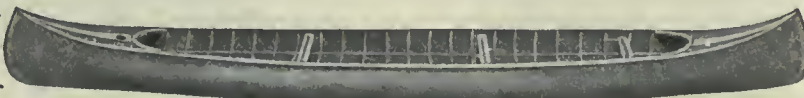
Not that they suffered and died for nought, these men who upheld the honor of England at Alma, and Balaklava, and Inkerman. With the odor of their filthy garments, the stench of their gangrened wounds, the exhalations of fever and pestilence, they brought with them the perfume of sublime obedience and the fragrance of great acts of heroism, forever buried in the silence of official reports.

XCII

"WHOM the gods would destroy, they first make mad" is a hackneyed adage, undeniably true in the case hereunder quoted. For when young Mortimer's not very shining repartee to the False Retreat in the dandy red forage-cap was mentioned in Despatches, by request of the Duke of Bambridge, and reproduced, with additions and embellishment, in all the daily papers, headed "Amusing Incident During The Action of Alma," or "Good For The Guards," or "Smart Retort Of A Young Ensign," the joy of Thompson Jowell almost turned his brain.

The man exulted like a triumphant ogre. He had said to the boy "Win distinction!—it's in your blood!" and by Gosh! the youngster had gone and done it! He wearied Cowell, Sewell, Dowell, and the rest to the verge of tears with endless boasts—with windy prophecies of Morty's future greatness. At home, or at his office or Club, or in the sacred ante-rooms of stately Government Departments, he would sit heaving and swelling and fermenting like a large moist, crimson heap of beetroot being distilled into the old Jamaica rum supplied by Mowell to Her Majesty's Forces—until he broke and burst in bubbles of pride. On an average he must have re-

C.C.C.



C.C.C.

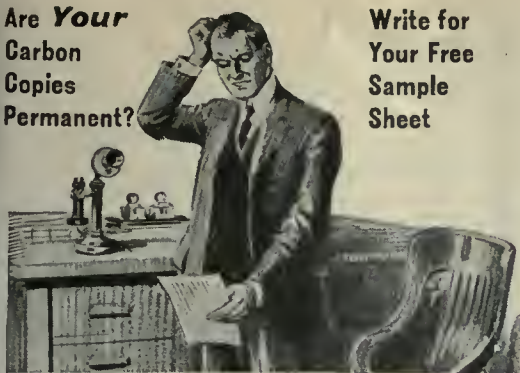
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peated the "I'm dam' if I retreat! I'm blest if I do, so there!" utterance upwards of a hundred times a day.

The fact of his son having ceased to write to him since his unrelenting reply to the letter we know of, did not shake the monstrous egotism of the father's certainty that all would be well between them by-and-by. Meanwhile he laid domineering, greedy hands on all letters that the son wrote to his mother—opening them first, and permitting that much-bullied woman, as a favor, to read them when he had done. He had only to get richer, and Mortimer would come to heel, like a blundering young pointer, none the worse in his owner's estimation, for having shown spirit in threatening to break away.

It had been a wild, wet summer in the British Isles that year, and a wild, wet autumn had followed. November had set in with gales and thunderstorms. The floods were out when Jowell went down to his little place in Sloughshire. Suppose him humming "Marble Halls" and building castles in the air of Government hay-trusses at twenty pounds a ton, as the train carried him through the submerged country, where men in punts were lassoing the floating stacks and cornicks, and fishing with grapnels for drowned pigs, sheep, and cows.

Arrived at his "little place," the large pretentious country mansion standing in its brand-new shrubberies and experimental gardens on the outskirts of a rustic hamlet within a mile of Market Drowsing, the Contractor sent for his agent—who in a petty way was another Thompson Jowell, and went—thoroughly as was his wont—into his rents and dues.

His gross shadow loomed large upon the village, the greater part of which belonged to him, in virtue of his benevolent habit of advancing money upon mortgage to small freeholders who were in difficulties, and subsequently gulping down their land. His trail was upon the ancient Church—where the brazen pulp-lamps by which the Parson read his sermon on winter evenings—the font in which infant pagans were made Christians—the harmonium that chased the flying choir to the last line of the hymn, the copper shovels upon which the Churchwardens collected halfpennies and buttons—bore brazen plates, testifying that they had been presented by Thompson Jowell, Esq. And in the churchyard an imposing vault, containing the remains of his deceased mother, transferred from a remote burying-ground in the neighborhood of Shadwell—where the honest soul had kept a little tobacco-shop—awaited the hour when her son should condescend to die.

Death did not hover in the mind of Jowell at this particular juncture. He was happy as he issued mandates for Distrainment upon the goods of non-paying cottage tenants, and indicated those mortgagors who were to have a little rope, and those others who were to be shown no quarter. Chief of these unfortunates was Sarah Horrotian, to whom her kinsman had, some seven years pre-



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viously, lent cash upon her freehold of the Upper Clays.

"She's letting the place go to rack and ruin," said the agent. "For her own good, sir, you ought to foreclose!"

His master pondered, routing in the stiff upright hair that had perceptibly whitened lately. Then he roused himself with a snort, and said that as it was a fine morning after yesterday's rain, and The Clays not two miles distant, he would walk over there, by Gosh, he would! and see the widow himself.

When he set out, a tussle was going on between the business side of him and the part that was paternal. The woman owed him money, but her son had saved his son. . . . One may suppose, that at first he had some vague idea of appearing before his debtor in the character of a grateful father. But as exercise quickened Jowell's brain, he perceived that this would be wrong. People who had the impudence to borrow money without the means to pay it back, were presumptuous no less than improvident. Ergo, to waive his claim to arrears of interest, was to encourage Sarah Horrotian in presumption and improvidence.

Things had gone ill at The Clays since the Second Exodus of Joshua Horrotian. Betsey Twitch, the half-widow, having been taken on as dairymaid in place of Nelly, had, in company with the pigman, Digweed, been detected in scarlet doings, and, with her fellow sinner, incontinently cast forth. And without even such clumsy supervision as the departed Jason's, Sarah's laborers had ceased laboring and her weederers took their rest.

Stock had to be sold ere long, to pay up interest due on Jowell's mortgage. The stately hayricks vanished one by one. After the Declaration of War, read by the Mayor from the balcony of the Town Hall in Market Drowsing, Sarah ceased to sell her eggs, chickens and butter on Thursdays in the shadow of the civic edifice. She even left off attending the local Bethesda, where the Mayor was regarded as a shining light.

The last beast had been sold to pay the poor-rates. Her purse was as empty as the heart behind her wedge-shaped apron-bib, when Thompson Jowell threw open the half-door, and rolled into the kitchen, keeping his curly-brimmed, low-topped hat upon his pear-shaped head, and flourishing his gold-mounted cane.

"What's this I hear?" he said blusteringly. "Now what does this mean, Mrs. Horrotian? Here have I come marching up your muddy lane to know! You're a religious woman and you don't pay your debts! Do you call that a-keeping up of your profession? Four hundred pounds of my money has gone to bolster up this here farming-business of yours, and two years' interest will be due in a week. You may tell me that Juffkins has taken stock and what-not from time to time, on account of my Twenty-five per cent. Aye! and he may have—but Cash Payments should be made in cash. Those cows and pigs and that hay of yours fetched nothing—I'm a loser by the sum

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I allowed you for 'em. I am, and by Gosh! ma'am, what have you got to say?"

"It is the will of the Lord," returned Sarah Horrotian, returning Jowell's stare unflinchingly, though her thin face was as white as chalk between her gray-ing hair-loops, and her heart beat in sickening thumps. "Though, if my son were here he would find a word to say for the mother that suckled him, and the farm be his, take it how you like it. He have been of age these ten years and ought to ha' been considered. There would be lawyers should say as I ought never to ha' borrowed money on th' property wi'out his written name!"

She had put her bony finger on the weak place in Thompson Jowell's mortgage. If he had for a moment intended to spare her, the flicker of pity died out in him as he stood rolling his moist eyes and blowing at her in his walrus-style. His mind was made up. He would foreclose at once, in case the bumptious ne'er-do-well of a son should live to come home, and—taking dishonest advantage of the flaw—rob his son Mortimer of his hunting-box. There should be no delay.

Meaning to turn the widow out, without fail, upon the morrow, he spoke of time to pay, even hinted a further loan. Then Sarah broke down and wept with loud hard sobs. This brought the ready tears into the eyes of Thompson Jowell. He called her his dear Cousin Sarah, quoted the adage about blood being thicker than water, even made an uncertain dab with his pursed-up mouth at the knobby forehead between the black-gray hair-loops, as though to plant a cousinly kiss there—thought better of it, took leave, and went upon his way.

Fate, the grim executioner, walked behind Thompson Jowell as he waddled across the Upper Clays farmyard, sloppy as of yore, but populous no longer with squattering ducks, musing pigs reclining on moist litter, and hairy faces of cows and plough-horses contemplating their world across the half-doors of stables and sheds.

The white gate clashed behind Fate as well as the Contractor; and, when he struck into the narrow hedgerow-bordered lane dividing the westerly slope of the claylands, whose deep, sticky mire had made havoc of his brown cloth spatterdashes on the way up, Fate followed at his heels.

XCIII

THE REALM had got into harbor on the previous evening. Some of the troops on board—a draft of the 146th—had already been landed. The others came ashore after the ship broke up.

Fate sent young Mortimer Jowell down from the Front that morning, in charge of a fatigue-party, detailed to draw rations of hard biscuit, salt-pork, and the green coffee-berries supplied by a maternal Government to men who had no fires to roast or mills to grind them with.

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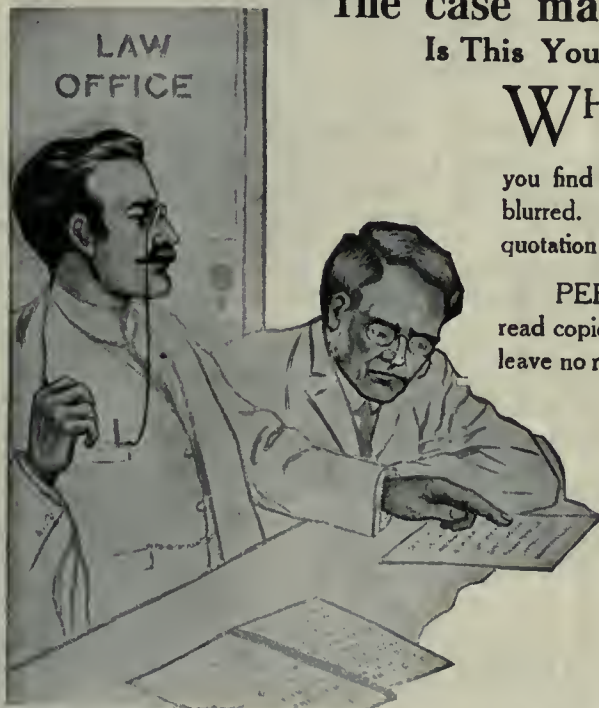
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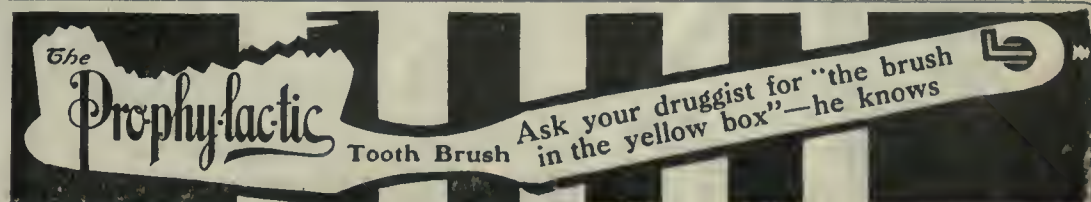
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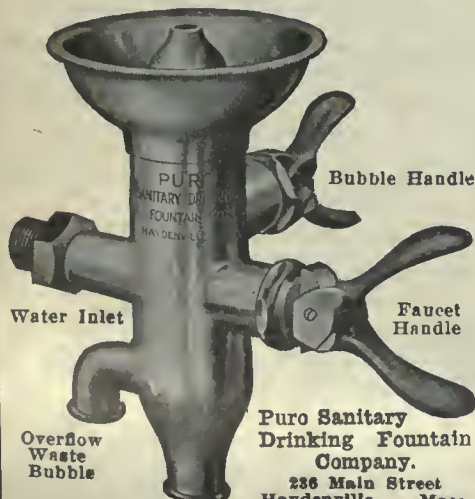
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The tramp of eight miles through knee-deep, sometimes waist-deep slough would have been no joke to men full-fed and in hard condition. They were muddy to the hair, weary and sore-footed, when they passed the camps of the Four British Divisions—lying under the Argus-eyes and iron mouths of the French Artillery, whose breastworks crowned the line of cliffs along their rear and flank.

Suppose that you see the Ensign, with his sergeant and section, tramping down the miry main street of the South-Crimean coast-town, between villas that had been clean and dapper and habitable when the Allied Armies rolled down from the North.

An endless procession of men on foot, men on horseback, men driving beasts or chariotting vehicles of various descriptions, passed up and down that swarming thoroughfare, all day and nearly all night. Lean dogs and ownerless swine routed in piles of offal and garbage. And—for Death constantly dropped in in the shape of shell or round-shot—and dysentery and cholera were always with the Army—human refuse lay sprawled or huddled in strange fashion, waiting for the burial which did not always come. . . .

A store-ship sent out many months previously had just unloaded a cargo of Showell's Army boots by the simple process of digging them out from the hold with shovels, filling boats with them, and emptying the boats on the beach close to low-water mark. And a half-company of Fusiliers, barefooted, and several degrees more ragged than those of Morty's fatigue-party, had been marched down and directed to take what they needed from the pile.

The boots were all too small. You saw men eagerly turning over the heaps, sorting and comparing, pitching away and swearing, sitting down and trying in vain to force the ridiculously inadequate coverings on their swollen, bleeding feet. A minority succeeded in getting shod—after a fashion. But upon the hairy faces of the muddy, ragged, hunger-bitten majority, anger and disgust and disappointment were vividly painted; and presently found vent in words.

Their N.C.O.'s—in like case with them—vainly endeavored to cast oil upon the troubled waters. Then the officer in command of the party emerged from a low-browed beach cafe, built of mud, mules' bones and Army mess-tins, where a red-fezzed Greek sold coffee, vodka, rum, and Crimean wine. He said—shouldering a net of potatoes, tucking the head of a dead fowl under his sword-belt, and sucking his moustache, gemmed with ruby drops of generous liquor:.

"Whass this, Rathkeales? . . . Sergeant-Major Lonergan, bring these mutinous divvles up before me! Can't get

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the 'boots on, is that whass the matter wit' you? And whoever thought you could?—and your feet swelled to the size of pontoons with chilblains and frost-bite! Whass that you're saying, Private Biles? 'Women's and children's sizes'? Get to the divvle with your women and children! Do you suppose the Government's a fool?"

But the production of a bundle of elastic-sided foot-coverings of unmistakably feminine proportions reduced even the Captain to silence; and a pair of little clump-soled shoes brandished in a gaunt and grimy hand, put a clincher on the case.

"Who says they're not child's sizes now?" shouted the owner of the grimy hand hoarsely. "Are these men's boots? Maybe you'll look and say!" He added: "And may the feet o' them that has palmed 'em off on us march naked over Hell's red-hot floor, come the Day o' Judgment! If there's a God in Heaven, He'll grant that prayer!"

He threw down the little hobnailed shoes, and went over, muttering, and scowling, and staggering in his gait, to where the stark body of a long-booted navvy lay in the shadow of a pyramid of Commissariat crates.

His comrades and officers and Mortimer Jowell watched in silence, as he sat himself down opposite the dead man, and measured the soles of his feet against the rigid feet. They were of a size. He nodded at the livid blue face of their late owner, and said grimly:

"You and me, matey, seem about the same size in corn-boxes. Maybe you'll not grudge to part with your boots to a covey who'll be in your shoes next week or to-night!"

Mortimer Jowell sickened as the ghastly process of removal was completed, but the ugly fascination of the scene held him as it did other men. Nobody had noticed the blue haze creeping in from the sea, pushed by a wind that had veered suddenly. As the soldier stood up in the dead navvy's boots, the gale yelled, and broke. . . .

XCIV

It came from the south-west with hail and blizzards of snow in it. Tents scattered at its breath like autumn leaves—iron roofs of Army store-sheds took wing like flights of frightened rooks. Thunder cracked and rolled incessantly—fierce blue lightnings cleft the mirk with jagged yataghans of electric fire. Huge waves beat upon the narrow beaches, and leaped upon the towering cliffs, dragging mouthfuls of acres down. Ships and steamers, large and small, crowding the Harbor, were jumbled in wild confusion.

As store-ships and troop-ships beached, and pivot-gun war-steamers foundered—and great line-of-battle ships staggered out to sea—The Realm set herself to ride out the gale with full steam up and both anchors out. But as red sparks

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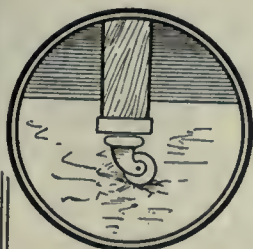
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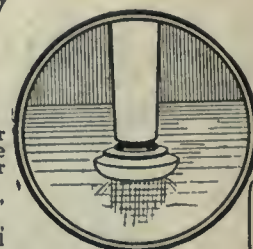
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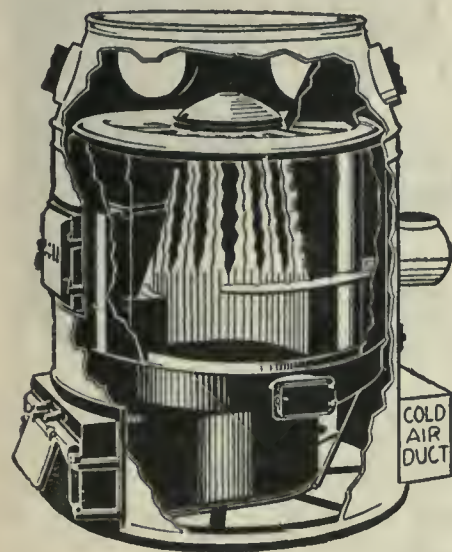
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and black smoke weltered out of her funnels, and the great iron cables rolled off her capstan-drums—one after the other those port and starboard anchors went to the bottom with a roar. And the gale took the brand-new two-thousand-six-hundred-ton Government transport, twisted her round, lifted her up and broke her, as a child breaks a sugar ship that has come off the top of a birthday cake.

... And then The Realm bumped thrice—and broke into barrel-staves and flinders. And her cargo of good goods and bad goods—bogus goods and no goods—and nearly every living soul aboard her—went to the bottom of the Euxine. And young Mortimer Jowell, who had skirted the Harbour on its windward side, and climbed the towering wall of rock that gates it from the Bay, shut up the Dollond telescope through which he had witnessed the tragedy—and sat down upon the hailstone-carpeted ground behind a big shoulder of pudding-stone to recover and think over things.

"O God, save those poor beggars!" he had groaned out over and over, as the little red and black specks that were men bobbed about in the boiling surf. It was quite clear to him that they were shrieking, though the howl of the sleety gale had drowned their cries.

"Damn the old man! He's done it, as he said he would!" he muttered, hugging his knees and blinking as the stinging tears came crowding, and a sob stuck in his throat. "And I used to chaff him for being such a thundering old Dodger! Gaw!" He shuddered and dropped his haggard young face into his grimy, chil-blained hands.

He knew he could never again face his brother-officers. . . He knew he could never, never again go home. He roused himself out of a giddy stupor presently at the sound of voices. Two officers of the Fleet had taken refuge from the blizzard in a buttress-angle of the Fort wall, not far distant. They were talking about the wreck of The Realm, and, sheltered as they were from the wind, their voices reached the ear of Jowell's son.

"It's a gey guid thing for the Contractors," said one man. "They've saved their bacon by letting the Army salt-pork and junk go to Davy Jones's locker, ye ken!"

And his companion answered significantly:

"Supposing it ever was aboard!"

"Ay!—now I come to think of it," said the first man, who had a North of the Tweed accent, "that was varra odd the way the port and starboard cables went ripping oot o' her. Will we be getting any explanation of that circumstance, do ye suppose, later on?"

"Undoubtedly, if we wait until the Day of Judgment," said the second speaker, who seemed a bit of a cynic. "And meanwhile—I'll bet you a sovereign that more stuff will be proved to have gone down in her than ever could have been got into her holds. She'll be the scapegoat of the Commissariat—and by Gad! they want one!"

Said the other man:

"Ay! do they—gey and badly! Come,

May you live all the days of your life.—SWIFT.
The food value of the juice of good, rich

Oporto Grapes

is greater than that of any Fruit extract enjoying the popular favor, its superior quality is due to the larger proportion of sugar, fruit acids and mineral salts which are essentially the nutritive constituents of the grape.

Peruvian Cinchona Bark

the use of which can be traced further back than 1638 is procured from the forests of Peru, South America, and is acknowledged by the medical authorities to be the principle febrifuge known to modern science.

Wilson's Invalids' Port (à la Quina du Pérou) with which is combined extract of Cinchona Bark, is the FINEST TONIC WINE ever produced, and its ever-increasing popularity is explained by the confidence it has gained with Canada's leading Physicians. 240M



WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT
A LA QUINA DU PÉROU

Talking to the Point—

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS. get right down to the point at issue. If you want something, say so in a few well-chosen words. Readers like that sort of straight-from-the-shoulder-talk, and that is the reason why condensed ads. are so productive of the best kind of results.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS. are always noticed. They are read by wide-awake, intelligent dealers, who are on the lookout for favorable opportunities to fill their requirements.

TRY A CONDENSED AD. IN THIS PAPER.

let's be ganging doon. I'm sorely wanting a nip!"

And their figures crossed the threshold of the broken doorway, and Mortimer Jowell heard the pebbles rolling under their sliding feet as they negotiated the downward path.

"If I were the kind of man I'd like to be, I wouldn't even take the twenty-five thousand pounds he settled on me when I got my Commission," he muttered. "No sir! I'd send it back—and send in my papers—and get a berth in the Sultan's pay. Turn Bashi, perhaps, though I hate Turks, filthy beggars! Still . . . Gaw! . . . that ain't half a bad idea!"

He looked at his watch. It was twelve o'clock. The storm that had brewed and burst with the diabolical suddenness peculiar to Black Sea hurricanes had begun to pass over. Tears in the pall of sooty vapour rushing northeast showed patches of chill blue sky and blinks of frosty-pale sunshine. The batteries had never for an instant ceased bellowing and growling. Now men who had left off work, or play—to stare from the cliffs at the sight of war-steamers buckling up, and transports smashing like match-wood—went back to play or work again.

But, where the cliff lowered to a saddleback below the Fortress, a rescue-party of men of both Services—with life-buoys and lines and a rocket-apparatus—were energetically busy—and the Ensign joined them and asked the reason why? When they pointed to the brink of the cliff, he crawled on his hands and knees, and, craning his neck over—saw that shipwrecked mortals no bigger than swarming bees were clinging to a fragment of wreckage—jammed amidst jagged rocks and boiling surges, a sheer three hundred feet below.

The question argued was, who should be lowered down and make fast a line, by which these perishing wretches might be hauled into safety? They would have settled the thing by drawing of lots. But Fate stepped in the person of the bullet-headed young subaltern of the Cut Red Feathers, who shouted as he unbuckled his sword-belt, untied his sash, and threw off his mud-stained fur coat.

"I'm the owner's son, and this is my affair, I'm blest if it ain't! I'm dam' if anybody goes down that cliff but me!"

He had not the least desire to die, but it had suddenly been revealed to him as by a mental lightning-flash, that there was but one way to cleanse the tarnished name of Jowell. Not by discarding it—but by good deeds purifying it, and sweetening it in the nostrils of honest men.

As they made fast the line about him he fumbled in his breast and pulled out a little note-case, calling out:

"I want some fellow to take charge of this!"

No one volunteering, he scanned the faces of the throng about him—and lighted on one that, despite a shag of crimson beard—he knew. He said, moving over to the owner, a tall, broad-shouldered, ragged soldier, in the tatters of a

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Suppose you look at it this way—without a Dictaphone you are paying money out of your pocket that should be going in your pocket. How? You have, say, 50 letters to write—your stenographer takes your notes—she's spending minute for minute with you—hour for hour—you spell out words—repeat sentences—answer her questions—TIME LOST.

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Telephone or write to our nearest branch, or better yet, call

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Hamilton, Ont.—Clyde Block.
London, Ont.—426 Richmond St.
Montreal, Que.—McGill Building.
Ottawa, Ont.—Hope Chambers.

Quebec, P.Q.—1230 Rue St. Valler.
St. John, N.B.—73 Dock St.
St. John's, Nfld.—Columbus Bldg.
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Lancer uniform, and holding out his hand to him:

"You're the man who saved me in the wreck of The British Queen, and wouldn't tip me your fist afterwards? Have you any objection to doing it now?" He added, as Joshua Horrotiar complied shamefacedly: "And as you're a kind of cousin, you might look after this 'ere notecase. There are some flimsies in it, and two letters that are to be posted, supposing I don't come up from down there! You can keep the tin in the event I've mentioned, and spend it as you choose! Do you twig? And have my sword and sash sent to my mother! Now, ain't you beggars about ready to lower away?"

And they lowered away—swimmingly for a hundred-and-fifty feet or so, and then the gale—that had been crouching and holding its breath—roared and leapt. And the hope of the House of Jowell was beaten into a red rag against the face of those stupendous precipices of pudding stone, in less time than it takes to write these lines.

He sobbed out "Mummy!" as the life went out of him, and something plucked at the vitals of a dowdy woman, separated from him by thousands of miles of dry land and bitter water, and she cried out: "My boy! . . ." And then there was nothing left for those on the cliff-top, but to haul the limp and broken body up again.

XCV

Upon the morning that saw the wreck of The Realm in Balaklava Bay, Thompson Jowell travelled up to London, big with the determination that what he had planned should not be carried out. It would be difficult to arrest the hand of his hired Fate, but with tact and promptitude it could be managed. He eased his mind by saying that it could, as the London Express carried him to Paddington at the Providence-defying speed of thirty miles an hour.

Even as he composed his cautiously-worded cablegram a wire from the Admiralty was lying on his office-desk. But he felt happier than he had done for months, and correspondingly virtuous as he chartered a hackney cab and drove to the City—and got out at the paved entrance to the narrow alley of squalid houses in the shade of the Banking House of Lubbock & Son.

It was a moist, foggy November forenoon, and the yellow gas-jets made islands of light in the prevailing murkiness. . . . Broadsheets papered the gutters, advertising the Latest Intelligence from the Crimea. Fate had arranged that Jowell's newspaper should not be delivered at his country seat that morning, and that—absorbed in the composition of his message—he should have omitted to buy one at the railway station. It occurred to him that he would buy one now.

He thrust his big hand in his trousers-pocket and wagged his umbrella at a scudding newsboy. The boy darted on, and Jowell condemned him for a young fool. Then a coatless, shivering misery,

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The MacLean Publishing Company

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

with wild eyes staring through a tangle of matted hair—padded upon blue and naked feet and thrust a paper under the nose of the Contractor, saying:

"Buy it, sir! It's the last I have!"

"Give it here!" snorted Jowell, grabbing it and fumbling for a penny. As he dropped the copper in the dirty hand, he knew that he and the sea-green Standish had met again. The ex-clerk laughed huskily as he recognized his old tyrant, and said, in a voice that shook and wobbled with some strange emotion: "Keep your damned money! I'll make you a present of the paper! I've prayed for a chance like this ever since my wife died!"

With a shrill, crazy laugh he shoved the penny back into the stout hairy hand with the big showy rings upon it, and was swallowed up in the moving crowd and blotted out. And Jowell damned him for an impudent hound, and pitched the coin angrily after him. And a guttersnipe pounced on it, turned a Catherine-wheel with a flourish of dirty heels and vanished. And Jowell, standing under the gas-lamp at the head of the alley, tucked his umbrella under his arm, and opened the newspaper. These headlines caught his eye:

GREAT GALE IN BALAKLAVA BAY
Damage to Allied Fleets' War-Ships.
FOUNDING OF 'THE REALM'
TRANSPORT WITH ALL HANDS.
Heroic Conduct of Young British Officer.
Meets Death in Effort to Save Ship-
wrecked Men."

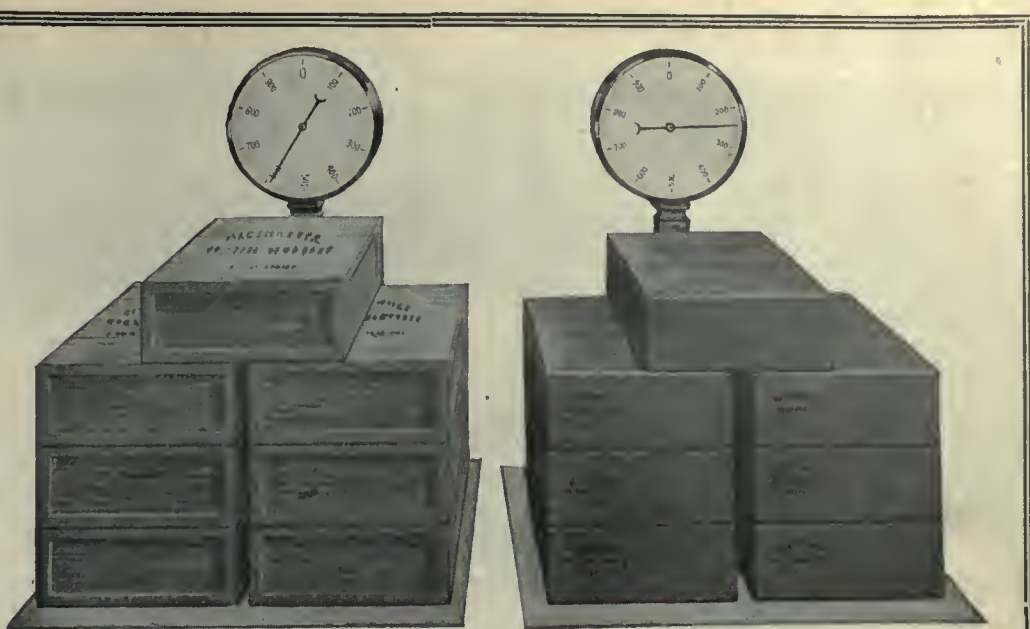
By Gosh! the thing had happened, and would have to be made the best of. The boy would come round, by-and-by. Thompson Jowell folded the newspaper, and walked down the alley to his office, and rolled in amongst the pale-faced clerks, who did not dare to lift their heads from their ledgers, knowing what they knew already, and went in silence to his private room.

And Chobley, the Manager, peeping out of his own little glass-case said to himself that it would be better to leave his employer to himself for a little. Hence we may gather that Chobley had peeped into the Admiralty telegram that lay waiting on the blotting-pad.

Jowell opened it, sitting at his table. It briefly conveyed the news, and consoled with him on the irreparable loss of his gallant son. He did not collapse as on a previous occasion. He sat very still after he had read the message, with his ghastly face hidden in his thick, shaking hands.

His son, for whom he had saved, and planned, and plotted, and swindled, who was to become a Titled Nob and found a race of Nobs that should carry down into remote posterity the glories of the paternal name, had repudiated the name, and cast off his father, and gone down to death, defying and disowning him.

He lifted his livid face and rolled his bloodshot eyes about the office, and the sentences of the letter he had burned seemed written on the dingy wall-paper and woven into the dirty carpet on the floor. An organ in the street was grinding out a popular air, and they fitted



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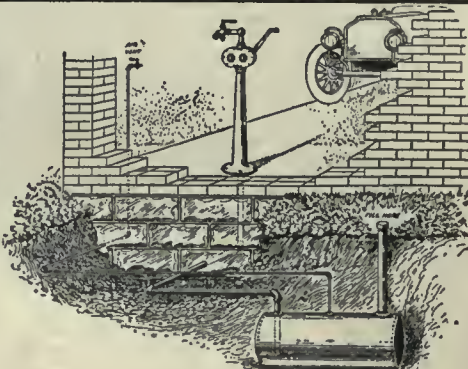
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themselves to it, were jarred out over and over in maddening repetition. He knew that he must soon go mad if this sort of thing went on.

There was courage in the man. He took pen and paper and wrote a letter to the firm of underwriters who had insured The Realm, making it clear that he would accord no grace in the matter of the great sum they would have to pay. His name was Peter Prompt in such matters, he added, and had always been. And then he penned an additional sentence or so that made the Senior Partner open his eyes. He did not know that he had wound up his communication to the underwriters by quoting the words of his dead son's last letter:

"If you do this thing that you have planned to do I will never come home again or call myself by your name, or take another sixpence of your money. Don't do it Governor; Don't do it, for God's sake! He might forgive you! I never should, I know!"

His letter directed, sealed and stamped, he pulled himself out of his chair, took his umbrella from its usual corner, and went about his City business in the usual way. Save that his eyes were bloodshot, and that he wore no hat, there was nothing out of the common in his appearance. Yet, wherever he went, by something that, unknown to him, kept cropping up in his conversation—he left the impression that grief had turned his brain.

He became conscious ere long that he was bareheaded, and supplied himself with the needed article—with the latest thing in mourning bands upon it—at his hatter's in Cornhill. Leaving the shop, he found himself in the street, walking Westwards at a great rate. . . It was now dark, and very wet—and the people who passed him were for the most part sheltered by umbrellas, and omitted to notice the stout man in the mourning hat-band and flaring waistcoat, who walked with his coat unbuttoned, heedless of the pouring rain. . .

He let himself into the great house in Hanover Square, shut up and blinded and looked after, in his absence from town—by a housekeeper and an under-butler. He was expected, and preparations had been made to receive him. But, explaining to the curtsying housekeeper that he would want no dinner, he passed into his sumptuous library and locked the door. Nobody ventured to disturb him, and when he came out it was nearly midnight. To the under-butler, who was waiting up to valet him, he spoke quite gently, bidding him fasten up the house and go to rest.

And then he took his candlestick from the hall-table and passed up the wide, shallow-stepped, softly-carpeted staircase and went into the splendid suite of rooms he had furnished for his boy. . .

(To be continued.)

The Business Outlook

Canadian Investments Have Been in the Nature of Productive Improvements and the Wheels of Commerce Ought Soon to Turn Faster

By JOHN APPLETON

"The annual produce of land and labor of any nation can be increased in its value by no other means but by increasing the number of its productive labors, or the productive power of these laborers. It is by means of additional capital only that the undertaker of any work can provide his workmen with better machinery. When we compare the state of a nation at two periods and find that the annual produce of its lands and labor is evidently greater at the latter than at the former, that its lands are better cultivated, its manufactures more numerous and flourishing, and its trade more extensive, we may be assured that its capital must have increased during the interval between those two periods, and that more must have been added to it by the good conduct of some, than has been taken from it by private or public extravagance."—Adam Smith.

Canada has increased the number of her productive laborers and has provided them with machinery by importing capital. Both means of increasing annual produce, as outlined by Adam Smith, have been adopted by Canada, with the result that production has increased by leaps and bounds.—Editor.

PROFESSOR ALFRED MARSHALL says that a "rise in the rate of interest increases the desire to save; and it often increases the power to save, or rather it is often an indication of an increased efficiency of our productive resources." Borrowers in Canada appear for the time being to realize more fully the extent to which interest rates have risen than the importance of being frugal. In the annual reviews which reached the public at the close of 1913 much has been said by very competent writers of the advance in interest rates and its effects. High though they are at the present moment the investors of Europe and many within the Dominion itself are holding back their gold with a view to still getting higher rates. At the high rates that have prevailed during the year there has been more borrowing by Canada than in any previous year. We are therefore compelled to ask the question: Has the nation been acting wisely in thus borrowing so heavily at a time rates are so very onerous, and of which, Mr. Hirst, the editor of the Economist goes so far as to state that they are usurious? That question is not a fair one in the case of Canada. She was caught on an advancing market, in so far as rates of interest are concerned, when in actual need of much capital to complete special undertakings on which vast sums had been spent. To have stopped borrowing no matter how high the rates of interest were, would have caused the loss of, or severe depreciation, of capital already laid out. Necessity played an important part in the rush to the market for money at a time when interest rates were high. Having had to pay this high rate for money it is safe to say that the desire to save on the part of the Canadian borrowers will be very much stimulated. There will have to be much saving, more production and more frugal private and national conduct to take care of the obligations which the nation individually and collectively has assumed.

Professor Mavor, whose opinions have come to be very much respected in Canada, stated in an article in The Financial Post that the demand for, following a period during which there was an accumu-

lation of, capital was caused by the increase in population, the increased actual comfort and a demand for greater comfort. Admitting that this is perfectly true as applied to the older nations and in a more limited sense to Canada, where undoubtedly higher standards of comfort are being desperately striven for, the main cause of the demand for capital in Canada has been for investment in machinery of production. Canada has not been extravagant. For instance, she has not been guilty of over-adorning her cities. Some regard has been paid to such necessities as sanitation but no competent critic will charge Canada with extravagance in beautiful but unproductive public undertakings. Her great national parks are but as yet reservations. What monuments she boasts of are very utilitarian. Her achievements in railway building, are her greatest monuments. What can be more practical?

Her national as well as her private ambition, in the last decade has been to lay down such plants as would start the development of the resources of her vast territory. No young nation has hitherto tackled so big a project. When her scattered peoples were brought together under one political entity the first thought was to connect the territory by a railroad. To get the capital a tremendous price was paid for it and that price is still being paid. But who can dispute the enormous increase in production which followed. Railroads are being placed indiscriminately with a shrewd eye to traffic. They make the land accessible to population and bring the forest and mineral areas within practical reach of commercial exploitation. Both these agencies of production, railway building and commercial enterprises fed recently on capital supplies, are growing and each year their new capital requirements increase. Behind them is the clear incentive of gain through possibilities in the way of production.

A railroad would not be built but for the prospect of getting traffic as a result of the wealth the area it serves will produce and that wealth will have to be carried to another point where it can be exchanged for other wealth. Students

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of Adam Smith will remember his telling of the great difficulties which, in the old days Scotch farmers had in getting their wool to Yorkshire to sell to the weavers who thrived there. Neither the weavers of the latter country nor the farmers of Scotland at that time had sufficient capital to bridge the difficulties of transportation. After those difficulties disappeared, when capital became available in more recent times for roads and then railroads the increase in production was tremendous. In Canada, at a time when capital is more readily available, and distances are so much greater and the land naturally more fertile, the transportation difficulty is the first one. That has been solved partially by heavy borrowing which has helped materially to stiffen the rates of interest, but it has only opened up a still greater demand for capital to lay down the plant for the exploitation of the resources which the great transportation lines have made accessible. If then our demands for capital have sent up the rates of interest it is an evidence of increased efficiency in our productive resources.

Canada's contribution to the world-wide scramble for capital arises from her national ambition to turn to account rapidly her great resources. While her people have striven to obtain a larger measure of comfort they have not been as a whole extravagant, comparatively speaking. Capital accumulated and that which is brought into the country is being turned into productive machinery which is bearing fruit in a much larger volume of wealth produced each year.

We might here refer to some of the facts which are given in the annual reviews with regard to the progress of Canada during the past year as well as for the past forty years or thereabouts. In The Financial Post of Dec. 27, a diagram is given, showing the trend in volume of production in Canada since the year 1870. For twenty years, from 1870 to 1900, the value of the crop product of the Dominion annually was practically stationary at \$200,000,000 a year. In thirteen years from 1900 to 1913 the amount rose from \$200,000,000 to \$550,000,000. In the same period, that is from 1900 to 1913 the value of the output of industries rose from approximately \$500,000,000 to \$1,100,000,000. Taking crops, manufactures, minerals, forest and fishery products together the value is practically three times as great as it was in 1900. This has been made possible by the acquisition of more population and more capital, particularly the latter. Although the population of the Dominion has doubled in forty years the production of wealth is five times as great at the present time as then. The cause of this is the employment of more capital which made the producing machinery more efficient.

In efficiency as well as quantity there have been great strides in production in Canada during recent years and it has not been until quite recently that Canada has become a great borrower upon the London and European markets. The fact, therefore, that the extent of the requirements of Canada, in conjunction



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with the large demands of other countries for capital has sent up the rate of interest need cause no fear or alarm in Canada. What Canada has procured capital for and what capital she will procure is not going into armaments but into machinery of production. The figures quoted are based upon official returns and are near enough to exactness to warrant the conclusion that the increased efficiency of productive machinery in Canada is in proportion to her borrowings as demonstrated by the output. If Canada had to pay higher interest rates upon capital that was not going into productive enterprises there would be cause for genuine alarm. But it would appear from present indications that the Dominion is on the threshold of an era of still greater production as the result of putting into fuller operation the plant that has been in the course of erection during the past few years. A fact too often overlooked is that it takes sometime to get machinery into smooth running order. The productive machinery being installed in Canada is of extraordinary dimensions and at least a few years will elapse before we can expect to see the full fruits of its use. A few thousand invested in almost any business may not bear full fruit for many years and it will take longer to turn to full account the expenditure of the millions invested in Canada during the past few years. A successful builder in Toronto says that for nine years his gross earnings annually were less than \$350 but now he is wealthy. His small capital was a long time in bringing in results but he had faith in the city in which he dwells and he had as great faith in the Dominion as a whole. But few can doubt the great resource to which so much capital has been applied and likewise but few will have so poor an estimate of the shrewdness of the Canadian to think that he will not be more frugal as interest rates advance. He would be utterly stupid however if he allowed what capital he has borrowed to depreciate rather than pay a higher rate for what more he needs to equip his producing plant. That plant is steadily improving in efficiency and has the advantage of unsurpassed resources to work upon. Its results will dissipate very soon what doubt has arisen with respect to the business outlook for immediate future.

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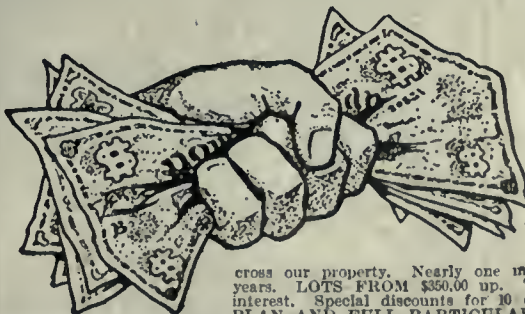
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Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace

Character Sketch and Account of the Life-work of the Great Scientist

AMONGST the high names which marked the Victorian age, that of Charles Darwin occupies the chosen place. There were others who were caught up by the central current of evolutionary thought—Lyell whose strong support Darwin and Wallace at first sought; Galton, who left the beaten track to found a new city whose builder was to be rejuvenated man; Huxley, the brilliant defender of Darwinism; Herbert Spencer whose incomparable fertility of creative thought entitled him to share the throne with Darwin.

Amongst these illustrious pioneers, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, of whom Mr. James Marchant in the *Review of Reviews* gives an excellent character sketch, occupied a unique place, and with his death the great epoch of the introduction of evolution ceases.

After a school education which failed to draw out his natural gifts Wallace became a land surveyor, devoting his spare time to botany. On coming of age he arrived in London without employment. This blessed misfortune set him planning a wild scheme to go off to the unknown Amazonian forests to observe Nature and make a living by collecting. "I possessed at that time," he said sixty years later, "a strong desire to know the cause of things and a great love of beauty in form and color." He found a kindred spirit in Henry Walter Bates and with Darwin's Journal, Humboldt's Travels, Lyell's Geology and Chamber's Vestiges in his knapsack he began his long wandering in the Amazon, and later in the Indo-Malay Islands, far from clothes and civilization, in hourly contact with Nature in her ever changing wondrous moods; observing like Darwin, too, with great surprise and delight, the uncontaminated savage—true denizens of the Amazonian forests; sleeping in dense jungles; collecting vast numbers of butterflies, beetles, and birds, and a vaster store of first-hand knowledge which was to prove him, like Darwin, a born naturalist, and to form the foundation of his life's work. There he accumulated the facts upon which he was to build up his fascinating story of the utility of colors in protecting insects, birds and animals from destruction, and as recognition marks. There he began the study which led up to his great work on the geographic distribution of animals and of plants; and there, too, he saw Nature in her most dazzling and sublime aspects—"the sombre shade of the dense forest scarce illumined by a single direct ray even of tropical sun; the enormous size and height of the trees, most of which rise like huge columns a hundred feet or more without throwing out a single branch . . . ; the rarest of birds; the most lovely insects; the most interesting mammals and reptiles—the jaguar and the boa constrictor;

and, amidst the densest shade, the bell bird tolled his peal."

Whilst on these travels he was brooding over the origin of species. In 1855 he wrote his first paper, "On the Law which has Regulated the Introduction of New Species," and three years later the essay which was to link his name forever with Darwin's as the co-discoverer of the theory of natural selection.

The story of the origin of the "Origin of Species" has become part of our literary heritage. There are, however, personal and dramatic elements in it which should be recalled in any character estimate of Wallace. Darwin, in a letter to Hooker, disclosed the first steps of the great discovery. "I determined to collect blindly every sort of fact which could bear any way on what are species. . . . At last gleams of light have come, and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable. . . . I think I have found out (here's presumption) the simple way by which species become exquisitely adapted to various ends." So the truth dawned upon Darwin, and he committed it to writing, and communicated with Hooker and Lyell.

About that time, far away in the virgin forests of Ternate, Wallace lay smitten by malarial fever. As he mused over the same old problem, the truth also flashed upon him, and as soon as the fever abated, he wrote it down and sent it to Darwin. "This essay," said Darwin, "which was admirably expressed and quite clear, contained exactly the same thing as mine. If Wallace had my MS. sketch, written out in 1842, he could not have made a better short abstract. Even his terms stand now as the heads of my chapters. So all my originality will be smashed. I have been anticipated with a vengeance."

The behaviour of the two men is a conspicuous instance of what has been called "the one high virtue, that exalted and magnanimous generosity which can never fail to touch a multitude." "As to the theory," wrote Wallace to Darwin, "I shall always maintain it to be actually yours, and yours only. . . .

All the merit I claim is the having been the means of inducing you to write and publish it at once." "What a fine philosophical mind your friend Wallace has; and he has acted, in relation to me, like a true man with a noble spirit," Darwin wrote to Bates. This is the point of this fragrant story of which I have retold a fragment—the men themselves were greater than the theory of evolution which has illumined the world. And through all the years of their relations not the faintest shadow of rivalry came between them. They both possessed in an enviable degree that calm tranquility born of true science and a devotion to

truth for its own sake which is in danger of being lost in this feverish and jealous age.

His wanderings over, he married in 1866 Annie Mitten, daughter of the eminent botanist, and commenced that happy home life which set him free to write.

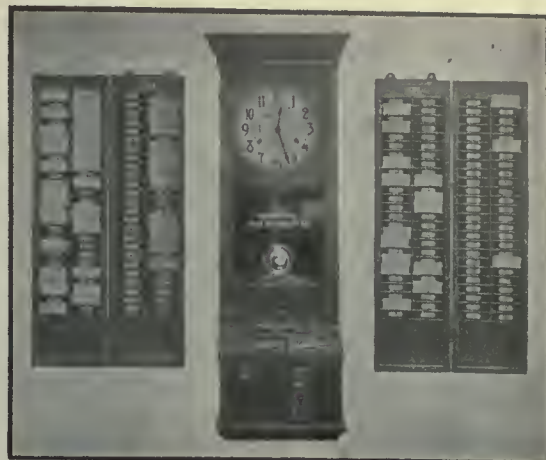
Speaking of his habits and manner of living his daughter says of him, "If he had no writing, his chief interests were in the garden, where he was always planning fresh beds or moving choice plants to better situations. He raised hundreds of plants from seeds sent from all parts of the world, and if there was any new plant in flower we were always old of it.

"He was very independent—always did everything for himself, was never read to, and only quite recently did he have any help with his correspondence. Walking was one of his great pleasures in the early days, and it was a family institution to go out for the whole day, taking lunch with us. Whenever we went for a holiday we walked every day, thoroughly exploring the new district in every direction with the help of an Ordnance map which we took with us on our walks. He had no fear as to microbes or any such "nonsense," and would have drunk any water that looked clear. I remember he used to carry a little drinking cup, and on one delightful and never-to-be-forgotten walk in the Epping Forest he produced from his pocket a length of indiarubber tubing which he let down into a wayside stream and offered me a drink. If we cut our fingers they were bound up with stamp-paper, and this he always used for himself quite up to the end of his life.

"As to general characteristics, he was always cheerful, and always took a hopeful view of life and things in general. He hated pessimism. His interests and knowledge were so varied that he was able to talk on any subject, and to us as a veritable living encyclopædia supplying inexhaustible information. He was fond of little children, and liked me to have one or two pupils. If there were none, he always asked if any were coming, and was quite disappointed if I did no. I don't think he was really fond of animals; he put up with them, but took little notice of them, though he allowed the cat to lie on his table so long it did not disturb him, and he was fond of watching kittens at play. And the cat we still have, aged 19½, was generally to be found in the study asleep amongst the books and papers."

Home and religion grew together, set and deep as life itself. "The completely materialistic mind of my youth and early manhood," he wrote to the present writer not long before his death, "has been slowly moulded into the socialistic, spiritualistic, and theistic and I now exhibit—a mind which is, as my scientific friends think, so weak and credulous in its declining years as to believe that fruit and flowers, domestic animals, glorious birds and insects, wool, cotton, sugar and rubber, metals and gems, were all foreseen and fore-ordained."

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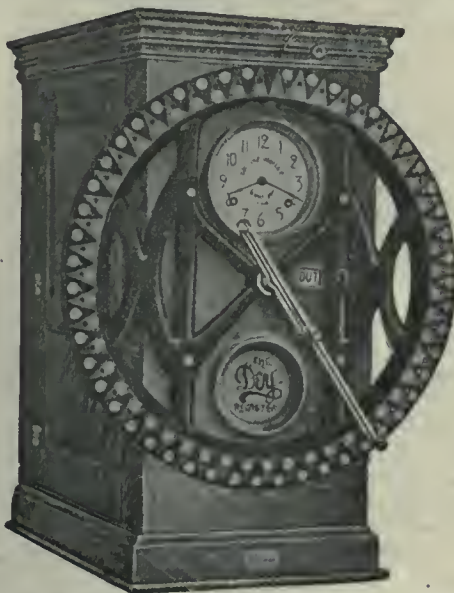
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dained for the education and enjoyment of man."

And again, in a later letter: "Laws of Nature apart from the existence and agency of some such Being or Beings are mere words that explain nothing—are, in fact, unthinkable. . . . Whether the 'Unknown Reality' is a single Being and acts everywhere in the universe as direct creator, organizer and director of every minutest motion in the whole of our universe, and of all possible universes, or whether it acts through infinite grades of beings, as I suggest, comes to much the same thing. Mine seems a more clear and intelligible supposition, and it is the teaching of the Bible, of Swedenborg, and of Milton."

There is, he contended, a creative Power, a directive Mind, and an ultimate Purpose in the very existence of the whole vast life-world, in all its long course of evolution through the aeons of geological time. This purpose is the development of man, the one crowning product of the whole cosmic process.

He believed that we could hold effective intercourse with spirits beyond the veil; that the cumulative weight of evidence for such communion was amply sufficient to convince the unprejudiced mind. To the cocksure opponents of super-naturalism he would have replied, with Carlyle: The course of Nature's phases in this one little fraction of a planet is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger eye (of courses) our little epicycle revolves on? To the minnow every cranny and pebble and quality and accident may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade winds and monsoons and moon's eclipses, by all which the condition of the little creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (unmiraculously enough) be quite upset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek this planet earth; his ocean the immeasurable all; his monsoons and periodic currents the mysterious course of Providence through aeons of aeons.

The wide realms of science and religion did not exhaust his interests. He was not quite sure of, although he wrote the above letter to disclose, the order of the development of his mind. His social views, however, largely occupied his later years. They were red with his life's blood. These views are given in many of his essays, but the final expression of them in Social Environment and Moral Progress, actually the last book he wrote, may be appropriately recounted. The book is an indictment of our present social environment. He shows by apt illustrations that the essential character of man—intellectual, emotional, and moral—is inherent in him from birth; that it is subject to great variation from individual to individual, and that its manifestation in conduct can be modified in a very high degree by the influence of public opinion and by education. These latter changes, however, are not hereditary, and it follows that no definite advance in morals can occur in any race unless there is some selec-



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or segregative agency at work. He declares that history shows that the increase of wealth and luxury has been distributed with grave injustice. The first duty of a civilized Government, he says, is to "organize the labor of the whole community for the equal good of all," and to take immediate steps to abolish death by starvation and by preventable disease due to insanitary dwellings and dangerous employment. He says, with Carlyle, that injustice pays itself with frightful compound interest. And now hear the conclusion of his statement of a nation which he heavily underscored in his manuscript:—"Take account," he wrote, "of these various groups of undoubted facts, many of which are so gross, so terrible, that they cannot be overstated, it is not too much to say that our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom, and the social environment as a whole, in relation to our personalities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen." What in his judgment is the remedy? There are conditions which indirect solutions can alone effectively break up. But Wallace believed that the existing social system must be completely overthrown by a frontal attack. First, there must be universal co-operation instead of universal competition; secondly, a system of economic brotherhood in place of economic antagonism; thirdly, freedom of access to land and capital for all; and lastly, equality of opportunity for all or of universal inheritance of the estate in trust for the whole community. "We have ourselves," he says, "created a criminal or immoral social environment. To undo its inevitable results we must reverse our course. We must see that all our economic legislation, all our social reforms, are in the very opposite direction to those hitherto adopted."

What amazing versatility all this implies a glance over the catalogue of his writings will disclose. In the MS. before they occupy thirty closely typed scap pages, and range over earth, sky and sea—for he was a biologist, naturalist, a geographer, a sociologist, and he was familiar with the courses of stars.

On one hook he is engaged on a critical examination of Lowell's evidence for the stability of Mars and on an exposition of the place of man on the earth in the universe; in another he is discussing a vast wealth of first-hand observations, the permanence of continental and ocean areas; now he brings his analytical mind to the examination of the alleged effects of vaccination, and again to an investigation into the phenomena of hypnosis, of which he had experimental knowledge; one period is given to a careful survey and development of the magnanimously called Darwinism, which, with equal justice might have been called "Wallaceism," and another the illuminating story of mimicry, and then to the wonderful nineteenth century. And, as we have seen, he brought the full weight of his knowledge and the deepest convictions of his heart to bear on the causes of the suffering and oppression which identified him with the

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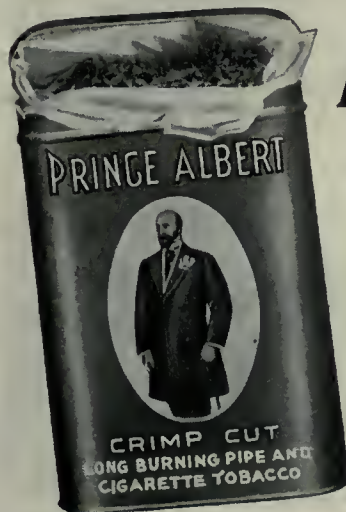
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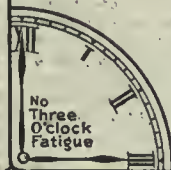
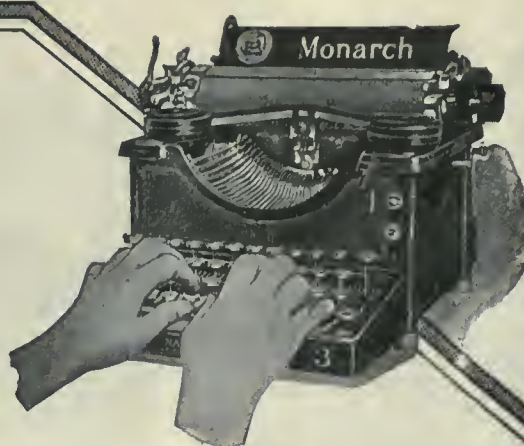
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revolt of democracy. The famous saying in the Memoirs of Sully might have been his: "It is never from a passion for attack that the populace rebels, but from impatience of suffering."

In every phase of these wide and varied themes Wallace had something practical to say which commanded a patient hearing, and whilst meeting the immediate need he saw the entwined roots of its origin, and the far-off historic complexities to which it would give rise. He never flinched from the uttermost results of his reasoning, and was courageous enough to take his own measure. If his reasoning led to anti this or anti that, he did not stop to count the cost to his scientific position, but loyally welcomed unpopular belief. And being desperately in earnest he could not cheerfully abide the frivolous or superficial man.

Yet in a singular degree he had the charming virtues of simplicity and transparent modesty, whilst his lofty spaciousness of outlook ranged over the long succession of past generations. Above all else, let it be repeated, he had a reverence for truth, which was his means of salvation. And his epitaph might justly be "Veritatem dilexi."

Soul and body were well matched in Wallace. He had a fine presence, tall and remarkably erect, with a firm steady and gracious demeanour. His noble head was at once the most attractive in any company, plentifully covered with beautiful white hair, his beard coming down over his breast. His eyes could not be clearly seen because he wore blue glasses, but as he talked a gentle smile played over his features. He sat with one leg over the other, quite at ease, his hands clasped in front of him. His voice was rich and mellow, like a good organ note, making it delightful to listen to the wonderful flow of his conversation, free from any trace of weakness.

He was about to begin writing a new book when the end suddenly approached. He literally fell asleep of old age on Friday, November 7th, in his ninety-first year. On Monday, the 10th, followed by his son and daughter and sister-in-law and a small company of kindred souls he was buried with touching simplicity in the little cemetery of Broadstone, a pine-clad dune swept by ocean breeze. There is a vacant spot beside the illustrious Darwin where by right of greatness he should have reposed, but the family and his own wishes prevailed. Before long, however, visitors to the Abbey may find his name engraved upon a medallion and bust beside Darwin's; in the Royal Society and our National Gallery a portrait by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., as companion to Darwin's; and at South Kensington Museum, if funds permit, a statue. For in death, as in life, Darwin and Wallace are united. Here or yonder they were members of the

One great family on earth—
The noble living and the noble dead

William McMaster's Dynamics

(Continued from page 13.)

"You know," he replied, "I am Scotch to the very marrow. I suppose I am very conservative. I believe in the good old-fashioned virtues of loyalty and perseverance. I think it is a mistake to be too ambitious for immediate success. Young men nowadays too often gamble with their careers. The philosophers tell us that 'Heaven lies about us'—that happiness is not a thing of far-off attainment, but that it is ours here and now, if we will but recognize it. I believe it is the same with success. You will often see a young man throw up a fairly good, assured position, for a new and untried position that offers him for the moment more salary. The consequence is that in the long run he is frequently worse off instead of better. Looking back over my own acquaintances, it seems to be that the majority of those who have succeeded best are those who have gone steadily ahead—who have seen the possibilities lying immediately about them, and made the most of those. I don't mean to say that a man should work in a blind alley. He owes it to himself to see that his position offers reasonable prospect of success. But if those prospects do exist, then my experience is that the man who perseveres along his chosen line of endeavor is the one who most often wins. So much depends," he continued, "on the point of view. 'I don't think we can do our boys any better service than to teach them that useful work is wise work. To be honest and useful in our work; to be cheerful and fair, as in play; to shun waste of labor and of time; and to study and practice co-operation—these are the things that make for success.'"

But while Mr. McMaster has all his life been an enthusiastic worker, he has not allowed business entirely to absorb his interests. He has taken an interest in philanthropy—he is a life governor of the Montreal General and Western Hospitals and in the work of the Presbyterian Church in contributing to the building up of character. He has also been fond of sports all his life. Here, again, the character of the man stands out. The sport which appeals to him is the sport in which he can himself take part. He has never been found in the ranks of baseball fans, but golf, and shooting, and the personal in the open are the things that have appealed—and lacrosse, skating, snowshoeing and till appeal to him in the way of recreation. In his younger days he was keen at lacrosse, skating, snowshoeing and tennis besides, and he has never given up his daily horseback riding.

"If we've got to grow old, let's grow old as gracefully as we can," is one of his mottoes. Perhaps this point of view towards life has had more than anything else to do with his buoyancy of mind and physique.

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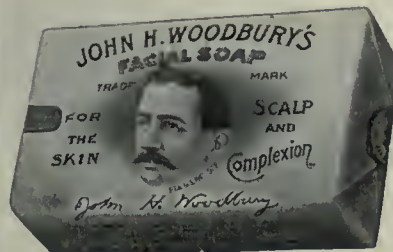
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Mr. McMaster is a Conservative, and has always been an active supporter of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. In the course of his business career he has seen a revolution in business methods. He has seen great, embracing corporations take the place of a multiplicity of small competitive businesses.

"Do you think," he was asked the other day, "that the future trend of business and manufacture will be more and more along the lines of what we call Trust methods, or do you think that the agitation against great corporations such as is now going on in the United States, will eventually break down the Trust system?"

"I think," he said, "that both in manufacture and distribution the most efficient economic method is the method that will prevail, despite everything. I remember that in one of the trade organizations to which I belong, the complaint came up that department stores were selling a certain line of goods hitherto confined to one special line of stores. We were told that this was unfair competition, and we were asked to protest against it. But the stand I took was this—that if the department store method of distribution was the economic method of reaching the consumer, then that was the right one, and things must settle themselves on that basis.

"It is the same with business. What ever makes for economy in production is the method that will prevail. I think that in the future we shall see an extension of what are called Trust Methods of manufacture and distribution, wherever those methods are the economic ones. And speaking of great corporations, I think that they act against their own interests when they demand high protection or extort big profits. I think it is better for them and for their shareholders if they seek not a high, but a fair, protection, and if they are satisfied with small profits on the goods they produce. The whole effect of Trust methods should be to bring about such economy in production and distribution as will make for a better standard of wages for the workmen on the one hand and a cheaper product for the consumer on the other hand. Small profits relatively are the ones that make high returns in the aggregate, and it will be, I think, just in proportion as they justify themselves economically that Trusts will, in the future, succeed or fail."

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A submarine telephone is to be laid between Holland and England. The cable will be 105 miles in length and the total expense is estimated at more than \$3,000,000, which will be borne conjointly by the two countries. On the Holland side the starting point will probably be Westkapelle on the island of Walcheren. The English terminal has not yet been decided on.

Best Selling Book

(Continued from page 16.)

on shipboard, while crossing the Atlantic.

"The Following of the Star" was written at the Villa Trollope in Florence, being a favorite spot of authors and composers, notably among whom were George Eliot, Mrs. Browning and Lord Lytton. Of present-day writers it has been used by Thomas Hardy, Eden Phillpotts and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Of Mrs. Barelay's books Morley Adams said recently, "They proclaim the same gospel that her forbears reached, but her congregation is the world."

It is interesting to note that it was through the influence of Mrs. Barelay's niece, the learned Arabic scholar Professor Cowell, that Fitzgerald began the study of Arabic and he obtained considerable help from Professor Cowell in connection with the translation of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

List of the Best Selling Books

Canadian Summary Compiled by Bookseller and Stationer

Fiction

	Points.
—The Inside of the Cup. Winston Churchill	140
—The Broken Halo. Florence M. Barelay	120
—The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Hall Caine	102
—T. Tembarom. Frances Hodgson Burnett	86
—Behind the Beyond. Stephen Leacock	44
—Laddie. Gene Stratton Porter	40

Non-Fiction

	Points.
—Mummond's Poems	36
—Songs of a Sourdough	26
—Roads	20
—Fighting It In the Bush	20
—Clouet's Notes	18
—Canadian Days	14

Juveniles

	Points
—Boys' Own Annual	52
—Humms	36
—Hatterbox	32
—The Oz Books	24
—Young Canada	22
—Girls' Own Annual	20

Best Selling Novels in England

Compiled for MacLean's Magazine by W. H. Smith & Sons

Agar. May Johnson.
T. Tembarom. F. Hodgson Burnett.
The Judgment of the Sword. Maud Diver.
The Witness for the Defence. A. E. W. Mason.
The Custom of the Country. E. Wharton.
The Ladyship's Conscience. E. Thorneycroft Fowler.

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As Compiled by The Bookman

	Points
1.—The Inside of the Cup, Churchill	29
2.—The Woman Thou Gavest Me, Caine	27
3.—Laddie, Gene Stratton Porter	25
4.—The Iron Trail, Beach	10
5.—V. V.'s Eyes, Harrison	8
6.—T. Temharom, Burnett	7

The Solidarity of the Gooderhams

(Continued from page 8.)

Bay, though he has latterly substituted motoring for yachting to a considerable extent. This same member of the family may be regarded as the hobbyist of the tribe. He has dabbled in many pursuits and has collected all sorts of collectable objects, being at one time owner of the finest lot of terriers on the continent.

As a race the Gooderhams are a stalwart lot, physically large men of erect bearing and good presence. William Gooderham is recalled as a tall, well-proportioned man, a good specimen of the old-time English gentleman. His son was also a big man, stouter even than his father, while his grandsons conform to the family standard. Temperate habits and a somewhat stolid, unexcitable disposition, have combined to maintain the physical supremacy of the race.

Among all the characteristics which have been mentioned, it should not be difficult to estimate the reasons for the family success. For the family has enjoyed a continuance of prosperity that is rarely observable. The old saying, back to the soil in three generations, obviously fails in their case. They have carried along the family fortunes with uniform results and have done nothing to minimize the reputation established by the founder of the business.

Commencing with a capital which, for the times, was comparatively large, they have never hazarded its safety in foolish speculations. The Gooderhams are not speculators in the common acceptance of the term; they have not gained their wealth in real estate or promotion. It has all come from business and investment.

They are men again who are never phased by big figures. When perhaps the judgment of the average person might be unstrung by the very magnitude of a certain transaction, they bring to bear just as much coolness on its consideration as on a trifle of a few hundreds. One might not consider them brilliant financiers in the sense of being quick-moving, but they are very sane and sensible and their decisions are rarely wrong. They are masters of negotiations, evincing a baffling skill in "jolly-ing" their opponents.

Habits of industry and thrift, taught young, a sound mentality in strong bodies, pleasant home surroundings,—all these have contributed to the welfare of the family. Their recreation, and outside interests have not been allowed to interfere with their work, nor have they let politics withdraw them from the business arena. They have above all trimmed their sails to meet every favorable breeze and have done nothing, apart from arousing the natural enmity of the temperance party, to incur popular displeasure. If to this be added a notable loyalty one to the other and a quiet attention to their own business, perhaps enough will have been written to explain, in part at least, the success of the Gooderham family.

Why Mexico Boils Over

(Continued from page 15.)

power. Simple, is it not? And the process is subject to no possible variation. To call such a country a republic is an absurd misnomer. It is nothing more or less than a military despotism, and it will so remain until some mailed hand is suddenly laid upon it and crushes it into some tangible form of representative government, voicing the wishes of a majority of the governed. At the present time how this is to be done remains a matter of doubt. It is one of the most serious problems confronting President Wilson and the United States, to whom and which it seems to have been delegated by the European powers, who also are largely interested in its solution.

I have no doubt that the near future will see the termination of Huerta's sway in one way or another—possibly before this article reaches the reader's eye. Yet that will not complete the task. Poor, revolution-torn Mexico! When shall come a surcease to your inner-struggles? How long shall it be ere again you may see a return to the ways of the true patriot, though only an Indian. Benito Juarez, or even to the peace and plenty under the Aztec realm?

An Interesting Find on Tunis Coast

The wreck of an ancient vessel which, it is believed, was lost about 86 B.C., has been discovered on the Tunisian coast by Greek sponge fishers, lying at a depth of 130 feet. The craft seems to have been of about 400 tons, with a length of 100 feet, and a beam of 25 ft., but the most interesting part of the discovery is that she was laden with many valuable art treasures, bases and capitals for columns, effigies, statuary, furniture, tiles, leaden piping, lamps, etc. Sixty columns of bluish-white marble, each 13 feet high, were stowed in the hold. It is believed her cargo was part of the spoil taken from Athens by Sulla in the year 86 B.C.

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											MONTH
DEBITS						CREDITS					
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1	560.75	140.00		520.75		583.82	382.82	30.00			
2	232.23		10.00	472.23		616.05	616.05	2.00			
3	67.33	25.51	17.20	72.53		616.58	617.36	2.60			1.50
4	242.75	34.60		477.43		1617.00	1227.50		257.20	10.23	
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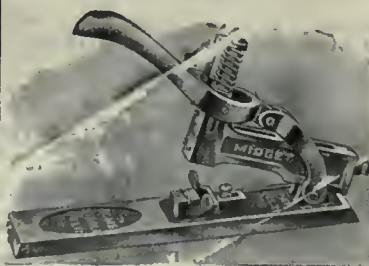
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SIR WILLIAM CROOKES has been more fortunate than most scientists, in that he has lived to see the universal acceptance of the ideas which were sneered at when he first suggested them more than a generation ago. The election to the presidency of the Royal Society, the oldest and most renowned of the scientific associations of Great Britain is a fitting honor to crown the career of one of the most remarkable men of our time. He is now in his eighty-second year, and a half century has passed since he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society.

A writer in an American exchange says, "His active life has then covered almost the entire period of the development of modern chemistry, and much of its history he has recorded in the weekly numbers of the Chemical News, which he founded in 1859 and has edited ever since. Much, too, of modern chemistry we owe to his own discoveries, for he possesses the rare combination of speculative insight and practical skill; no branch of chemistry was too humble and none too abstruse to receive his attention." He has guarded the health of London by daily analyses of its water supply and sewage.

Crookes first began to be heard about in the days when it was believed that the universe was built up of some seventy irreducible elements and the atom was thought to be the ultimate unit of matter. Official science stated that the atoms of an element were identical "like manufactured articles" and theologians took delight in the phrase as a confirmation of theism.

Conceive, then, of the shock to scientific orthodoxy when Professor Crookes came forward with the theory that all the elements are but different forms of some primordial stuff that he called "protyle" and that the atomic weight instead of being one of the "constants of nature" is "a mean value around which the actual weights of the atoms vary within certain narrow limits." It appears now that the chief fault in this statement of Crookes is the use of the word "narrow," for we are now told that the atoms of the same element may vary as much as eight units in the case of some of the higher elements. These are the metals of the rare earths which Crookes worked over for so many years, and when he found they could be separated by chemical means he talked about "meta-elements" or intermediary elements, much to the disgust of tidy chemists who wanted every element neatly packed in the pigeonhole that Mendeléef had provided for it. But in 1900 Crookes himself proved the transmutation of the elements by extracting the radio-active element "Uranium X" from the mother of elements, uranium.

Then there was the Crookes tubes which their inventor persisted in saying contained matter in a "fourth state" as different from the gaseous as the gaseous is from liquid or solid; presumptuous in him, said or thought his colleagues, who saw in his tubes only a very rarefied gas, a closer approach to the vacuum. But now we know that these ghostly greenish rays that stream out from the cathode and bend to the magnet are corpuscles of negative electricity, almost dissociated from inert matter. The green or rosy tubes of liquid light that we see in photographic galleries and offices are but modifications of the original Crookes tubes. His "rare earths" are rare no longer: thorium and cerium make our gas mantles. In the jeweler's window we see the radiometer, its vanes of metal, black on one side and bright on the other, whirling as the sunlight strikes it. In fact we all owe something to this ingenious scientist. Our clothes may be dyed by the Crookes method; the gold and silver in our pockets may have been extracted from the ore by his amalgamation process.

Visits to the Other World

JULES VERNE was a scientific man, says H. H. Windsor in *Popular Mechanics*, and many regard his fiction stories of submarine and aerial flight—which at the time they were published seemed wild dreams—as a serious prediction of what he believed would be accomplished. As a matter of fact he did live to see the submarine an accepted arm of two navies, and the Wrights were well advanced toward success before he died. There remains his "Trip to the Moon," which seems absolutely impossible of accomplishment. Nevertheless there are scientific men who dare to reach out into space and chart a pathway to other worlds. One of these, M. Ernest Archdeacon, who ranks among the foremost authorities in France on aviation, predicts our present aviation machines, which at best could not encircle the earth in less than eight days, will be abandoned for air craft which will girdle the globe in 66 minutes. "All the peoples of the earth will then form a sole and single nation."

Man, insatiable in his ambition, is contemplating interplanetary flight, and M. Esnault Pelterie believes the vehicle will be a self-propelled rocket (Verne again) with a speed of seven miles a second, which is estimated to be sufficient velocity to carry the projectile beyond the zone of terrestrial attraction. At this rate the moon would be reached in less than ten hours—assuming, of course, the vehicle was not melted long before by the heat generated in its terrific flight. Radium is suggested as a possible motive power. The idea of interplanetary flight, from our present viewpoint seems of course impossible, the submarine was 400 years in developing. Mr. Archdeacon says, "I am convinced that in a certain number of centuries the inhabitants of all the planets will have made acquaintance with one another, and I foresee the day when a world's interplanetary congress will be held."

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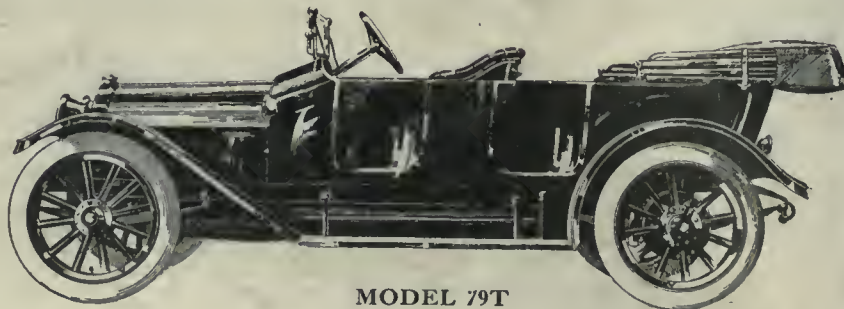
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The Truth about Radium

"Can True Cancer be Cured by Radium? I Doubt It," Says the Writer—The Real Facts

By GEORGE STERLING RYERSON, M.D.

CHEMISTRY and physics are progressive sciences and to them we owe much of the progress of the present day. It is quite within the memory of living man when "shot-gun" prescriptions, containing a score or more of heterogeneous drugs were in vogue. Nowadays, a prescription rarely contains more than one or two active ingredients. The tendency of the day is to simplify treatment based upon definite scientific data and go directly to the cause of disease, because we know more about it. We know that certain cells and microbes are abnormal and we are constantly studying the problems of their eradication. We have serums for diphtheria, carbuncle and other diseases. We know that the germs introduced into the body by these serums will destroy the morbid microbes.

So we are seeking a remedy for cancer. We really do not know what it is yet, but we have found a substance which will select and destroy the cells which produce certain kinds of skin cancer with as much certainty as anti-toxin will cure diphtheria. This substance is radium.

There is a romance about the discovery of radium which holds public attention. The association of a woman in its discovery pleases the sex and negatives the theory that women have no intellectual curiosity. The fanciful figures published by the daily press regarding its cost excites the imagination and perhaps the cupidity of mankind. But the hope of escape from the clutches of the dread fiend, cancer, is the main-spring of the public interest in radium.

Rarerly, if ever, has any important scientific discovery been made without prolonged and laborious investigation,

The heading of this article is a radium photograph retouched. This effect is obtained by tracing over a photographic plate with a radium therapeutic tube.

"Can true cancer (carcinoma) be cured by radium? I doubt it," says Dr. Ryerson in the course of the accompanying article, thereby supplying an answer to a question looming large at present in the public mind. What it is possible to do with this mysterious and almost miraculously potent force in the curing of disease is dealt with concisely. The truth



George Sterling Ryerson, M.D.

about radium is something that the enquiring mind desires, and Dr. Ryerson gives it in a direct statement of the discovery of the material, its nature and its application in medical treatment. There is a romance about the discovery of radium which lends a double interest to any matter pertaining to the subject.—Editor.

and this is true of radium. Most great events are foreshadowed, so radio-activity discovered by Henri Becquerel lead to the uncovering of radium. Professor Becquerel was investigating a peculiar fluorescence which was seen at the point where X-rays left a Crookes' tube. To that end various phosphorescent sub-

stances were examined to see whether their light was accompanied by the emission of X-rays. First and foremost zinc sulphide was experimented with, but the results were inconclusive. At this stage M. Becquerel commenced to examine the salts of uranium and found that he obtained records on photographic plates with comparative ease.

This led him to make an exhaustive study of the peculiar rays which come from uranium salts and he showed that they can penetrate solid matter and act in much the same way as X-rays. These uranium rays are now known as Becquerel rays, and are invisible to the naked eye, but they can excite phosphorescence in certain substances.

This was a notable advance in this new branch of science, and many investigators set to work to find out if other substances were radio-active with the result, that within a short time Madame Curie and Professor Schmidt, working separately found that certain salts of thorium, exhibited signs of radio-activity.

It was now attempted to discover where radio-active bodies could be found in nature and to this task Madame Curie and her husband, Professor Curie, now addressed themselves.

One day came a great surprise. Madame Curie came across certain forms of pitchblende which were more radio-active than uranium. There must be something curious here, she thought. satisfied in her own mind that this increase in activity could only be accounted for by the presence of some strange body. The residue in her test tube and crucible was exceedingly radio-active. It must, therefore, be a new substance.

In the end the two Curies managed to obtain a small portion of the salt from a great mass of pitchblende to which they gave the name of radium. Madame

Curie also discovered another active substance of no practical value, to which in honor of her native country, she gave the name of polonium.

Properties of Radium

We read and hear about "pure" radium. The amount of pure radium in the world would hardly cover the head of a large pin. As a metal it has been isolated in the quantities above named. Radium is obtained for medical and scientific purposes in the form of a salt, generally the bromide, although the chloride and the sulphate may also be had. These salts are more costly.

Radium bromide is a brownish powder which gives out rays invisible to the naked eye, but which have the property of exciting phosphorescence in zinc sulphide and other substances. The rays are of three kinds, known as alpha, beta and gamma. The first two are the most numerous and are irritating to the skin. The gamma rays are the most useful and have great power of penetration, it having been proved that they can be made to pass through twelve inches of iron and affect a photographic plate. In order to obtain the benefit to be derived from them, the alpha and beta rays may be shut off by using filters or screens of nickel or lead, which permit only the gamma rays to pass through.

Seen with a scintillescope, the rays are most brilliant, resembling a continuous play of fireworks.

The Source of Radium

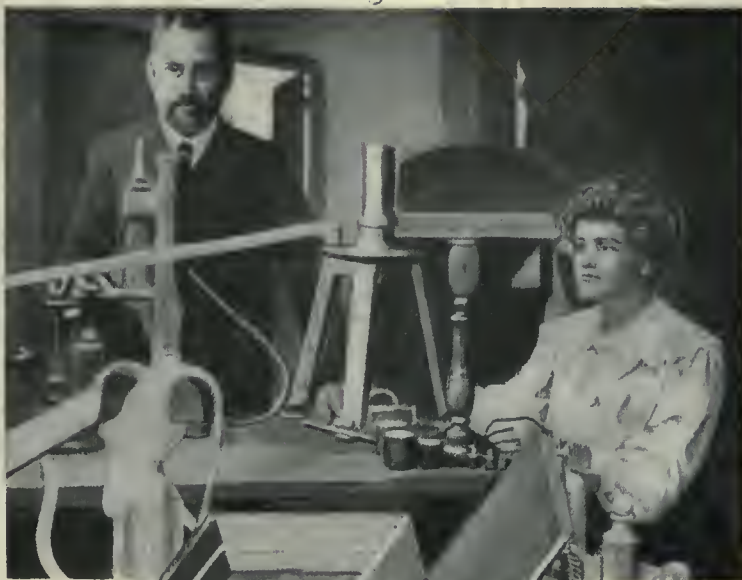
The process of extracting radium from ores containing it is a complicated and expensive process. The original methods have been improved upon by Sir William Ramsay and others, but the procedures are still slow and costly. The present price of radium varies from \$85 to \$105 a milligramme depending upon the degree of purity of the specimen, not \$150,000 for seven milligrammes, as recently represented in the press.

Radium is obtained from a mineral called pitchblende which is found in the tin mines at Joachimstal in Bohemia and St. Ives in Cornwall. It is also ex-

tracted from autunite found at Guarda in Portugal and in Colorado, U.S.A. It is being produced in considerable quantities at the reduction works at Pittsburg.

Medical Uses of Radium

One is constantly being asked how radium is applied and if the application is painful. I may answer the last question first, by saying that it is quite painless. For surface treatment the radium is diluted with bromide of barium to half, one-quarter or less strength. It is spread on a metal base called a plaque and covered with a special waterproof varnish. It is then covered with rubber tissue and attached with adhesive



Plaque used for application of radium as explained in article. Below is shown tube also used for the purpose.

Professor and Madame Curie at work in their laboratory. Madame Curie took a particularly active part in the discovery of radium. This is not a good likeness of Madame Curie.

plaster to the part to be treated, where it is allowed to remain in position from one to four hours. This is repeated daily, or as the case may require. Screens or filters are required in the majority of cases.

In the treatment of the more serious cancerous tumors, openings are made in the growth and tubes containing large and powerful doses are used, which are allowed to remain in place from a few hours to several days.

Birth marks and blood tumors of the skin (angioma and naevus) are the most readily curable by radium. The scar left is soft, white and pliable. Next to yield readily to this treatment is

rodent ulcer, except in the case of very old and debilitated persons. It will, however, sometimes succeed even in persons over eighty years of age if the general health and recuperative power is good. Epithelioma (skin cancer) is also very amenable to this form of treatment. Almost all cases are curable. The exceptions are those mentioned in connection with rodent ulcer. Epithelioma of the lips and mouth do not do so well. For some reason, as yet unknown, the mouth cases resist treatment to a remarkable degree. Excellent results are obtainable in sarcoma of the skin. In many cases the growth melts rapidly and painlessly away. This, however, is not true of large sarcoma of the neck and deeper tissues. They should be removed surgically as early as possible, and then the wound should be radiatized to prevent return. Cheloid (a fibrous growth of the skin) can be satisfactorily treated by radium. So also can scars of the neck, such as follow suppurating glands.

Can true cancer (carcinoma) be cured by radium? I doubt it.

Heavy doses may retard its course, may relieve pain and discharge and render the patient more comfortable, but surgical treatment should be resorted to at the earliest possible moment. When inoperable, radium may bring relief of pain and comfort.

The treatment of internal cancers by radium has not met with much success as yet. In some cases life has been pro-



Tavern at St. Elrassacht, the site of the original radium spring.



A dump of porphyry rock from the pitchblende mine where radium is obtained.

longed, and patients have been made more comfortable by its use.

Papilloma (wartlike growths of the skin or other parts) are very susceptible to the influence of radium. Internally the radium emanation (radiogen) is used in gout, rheumatism and arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) with considerable benefit. The gas is also inhaled for this purpose, with good results.

The use of radium has recently been advocated in the treatment of deafness. It is too soon to say whether it will prove largely useful in this connection, but it has been ascertained beyond doubt that it is extremely beneficial in relieving noises in the head.

How does radium cure? Microscopic examination shows that radium has a selective action; that is, it selects certain abnormal cells, as in epithelioma,

and changes them into innocuous fibrous tissue. Its action is purely local.

I hope that with a larger output of radium its price will fall, and that it will be more generally used, for it is a substance of wonderful beneficence, and has already done much to lessen the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, and as time goes on its good work may be extended. It brings healing to many and peace and comfort to the doomed few.

An Archipelago of Memories

The Trappings of the Storied Past, Rich, Varied and Priceless Mark a Montreal Lawyer's Hobby as Historically Unique

By C. LINTERN SIBLEY

"TEMPLE GROVE"

in Montreal is just the private residence of a quiet and most unassuming gentleman. Yet it is Canada's greatest treasure-house of priceless historical relics. Canada's! Not Canada's because it happens to be located in Canada, but Canada's in very truth, because a man of noble mind and unselfish heart has devoted the best years of his life, unaided by the State, and unencouraged by any institution, to collecting and preserving, on Canada's behalf, landmarks of the country which would otherwise have perished or been scattered to the four corners of the world.

The gentleman referred to is David Ross McCord, K.C. His collection he has already styled "The McCord National Museum," and the whole of the priceless relics, which bear relation to many of the most famous events and characters in the history of Canada and of the British Empire, will be handed over as the property of the people of Canada for all time, and handsomely endowed by their present owner, as soon as Canada, in the shape of certain official authorities, says the word.

It is betraying no secret to say that Mr. McCord wants his collection to be housed in a public building in Montreal, open free to the public, and under the auspices of McGill University. But Mr. McCord wants the building to be worthy of its contents, and is not prepared himself to provide all the money to build it. McGill University wants the collection, but says it is not in a position to provide the building.

There is the situation in a nutshell as it has existed for some years. Mr. McCord is getting tired of it, and now, unless some suitable provision is soon made, the collection will go to Toronto or Win-

The historical collection of David Ross McCord is one of the most unique and decidedly the most valuable in Canada. It contains many relics of historical interest which can best be described as priceless. A visit to the museum where this treasure trove is housed transports one into an earlier age, when Canada was in the making. The collection should be located in a building worthy of it for the benefit of future generations, and the time has come when action in the matter is necessary.—Editor.



A view of the Museum of David Ross McCord with insert showing the collector himself

nipeg. Certain gentlemen—or perhaps certain institutions—in either city would provide the money for a suitable building at once. Of that Mr. McCord is assured already. Soon the matter will be decided one way or the other, and one of the three cities named will have a new and unique public attraction.

"Temple Grove" is by no means a small house, but it is packed almost from floor to ceiling with many hundreds of souvenirs at which the authorities of the British Museum would jump. A year or two ago when I first visited the place, the drawing room and reception room, as well as other rooms, had been utilized to store the collection. Quite recently when I was there, the dining room, and every other room on the ground floor had been invaded, and the family had been driven for house room to the upstairs apartments. Even these are being invaded by relics, and the family, retreating before them, will apparently soon find itself on the roof, so rapidly is the collection growing. So, you see, something must be done, and done soon.

Let me describe a little picture that has photographed itself on my memory. Several delightful hours have been passed in roaming over the collection with the erudite and witty gentleman who is the owner-curator. The time has come to drag ourselves away from the fascinating collection, and the equally fascinating flood of lore and wit and anecdote with which the specimens have been described.

We are outside on a snow-covered terrace.

Our host, one of the type of learned men who patronized wealth, instead of letting wealth patronize learning, comes out with us. His head is bare, despite the zero temperature, and as white with the frosts of many winters as is the winter landscape. Yet he does not seem an old man. His small, spare figure bears the stamp of health and vigor. His actions are brisk and whimsical—like his mind. He comes of a long line of Canadian ancestors. He speaks with the cultivated accent and polished literary phrase of an English public school man. He wears, as a protection against the cold, the gown of a Japanese nobleman. He stands between Grecian columns, and looks out over the grounds of the high location on which his house is situated upon a vast section of the great metropolitan city of Montreal, with its innumerable lights twinkling in the frosty air of early night.

"Look," he says, still in the enthusiasm with which he has described his treasures. "The distance between this terrace and the road is the famous forty yards on the Plains of Abraham—the forty yards which as effectively transferred a continent to Britain as did the treaty of the succeeding year at Montreal. The height of this terrace above the lawn is the advantage of the posi-



This photo shows a few of the many scores of oil paintings of historic landmarks. On the table and leaning against the wall is the level which Franklin used in laying the first lock of the Rideau Canal. The two guns are mounted on blocks of wood taken from the "Victory" immediately after Nelson's death, and are models of the period made by an English admiral. The dark object between two pictures above the table is an Indian scalp. On the door is the original list of killed and wounded in the expeditions of Wolfe up to the surrender of Quebec. The dark object on the left of the table is Tom Hood's desk.

tion which the French had over Wolfe's army on the Plains. The steps there in the path to the house are twelve in number. They represent the twelve regiments in Wolfe's army. Look at them"—and he pointed to the steps, dimly to be seen in the frosty starlight. "The first is the 15th regiment, the next is the 28th, then the 35th, the 43rd, the 47th, the 48th, the 58th, the Monkton, the 60th, the 78th, the Highlanders, and the Louisburg Grenadiers." (I give the regiments from memory, and may be wrong in some details.) "Now listen, can't you hear the conquering volley of that gallant British Army ringing down through the centuries? Can't you see the gallant British Army rushing the position of the equally gallant French? The battle, short and sharp, is over. Quebec has capitulated. The fate of the continent is decided—and you and I are here! Good night!"

His feet crunch on the snow. The door closes behind the odd little figure—and we are left to make our prosaic way down over the historic battlefield he has pictured to the world of reality, and to the modern street-car.

You see what an odd, unique personality we have been visiting, and the enthusiasm over Canada's great past that inspires him. The incident is typical of the man and of his museum. His whole life has been devoted to the task of preserving the memories of Canada's great past, and of making great scenes and people live again for all time. Below I

give a list of a few of the more important objects among many hundreds that he has saved for Canada. But it is not only relics that he has stored. He himself is a born artist. He says it is as easy and natural for him to draw and paint as it is to write. The fruits of his genius in this direction are seen on the walls in scores upon scores of paintings of historic landmarks—magnificent scenes of



The war-honnet of Tecumseh.

historic places many of which have been altered altogether out of resemblance to what they were. For years he employed an artist to assist him in this work, and drawings and paintings correct in every detail will, as a result, tell future generations the character of the historic places of long ago.

Let me here give a list of some of the priceless things I noted in the collection:

1. The war bonnet of the famous Indian warrior Tecumseh, who commanded the right wing under General Proctor, in the battle of the Thames, Canada, where his Indians were driven back, and he himself killed, Oct. 5th, 1813. This bonnet, Mr. McCord says, is the only example in the world of the process which exemplifies the power of deposing an Indian chief by "unhoring" him. This power rested with the squaws, who were thus "the first suffragettes." On its crown the bonnet bears two small caribou horns, showing that Tecumseh possessed the kingly idea of crowning himself with horns, like the Vikings, who had horns on their helmets. The female line of the Indians had the power to depose the chiefs, and the ceremony of doing this was to remove the horns. Many of the eagle feathers in the helmet still have red tips, and if Tecumseh followed the practice of the southern and western Indians, the number of red-tipped eagle feathers would indicate the number of scalps he had taken.

2. Tecumseh's bow and arrows, bearing the crest of the Shawnee Indians.

3. A belt, three feet long, containing the treaty between the Huron Indians and the Jesuits for the erection of the first permanent wooden church in Huronia, at Ossosone. A profile of the church, in detail, is on the belt. The church was destroyed by the Iroquois Indians four years before Ville Marie had its origin.

4.—Tom Hood's desk. This desk folds up into the form of a handsome, brass-bound mahogany box. In it are Hood's bank book and literary correspondence.

5.—An autograph of Iberville, who was despatched by France in 1694 to capture Ft. Nelson.

6.—A letter of Serigny, with seal on it. Serigny along with Iberville captured Fort Nelson and called it Bourbon.

7.—Frontenac's Commission to his brother Maricourt, who had the good fortune to shoot away the British Admiral's flag when Quebec was attacked by the British, and defended by the same Frontenac.

8.—A piece of Jacques Cartier's ship, the "Petite Hermine." Cartier discovered the St. Lawrence in 1535.

9.—An autograph letter of Francis I., the first king who was presented as ambassador to the Emperor Charles V.

10.—The only signature in the world of Frontenac's wife.

11.—Nelson's sailing orders and orders for battle at Trafalgar, to Capt. Redmill, of the Polyphemus.

12.—The inkstand in which Brant's pen was dipped when he was translating the Gospel according to St. Mark, and the Prayer Book.

13.—Brant's skull.

14.—Many personal letters of kings and queens, including an autograph letter of Mary of Modena weeping over the lost crown of England, and another full of hopes and fears as to the battle, when it was hoped that a naval engagement would brighten the hopes of the King's return to his crown in England.

15.—Amherst's original letter going into the details of the last days of the French regime and surrender of Montreal.

16.—The first dated record of the exact spot where Wolfe fell on the



The case on the left contains Brock's sword (hanging on the left side), an old Solingen blade which he had fitted to the service hilt of his period; the uniform, sabre-tach and sword of Col. Clerk, who belonged to the 49th regiment, and was a great favorite of Sir Isaac Brock, and who was desperately wounded at Stoney Creek; decanters given by the Duke of Kent to Col. Montague; crossed spoons, part of the mess plate of the gallant 100th regiment, which served so ably during the war of 1812; pieces of plaid, Highland hand-made, and three centuries old; a badge at the top made of original buttons of the 49th regiment. The case on the right contains a very small portion of a great wealth of Indian relics. A warbonnet of a Micmac chief of great antiquity is shown. In the middle can be seen a bunch of Tecumseh's arrows, the feathering of which is done on the principle of the rifle bore. In the centre section is a suit of armor belonging to Mayrick, showing in the helmet the clefts of battle-axes which killed two of his predecessors.

Plains, engraved on the powder horn of an officer after the battle. This engraving, which is a beautiful piece of workmanship, shows the fortifications, the position of the armies, and even the six-and-a-half-pounder gun with which Williamson says he mortally wounded Montcalm.

17.—The level used by Sir John Franklin, when he laid the first lock of the Rideau Canal. It is mounted on navy blue velvet, and lashed with silk ropes.

18.—The only portrait of Colonel By, the founder of Ottawa, who entertained Franklin on this occasion, and took advantage of the great discoverer going through from the North to England, to get him to assist with the laying of the first lock of the canal.

19.—The original journals of Simpson and Dease on their Arctic expedition of discovery.

20.—The only journal of Sir John Franklin's expedition to the Arctic, 1819 to 1822.

21.—The MSS. of Sir John Richardson's search expedition.

22.—The letter of Charles Ingles, rector of Trinity Church, New York, to Sir William Johnson, sending Dr. Stuart to be a missionary to the Mohawks, and expressing the highest hopes for his success, which hopes were carried out to the fullest.

23.—The best portrait in the world of General Wolfe, in addition to a wonderful collection of engravings of the general. Among the portraits are a superb miniature water color drawing and a large portrait in black, taken at Bath a year before he fell.

24.—A lock of Wolfe's hair in a crystal.

25.—Two priceless letters written by Wolfe, when he joined the service, in which he shows (to alter the old proverb) that the ensign was the father of the man.

(Continued on page 139.)

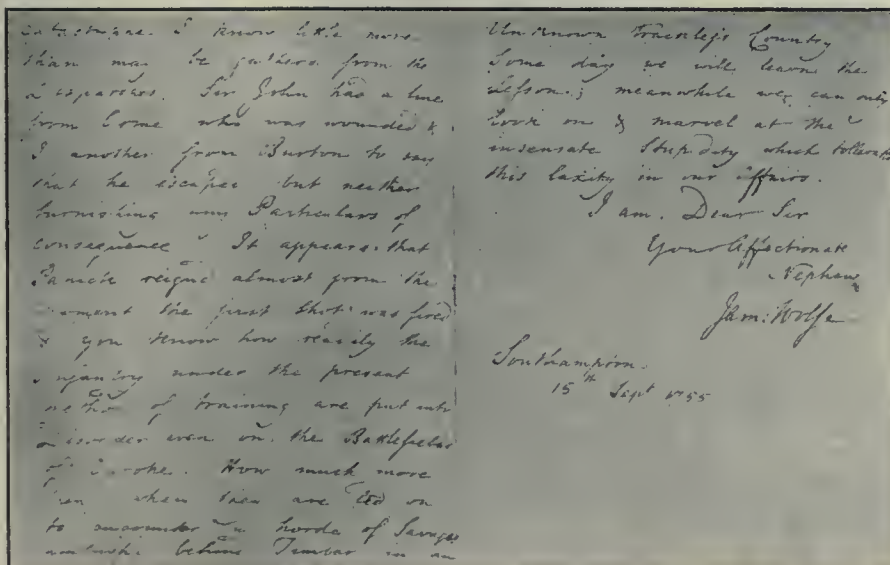


Photo of one of the many letters of Gen. James Wolfe in the museum.

The Portfolio of Mines

The Story of a Political Intrigue Arising Out of a Cabinet Appointment

By T. B. COSTAIN

Illustrated by P. J. EDGAR

MARTIN Headon, M.P., concluded a vigorous address on the topic uppermost in all minds at the time, the conservation of national resources, and sat down amid the profound silence which sometimes follows a really eloquent peroration. The silence was momentary, however; and almost immediately a buzz of conversation spread over the House. Fellow members at neighboring desks leaned over and shook him by the hand with a whispered word of congratulation. He even secured a nod or a smile from various occupants of the opposition benches.

A few minutes afterward, the House having adjourned, he was striding down Wellington Street in company with his friend, Vernon Benson, member for another western constituency.

"You're as good as chosen for Minister of Mines now," declared Benson, jubilantly. "That speech puts Barclay out of the running."

The prediction did not arouse any answering enthusiasm in Headon, M.P. He strode ahead with a sombre frown, hands plunged deep into his overcoat pockets, hat drawn down tightly and shading his face, the very picture of dejection.

"What's the matter, Martin?" asked Benson. "You look like an undertaker in the last stages of insolvency. Why, man, if I had your prospects my head at the present moment would be in great peril of bumping into Mars. If I were slated for the new portfolio of Mines—"

"You are more likely to get it than I am," declared Headon, morosely. "I believe just at this moment I stand the best chance but—something is going to happen to-morrow. One entry for the Portfolio Stakes will be left at the wire."

"What's wrong?" demanded Benson, regarding his friend sharply.

"I am in rather a fix," said Headon, "I didn't intend to bother anyone else with my troubles."

"Perhaps you remember," he continued, "that I switched my vote in committee on a matter involving the ceding of some western land? It was about three weeks ago. I opposed the matter at first, believing it to be a steal. But a young fellow named Donovan, the local manager for Heatherington & Co., brokers, who was acting as agent for the parties interested, called on me one day and went into the matter thoroughly with me. He convinced me that the deal was a fair one and accordingly I changed my attitude from opposition to support. I am convinced still that I did



Porter stood up and seemed in the second to become the very embodiment of energy and force.

right in the matter although some of the members of the committee passed joking remarks at the time about my being bought off.

"I got quite friendly with Donovan after that. He used to drop around and see me every day or so. About a week ago he asked me if I had a couple of hundred dollars that I could risk on a market speculation. He had a straight tip—a cinch on a certain stock—and was getting up a pool. Now, I've been right up against it in money matters recently, Benson. It has kept me scratching to make both ends meet. His proposition looked tempting as I had some payments to meet in a few days. I knew the Chief has looked askance at stock gambling since the Allardyce affair, but I decided to take a chance and dug up the two hundred dollars. I paid the money over to Donovan in the office of Heatherington & Co. Two days later—that is, last Wednesday—I got word from Donovan that the market had gone just as he expected and he had closed out the pool at a nice profit. That afternoon I got a check from Heatherington & Co. for five hundred dollars, my share, in the proceeds. The transaction looked perfectly proper so I deposited the check to my account."

"It was the blindness of stupidity on my part not to have seen through it," he went on, bitterly. "The trick is

quite transparent, and I don't even suppose it is a new one. This morning's paper, as you doubtless saw, contained a story hinting that there had been bribery in the western land case referred to. The article used no names but pointed out that several members had switched their votes in committee and hinted that monetary considerations had brought about the change of heart."

"At noon to-day, I got word from Jenkins, the money lender, that the cheque from Heatherington & Co. had come into his hands and that, unless I could settle with him, would be used to expose me. You see it doesn't require much stretch of the imagination to connect my switch on a land deal engineered by them with the cheque that they gave me. I find that I have nothing to produce to show how I got that cheque."

"Blackmail!" exclaimed Benson, savagely. "And Jabez Jenkins! This is serious, Martin. Anyone who gets into Jenkins' claws can count himself lucky if he escapes with his hide intact."

"Jenkins values that cheque at \$10,000," went on Headon, speaking in the monotonous tone of one quite resigned to the worst that might happen. "I tried at first to bluff him that I was in a position to prove how I got that

cheque. But it didn't work. He then threw out the suggestion that if I could not raise the money myself he knew where he could get it. This led around to the offer of the return of the cheque if I would write a letter to the Chief, requesting him not to consider me for the new Portfolio, urging ill health or business matters or any other excuse that I might care to advance."

Benson whistled softly.

"I begin to perceive that the shadow of one Burton W. Barclay stalks in the wake of Jenkins in this deal," he said. "It looks bad, Martin. You can't afford to let the Chief see that cheque under all the circumstances, especially with the newspapers kicking up a dust."

"My explanation would look fishy," said Headon, morosely. "If this matter ever got out I would never be able to convince the public of my innocence. Some would believe me but the great mass are only too ready to believe anything evil of a public man. A cloud of suspicion would rest on me ever afterward. And the Chief would recognize this fact, even if he believed in my innocence himself. The scales are so evenly balanced between Barclay and me that it requires just the smallest influence to send it one way or the other. This would do it. You know the Chief is determined that the members of his cabinet must be above suspicion."

"Well, I have been told to reach a decision by 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

A lengthy pause ensued while Benson pondered the matter carefully.

"The selection for the portfolio will be announced on Thursday so that gives us three days to work in," said the latter finally. "There's only one thing to do. We must hunt up Perry Porter. He may be able to help us straighten this out."

"Porter, the newspaperman?" asked Headon. "Look here, Vernon, if there is one thing we must avoid it is publicity in this matter."

"We can depend absolutely on Porter," affirmed Benson. "He is not a newspaperman in the fullest sense of the word. He writes special articles for the magazines and occasionally contributes for the papers. And he knows this city and the people in it from the Chief down. There are secrets locked away in the brain of Peregrine Porter that would turn this old town topsyturvy if he chose to give them out. Some years ago he helped me out in a certain matter. Other members have gone to him since. I tell you his knowledge of the inside workings of official life is uncanny. It is said the Chief has consulted him on occasions. He's the oracle of Delphi and the Sphinx rolled into one. It has been hinted that he is in the pay of a certain railroad corporation but I've never believed that. Come and we'll hunt him up."

They found Porter in his rooms on Nepean street. He was a handsome man of about forty years of age, portly in person, and decidedly polished and urbane in his manner. His dark eyes beamed at times like live coals but gen-

erally were hidden behind half-drooping lids as though their animation were checked by an unconquerable laziness. Which was exactly the case. Porter was a man of singular brilliancy and erudition, who had through sheer lack of ambition elected to play the part of a literary dilettante, making a tolerably good living from his writings, and mixing occasionally in the intrigue of the capital.

He was smoking a hookah when they entered, which he laid aside to greet them. With the solicitude of the perfect host, he had them installed in comfortable chairs and supplied with cigars before he would permit the broaching of the business in hand. Benson then stated their errand and Headon gave a rather more extended and complete account of his difficulties than he had previously vouchsafed to his fellow member. Porter asked a few questions and at the close of the recital pondered the matter carefully a moment or two.

"It is a good thing that you happened to think of me in this connection," he said, finally. "I know something of the parties concerned. I believe that I can see a little farther into it as a result of this information, than you perhaps have done, Mr. Headon. Are you prepared to let me make some investigations of my own, in my own way? Do you give me carte blanche?"

second to become the very embodiment of energy and force. His former air of lazy indifference fell from him like a cloak. His eyes sparkled with animation, his very movements became brisker and more certain.

"The gratitude should be on my part," he declared. "I was falling almost into a state of coma, of aggravated ennui, through sheer lack of purpose. You have given me something to do. something that I look forward to with pleasure. To-morrow, I trust, there will be something interesting to tell you."

"He may not be able to accomplish anything," said Headon, as they stepped out on the street, "but I feel much more confident somehow."

The next day Porter called up Headon on the telephone. "You have an appointment at Jenkins' house at 2 o'clock this afternoon, have you not?" he asked. "At that hour, call him up and put it off until the next day at the same hour. He may threaten you but bluff him the best way you can. It is absolutely necessary that we procure this delay, and mind you, don't call him before 2 o'clock."

Headon followed instructions and arranged with Jenkins to delay the settlement of the matter until the following day.

From that time forward he received no word of any kind from Peregrine



The door was shoved open and Porter ushered in a young lady.

"Most decidedly," asserted Headon. "If you can extricate me from the very painful and trying position I now find myself in, I will be everlastingly grateful to you."

Porter stood up and seemed in the

Porter and accordingly it was in a very depressed state of mind that he repaired to the house of the old lawyer and money lender at the specified hour on Wednesday. Jabez Jenkins had been lending

money to needy parliamentarians and impecunious civil servants for a quarter of a century and was reputed to have amassed a huge fortune in that time. He was quite unscrupulous in his methods and absolutely merciless so that no one ever anticipated escaping from him, once they got into his power, without paying the full pound of flesh.

He received Headon with a dour glance. A little weazened man, with sunken eyes which glared malevolently from under heavy, overhanging eyebrows, he was not a figure to inspire hope. Headon felt his courage sinking below zero.

"You have decided to sign the document, I suppose," said Jenkins, reaching for a bundle of papers but never taking his eyes from his visitor's face.

"Can't we reach an understanding on this?" asked Headon. "I will guarantee to pay you your price, although it will take some time. I can raise the money, I think."

Jenkins laughed; if a grating, mirthless cachination could be dignified by that term.

"I must have the money now," he said, with finality.

The 'phone rang at this juncture and Jenkins turned around to answer it. He spoke in a guardedly low tone but Headon caught an occasional word. "Yes . . . You can't see him . . . Not now. . . . Call again in . . . twenty minutes."

Hanging up the receiver with an impatient click, Jenkins turned to the member again and pronounced his ultimatum with increased emphasis.

"This matter must be settled now," he declared.

And settled it would have been in a very few moments; for Headon had lost all hope of extricating himself from the difficulty at any other price than the relinquishment of his cabinet aspirations. Before anything could be done, however, the door was shoved open and Porter appeared, ushering in a young lady. He escorted the girl to a chair and then confronted Jenkins who had risen in a belligerent attitude.

"Pardon me for dispensing with the formality of being announced," said Porter, easily. "I have something very important to discuss with you, Jenkins. But before getting down to business, I must see what is behind this door."

And before Jenkins could intervene, he had crossed to a door at the other side of the room and thrown it open. It opened on an inner office, containing a few bare articles of furniture, a safe—and a man!

"Come out, Mr. Donovan," said Porter, bowing. He did not appear in the least surprised at finding the inner room occupied. Headon, however, was not prepared for this contingency and the surprise brought him to his feet.

"This is indeed a happy meeting," went on Porter. "As a matter of fact I was very anxious that you should be present at this interview, Mr. Donovan."

Donovan stepped out from the inner office, very red of face and very angry. He allowed his feelings to subside some-

what, however, when he caught sight of the girl. A flicker of uneasiness showed in his eyes.

The next move came so rapidly that Headon hardly had time to realize what had happened before it was over. Porter crossed to where Donovan stood and suddenly imprisoned both his hands. There was a struggle of a moment's duration while Porter drew one of the broker's wrists across the other. Holding them pinioned with his one hand, he threw back Donovan's coat with the other and drew a large blue envelope out of an inside pocket. This he tossed to Headon.

The member caught the envelope and backed into a corner as Donovan charged forward to recover his purloined property. Porter regained his hold on the latter, however, tackling him securely around the waist.

"Look in the envelope, Mr. Headon," called Porter, holding the wriggling and furious broker firmly. "Keep your eye on Jenkins. Does it contain two cheques—one your own, the other from Heatherington & Co. to Jabez Jenkins? Good. We now have the prettiest proof of blackmail possible. Stand back, Donovan. You can't do anything by force."

With that he released his hold on the broker and stepped back even with Headon, who had put the envelope away in an inside pocket and was buttoning up his coat. The pair of them presented a formidable front; and Donovan, recognizing the futility of attempting to recover the cheques by force, backed off and glared vindictively. Jenkins had reached for the 'phone early in the fracas but seemed reluctant to use it.

"You'll crawl for this yet," declared Donovan with concentrated venom. "Call the police, Jenkins. This is robbery!"

"Calm yourself," counseled Porter. "Don't bluff at using that 'phone, Jenkins. You are much less anxious for the police to take a hand in this than we are. There's the door bell. I believe our party will be complete in a minute."

A tall, stoop-shouldered man, immaculately clad and with a carnation in his button-hole, was shown in. Headon stared in astonishment as he recognized his rival for the newly-created portfolio, Burton W. Barclay, M.P.

"What's this, Jenkins?" queried Barclay, sharply. He glanced around the room with a mixture of confusion and suspicion before adding: "You wanted to see me? I'll wait until these gentlemen—"

"Don't run away, Mr. Barclay," said Porter. "We may need you. In fact I took the liberty of addressing a message to you asking you to come. In order to insure your obeying it, I took the further liberty of representing that our mutual friend, Jenkins, had sent the message."

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Barclay, his face turning a mottled, angry red. "This impudence is not to be tolerated. If this is a practical joke—"

"It's a plant!" declared Donovan. "This thieving penny-a-liner has taken certain documents from me by force, and by the living—"

Porter forestalled him by getting to the 'phone himself, taking it from Jenkins with such force that the old money-lender toppled back into his swivel-chair.

"If you want the police to arbitrate this matter, just say so," declared Porter. "I'll call headquarters at once."

There was silence for a moment, Barclay and Donovan glancing at each other furtively and uneasily. The latter cleared his throat and began.

"I'm at a loss to understand this melodrama," he said. "From what I have heard of you, Porter, I believe you to be quite capable of theft but your actions do not concern me in the least. What object you had in getting me here I don't know, but I don't intend to play out this practical joke any further."

"It's not a joke. And don't pretend that you aren't interested in this little deal. Now I'm going to get right down to cases, so kindly drop that mask of hypocrisy while I explain where we stand."

"Before proceeding with my explanation," he continued, "I may state for the benefit of the company that this young lady is Miss Irene Darrow, who has filled the position for some time of stenographer to Mr. Donovan. I thought it best to bring her with me as it might be necessary to have her story; though I am hoping this will not be necessary."

"I have here copies of certain letters now in my possession," he added. "Look them over, Mr. Barclay. They are copies of letters sent by you to Mr. Donovan in which Mr. Headon's name is mentioned. Although the phraseology is very guarded, the meaning is clear when interpreted in the light of subsequent events. I have also copies of certain letters sent to you."

Barclay took the papers and skimmed them through feverishly.

"This is a plot, a packet of lies!" he charged. "I have never seen these letters before. No sane man would put credence in these clumsy forgeries."

"Do you want to put it to a test?" asked Porter. "I have positive proof that the stock transaction which Donovan persuaded Mr. Headon to go into was a deliberate frame-up. No transaction occurred on the market whatever. His money was accepted and a cheque sent to him as his profit on the deal. When the cheque was returned in the usual way it was held until such time as the bribery rumors could be brought to a head. Then Jenkins here was used to hold that cheque over Headon as a means of forcing him into seclusion."

"I may add that I traced up the bribery items which appeared in Monday's morning papers and have secured positive proof that the information was supplied by you, Mr. Barclay. As the final argument, I may inform you that Mr. Headon has in his possession at the present moment an envelope which I just

(Continued on page 136.)

Canada's Supreme Court at Work

The Personnel, Problems and Peculiarities of the Country's Highest Tribunal

By W. A. CRAICK

WHEN litigation upward through the courts has failed to convince the losing side that they have "had enough," when a human life depends on the disposition of an application for new trial, when legislators fall out over points of privilege and jurisdiction; there are six men on whose shoulders the responsibilities of a decision rest.

The Supreme Court of Canada is to all intents and purposes the court of final appeal; for it is only in rare instances and when large sums or vital principles are at stake that the disposition of Canadian affairs is carried to the Privy Council. The powers of the Supreme Court judges are wide. They decide the fate of men and millions, sifting justice from the mass of evidence that the lower courts send up to them.

In the public mind, these six judges loom up great, majestic and rather mysterious and awe-inspiring. Their de-

dom into which the layman can never penetrate.

A glimpse at our highest tribunal, its personnel, problems and peculiarities, will therefore be of greatest interest.

On visiting the home of the Supreme Court for the first time, one feels surprise at the unexpected humbleness of the present "precincts of puisne."

Some day the Government of Canada may do something towards housing the Supreme Court of the Dominion in quarters a little more in keeping with the dignity and importance of that august tribunal. At present one must seek the hall in which Canada's highest court of justice transacts its affairs, in a comparatively small and entirely plain and unpretentious building, near the western entrance to the Parliament grounds, a place resembling to a certain extent the lodge at the gate of some great man's estate. Tradition has it that the structure, albeit solidly built of stone

this as it may, there is a somewhat glaring inconsistency between the importance of the court and the poverty of the building which contains it.

On the ground floor of the Supreme Court building is located the library in which is to be found an excellent collection of law reports, statutes and text books covering the English, French, Canadian and American jurisprudence. The library is under the supervision of the Registrar of the Supreme Court, Mr. E. R. Cameron. Mr. Cameron is the second occupant of the position, he having succeeded the late Robert Cassels, K.C., of the well-known legal family of that name, several years ago.

A Court of Crimson

In the upper storey of the building, there are located the judges' chambers.



A view of the Parliament Buildings shown in the background.

The home of the Supreme Court at Ottawa.

The insert shows Justice Brodeur, the latest member of the court.

liberations are not often made public; by their decisions are they known. The average man is not even cognizant of where the court sits but probably imagines a lofty room, rather dimly lighted with the judges bewigged and begowned, considering with awesome deliberation and portentous frown the weighty matters before them—the Thibet of legal

was nothing more nor less than a shelter, storehouse and workroom for the artisans employed in the construction of the Parliament Buildings, and that it was deemed a sufficiently convenient place to accommodate a court that might or might not survive its infancy. Be

and the court room. The latter wears a semi-ecclesiastical appearance. With rounded ceiling of varnished wood and walls covered to a good height with red burlap, the color design of the apartment is overwhelmingly crimson. There is a thick red carpet on the floor and on the pew-like benches for the accommodation of visitors, the cushions

are likewise red. At the end opposite the main entrance there rises the platform on which the six judicial desks are placed in a row, each the exact counterpart in every detail of its neighbors. Red curtains hang at either side of the platform, and to cap the climax, on days when judgments are delivered, the six members of the Court appear in brilliant scarlet robes bordered with ermine.

The last act in the drama of Canadian law is played with a setting in sharp contrast to the usually sombre background of the court.

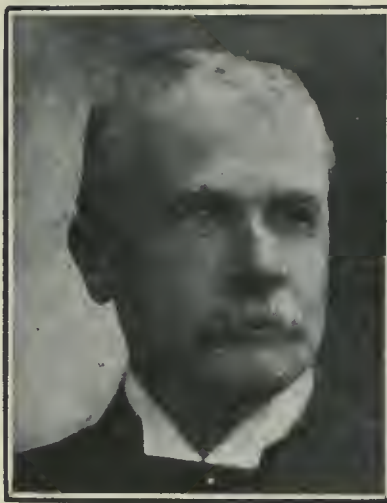
On an ordinary day, the judges file in soon after eleven o'clock dressed in their black robes. The scene becomes in a moment theatrical, instead of ecclesiastical. The six look like the players in some old drama, so curious is their appearance. The robe consists apparently of a long gown, with sleeves edged with ermine, and a cape also edged with ermine. On most of the occupants of the bench the effect is fairly good. On two or three it suggests an uncomfortable degree of warmth.

Visitors are few and far between and the plush-upholstered pews rarely contain more than two or three curious on-lookers, a remarkable contrast to the Supreme Court at Washington, where there is always a crowd of spectators. Within a brass railing sit the King's counsel robed in plain black silk gowns. Midway between them and the judges, on an eminence but slightly lower than the judicial platform, sits the Registrar of the Court, and at the ends of tables to right and left, there are stationed the reporters. This company with one or two attendants patiently awaits the opening of the Court.

At length the great men appear from the right. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, chatting with Sir Louis Davies, leads the little procession. They are followed by the alert and boyish figure of Judge Duff and the stout and dignified form of Judge Brodeur, who take their places to Sir Louis's right. Then comes Judge Idington, likewise stout and heavily bearded, with Mr. Justice Anglin bringing up in the rear, the pair occupying the desks to the left of the Chief Justice.

The arrangement is not a haphazard one. There is a significance in the position assigned to each occupant of the bench. The right-hand desk of the centre pair belongs of right to the Chief Justice. The left-hand desk is the position occupied by the senior puisne judge. On the left of the Chief Justice sits the second puisne judge in order of service, and on the right of the first puisne judge comes the third appointee. The fourth judge sits at the extreme right of the bench and the fifth judge, being the youngest in point of service, on the extreme left. When a vacancy occurs the judges move up one place, except that in the case of the Chief Justice, the choice of an occupant of the position does not necessarily fall on the senior puisne judge. The present chief, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, stepped direct into office from outside the Court.

There is no formality in connection with the opening of Canada's Supreme Court. As the judges file in, the members of the bar and the handful of spectators rise, but seat themselves as soon



Rt. Hon. Sir Chas. Fitzpatrick.

A REDISTRIBUTION.

With the growth of Canada and the increasing importance of the Western Provinces, there has been some agitation for a more equitable distribution of Supreme Court seats among the provinces. This may lead in time to an enlargement of the Court so that each province may be represented. As now constituted the Maritime Provinces have one member, Sir Louis Davies; Quebec has two, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and Judge Brodeur; Ontario two, Judges Idington and Anglin; and the West one, Mr. Justice Duff.



Sir Louis Davies.

as the dignitaries have disposed themselves in their spacious chairs. The Chief Justice then proceeds to read in a scarcely audible and very rapid voice

a list of judgments, and having done so the first case on the calendar for the day is called and the counsel for the appellant gets to work. As a rule the proceedings are deadly dull. It is a court of appeal and there is no cross-examination of witnesses or addressing of juries to provide any excitement. There is nothing spectacular about the final stage of Canadian jurisdiction.

Briefs containing the pleadings delivered, the evidence presented and the judgments rendered in the courts below, together with the arguments on both sides are printed for the use of the judges of the Supreme Court. These are known as the "case in appeal" and "factums of the appellant and respondent." With this material before them there is no necessity for going into more elaborate detail. The arguments are confined to three hours. Two counsel only can address the Court and one in reply.

The Personalities of the Judges

To a spectator the personalities of the six men who form the Court would probably have more interest than the arguments in a large majority of the cases that are tried before them. The Chief Justice is the most outstanding figure on the bench, grave, dignified and decorous. On his right Sir Louis Davies presents a kindly and gentle face to the Court, his white hair and grey beard, giving an appearance of wisdom tried by long experience. Next him sits Judge Duff ruddy and boyish, a distinct contrast to his older confrere; he is full of energy, constantly bobbing about in his chair, hitching up his robe and following each case with an alert mind.

The only French-Canadian member of the Court, Mr. Justice Brodeur, sits somewhat stolidly on Judge Duff's right, a foil to the vivacity of the latter. He is large and stout, with keen eyes and heavy bristling moustache, and he rarely moves except to lean forward when asking counsel some question.

Judge Idington, on the Chief Justice's left hand, is also a stout man, with glasses and a heavy beard covering most of his face. He is given to occasional jokes and bears the reputation of being the wit of the Court.

His neighbor, Judge Anglin, is the best-looking of the six judges, invariably neat in his dress, with carefully-trimmed hair and moustache. His expression is serious and he has the appearance of one who can see a good way through most cases.

Three of the six judges attained their present rank through the political arena and three were promoted from Provincial courts. The Chief Justice, who is a native of Quebec and a graduate of Laval University, practised law in his native city for many years. He entered the provincial legislature in 1890 where he sat until 1896. He then joined the Laurier Government as solicitor-general, becoming Minister of Justice in 1902. On the death of the late Chief Justice Taschereau in 1906, he was selected to take his place.

Sir Louis Davies and the Hon. L. P. Brodeur are also graduates of the late

Liberal cabinet. Sir Louis, who is now sixty-nine years of age, was born in Prince Edward Island. He received his legal training in England, becoming a barrister of the Inner Temple, London, in 1866. Returning to his native province he practised his profession in Charlottetown, where he presently entered the legislature, becoming premier at the age of thirty. He was first elected to the House of Commons in 1882, and when the Liberal Government went in in 1896, he was chosen by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be Minister of Marine and Fisheries. He was elevated to the Supreme Court bench in 1901, and is the senior judge of the six members of the Court.

Mr. Justice Brodeur, the baby judge, who was appointed shortly before the dissolution of the late government, also of Marine and Fisheries. His career has also been a mixture of law and politics. Educated at St. Hyacinthe College and Laval University, he was called to the bar in 1884. He practised in Montreal, came to the Court from the Department where he was counsel at various times in several notable cases. Entering Parliament in 1891, he was chosen deputy-speaker on the accession of the Liberals and was made speaker shortly afterwards. In 1904 he was sworn in as Minister of Inland Revenue, being transferred to the Department of Marine two years later.

Judge Idington, the first of the three non-political judges, comes of Scottish parentage, though born in Ontario. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall. As a lawyer he practised in Stratford, where he acted as Crown Attorney for the County of Perth for many years. He became a judge of the High Court of Justice of Ontario in 1904, and the following year was transformed to his present position at Ottawa.

Judge Duff, who represents the Western Provinces in the Court, is also an Ontario man, the son of a Congregational minister. He was born forty-nine years ago in Meaford. Soon after his graduation from the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall, he went to British Columbia, where he commenced practice in Victoria. Here he rose to considerable prominence as a member of the bar, being engaged as counsel in a number of important cases. In 1904 he was appointed a puisne judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, and two years later was called to Ottawa to his present seat on the Supreme Court bench.

The sixth member of the Court, Mr. Justice Anglin, is the eldest son of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin, former speaker of the House of Commons, and a brother of Margaret Anglin, the talented Canadian actress. He is a graduate of Ottawa University and Osgoode Hall. He practised for several years in Toronto, becoming Surrogate Clerk in 1896. He was elevated to the bench in 1904 as a judge of the High Court of Justice of Ontario, and five years ago was transferred to the Supreme Court.

When the Supreme Court was first

established by Act of Parliament in 1875, one of the contentions of those who opposed its creation was that it would have little or nothing to do. A member speaking on the Supreme Court Bill ex-

choly men, living in Ottawa, and endeavoring to catch an appeal case, which but for the court, would have gone to England. He was convinced that the judges would become rusty and relapse perhaps into a state of barbarism.

Without at present going into the much debated question of the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, to what extent has the prophecy of this pessimistic parliamentarian been realized? Those who are familiar with the routine of the Court and the volume of work it accomplishes, know very well that the judges who compose it have no time to grow melancholy. There are three terms during the year. The first begins on the first Tuesday in February, the second on the first Tuesday in May, and the third on the second Tuesday in October. In each instance the Court sits until all the cases on the calendar for that term are disposed of,—work that often extends over two months.

The morning session of the Court lasts from eleven until one and the afternoon session from two until four, but this does not mean that the judges have nothing to do for the rest of the day. So much has the work of the Court been increasing of recent years that the hearing of the cases represents only a small part of the time that must be bestowed on them. Frequently both before and after the Court sits, the judges meet to discuss cases and on Saturday afternoons there is always a formal discussion in the conference room. In cases where a decision can be arrived at with comparative ease, the tenor of the judgment is decided upon and an arrangement is made whereby one judge writes the views of the others. In other more involved cases and where opinions differ, longer time is needed for consideration.

As on the average three-quarters of the appeals heard by the Supreme Court are dismissed, there are always a certain number of cases that can be summarily disposed of. Judgment in such cases is usually handed down on the Monday following the hearing. As for the other cases, the judges work on them, as opportunity offers, between the sittings of the Court. They are men who undoubtedly spare no effort to arrive at exhaustive decisions and all six are conscientious and painstaking investigators. It is well known by those in touch with the judges of the Supreme Court that they work exceedingly hard and carry their labors over into the evening. Judge Idington for example works every night until twelve and one o'clock, while the Court is in session.

No Congestion in the Court

One notable result has been achieved by the diligence of the justices and that is that there is no congestion in Canada's Supreme Court as there is in the United States Supreme Court. All the cases set for a given term are disposed of before the next term opens and there are no judgments in arrears. Whether this happy condition can be maintained much longer without enlarging the Court, is doubtful. Figures presented elsewhere



Justice Anglin.

APPEALS TO PRIVY COUNCIL.

The impression has gone abroad that almost any case may be appealed from the Supreme Court to the Privy Council. That this is not so, is evident from the fact that out of 265 cases, in which it was sought to obtain leave to appeal since the Supreme Court was established, leave was refused in 124 cases. Of the 143 cases in which leave to appeal was granted, the decision of the Supreme Court was affirmed in 56, and reversed or modified in 54, while 31 cases were not presented.



Justice L. P. Duff.

pressed the opinion that the work of the Court would be very light, and that he could not imagine a more dismal spectacle than that afforded by six melan-

IS THE SUPREME COURT OVERWORKED?

At the recent fall term, seventy-seven cases were heard, which is a record for the Court. With population increasing as it has done of recent years, the amount of litigation has also grown, a circumstance that is reflected in the number of cases from the Western Provinces. Manitoba sent two cases in 1880, two in 1890, one in 1900, and eleven in 1913. British Columbia had but one in 1885, nine in 1900 and thirty-four in 1913. There were last year four from Saskatchewan and thirteen from Alberta, as compared with but two from each province in 1907. It can hardly be said that there has been a uniform increase in the number of appeals heard by the Supreme Court from year to year. The total fluctuates a good deal. Thus in 1885 the Court dealt with 101 appeals, a number which was only less by two than the number dealt with in 1911. On the whole, however, there has been a decided growth and the record of 176 for 1913 is far in excess of any other year.

Since its establishment in 1875, the Court has received 3,418 appeals, in 3,019 of which it has given decisions. The balance are cases which have not been prosecuted or are still pending. Of those in which decisions have been rendered, 1608 were affirmed, 904 were reversed, 26 were modified, and 384 were quashed, settled or disposed of on preliminary motions. This means that in 55 per cent. of the cases dealt with by the Supreme Court, the judgment of the Court below was upheld, and in 30 per cent. it was reversed.

show how rapidly the work of the Court has increased in recent years.

Oddities and Curiosities of the Court

There are a few peculiarities about the Supreme Court that arouse one's curiosity. It is enacted by the statute creating the Court that at least two of the six judges must be from the Province of Quebec. This was intended as a safeguard to Quebec litigants on account of the fact that the civil law in Lower Canada is based on the French code and not on English common law. It was felt that there should always be in the personnel of the Court at least two judges grounded in the Quebec law. At present the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Brodeur fill these requirements.

Another interesting feature of the Court may be illustrated by a reference to a specific happening. On a recent occasion, when a certain Quebec case was to be heard, the Chief Justice left the bench. As five judges form a quorum there was nothing remarkable in this, except that it is usual for both Quebec judges to hear the cases from that province. The explanation for the withdrawal of Sir Charles was on account of his relationship to one of the lawyers engaged in the action. The connection was actually quite a distant one, but under Quebec laws of procedure it would have prevented the judge from sitting and, without any obligation being imposed at Ottawa, the Chief Justice recognized the situation and declined to hear the case.

In certain actions which come up for hearing, some one of the six judges may happen to be directly or indirectly interested. They are always careful to avoid the slightest suspicion of being influenced by personal considerations and invariably decline to sit in such cases. The question of relationship is but one phase of this wider problem, which extends into the realm of business and finance.

Yet another legal requirement of the six judges has to do with their place of residence. They are required to live either in Ottawa or within five miles of its border. This condition is imposed in



Justice Idington.

order that they may be close to the Court and in a position to give undivided attention to its work.

When the establishment of a Supreme Court was first mooted by Sir John A. Macdonald in 1869, the bill which he introduced into Parliament in order to create the Court, did not get past its second reading. The principal opposition to the measure was on the ground that provincial rights would be trampled upon, were a federal court permitted to have jurisdiction over the acts of the legislatures. Again in 1870 Sir John tried to pass a second bill through the House, but with like results. It remained for Attorney-General Fournier in 1875 to have the measure carried, though the bill did not become law without considerable opposition.

The Supreme Court was established in 1876 with the Hon. Sir William B. Richards as Chief Justice, and Sir William J. Ritchie, Sir Samuel Henry Strong, the Hon. Telesphore Fournier, the Hon. Thomas Taschereau and the Hon. William Alexander Henry as puisne judges. It was not permitted to exist for long without having to face severe attacks. Its creation had not and could not do away with appeals to the Privy Council and, when the Court

reversed certain decisions of provincial courts, its opponents demanded its abolition. In the light of certain agitations of the present day to discontinue the right of appeal to the Privy Council and make the Supreme Court the court of last resort, the movement which came to a head in 1879 is not without its significance.

Wanted to Abolish the Court

In that year Mr. Keeler, M.P. moved to abolish the Court. There was obviously a strong feeling of hostility to it throughout the country and several orators waxed warm in their denunciation of its actions. Fortunately the Court found a powerful and persuasive supporter in the person of the late Edward Blake, whose speech on this occasion was undoubtedly the cause of the Keeler motion receiving the six months' hoist. Since then the Supreme Court has gone on its way uninterruptedly, gaining from year to year in strength and usefulness. The incontrovertible reason for its existence is the necessity for the proper co-ordination of the decisions of the highest provincial courts and a uniform system of jurisprudence throughout the Dominion.

Much might be written concerning the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, involving the layman in a maze of legal terms that would be most confusing. Speaking generally and subject to a few exceptions, judgments susceptible of appeal to the Court must be either final judgments, judgments of the Court of last resort in a province or judgments in cases originating in a superior court of a province. An appeal is also allowed from the decision of the trial judge in Dominion election petitions, while another and a most important function of the Court is to act as a special adviser to the cabinet of the day on questions relating to the legality of certain acts or proposed acts or proceedings of Parliament.

Privy Council vs. Supreme Court

It is enacted in the Supreme Court Act that "The judgment of the Supreme (Continued on page 137.)

Between Two Thieves

By RICHARD DEHAN

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

In the concluding instalment of this powerfully written story we renew our acquaintance with Thompson Jowell, an unscrupulous army contractor who has just received news of his son's death in the Crimea. Jowell's cousin, Sarah Horrotian, and her son Josh with Nelly, his wife, are other minor characters of whom we now take final leave.

In the first chapter we were given a glimpse of Hector Dunoiase, the hero, aged, paralytic and near to death. After following him through his eventful life we again see him on his death-bed, still anxiously awaiting a letter from Ada Merling, the heroine, of whom Florence Nightingale was the prototype. The unusual idea of the author in making Hector hear and understand this letter when read to him after death forms an appropriate conclusion to a vivid and striking story.

XCIV.—Continued.

IT had been the father's whim that Mortimer's rooms should be kept exactly as Mortimer had left them, and that nothing the Ensign had forgotten should be moved, or put away. There was a pair of doeskin military gloves he had worn, lying upon the toilet-table in the bedroom. And a strap that had formed part of a sword-belt lay forgotten upon the Brussels carpet near the foot of the bed.

Thompson Jowell picked up the strap, and as he set down his candlestick, he ran it between his fingers, remembering that it had belonged to his son, who, rather than be defiled by the golden mud that every roll in the gutter crusted more thickly upon him, had cast him off and chosen to die.

"I'm piling it up for you, Morty, my boy," he heard himself saying, as he lay himself down heavily into the arm-chair by the huge carved four-poster, and sat there staring and drumming heavily with his fists upon his knees.

He had throughout his life been a man destitute of imagination. Now, at this final hour, the gift was born in him. He heard thousands of voices cursing him. He saw thousands of blackened hands pointing at him. He knew himself a murderer. He realized that the millions he had gained by fraud and trickery had brought him estate in Hell.

"My name's Done Brown—that's what it is," he muttered, thickly.

He lifted a shaking hand to wipe the cold sweat from his forehead, and started as the strap of the sword-belt dangled before his eyes. He lowered his hand and looked intently at the narrow band of tough, doubled buff-leather; pipe-clayed, and having a solid gilt-brass ring stitched and riveted in the loop at either end. As he turned it musingly about in his fingers, he found that, doubled, and pushed through one of the gilt rings, it made a slip-noose. Then imagination suggested the thing that he might do. No thought of the dowdy woman weeping for her son in the lonely house at Market Drowsing came to stay him. She had never been anything to Thompson Jowell but the mother of his son.

The thought of Mortimer spurred him to the act of desperation. He got up and

went to the door that led from the bedroom into the luxuriously-furnished apartment adjoining, where the Stars of the Ballet and the Beauties of the Harem simpered from the walls. He measured its height with his eye—rolled an ottoman, worked in Berlin wools by Mortimer's mother, to the right position—got heavily upon it—threw an end of the buff strap over the top of the door—shut the door, and put the noose about his short, thick neck. Then, supporting himself by the wooden moulding of the upper frame work—he drove the ottoman from him with a clumsy kick and flourish of his stumpy legs.

The decision of the Coroner's jury was that grief for the death of his son had temporarily unhinged the mind of the great Contractor, and there were many expressions of sympathy for the widow, and there was a pompous funeral.

Cowell, Sewell, and the rest of the fraternity attended the solemnity. They shook their heads regretfully, and the water stood in their eyes. They said that he had been the very devil, sir! and that there never had been a man like him, and that there might never be another; and added that they were surprised he had left as little as three millions behind him—considering his opportunities!—and that they shouldn't wonder if the gross amount turned out to be a great deal more!

It did; much to the benefit of the various charities among which the great fortune was divided by his widow, carrying out the expressed wishes of the son who would never have been his heir.

XCVI.

When Sarah Horrotian heard of the strange and terrible ending of Thompson Jowell, she found it hard to believe that she was never to see his coarse red face again, never to be uprooted and ruined by him. . . . Even when weeks passed without foreclosure, she was still expectant of his turning up suddenly, big and gross and greedy as ever. . . . When at length she realized that he was dead, she forbade herself to hope.

For the man had a son, and the son would be no more pitiful than the father thought Sarah Horrotian. When the legal representatives of Jowell's widow wrote, saying that the interest and principal of her debt would be remitted—when the deed of mortgage was returned

to her with "Cancelled" written across it—the widow faintly wondered, having gone too numb to be joyfully surprised.

Nothing now was needed to set the farm upon its legs again but a little money and a certain amount of energy. . . . The money she might have found, but the springs of vitality had dried up. Though there were hours, when, sitting in the gaunt, bare farm-kitchen towards nightfall, staring at the handful of coals that burned in the capacious fire-grate, she knew that the desert of her heart might grow green things again, if only Josh and his wife came home.

And, though she told herself they never would, something in her secret heart gave the lie to her. She would have died rather than admit it to herself—for fear lest they should come, after all, and miss her, and go away to return no more—she ceased to leave the house. Presently the news spread that Widder Horrotian had come down in the world, and gone crazy-like, and never even crept outdoors to look for eggs in the tenantless sheds and empty pigsties—and that you could range over the whole place without coming athirt the woman at all.

Gangs of marauding boys ventured first, after ungathered apples and unharvested turnips; and their seniors began to take a fearful joy in nocturnal visits from which they returned, bending under mysterious loads.

The fowls disappeared—the wood-stack melted—the farm and garden tools took to themselves wings, and the vegetable shed was broken into one night, and gutted. Discovering this, the widow realized that when the flour in the garret, and the potatoes in the cellar; the sides of bacon hanging in the kitchen, and the cheese under the press in the dairy should be eaten, Want would knock at the door of Upper Clays Farm.

Yet when the threshold was approached by ragged tramps with mendacious stories of misfortune, or lean and hairy men with scurvy-marked faces, who said simply that they were invalided soldiers who had been sent home from the Front—Sarah gave of what she had, without reproach or girding. To these last, especially when they came limping on crutches, or showed bandaged wounds, or sleeves empty of arms, she was almost gentle. None of them could tell her anything of Joshua Horrotian, except that two squadrons of the Hundredth Lancers had ridden in the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Hope was all but dead in the woman, when upon a sultry summer evening, the white gate clashed behind a tall, thin, ragged, red-haired and bearded man—and a shabby woman carrying a baby—wrapped in the folds of a faded plaid shawl. As they stood faltering, doubtful of their reception, the heart of Sarah leapt within her faded wincey bodice, and the ice of her frozen nature broke up.

Always of formal gait and scanty gesture, there was now something eloquent, free, and almost noble in the woman's action. She had no words—she was bankrupt of a single text to fit the occasion. But she set back the half-doors, and knelt down upon the worn stone threshold. Bowing her head, she crossed her thin arms upon her aching bosom, then spread them open wide, and waited so.

"Oh! my dear son, whom I have ill-used, and cast out and denied the right of heritage. Come, take your own, and forgive me, my son—my son! Oh! my dear daughter, whom I have wronged so cruelly—try—try to pardon me! Teach your child to think of me forgivingly. For I have sinned, and the Lord has punished me with rods and scourges. Yet He must have relented towards me—for He has sent you home."

In words like these the silent action and the mute gesture spoke to the returned wanderers. So they lifted Sarah up, and kissed her; and she wept and kissed them and their child, and was comforted. And they went into the house together. And with them Happiness, and in the end Prosperity, came back to dwell at Upper Clays Farm.

XCVII.

The three hospital-ships slowly rounded the promontory. Their anchors fell with a sudden plunge. The hughes sounded, the gangways opened, the ladders fell—the barges of the Turkish hospital-hulk below the Point of the Seraglio, hurried, with a host of other craft, to receive their load of wretchedness. No surf beat on the rotten planks and shifting stones of the landing-place, and yet the process of disembarkation was lengthy and slow.

There was one woman among the many who held blackened hands that hung over the sides of litters, or staggered upwards, aiding some tottering cripple's steps with the little strength they had.

She bowed herself, and hoisted the yellow parchment-covered skeleton that had been her man upon the shoulders that had carried many a brimming creel of herrings, and, leaning on a knotted staff she had, began to make the ascent.

A few steps, and the woman tottered. But that a black-eyed, white-haired and bearded man, in worn gray traveling clothes, broke through the hedge of spectators, and lent his wasted strength to eke hers out, she would have fallen with her precious load.

So together they carried Jems Geogehagan up the stone-paved road that led to England's Calvary. As long as Moggy

lived—and she did not die for many years—she remembered that stranger's face.

The man was Hector Dunoisse. Nor did he ever forget how—as they reached the summit of the toilsome ascent, and the great arch of the Barrack Hospital gaped before them—he saw at last the woman he had come so far to find.

She stood upon a rising knoll of ground, upon the right of the entrance to the Hospital. As in his dream of her, she wore a plain black dress, and a black silk kerchief was tied over the frilled white cap. She was very pale; her eyes burned gray-blue fire beneath her levelled brows, and her lips were colorless and closely set.

Officials of various grades, in mufti and in uniform, were grouped behind her. Nurses in gray or brown holland dresses and white caps gathered about her: the black habits and white guimpes of the Sisters of Mercy were actively conspicuous among the rest. And as her keen, observant eyes glanced hither and thither—and swift orders dropped from her lips—one nun after another would dart from her side and vanish; to return and speed forth again—diligent as little black-and-white bumble-bees obeying the orders of their Queen.

It is upon record that all through the day, all through the night of fog-beared moonlight and far into the morning that followed, Ada Merling stood while the sick and wounded were being carried into the Hospital.

Strong men grew weary, and went away in search of rest and refreshment. Nurses collapsed, and were succeeded by other nurses. Relays of bearers were replaced by fresh relays. But the Lady-in-Chief remained at her post unflinchingly, and the white-haired man toiled on, and never stopped. For the strength and endurance that breathed from the still composure of Ada Merling seemed, despite his weakness, to communicate itself to Dunoisse. He was giddy, and faint, and breathless—his shoulders were galled, his hands were raw—his boots were in rags upon his blistered feet, when a rose-red dawn suffused the sky behind the wooded slopes of Bulgurlu, and the last burden of wretchedness was carried in.

Then, and not until then. Ada Merling quitted her post, and followed. He who watched the tall, slight figure pass under the deep archway, saw the sentries present arms, saw the heavy gates shut. The last sightseers straggled away, and Dunoisse went down the hill-path, weary, and faint, and limping, yet happier and more at peace than he had been for years. A tumbledown wooden eating-house, kept by a Greek named Demetrios, stood in those days near the landing-quay at Scutari. Dunoisse obtained a miserable room with a poor bed in it, slept for an hour or two, ate what they put before him, and returned to the Hospital.

XCVIII.

Fortune favored Dunoisse in his search for Ada Merling. He found her standing near a store-house, barred, and fastened

with its heavy Turkish lock, and guarded by a stolid Irish infantryman. Two nuns were with her—a minor official of the hospital argued and gesticulated—the situation was evidently one of strain. As Dunoisse drew near, he heard her say to this personage:

"But, by good sir, this store contains most of the bales and cases that I brought with me from England. And I am in authority here!"

The man stammered something about an order from the Deputy Inspector-General.

She returned:

"It has been applied for, and has not been received; and patients are hourly dying for want of the nourishment and comforts that are contained in this store. Under the circumstances——"

"Under the circumstances there is nothing for it but to wait! Excuse me, madam!"

The official spread his hands, shrugged his shoulders, bowed and evaporated. She looked from his retreating back to the nuns' faces, saw loyalty framed in hands of starched linen, and issued a mandate in unflinching tones.

"Find me a hatchet, Mother Aquinas. Look for an iron bar, or a beam light enough for us to handle, Sister Jerome! For we are going to break open that door!"

The sentry muttered, bringing the butt of his musket sharply to the flagstones.

"Ma'am, av ye do, 'tis myself will smarrut for ut! . . . Flogged, an' broke will I be, an' divil a lie!"

His startling eyes and scarlet face confirmed his sincerity. She said to him:

"You shall not be flogged! I would strip my own shoulders to the lash rather than you should suffer. Stand aside!" She caught up a stone and struck upon the wooden lock.

One of the nuns had found, and now brandished, an ancient, rusty chopper. The other had a bent poker, disinterred from a heap of scrap. As they advanced upon the door, the sentry whimpered, gave in, and put down his musket, crying:

"Stand away, ma'am! Hould harrud, Sisthers! I'll do ut, be the hokey! The knife of my buttons—the lash to my back—divil a one av me cares wan way or the other! Give me a houl't av the chopper!" He amended, for Dunoisse, with a brief word to the nun, had already possessed himself of the weapon. "The poker, thin—since the gentleman has a taste for the other article!—and we'll be in among the blankuts and broth-bottles before yez can say 'knife!'"

The door yielded to their united attack upon it. As the Sisters darted joyfully in, as the sentry resumed his musket, Dunoisse knew that he was recognised. For Ada Merling's eyes were fixed on him, and a faint tinge of color suffused her paleness. He threw down the chopper on the scrap-heap and approached her, saying hurriedly:

"Miss Merling, I trust I have not alarmed you by an appearance you were not prepared for? When you have time to listen to me, I will explain why I am here. . . . Meanwhile, let me serve as best I may in this house of sickness and

anguish, under an assumed name, for it will be best that my own should be forgotten! You will not deny me that comfort, I hope?"

"Not if it is a comfort," she said, with her great eyes fixed upon him, and her delicate lips quivering. "But—are there not grave reasons for your desire to remain unknown? I cannot but suspect it and fear it. You look so worn, and changed from what you were! . . ."

"I am changed, as you say," returned Dunoisse, "but the change is not altogether due to long sickness and close imprisonment—"

"Can it be possible? . . . You have really been a prisoner?" she asked, looking at him strangely; and he replied:

"I have been confined in a military fortress of Northern France for the last six months."

"I dreamed it!"

The words had broken from her despite her will to stay them. To Dunoisse the utterance brought revival of life and hope. He drew nearer, and said, with deep, vibrating earnestness:

"Miss Merling, I was imprisoned without trial, for no crime, but for a desperate effort to retrieve a great wrong that I had done—at the instance of my superiors, unknowingly. . . . Should you hear ill of me, do not judge me!—do not condemn me!—try to believe that I have told you the very truth!"

"I do believe you!"

The words, softly spoken, conveyed unfaltering sincerity. He looked his gratitude, and said, in broken tones:

"You have no time to listen to the story now, but when you are free, you will hear me tell it?" He added, as she bent her head in assent: "And until then I will do what service I may in the hospital. Years back, had I listened to you, I should have plucked myself from the morass of vanity and sensuality in which I was slowly, surely sinking. But I had gone too far to draw back. So I took, and spent, that money I had vowed never to touch, and leagued with rogues to put myself upon the throne of Widinitz, and was repaid, and richly, in disgrace and failure. You see, I hide nothing from you! Even in my days of blindness, you were for me the ideal of a woman, noble and pure, disinterested and true!"

She said, putting out her entreatingly:

"Your praise is undeserved. I have often reproached myself since, for the lack of tact and discrimination which I showed that night in our conversation at the Embassy. Upon the first occasion of our meeting, you may remember that you bestowed your confidence upon me very freely, very generously. . . . Possibly that is why I spoke to you candidly, as an old friend or an elder sister, forgetting that I had no right. . . ."

"The right was yours!" said Dunoisse, gripping his thin hands together and speaking low and eagerly. "It is yours to-day! It will always belong to you! In exchange, you have given me a noble woman to believe in, an earthly angel to be my guardian and guide. How can I speak to you, who are so much above me, of what is in my heart towards you? How dare I dream—"

He broke off, for she had silenced him with an entreating look.

"I must go!" she said, and pencilled a hasty line in a memorandum-book taken from her apron pocket, and tore out the scribbled leaf, and put it in his hand. "Give this to the head of our Medical Department, Surgeon-Major Cray, if you are in earnest in your wish to help us? When I have leisure, we shall meet again, and I will hear your story. And in the meantime, have courage! You are among friends here!"

"If I have one in you," said Dunoisse, deeply moved, "I need no other, for God has given me the best of all! Yet one question I must entreat you to answer, before you leave me. You said just now that you had dreamed I was a prisoner. . . . To me, as I walked upon the ramparts under guard one day last March, came a message, in answer to a cry of waking anguish. For I called upon a woman's name in my loneliness and desolation, and the woman answered—"

"I hear you! Oh! where are you? . . ."

It was the unforgettable voice, the very words that were graven upon his memory. Her bosom heaved, her eyes were starry, the rosy flush had risen to her very hair. He said, with a shock of joy in the revelation:

"I am sure, but need words to confirm the belief that is mine already. Answer me, I entreat you! Was not the voice that answered yours?"

She bent her head and hurried swiftly from Dunoisse, leaving him standing in the great hospital quadrangle, under the hot, blue, November sky.

The blood in his veins sang a song of hope. New life had come to him. He pressed the scribbled memorandum to his lips, and hurried in search of the head of the Medical Department. Helpers were sorely needed; the services of the new volunteer were eagerly accepted. And for weeks Dunoisse wrought among the wounded in the Hospital of Scutari. No one cared to ask his name; to those he nursed he was a hand that raised and fed—a voice that spoke consolation—nothing more tangible. Nor during the weeks of toil and exertion that followed did he exchange a word with the woman who had become the one star of his lonely night. But he saw her, and that was enough. Wherever help and sympathy, skill and courage, were most needed, she was to be found unflinching. Slight creature that she was, her strength seemed superhuman; the fire of zeal that burned in her was quenchless. She breathed her spirit into those who worked with her; they seemed to need no rest.

XCIX.

When fever touched Ada Merling with its scorching wing, there was consternation among the staff, and grief among the patients of the hospital. The attack was severe, but short; she was removed, during its continuance, to a small garden-villa adjoining the great Cemetery of Scutari.

And there, as she walked on the short, sweet grass, under the vast and ancient cypresses, Dunoisse—having been sent

for—came to her; and had no words, seeing her so pale and wan and wasted. She held out to him her thin, white hand, and said, with her smile of infinite sweetness:

"Now that I have leisure, I keep my promise. I do not think you need an introduction to Sister Jerome, who has nursed me so kindly and so well."

Dunoisse exchange a handshake and a smile with the Sister, who was a round-faced, bright-eyed little creature, with a voice sweet as a piping bullfinch's, and the activity of a kitten or a child. To see Sister Jerome kiss a baby was to think of a blackbird pecking at a cherry. . . . When she had dressed her patient's cruel wounds, she joked and laughed with those who were able to enjoy her chatter. But tears dropped from her bright eyes on the dressings whenever they could drop unseen.

Sister Jerome flitted up and down like a little black-and-white humble-bee between the alleys of turban-capped or flower-decked tombstones, while Dunoisse told his story to the accompaniment of the doves' hoarse cooing in the branches overhead. And as he spoke, he sometimes looked for belief and sometimes for comprehension; and never failed to find them in Ada Merling's eyes.

"I did not need to be told," she said, when he had ended, "that you have suffered most cruelly. It is written on your face. . . . Possibly another might tell you you blame yourself needlessly—you were a tool in the hand of a master who was responsible—but I shall not do so!"

"You tell me that it is your purpose to leave here and go to the Crimea, obtain an audience of Lord Dalgan, and unfold the plot to him. It will be a difficult task to convince him—almost an impossible task. Still—since to you as to me the voice of conscience is the Voice of God—go—and Heaven be with you and bring you safely back again!"

The thrill in her sweet voice, the magic of the hand that gently touched his, thawed the old ice about Dunoisse's heart. He fell down upon his knees before her, and caught a fold of her dress and kissed it, crying passionately:

"Oh! my good angel, from whom once I turned away! Oh! dearest and noblest of women, I bless you for those words that hold out hope to me! I swear to you that I will atone!"

He sought her hands, and she yielded them to his clasp, and he kissed them lingeringly. He folded them in his own, and laid them upon his heart, and cried:

"How can one speak to one so spotless of an earthly passion? And yet I will earn the right, one day. Tell me—when I have erased all those black entries from the book of the Recording Angel—when I have washed my soul clean of the guilt of all this blood—tell me that I may come to you and claim my priceless joy—my great reward of you! Give me some sign, even though you do not speak!"

Their eyes met. For answer she leaned over him, and kissed him once, upon the lips, divinely. . . . Her mouth was a chalice of strengthening. The clasp of her hands gave new life. . . . He said,

exultantly, as they rose up, still looking in each other's faces:

"Oh, my beloved! I will deserve so much of God, that one day He will give me even you!"

"Hush—hush!" she said, and touched his lips with her cool hand to bid them silence. He kissed the hand, glanced downwards and stooping, disentangled from the soft material of her dress a trailing branch of delicate, vividly-green creeper, hardly larger in leaf than the climbing rose, and set with long sharp thorns.

"What is that? How beautiful and how unusual!" she commented. Then—as he twisted the dewy green leaves and the sharp prickles into a rough circlet and offered it to her, she took it from him silently—saying to herself: "It is always the hand we love that gives us the crown of thorns!"

And then she called the nun, and bade him good-night, and went back to the little painted wooden villa standing in its nightingale-haunted garden on the main road to Ismid.

C.

Lord Dalgan, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Crimea, stood leaning an elbow upon the narrow mantlesheaf of the clay-brick fireplace that had been built in the corner of the bare, comfortable room of the farmhouse that served him as Headquarters, as he perused this letter—which was penned upon a square sheet of blue official paper, emblazoned with the eagle of Sire my Friend.

The handsome, high-bred, resolute face of Moggy Geoghegan's bould oould gintleman bore the stamp of weariness and exhaustion. The gallant martial figure in the blue frock-coat that looked so absurdly plain beside the profusely gold-laced and bestarred uniforms of the French generals, had gained a stoop; the dark gray trousers hung loosely on the wasted limbs.

It was dusk as the orderly sergeant-major ushered in the person who had so urgently sought an interview, and saluted and retired, on the heels of the aide-de-camp.

* * *

We know who the stranger was. The interview was brief, and as Ada Merling had prophesied, fruitless. Dunoisse had no sooner made the purport of his visit plain, than my lord said, gently but authoritatively, checking him with a gesture of the hand:

"No more, sir. You have sought me, it may be, in all sincerity, but the obligations of my post forbid me to hear you to the end. You have suffered imprisonment—possibly ill-usage—and your views have become distorted. My sympathy for your evident suffering induces me to be lenient. Otherwise, I should not hesitate to hand you over to the representatives of your country, who would deal with you, harshly, it may be. . ."

He added: "Do you not suppose that reports and accusations of treachery have not already reached me, as they probably have the French Commander-

in-Chief! You must have little experience if you doubt this! . . . Yet I tell you, were these accusations true, I should not alter, by one single hair's-breadth, my method of procedure. For it would be better that the British Army of the East should perish to a man in the trenches before Sevastopol than that England should stoop to show suspicion of her Ally. Our interview is over. . . . Sir, good-night to you!"

And my lord struck upon a bell that stood upon his portable writing-table, and consigned the dismissed visitor to the guidance of the orderly. So, with a burning brain, and dazed eyes and unsteady feet, Dunoisse passed out into a frosty night, bitten in with cold, white, twinkling stars—and went down, stumbling over the deep ruts of the snow-covered road, towards the lights of the Khutor Farm.

It was all over, all over! No atonement was possible! Weary and weak, and sick at heart, he reached the farmstead, turned in under a shed where some sacks had been thrown upon the ground, flung himself face downwards upon these, and either slept or swooned.

When he awakened or revived it was daybreak. A couple of Zouaves passed him, making their way northwards towards the French headquarters after a night of drink and gambling.

"O God!" cried Dunoisse, as the men passed, "be merciful and send me Death! For I cannot keep my vow to Thee and to the woman who has been my earthly worship. It is not in my power to atone!"

A flush of rosy color filled his haggard eyes. He lifted them and saw, topping the rugged line of hills to the eastward, where the fires of the Cossack camps sent up thin lines of smoke, blue-white and slanting northwards, the rising of the sun. And the disc of the luminary was pale, dazzling as burnished silver. And a broad, vertical bar of crimson rose above and below it—and a transverse bar of the same glowing, ruddy splendor made the semblance of a Crimson Cross with a central glory. And in that moment knowledge and power and strength came to the son of Marie-Bathilde. He knew what his atonement was to be.

He had money that had been returned to him upon his release from the Fortress. He bought a donkey and a canvas saddle with panniers that day in Bala-klava, and with a store of simple comforts, bought at a great price from the masters of store-ships in the Harbor, he began to go about amongst the camps of the Divisions, and to frequent the pest-houses called hospitals, and to visit the soldiers dying of hunger, and bronchitis, and pneumonia, in the slushy, freezing trenches, and to do what good he might.

He wore a sheepskin cap and coat, and leggings of pigskin. He made himself a dwelling in the crypt of a ruined Greek church. Under the inlaid picture of Our Lady on the wall he made his bed of withered leaves and Army sacking. He lived on the coarsest, plainest food—tak-

ing no more than was needed to sustain the life in him. It is not for nothing that one has Carmel in the blood.

And toiling thus, he forgot his griefs, for labor is a powerful anodyne. And still the war went on, and still the eyes of England turned towards the Upland, and still her sons died in thousands, and were buried in its marly soil.

The great Tsar died. Marshal Boissier retired, and was succeeded by Grandguerrier, the hot, fierce, stout little warrior of whom we know.

He had a tender heart, that little, fiery man who had become Commander-in-Chief of France's Imperial Army. Henriette might have been happy, had she married him. . . . And how exquisitely she would have played her part as Madame la Marechale one may imagine, had not Fate stepped in, in the person of a little drummer of the Line.

For she visited the military hospitals of Kamiesch a few days subsequently to her arrival. As she was leaving the last ward, one of the Sisters of Mercy in charge pointed out to her this youth of eighteen, who had been blinded in both eyes by the explosion of a shell. And Henriette, glancing pitifully at the swollen, bandaged face upon the pillow, said with a shudder:

"Poor young man! How sad that he should suffer so cruelly! Ah! if his mother could only see him now!"

Some tone of the speaker's seemed to reach the consciousness of the fevered sufferer upon the narrow pallet. He stretched out yellow, bony arms, groping towards the unseen sweetness. He turned his bandaged head towards it, and said, in a voice between a rattle and a gasp:

"Mother, mother, mother! They have brought you to me at last! Come and hold me, mother, my mother! Come and kiss me, and I shall get quite well!"

The nun in charge would have dissuaded Henriette, saying that the patient was not only wounded, but was suspected to be suffering from a malignant kind of fever, the true character of which had not yet declared itself. But Henriette was obstinate. She felt so strangely happy that day—it seemed to her that she must do something for somebody. And she ran to the squalid pallet and knelt beside it, saying, as though the little drummer had been a child indeed:

"Yes, yes! I am your mother! . . . Come, now, be good! You disturb the other little ones. Be patient!—be quiet!—by-and-by you shall get well!"

She had never been so tender to one of the little pig-tailed girls who had been brought up by the market-gardener's wife at Bagneres—but you will remember that Henriette could never say No! to a man. So, as the drummer still moaned to be held and kissed and cosseted, Henriette yielded, and touched with her own lips the poison-breathing lips of the pestilence-stricken—and laid the bandaged head upon her beautiful bosom—and hushed and soothed it there. She coaxed the drummer into taking food and medicine. She sang a

(Continued on page 113.)

The Buried Millions of Zarnda

A Story of Adventure Revolving Around a Hunt for Treasure in Venezuela and a Midnight Cruise

By R. H. YOUNG

Illustrated by W. H. COOPER

THE surf beating thunderously on the protecting reef of coral which encircles the entire island, made a glorious sight. The deep blue rollers, smashed into billions of scintillating diamonds, flashed in the sun with an exquisite beauty of coloring, pausing a moment, in a maelstrom of foam, then onward to the gently sloping gold of the beach in an avalanche of the purest snow.

It was Busby's first day on the island of Barbadoes. He had only arrived from Demerara the previous evening, joyously expectant of a glorious holiday, and with the pleasing knowledge that the few hundred dollars in his pocket would be ample to last him at least a couple of months in luxury. Everything was so ridiculously cheap in Barbadoes.

But now, after barely sixteen hours, things were completely altered. What a couple of hundred dollars could accomplish, a mere couple of dollars could not possibly attempt. Indeed, if he squared his hotel bill he should have to leave next morning at the latest, for his total funds amounted now to just exactly seven dollars and sixty cents.

"What an ass I have been—what an execrable ass," he reflected, bitterly. "But then when, in Heaven's name have I been otherwise?"

He glanced back over the past few years of his adventurous career. An inexorable fate seemed to have dogged him from childhood. And yet he had in some ways been lucky, had held good positions at times; held them creditably too, and in the majority of cases, gained fast promotion, only to fling up everything on the spur of the moment, whenever a spasm of the wanderlust fever took him. These spells always seemed to come just when everything was at its brightest.

He wondered vaguely if he could work a passage back to Guiana, or perhaps over to Colon. But to land in Colon, he would have to produce at least fifteen dollars before the authorities would allow him ashore.



Busby seized him by the throat.

Demerara then it must be again, for there was absolutely no employment of any description on the island for a white man. To have to return there so quickly, and 'broke,' touched him on the raw, more than anything else about the whole rotten affair.

"Why the devil can't I leave cards alone?" he said to himself.

He gave an order to a passing waiter, and lighting a cigarette fell to anathematizing himself afresh.

A little old gentleman watched Busby grimly from one of the verandah doors, as he tossed off a good three fingers of raw whiskey which the darkey brought, and moving forward as the waiter retired, tapped lightly on the back of the lounge.

"Well, Senhor," he said, with an unmistakable Spanish accent. "I trust your vile luck last night has left no ill

effects to disturb, on such an entrancing morning?"

Busby surveyed him rather ungraciously for a few seconds before replying.

"It certainly is a splendid morning," he said.

The old gentleman pulled a chair forward and sat down.

"Oh, well," he remarked, smiling benignly, "perhaps to-night good Dame Fortune may smile, and the Senhor's luck may change, 'Quien Sabe!'"

Busby glanced up at him amusedly. How was this old codger to know that to-night of all nights, instead of playing poker in the smoke-room of a fashionable hotel, he should rather be attempting to secure a coalpasser's billet on some outward bound steamer.

Turning in his chair he watched a shining bevy of fling fish rise from the sea, far out, and dipping now and then to the swell, vanish at last on the horizon.

"I do not think, Senhor, that I shall play again to-night," he said carelessly.

The old man eyed him contemplatively for a minute, then drew his chair closer.

"Will you pardon what may seem an indiscretion

on my part. Senhor Busby?" he asked. "I have seen and heard of you before. I was at Bartica a year ago when you successfully crossed from the Cuyuni river to the Puruni through the bush alone. Ah, Senhor, whilst we admired your courage, I am afraid most of us thought it a most foolhardy bet to have made, and one which few could have won."

"It certainly was a fool bet," said Busby, smiling, "And one I am not likely to repeat."

The other tugged at his moustache, glanced round nervously, and then as if suddenly having come to a momentous decision, leaned forward and spoke guardedly.

"Would the Senhor care to make another dangerous trip?—This time by water, if—er—the remuneration were ample?"

"Would I?" said Busby, laughing. "Well, you just try me. I'd go pretty far just now for anything remunerative."

"Ah, I was not wrong then. That was the cause of the Senhor's gloom this morning. He—er—lost too much last night, eh?"

"You've got it right down to a fine point sir," said Busby sourly, "though how that concerns you I fail to see."

"And yet, Senhor, it concerns me vitally, and I am so destitute of sympathy that I can truthfully say I am very glad that it is so. Yes, Senhor, exceedingly glad, since it enables me to make you a proposal, which if successful will enrich us both amply. What say you, Senhor? Shall we adjourn to my quarters? It is more private."

Busby rose, and D'Andrade, having first ordered a bottle of wine, they passed upstairs together.

When the refreshments had arrived the old man carefully locked the door, and crossed over to where Busby sat expectantly.

"Senhor," he said, in a low tone, as he seated himself, "You, of course, know of the embarrassing situation in which the president of Venezuela finds himself at present. Having left his country on account of ill-health, for a European tour, his enemies have grasped the opportunity to disown his government, and have even now elected a new president. Under the circumstances, it is, of course, impossible for the late president to return to Venezuela at present, even if the state of his health permitted, which need—less to say, it does not."

"There is, however, an urgent necessity, for someone, whose integrity and loyalty is unquestionable, to visit the country in order to advance certain projects of vital importance. Such a man must be an absolute stranger to both parties, and be at the same time possessed of more than the average courage and resource. Senhor, I have heard of you; nay, as I have already said, I have met you before, at Bartica, and I believe you to be suitable. The case is urgent. Even now it may be too late. We cannot say. In any event it will soon be so, if we can do nothing. If you will pass your word Senhor, to treat this conversation as strictly confidential, whether you accept or not, I shall explain as concisely as possible the business in question. Senhor, do I have your word?"

The man's absolute earnestness, his semi-whispering tones, and the hasty, apprehensive glances he continuously shot at the door had set Busby's blood tingling with expectation, and he silently held out his hand as he nodded affirmatively.

"Good," said D'Andrade, grasping the other's hand in both his own, and unconsciously pulling his chair closer. "Our newspaper world has told us, that the president has with him several millions of money, which, expecting just such an occurrence as has taken place, he had the foresight to invest in Europe."

"This, unfortunately for we of his government, who have remained loyal, is only partly true. The late upheaval was,

of course, a premeditated affair, but owing to unforeseen circumstances, it took place much earlier than we had expected. That it would be successful we, of course, had anticipated, in the enforced absence of the president, and you may be sure Senhor, that we had our plans made accordingly in advance, but as I say, we, and in fact they as well, were surprised by the prematurity of the revolution, and our plans confounded."

He leaned eagerly forward; "Senhor," he whispered intensely, "Ten miles from La Guayra, in a place we know of, there are two million dollars in American notes and securities, hurriedly abandoned to save our necks, on the proclaiming of the new president."

"You wonder, perhaps, why this place should be difficult of access, and why I should class it as a most dangerous undertaking, to secure this money safely. Senhor, when I tell you that the new government suspects its whereabouts, that a gunboat is constantly patrolling the coast in a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, that almost one-third of the entire Venezuelan army is encamped within a mile of the exact location, and that we know from sure sources that Gastrana is in communication, and bargaining with the new president from Paris, to sell the secret, you will understand the danger."

"The man we send, Senhor, must of necessity know the exact location, and should he be captured—eh—well!" and the old man turned his palms upward, shrugged his shoulders, and smiled grimly.

"Should he be captured, Senhor," he repeated slowly, "well, the Senhor will understand that the Venezuelan methods of extorting secrets are not, to say the least, over mild. If you undertake this mission Senhor Busby, I—, we, offer you one thousand dollars, over and above your expenses. Should you be successful, and bring the money safely through, either to Demerara, or Barbadoes, or to any British possession, we offer you one-eighth part of the entire amount. Should you fail, Senhor, you will most assuredly die—or worse. On the one hand affluence; on the other, death, and probably mutilation. I do not seek to deceive you. one way or the other. What say you, my friend?"

The Spaniard leaned back in his chair, eyeing the other closely, the tips of his fingers pressed closely together.

Busby held his glass up to the light, noting the brilliant hue of the liquor in the sunlight.

"Why sir, I think you know the answer, don't you? If you do not mind, I will trouble you for some of that thousand to go on with," he said, as he laid the glass down.

D'Andrade could not conceal his gratification at the other's reply and fumbling hastily in his pocket, produced a roll of bills.

"Senhor, you gladden my heart; I have a wife and family to think of and to lose all would be hard. Here are five hundred dollars; the balance I will give you before night. Your expenses we will, of course, pay, and I, personally, will see

that everything you may suggest, is carried out most exactly."

The Scotsman crammed the bills uncounted into his pocket, and swallowing his wine, stood up.

"I shall want," he said shortly, "a small launch, gasoline by preference, and a good man to run it. The speed of the Venezuelan gunboat is, I think, about ten or eleven knots, if it is the 'El Pablo.' The launch should be slightly faster, obviously. To-night you will give me the exact location, and see stores aboard. If possible, I will start to-morrow, and if you could arrange for a tow to some point off the Venezuelan coast, it would save fuel. If not, it will be necessary to utilize every available space for stowing gasoline. I shall take my own servant, and the engineer I leave to your discretion, but he must be a thoroughly competent man, as I, personally, know practically nothing about these engines, and any breakdowns might prove disastrous."

They left the room, and Busby, lighting a cigarette, strolled to his own quarters, where his East Indian servant, Sam Dass, was busy brushing his clothes.

"Samivel," he said, seating himself, "you savvy Venezuelan dago, eh?"

"Who you mean, Sahib? Dougl' Portigee?"

Busby laughed. "Yes," he said, "Something like that. Dougl' Portigee, yes. You savvy that time your boss get plenty shot gun bullet up in the gold bush in Demerara, eh? Well, same kind o' fella do him."

The 'boy' nodded his head.

"You like for come with your boss, give 'em back some 'o them bullet, eh? Perhaps we get plenty bullet too. You no frighten go?"

"O Sahib, suppose you go, I no frighten, but I think you go stay B'ados, long time."

"Well, pretty soon we come back. Suppose we no catch dago bullet. I think make one, two week; I no savvy when, proper."

He knew perfectly well that the boy would go but it pleased him to test his faithfulness, on every possible occasion.

They had been together for over five years, ever since, as an overseer on a sugar estate in Demarara, he had picked the boy up, a dirty ragged little urchin of eleven or twelve. He had clothed him and sent him to school in the odd hours of the day when he had no use for him, and the boy, under exceptionally good treatment, had grown to almost worship him and would willingly have done anything for his 'Sahib,' whom he really looked upon as being the best and greatest man in his world.

After dinner that evening, Busby again tackled the poker table and when D'Andrade came in about ten o'clock, had almost recuperated his previous night's losses.

"Money begets money," he said, as he rose and they passed upstairs together, "Now if I had not had that five hundred in my pocket, I'd assuredly have lost every hand I played."

"May you be as successful in your new venture, Senhor," said the other with

significant brevity, as he locked his door securely.

Approaching a small table in the centre of the room, D'Andrade laid down a small leather cigarette case, and they both drew up their chairs.

"I have secured the boat you desired, my friend," he said, looking intently at Busby, "and to-night it will be fully provisioned and loaded on the deck of the 'Harry Lewis,' which sails to-morrow for Georgetown with a cargo of vegetables. She will drop you as near as possible to the Venezuelan coast, should you so desire. I have also engaged a competent engineer. He is now supervising the shipment of gasoline. The launch is rather small for comfort, Senhor, but she is the best I could get in the time, and has the advantage of being almost new. Her engines are in first-class shape and she has a speed of over thirteen knots."

"I have here," he continued, "The other five hundred dollars."

Busby raised his hand in protest. "No, Senhor," he said, "We will let that stand until I return."

"As you please, Senhor," said the Spaniard returning the money to his pocket, with a deprecatory shrug.

He picked up the cigarette case from the table, inserted the blade of his knife behind the lining, and ripped out the back.

A piece of tissue paper slipped out, and this with nervous fingers he unfolded and spread on the table. It was a laboriously accurate chart of part of the Venezuelan coast.

"Here you see La Guayra," he whispered, pointing with his knife. "And here, ten miles to the south-east, is the little village of Zarnda, in an unfrequented and practically unknown harbor.

"Here at the entrance, you will observe, a small island called Maliva, practically screens the harbor from all outside view. It is said that at one time, your pirate comratriot, Morgan, had occasion to use the harbor both before and after the sack of La Guayra. But of the truth of this I know nothing. On the high plateau, about one mile from Zarnda, the new state troops are encamped, and from its elevation they can and do maintain a strict scrutiny over the surrounding country. Now please follow me closely, Senhor. This point marked with an O is a small bungalow somewhat separated from, and lying nearer the plateau than the village, and this is your objective. Directly in the rear of this bungalow which is used at present as officers' quarters, is an old unused well. Down this well, a water-tight box, buoyed by

a copper cable to a point in the side, close to the top, contains that which we seek.

"That is all that I can tell you, Senhor, and I have no plans to suggest or to recommend. You alone must do the rest. As far as we know, there is only a very small fortification, and this is established on Maliva, but your greatest danger lies with Gastrana or any of his agents, and should you be seized—well," and he paused with a significant raising of the eyebrows, "a speedy death is preferable."

Busby studied the map intently for some time, then handing it over to D'Andrade who carefully replaced it, they passed out, and once more rejoined the players in the smokeroom.



Busby continued his seemingly futile bombardment with the other rifle.

Early next morning the trade schooner, 'Harry Lewis,' passed out of the harbor of Bridgetown unostentatiously, and commenced a rather northerly passage to Demerara.

Four days later, with the Venezuelan coast looming up on the horizon, the gasoline launch, 'Lilian A,' with Busby, Sam Dass, and mulatto named Dodds, was cast adrift on the ocean.

The same evening, in spite of a rather choppy sea, the three voyagers found themselves in close proximity to Zarnda.

Day was just breaking the following morning, when the sentries on duty on the island fort of Maliva, and the lookout on the gunboat 'El Pablo,' at almost the identical time, noticed a launch close in shore, and apparently barely afloat,

from which urgent signals of distress were flying.

The boat's crew from the fort were the first to reach the launch, which was found to be almost full of water. A gaping hole in her bows obviously accounted for her condition, and the occupants appeared to be much the worse for long exposure to the elements. At the request of the owner, a 'crazy Englishman,' with money, the launch was towed in, and duly beached on shore at Zarnda.

The tale the owner told of broken down engines and a sunken reef was accepted without hesitation by the Commandant and officers, and he was at once made free of the officers' mess, in the solitary Zarnda hotel, whilst repairs were commenced on the launch by Dodds.

It was on the second night after their arrival, and possibly just at the exact time when Busby, returning from a rather hilarious night with some of his officer friends at their quarters in an old bungalow, a short distance from the village, managed to mistake his road home, and fall down an old well, that the commander of the 'El Pablo,' then on patrol in the vicinity of La Guayra, picked up the urgent wireless message which sent the gunboat flying under forced draught back to Zarnda.

At three o'clock in the morning, Busby, waked from peaceful slumber in his room at the hotel, by an officer and squad of marines, was forced to don his clothes, still wet from immersion in the well, and proceed under escort before Commander Da Silva, in the hotel dining room.

The Commander was a stout pompous little individual, and an uncommonly tight-fitting uniform, and he evidently felt that he had made an important capture.

Presumably, his idea was to obtain the sole credit, for he at once ordered the room to be cleared, save for himself and the prisoner. He gave the marines orders to remain within call.

"The Senhor Inglese," he said, turning to the other when his orders had been executed, "has been playing a game ver' amusing, is it not?"

Busby raised his eyebrows as if highly offended.

"I will be obliged if you will enlighten me as to the precise meaning of all of this," he said. "Why am I a prisoner, and what is all this palaver about, anyway?"

"The Senhor will know:—oh, yes, the Senhor will know ver' soon," sneered the little man, his bleared eyes glinting

(Continued on page 127.)

Emerald Lake, with Mt. Burgess in the background. This is in Yoho Park, about 7 miles from Field, B.C.



The Publicity Value

The Chain of Majestic Mountain Parks that is Being Established, will Bring Tourists to Canada

That the mighty Rockies have a distinct commercial value quite apart from the inexhaustible mineral supplies concealed beneath their rugged slopes is a fact that Canadians have not fully realized. The Alps are a great asset for Switzerland, drawing as they do a constant stream of visitors—tourists, mountain climbers, lovers of winter sports, all ready spenders. Why should not the

overwhelming grandeur of the mountain scenery through which he was passing, had an inspired thought, the culmination of which should be to him a memorial forever. Mr. Trow had a vision. He foresaw that the Rocky Mountains would become a great highway of traffic for nations and that wealth and prosperity

would be the heritage of his countrymen, and that when they had leisure they

would want to play—could there be a more glorious or exhilarating playground than in the mountains? Why not a National Park?

IS the time coming when the tourist, the mountain climber and the lover of winter sports will regard Canada as fully equal to Switzerland in its facilities? Will Canada be able to commercialize the lure of the lofty Rockies, as the thrifty Swiss have done with the Alps?

The system of National Parks is a logical and business-like method adopted by the Government to convert physical features which could be utilized in scarcely any other way, into valuable national assets, drawing their revenue from the wealth of the world.

It is now nearly thirty years since the first of these National Parks was established, and to-day the system takes in between six and seven thousand square miles, much of which is made accessible to the tourist.

The suggestion of a National Park came almost co-incidental with the opening up of a line of transportation across the Rocky Mountains—namely, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. James Trow, upon whom the Liberal electors of South Perth in Ontario had conferred the honor of subscribing M.P. after his name, while a passenger en route to the Pacific Coast, enthralled with the

On his return to Ottawa, Mr. Trow mentioned his dream to the late Hon. Thos. White, then Minister of the Interior, who lost no time in bringing it to the attention of the Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, and in the same year an order-in-council was passed, reserving a portion of the Rocky Mountains, near Banff, as a National Park, pending the further consideration of the Government. In 1887 it was established by Act of Parliament and was known as the Banff National Park. Later the name was changed to the Rocky Mountains Park.

The National Parks Bill was fathered by Sir John A. Macdonald, Donald Smith—the late Lord Strathcona—Sir Richard Cartwright, Nicholas Flood Davin and other men of like ilk on both sides of the House, which was a good omen to start with. And to the credit of these statesmen whose long range vision glimpsed the Dominion of Canada as it is to-day, and as it

will be fifty and perhaps a hundred years hence, let it go on record that before the Banff National Park Bill had been brought down in the House, another Order-in-Council had been passed, reserving four other areas in the mountains as National Parks, although nothing was done towards their development for some time. Two of these are now known as Yoho and Glacier Parks.

This was the beginning of the history of the National Parks of Canada. To-day there are eight, situated in the Western Provinces; and besides these, there are the three Provincial Parks, two of which are in Ontario and the third in Quebec. These also were an outcome of the National Park idea, and until 1893 were known as National Parks being under the same administration. The only difference between them now is, that the National Parks are owned and controlled by the Dominion Government, the lands never having been given over to the Province, while in the case of the Provincial Parks, the land is owned by the Provinces and is therefore administered by the Legislatures thereof. But it is principally to those known as National Parks that the writer refers in this article. Every year they are increasing in value as a national asset—valuable because they are one of the greatest attractions the continent of America offers the tourist; and the tourist traffic is of inestimable value to a country, because as someone has said in other words, the tourist comes, spends and unconsciously becomes an advertising agent; at the same time taking away nothing that makes the country poorer. Every civilized country wants the tourist.

It is estimated that the annual income of France from the tourist traffic is \$500,000,000, Italy \$100,000,000, and the



Mt. Robson, "The Monarch of the Canadian Rockies" (13,170 feet), in Mt. Robson Park, B.C.

of National Parks

By

CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

Rockies be of equal commercial value to Canada? Why should not Canada reap the monetary value of the lure of the mighty mountain peaks and fastnesses?

The accompanying article tells of what is being done to establish new national parks and to improve and enlarge the present system—work which will help to advertise Canada and to open the eyes of the world to the wonders that Canada has to offer.—Editor.

latest available report from Switzerland credits a revenue of \$150,000,000 to this source. Imagine what a hole there would be in the treasury of any of these countries without this revenue; what would they be without their tourist traffic? And with the exception of Switzerland, what scenic beauty have any of them to compare with the Rockies, which are said to be anywhere from twelve to sixty Switzerlands in one, according to the enthusiasm of the person making the statement?

It was to establish some such revenue as this that made the Government so keen to act upon Mr. Trow's suggestion. It was not enough for the tourist to see the mountains from the rear of the train nor even from an observation car; he must be given an opportunity to form an intimate acquaintance with them. To induce him to do so it would be necessary to provide accommodation in the way of hotels, carriage roads and trails. Landlords, transfer companies with their ponies and carriages and guides and drivers, launches and boatmen would follow naturally.

It was at Banff that the Government began its first work of development, and some conception of what has been accomplished can be arrived at when it is stated that in this park alone, which by the way is the largest in the system,—according to the latest Government report, over ninety miles of carriage roads have been completed, and since that report was issued a great deal more has been accomplished, including automobile roads connecting the parks with outside points. And besides the carriage roads, there are nearly seven hundred miles of pony and foot trails, which by special arrangement with the C.P.R. are built by that company in the parks through which

their road runs. And, remember, this is in only one of the National Parks. Work is going on in the same ratio in some, though not all of the others; one or two still being merely reservations, pending the fur-

Takakkaw Falls, in the Yoho Valley, twelve miles from Field, B.C. The carriage road leading to the Falls is a marvellous feat of scientific road construction. In places it curves like a corkscrew along the side of mountain.



ther development of the country and transportation facilities.

It would be interesting to go into details of scientific road building in the mountains where only expert engineers are employed, but that is a theme too large; suffice it to say that routes have been chosen very carefully with three things in view—viz., scenic beauty, safety, and economic construction, for it must be borne in mind that expensive as road construction is any place, it is extremely so in the mountains, where there is no end of grading, reinforcing, and dynamiting to say nothing of the inconvenience of getting material, the high cost of labor and the difficulty of getting any at all in those remote places. If it were possible to strike an average of the cost involved in constructing these roads, even this would scarcely convey an accurate conception of this gigantic task, to the mind of the reader, for the cost varies according to the nature of the country

through which the road runs. For instance, a carriage road built last year in the Rocky Mountains Park cost at the rate of \$1,000 per mile, while it is estimated that a similar road from Fiddle Creek to Hot Springs in Jasper Park, Alta., which the Government purposes building, will cost at least \$10,000 per mile. It is the same with the trails; in one district where it is only a matter of laying out the route and clearing it of trees and underbrush, it may be done for \$30, while elsewhere, under less favorable circumstances, it may cost \$300 per mile. But no matter what the original cost, this is only the initial figure, to which must be added yearly supervision and repairing. Every spring trails have to be re-opened, cleared and put in a safe condition; carriage roads have to be inspected, strengthened in places weakened by the ravages of winter, and made absolutely safe; bridges have to be repaired, shelters made habitable and rustic seats added here and there where necessary.

It has been shown that the National Parks of Canada are expensive playgrounds; but if they are fulfilling the purpose for which they were created,



A snapshot of Jasper, B.C., on the Athabasca River, and a divisional point on the G.T.P. Railway, a little east of the Yellow Head Pass.

then it follows that the investment is a good one and fully justified. And these parks are attracting hosts of travellers every season. Year after year they come in increasing numbers. Another reference to the commissioner's report will show the proportionate increase in ten years. In 1902 it was estimated that the guests numbered 8,516 at the hotels in the Rocky Mountains Park alone; in 1912, these same hotels entertained 73,725, an increase of 65,000 in ten years and 10,000 in one year. A railway official who is in a position to know, says that this estimate is too low, and that if an actual count were taken, the number of visitors at Banff alone last year would come nearer 125,000, but the writer has been unable to find figures to verify this.

Strange as it may seem, the percentage of Canadian travel through the mountains is small compared to that of the American, while it is favorite route for the around-the-world tourist.

From the tourist trade indirectly is derived a part of the revenue of the National Parks—for there is a revenue; and according to the Commissioner of Parks at Ottawa, an abiding faith is entertained that before long the oldest of these parks will become self-supporting. Last year the direct revenue from water, sewer, lot rentals, timber licenses in the Rocky Mountains Park was \$32,988. In addition to this, nearly \$50,000 was collected by timber, mines, and grazing branches. The total cost of maintenance, exclusive of development, was approximately \$70,000. This included fire and game protection, salaries, repairs to roads, trails, sidewalks, sewer and water systems, etc.

When the Sytem of National Parks was first established, no one had any idea to what extent it would grow, and at that time, the logical place for the administration seemed to be in the Bureau of Forestry, the objects of the two enterprises being so closely allied; for if the function of the one was to conserve forest and stream, that of the other was to do this also, and in addition to furnishing breathing places for nations, it was to preserve the natural physical attractions found within the parks limits, and to become an asylum game of every kind.

So up till 1911 the National Parks were under the supervision of the Superintendent of Forestry. As they developed and their potentialities became obvious, it was evident that they should be placed under special management; the System underwent a re-organization and now the National Parks of Canada are under the supervision of an official whose title to that of Commissioner of Dominion Parks, with an office in the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, a Chief Superintendent at Edmonton, Alta., to whom all reports are submitted from the

various superintendents in charge of the different parks. Each superintendent has a staff of fire rangers and game wardens under him whose duty it is to see that no game is killed within certain limits, that the rules of the Parks are enforced and to prevent the spread of fire. The North West Mounted Police also patrol the parks.

Rules for all the parks are practically the same; no timber or other property may be removed without permission; no object of beauty or interest may be defaced; no game may be killed within certain limits over which the Government keeps a close surveillance; and no firearms are permitted within these limits unless sealed.

One of the herd
in the Buffalo
Park Reserve.



Lake Louise, in the Rocky Mountains Park, Alta., showing a glimpse of a trail which encircles the Lake and in places was a very expensive undertaking, because the roadbed had to be built up almost out of the water.

No one may fish within the park boundaries except with rod and line and then only during the open season. A guide taking a party of tourists is responsible for the carrying out of rules; if violated, both guide and party are liable to a fine.

All animal life is protected within certain zones, and only those that become too numerous and therefore troublesome are allowed to be killed. A grizzly is the most formidable animal one is likely to meet, but unless his domestic arrangements are interfered with, he is not likely to become disagreeable. You may see a brown bear—but not if he sees you first—and much of the game is becoming very tame from a sense of protection.

As before stated, the National Parks are all in Western Canada, with perhaps

a single exception namely, the Indian lands of the St. Lawrence river which still belong to the Government. The Rocky Mountains Park has an area of 1,800 square miles, with Banff for its best known point of interest, and there is hardly any doubt that Banff is the most universally visited point in the Rocky Mountains, the Hot Sulphur Springs being a big attraction. Town lots are leased here at from \$8.00 to \$9.50 per year, on which the lessee may erect a house not to cost less than \$800. The Yoho Park has 560 square miles and is reached from Field, B.C., just beyond the famous spiral tunnels. Glacier is

just four or five hours' ride further west with 460 square miles of territory. These are all on the main line of the C.P.R.

Then there is Elk Island Park for the propagation

of buffalo; this has sixteen square miles and is on the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Northern. The Moose Mountain Park is in Saskatchewan and is only a reservation yet. Waterton Lakes Park near the Kootenay Pass, B.C., is the most diminutive of all the National Parks, having an area of only 13 square miles, but it has many charms to atone for what it lacks in dimensions.

Jasper Park and Mt. Robson are the most recently created of all this great jewelled chain of parks. The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific through northern Alberta and British Columbia to Prince Rupert on the Pacific coast is largely responsible for their development and the publicity they have received within a short time. The Canadian Northern will also pass through these parks when finished. Together, the Government and the railways are developing these virgin parks. As

yet scarcely anything could be more primeval. Jasper, formerly known as "Fitzhugh" is the nearest thing to a town within the limits of Jasper Park. It is situated on the Athabaska river and superb mountain peaks keep eternal vigilance. It is only divisional point on the G. T. P. yet; but some day it will be more. After Jasper there are only stops known by number until one reaches Tete Juan Cache, and when the writer was there last summer, "T. John" was the end of things so far as the conveniences and comforts of modern transportation were concerned. But railways grow surprisingly fast.

Thus the System of National Parks has provided wonderful facilities for the lover of nature to get away from the
(Continued on page 130.)

Lockwood's Choice

How Love Triumphed Over Social Ambition---An Old Problem from a New Angle

By HAROLD BINDLOSS, Author of "The Concession Hunters," etc.

Illustrated by W. H. COOPER

FRANCIS LOCKWOOD was disappointed with the Old Country before he had spent a month in England. He had forgotten so much, and the longing for leisure palled upon him. He came of a stubborn, and somewhat reckless, British stock, and a love of the soil he sprang from was born in him as well as certain less desirable instincts, but eight years grim struggle on the wide plains of the West had set their stamp on him. Now he could count his cattle and horses by the hundred head, and his younger son's portion lay trebled in a Canadian bank. Still, so far his holiday had been a failure, and he remembered how when he waited in high spirits in a Western station for the Atlantic express his shrewd grey-haired partner of Caledonian extraction said:

"Idleness is not for such as ye, and ye'll be wearying for the plains before three months are over. Ye have given your best to the prairie, and the prairie has prospered ye—but choose weel, Frank, if ye bring a wife back with ye."

The partner was right, for the things the bronzed rancher had dreamed of in the scorching dust of alkali and stinging winter drifts lost their attractiveness now he could touch and handle them, while he was uneasily conscious that a certain taint in his blood held in check by the life of effort under the open heaven was manifesting its presence. So one morning he thrust aside the whisky and soda untasted in a London club.

"I've had enough of this and will go up and see Harry's new place in the North," he said to a relative. "Unlimited loafing isn't good for me, and there'll be fresh air up there among the fells any way."

He went, taking with him a trout rod, rook rifle, and sundry garments packed in a big fishing creel, for he had acquired primitive ideas on the subject of necessaries in the West, and astonished the worthy master of a little station in the North Country by insisting on carrying them fifteen miles to his brother's house. Henry Lockwood, the stock-broker, had rented sporting rights, and a lodge where he entertained company floaters, and others at certain seasons.

"There's a train from the junction this afternoon, and it's only four miles from the station to the lodge. You can't never walk there with those things," said the railway official; and Lockwood answered: "I'm not quite a cripple,

nor as feeble as I look. A hundred miles isn't a long walk in my country."

Then the station master said solemnly: "Well, may I be danged!" as he watched the stalwart Colonial brush through the heather up the face of a hill.

It was fortnight later when the latter sat with his brother one evening outside the lodge. There was a table between them with glasses upon it, and a woman's voice singing an Italian love song came out with the soft light of shaded candles through an open French window. It was a good voice, and Francis listened dreamily as he looked down on one of the fairest prospects in England. Great peaks rose blackly solemn against the last glimmer of afterglow, white mists filled the valley, and a tarn reflected the first starlight in a hollow below, for the hush of a summer nightfall lay heavy upon the land. The brothers were alike, and yet unlike, Henry, pale and portly, Francis, hard and lean and brown, and the former glancing at the rancher through the blue cigar smoke, said:—

"Made up your mind yet, Frank? No!—well isn't it time you did? That cattle raising business is interesting as an experience, but you can't contemplate remaining what your Western friends entitle a 'cow puncher' all the rest of your life. Sell it off, and join me; I could do with a little more capital, and there's enough for two. Then you could marry Eveline, and, when old Crosbie dies, raise prize pigs or bullocks over here if you wanted to. It's an open secret that you won't get a penny of his money otherwise."

"Aren't you taking too much for granted?" asked Francis. "Suppose for instance Eveline wouldn't marry me?" and the stock-broker's eyes twinkled as he answered, "Then she's a much less shrewd young lady than she's supposed to be. Most men would call her handsome, and you were sweethearts once, you know. Reasonably well off, accomplished— and what more do you want?"

Francis did not answer. Indeed, he hardly knew, but by a trick of fancy his thoughts wandered to the afternoon he first tramped across the moorland into the valley. In one place a broad riband of amber-tinted water glanced athwart a shallow, and he lay watching it froth among moss-flecked boulders until there was a clatter of hoofs on shingle and he saw a slight but very shapely figure

swaying on the back of a pony which objected to the ford. Francis, who rose, and after a struggle, led the beast through, noticed in doing so that the fair rider's eyes were clear and honest, as well as blue. They smiled upon him bewitchingly, and the little hand that rested on the bridle was well formed if the wrist was red. He decided it was the surroundings which had impressed him, the tarn sleeping lineless in the shadow of the crag, blue peaks, and song of sliding water, but now it seemed there was more in the picture they formed a background for—the winsome, half-shy face of his companion.

The music ceased, and Francis felt guilty when the singer greeted them as she moved across the terrace. Eveline was certainly handsome, but not in the least shy. She was also tall and dark, and carried herself in a manner that suggested an imperious disposition.

"Well!" repeated Henry, "What more could any man desire?" But Francis avoided the question. He had dwelt among a fearless people who, in spite of sundry eccentricities, cherished a respect for womanhood, and he hardly considered it becoming. So he replied to the former query.

"Your ways might not suit me, or your friends understand my own, and I should be longing for the wind and sun. Besides you know what there is in all of us—and out there we drink green tea. I've got scared of myself lately, and know that while I'm safe working, your kind of life wouldn't be good for me. It wouldn't be a fair deal to Eveline, you see!"

Henry Lockwood laughed. "There's a strain of the blood in Eveline, and she knows the Lockwood ways." "Why all this delicacy? Wine and horses and gambling have done for a good many of us, but if one must go to the devil it's judicious to get his highest price. But here's Maud coming to talk to you. Hadn't you better brace yourself?"

There was wild blood in both of them, but it had hitherto driven Francis into bold enterprise instead of reckless living, and with a sharp snapping the glass splintered under his hand. "A very neat trick!" said Henry. "Not many men in the country could accomplish it, and I dare say you're right, but they raise extravagant devils where you come from!"

Mrs. Lockwood seated herself beside Francis, and chatted charmingly. It was

all done very gracefully, but he understood that in her opinion his distant kinswoman with an eye to certain property might take him into the bargain, and Francis suffered from an unpleasant sense of constraint in Eveline's presence during the rest of the evening, which was quite unnecessary. Next morning he casually enquired concerning the antecedents of Miss Beatrice Ainslie, the lady of the ford, and the answer pleased him.

"She's old Fawcett's niece," it ran. "Ainslie was ambitious and brought up his daughters well, while when he died ruined by experimenting on his land Fawcett took the two girls in. They're out at five winter and summer, and as clever at butter-making and poultry as they're pretty."

Francis remembered that Fawcett, who wrested a bare living from a moorland farm, had asked him to inspect his cattle, and that in his adopted country those who combined clear-sighted enterprise with industrial skill formed the aristocracy. So he rode over to Fawcett's, found he had much more in common with the shrewd North Country farmer than the city speculators who formed his brother's guests, and returned—many times. It was pleasant to sit in the cool stone-flagged summer room looking down upon the moor and discuss the subjects he best understood, especially when Beatrice and her sister, sunny-faced and dainty in garments wrought by their own fingers, joined them. Francis said all this was soothing, and Henry, when he heard of the visits, described him as a perverse idiot.

At last one afternoon when dingy thunder clouds rolling down from the high peaks darkened all the moor Francis found only Miss Jenny Ainslie at the farm, and that damsel said with a mischievous smile:—

"I am alone, but mother will come in presently. She enjoys talking to you. Bee?—she rode out early this morning over the pass to town."

Mrs. Ainslie came in, and as she enjoyed talking to anybody, Lockwood spent an unpleasant half-hour listening abstractedly and worrying about the weather before he could escape, while when Jenny Ainslie watched him swing with hurried strides across the moor she smiled again significantly. There had been abundant rain that season, and when Francis floundered through the ford the peat-stained water frothed high above his knee. Then the rough track that wound through a breadth of bog trembled under his feet, and the wild cotton tufts showed up lividly against the deepening gloom. His watch told him it was barely six o'clock, but the light was fading, and a scarred hillside vanished suddenly into a haze of rain. Then there was a roll of thunder, blue fire streaked the bog, and while long reverberations filled all the hollows of the hills the rain came down in solid rods bewildering his vision.

Still all this was nothing to the sea of sulphureous flame which floods the western prairie, and he pressed on the faster feeling with his feet for solid

ground until when he breasted up a hillside the track became a river, and he was alike deafened and partly blinded. There was a roar of gravel sliding down steep scree, the crash of a boulder loosed from the heights above, and heather slope and bog were blotted out by thrashing rain amid great salvos of celestial artillery. Lockwood, however, had passed that way before, and with the instincts of one used to pathless wastes climbed to the pass, where a faint cry reached him through the deluge, and he found Beatrice drenched and shivering struggling with a frightened pony in the partial shelter of a crag. The beast had been purchased from the smoother levels of Lancashire. She stretched out her hands appealingly saying, "I am so glad you came. I can hardly hold the pony, and he has twice tried to bolt with me."

There was no time for ceremony, and Lockwood lifted her into the saddle as he answered, "I came to look for you, and you will be safe with me. We must hurry before the floods come down."

The beast knew its master, but as they turned homewards together, down over the slippery out-crop and across the quaking bog, speech was impossible. The deluge beat into their faces and thunder rolled in great vibrations from peak to peak above. Lockwood was glad and sorry when they reached the ford, for though the journey was nearly done all sign of guiding boulder and the islet in the centre had gone. There was only a mad rush of dark brown water and, on the further side, a narrow breadth of moorland melting into thick obscurity.

"It looks nasty," he said. "I would not let you cross but that it would be almost impossible to find a way back to shelter through the pass. But if you will sit still and trust me there can't be much real danger."

"I can trust you," said Beatrice, "implicitly."

There was a brief struggle before Lockwood urged the unwilling beast into the flood, then driving his heels deep into the shingle he dragged it by the bridle slantwise up stream. Twice for a few seconds it lost its footing, and setting his teeth the man strained every sinew until the battering hoofs gripped stone again. Then he gasped with relief, as they came up, dripping into shoal water where the islet had been. It was only a reprieve, for the stream ran deeper on the other side, and cross they must because every hillside ran water and the river was rising fast. Also, Francis was sure at last of what he had guessed before, and, as it transpired later, so was Beatrice, too.

"We can't turn back," he said hoarsely. "You must not be frightened. Miss Ainslie, I would sooner lose ten lives than let anything happen to you. A few more minutes will see us through." The girl sitting in the saddle drenched, and with a white face, tried to smile down on him as she answered:—

"I shall not be frightened with your hand on the bridle."

With a plunge and a flounder they started again, white foam roaring level

with the girth, and the current dragging the man's feet from under him. Once his knee was driven with violence against a boulder, and thrice the beast lost its foothold in a fiercer eddy, but Lockwood had swum his horses across the roaring Bow when chilled to a deathly coldness by the Rockies' snow, and having learned the business in a very hard school, was fighting now for something more precious than land or cattle. So, though several times for a space of seconds the issue hung in the balance, panting, snorting, floundering, they won a shallow, and reeled out safe upon the shingle. Then Lockwood's eyes fell upon a buckle of the girth, and a shiver that was not caused by the river water ran through him.

"Thank God! I might have lost you, Beatrice. Come down before the saddle goes," he said, and the words came without reflection, instinctively, as did what followed, for when he stretched out a brown hand his arm followed it, and he held his dripping burden close while further breathless words succeeded. "No, I could not have lost you, Beatrice, look up and listen. You are more than all the rest of the world to me."

It only lasted a moment, and the girl did not check him. Perhaps she was limp with cold and the re-action from terror. But it was long enough, and when he set her down gently she shook herself free, and hid her crimson face behind the pony's neck. Then, as ill-luck would have it, a shout rang out, and Lockwood recognizing the voice, inwardly devoted Fawcett to a place where it never rains. He had much to say, and the farmer's presence was decidedly superfluous. Still, he laid his hand on Beatrice's shoulder, forced her to look at him, and commenced: "You must forgive me—I couldn't help it. You are exhausted and shaken, not fit to listen, but I meant every word of it. You said you could trust me, Beatrice, would it be—"

"Here's t'pony, an' Miss Beatrice!" an unlovely voice broke in, and two figures blundered across the moor at a run.

"Only one excuse," said Lockwood. "You must know it, and — confound them—I can't explain. Won't you meet me in the beck meadow to-morrow, early?"

Next moment Fawcett broke in upon them, and Lockwood, evading his thanks, slipped away. He had read the answer to his unspoken question in his companion's manner, and wanted solitude to revel in the consequent exultation. Beatrice said little during her homeward journey, but circumstances seemed to conspire against her, for a storm-stayed acquaintance from the lower valley was sitting beside the great peat fire when, with brief explanations, Fawcett brought her in. Most country folk are gossips, and the lady in question was an injudicious one, for glancing at Beatrice, compassionately, she said: "She might have been drowned, poor thing. It's weel Mr. Lockwood's lady's none

jealous, but many a man has lost his head over a worse-favored lass."

Beatrice was conscious of a sudden sense of suffocation, but she stooped apparently to shake out a fold of her dragged dress, then looking up, said with an attempt at indifference, which did not deceive her mother at least, "Mr. Lockwood is not married."

"No, but he soon will be," was the gossip's answer. "That's what brought him home and his old sweetheart down to the Lodge yonder. Ay, she's none ill-looking, an' she's to wed him for some old man's money. Mrs. Lockwood's own maid was telling me."

"Jenny, bring the dry things, I am very cold," said Beatrice, shivering visibly, and there was a curious silence, while the gossip wondered what was wrong when the girl went out, walking, in spite of her efforts, as one turned suddenly dizzy. It was twenty minutes later when her mother entered her room, but Beatrice still knelt, all dripping, with her face between her hands, beside the window, repeating brokenly, "It was cruel—cruel!—how could he?"

"Beatrice," said Mrs. Ainslie, laying her hand gently on the girl's soaking hair, "you need not tell me—I can guess. Many have suffered this way before, and the bitterness will pass. You must forget him. Meantime, you have no right to risk catching your death. You are ice-cold already."

The girl rose very wearily, saying with a catch in her breath: "What would it matter if I did? Mother, it was shameful—I can never forget."

Next morning, Lockwood, who found nobody in the meadow, rode up to the homestead between the clustered rocks, and so met Beatrice before she could avoid him. Seeing there was no escape she turned and faced him, raising a restraining hand when he would have swung himself out of the saddle. "I have nothing to say to you, Mr. Lockwood—the road you came lies open," she said.

There was little trace of color in her face, though her eyes flashed, and the rider regarded her with a bewildered expression.

"Was it such a great offence—and the excuse insufficient?" he said. "At least, you will let me plead it clearly. Heaven knows I would cut my hand off sooner than offend you, but I had hoped—Beatrice, you shall hear me!"

He was on his feet the next moment, but with a cold, "I can only say God

forgive you," Beatrice turned away, and while Lockwood stared after her gnawing his moustache Fawcett came up. "Thou hast worn out thy welcome, lad," he said. "It's like to like, and what has such as thee to say to an honest man's daughter?"

Lockwood mastered his fiery temper long enough to ask, "What crime have any of you against me? Will you listen to reason while I ask why Miss Ainslie—?"

"No reason of thee," roared Fawcett. "Take the road, and let me see the last of thee. I'm main tempted to set the dogs on thee."

Lockwood pale with fury took the road at a gallop, and during the weeks that followed made the lives of his brother's guests a burden. He also sent a letter, which came back unopened, to Mrs. Ainslie. At last Henry Lockwood said, "You have let the prize slip through your fingers, Frank. Young Marsden has Eveline's promise to-day,

It was dusk when Francis found Beatrice in the beck meadow. She was gazing across the sliding water with eyes that were suspiciously hazy, and did not see him until he was close upon her. Then it was too late, and the man dismounting came forward, and laid a hard hand on either shoulder in masterful fashion.

"I understand at last," he said simply. "How dare you, Beatrice? Miss Dane is to marry one of my brother's friends, and neither is, nor could be, anything to me. There is only one woman in the world for me, and I hold her safe at last. Now—if you still wish it—I will make full apology."

The apology was not apparently needed, and Lockwood's hand slipped over the shoulder that yielded under its pressure, while the stars shone down on a sheep pool of the beck and the white mists rose like steam before the pair went back hand in hand to Fawcett's farm.



Lockwood urged the unwilling beast into the flood.

and neither of you will get Crosbie's money. By the way, you might be judicious. These folks can't help chattering, and I find from one of my agricultural neighbors who disapproves of you, a tale is going round that you were making love to Miss Ainslie and engaged at the same time to Eveline. I hope there is nothing in one part of the story?"

"There is everything in it—life or death to me," said Francis. "I would like to brand all liars and gossips tongues. Good heavens!—now I begin to see. I'm going out, Harry; you needn't wait dinner for me."

He went at a mad gallop on Henry's horse of pedigree, and the latter gasped as he watched him saying, "Francis is clean mad. Not content with smashing my furniture he's bent on killing my best horse for me. Are they all that way on the prairie?"

"You are a perverted idiot," said Henry Lockwood when Francis rode home late last night. "Still, there's a certain method in your madness, even if she hasn't a penny; and we'll hope for the best. I suppose she's going out with you to the dismal prairie after the wedding?"

"Thanks," said Francis, drily. "Harry, you have given me a good time, and I'm obliged to you. This is a great country, the greatest of them all, but for a man with no profession, I'm choosing wisely when I take back a woman I could trust my soul to, to help, not hamper me, in a busy life under the open sunshine across the sea. After all, health, sound sleep, happiness, are worth more than ease and luxury."

"Perhaps you're right," said Henry a trifle wearily. "Had the same dreams myself, but one can't escape from destiny, and it's too late with me."

When Francis brought his bride home to the prairie ranch his partner applauded his choice.

"I was feared for ye, Frank, but noo I'm only glad," he said. "She's good, an' clever, as well as bonny, an' ye'll go safe an' far with that lass to guide ye."

It came about even so, for Francis Lockwood added herd to herd and flock to flock, found scope for his reckless energy in legitimate enterprise, and was honored by his wife, while as an object lesson of what might have been, Henry, unable to meet his creditors, shot himself.

The Exceptional Salesman

The Qualities that Make for Success in the Great Game of Salesmanship

By Dr. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

The importance of salesmanship cannot be overestimated. The business of selling has become the bigger part of business as a whole. Salesmanship to-day is a science, an exacting science which includes in its scope the study of motive, of psychological appeal, of the human character in all its ramifications. Dr. Marden in the accompanying article gives a clear insight into some of the fundamentals of this wide study.—Editor.

THE whole business world to-day is hunting for the man who can sell things; there is a sign up at every manufacturing establishment, every producing establishment for the man who can market products. There is nobody in greater demand than the efficient salesman.

There are two types of men. One waits for things to happen so that he can take advantage of them; the other makes things happen by the very force of his mind and character. There are two kinds of salesmen. One waits until his order is put in his hand, or waits for the order to come to him; the other goes and gets it.

Why is it that one man will so easily change our whole mental attitude and make us do voluntarily the very thing that we had no idea of doing an hour before, and thought we never could do, when another might have talked to us until Doomsday about the same thing, and never changed our mind a particle?

Why is it that one man will convince us that we want to buy an article which we were sure a few minutes or a few hours before that we not only did not need or desire, but under no circumstances would buy?

Salesmanship brings into play a great many mental qualities. Sincerity, genuineness, transparency, for example, carry great weight with us all. We must first believe in a man's integrity, even though he may deceive us, before he can persuade us to do what we thought we would not do. Of the many elements which enter into scientific salesmanship, the chief one is that of persuasion. A sale is a mental process, and depends entirely upon the quality and the intensity of the mental suggestion and the confidence communicated to the would-be purchaser's mind. A good salesman is always cultivating winning qualities, the power to please, to interest, to persuade.

How little we realize what a large part persuasion plays in our life. The clergyman, the teacher, the lawyer, the business man, the salesman, the parent, each is trying to persuade, to influence, to win over others to his way of thinking, to his principles, to accept his ideas. Character is largely made up of suggestion; life is largely based upon it. Salesmanship is pretty nearly all suggestion.

A salesman often finds a would-be customer's mind absolutely opposed to his. He does not want the merchandise and is determined not to buy it, but, he is so afraid of being persuaded to buy that he braces himself against all possibility of persuasion, of being influenced to buy, as he thinks. A little later he cheerfully buys the article, pays for it, and thinks he really wants it. His entire mentality has been changed by the art of persuasion, by the art of winning over, of convincing, which was all done by successive logical steps, each of which had to be taken in order, or failure would have resulted.

The first step was to get the man's attention,—otherwise the salesman could have done nothing with him. It is a great art to get the attention of a man who is determined not to look at your goods, who had made up his mind not to be persuaded, and is braced against you. But a good salesman does not try to persuade a man until he has him thoroughly interested. This would be fatal.

Then he tries to arouse his desire to possess the article and, when this is done, tries to convince him that he should have it. And when he arouses a determination to procure it, the sale is over. The signing of the name,



the delivering of the goods, are mere incidents. Expertness is no longer required after the determination is made. Scientific salesmanship is not only a profession, but one of the most difficult to acquire and practice. There are plenty of salesmen who can conduct the process of a sale clear up to the point of closing the deal quite as well as infinitely better salesmen, but here they stop. They cannot gather up their threads of persuasive argument and reasoning to make a successful close, and when they become panicky they communicate their fear to the coveted customer, and the game is up.

The Tactics of Choate

Many a mediocre lawyer can almost persuade a jury, but not quite. It was said of Rufus Choate, one of the greatest jury persuaders who ever practised at the bar, that in the final summing up of a case, he would pass from one jurymen to another just as soon as he felt confident that he had persuaded him, and so through the entire twelve men. And then, he would go back to see if he could detect doubt in any of the faces. If so, he would continue his art of persuasion, which was marvelous. He said that many a lawyer failed by "over-convincing" the jury after he had once won them; over-persuasion raised doubts in their minds.

The same thing is true of poor salesmen. They will often keep talking, after the would-be customer has decided to purchase, until they weary and disgust him and thus undo what they have tried so hard to accomplish.

Many poor salesmen depend too much upon mere words, arguments, when the mental attitude and the manner are often more potent than the language. It is the strong, positive, vigorous, determined mentality that is needed here, and often this little difference between almost closing the order and getting the order marks the distance between the salesman who gets a small salary and plods along in mediocrity, and the big salesman with the big salary; just as a little difference in skill and expertness, and precision of judgment and fine discrimination makes the distance between the great surgeon and the little surgeon. There is a subtle something which radiates from one's personality, which convinces or raises a doubt. A good salesman must have a lot of courage. Timidity is fatal. Oftentimes when a salesman has absolutely convinced a prospective buyer of the superior worth of his goods, his fear lest he lose the sale is communicated to the would-be customer and raises a doubt in his mind, and the sale is off.

If an intrepid hunter in the jungle should encounter wild beasts and show the slightest faltering, cowardice, or timidity in his eye or manner, he would

be torn to pieces. It is his steadiness of mentality, his fixity of purpose and vigor of will-power, his courage and determination that will protect him.

The moment a salesman shows any signs of weakness, doubt, or uncertainty, he is done for, unless the would-be purchaser happens to want the particular article. But to reverse completely a man's mental processes when he is convinced that he does not want the article and has made up his mind that he will not buy it, requires very positive and determined treatment.

Two traveling salesmen go out from the same house over similar territory with the same line of goods. One of them usually brings back four or five times as many orders as the other, and gets four or five times the salary. He starts out with the expectation and the determination to sell.

The other man gets a smaller salary, just enough to enable him to hold on to his job. He is always making excuses for sending in such small orders. He does not know how to annihilate difficulties, to overcome obstacles. Little things look big to him. He lacks the stamina to cope with antagonism, is the victim of his moods and becomes easily discouraged.

There are certain personalities which are mutually antagonistic. They are enemies at first meeting; they mutually exclude each other, and may not know why. Some people repel us in spite of everything we can do, even when we feel kindly towards them. There is something in the personality of each which repels through no fault of either, and it is difficult for the most expert salesman to make a sale under these trying conditions, because he is conscious of the other's antagonism, all the time feels that he is disliked, that there is something about him that repels the would-be customer, and the effort to overcome this is not often successful.

A tactless salesman, who rubs people the wrong way, who antagonizes them, will never get very far in salesmanship.

Coping With Antagonism

One of the most difficult things in the world is to find salesmen capable of coping with antagonism. Such men are not easily argued down—they can put up a pretty good fight. They strike the hard, common-sense argument of an "old-timer" in a prospective customer, and take all the wind out of his sails, and then he is done for.

A salesman who is made of the right stuff thrives upon opposition. He braces up under rebuffs, rises to the occasion in proportion to the difficulties to overcome.

A successful business man tells me that every victory he has gained in a long career has been the result of hard fighting, so that now he is actually

afraid of an easily-won success. He feels that there must be something wrong when anything worth while can be obtained without a struggle. Fighting his way to triumph, overcoming obstacles, gives this man pleasure. Difficulties are a tonic to him. He likes to do hard things because it tests his strength, his ability. He does not like to do easy things, because it does not give him the exhilaration, the joy, that is felt after a victorious struggle.

Some natures never come to themselves, never discover their real strength until they meet with opposition or failure. Their reserve of power lies so deep within them that any ordinary stimulus does not arouse it. But when they are ridiculed, "sat down upon," or when they are abused and insulted, a new force seems to be borne in them, and they do things which before would have seemed impossible.

Whenever a motive is great enough, an emergency large enough, a responsibility heavy enough, to call out the hidden reserve in our nature, latent energies spring forth which astonish us.

Successful salesmanship requires the highest order of native ability, it requires a fine training, a liberal education, a keen insight into human nature; it requires a man of great resourcefulness, a prodigious inventiveness and originality—in fact, a great salesman must combine a large number of the highest intellectual qualities in order to become a giant in his line.

There are ten thousand pigmy salesman to one Napoleon salesman. If you have a great ability for the marketing of any of the great products of the world, you will not long be out of a job or remain in obscurity, for, wherever you go, no matter how hard the times, you will see an advertisement for just such a man.

Commercial Value of Personality

I knew a young man who would not impress people as having any marked ability, and yet this young man got fifteen thousand dollars salary, and did business enough to warrant it. He had a perfect genius for making friends. People seemed to be drawn to him as naturally as iron filings are attracted to a magnet. Everywhere he went he was the centre of a circle, whether on a train, in a store, or in a hotel corridor. Everybody wanted to get near him. He seemed to radiate a hearty good cheer and good-will towards everybody. There was nothing mean or narrow about him. He was generous to a fault. He was always ready to jump up and grip you by the hand and shake it as if he was really delighted to see you—and he was. There was nothing put on. He loved everybody and wanted to help them. He was in some ways not a good business

(Continued on page 124.)

Spanish Gold

A Story of a Search in Ireland for Hidden Spanish Treasure Where the Quaintest of Humor Pervades a Pleasing Romance

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

The Rev. John Joseph Meldon, a genial Irish curate, and his friend, Major Kent of Ballymay, a village on the west coast of Ireland, take a trip to the island of Inishgowlan in search of treasure supposed to have been hidden there by a captain of one of the vessels belonging to the Spanish Armada. The major does not believe in the existence of the treasure, but Meldon is very sanguine.

On arriving at the island they find Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's, who is engaged in surveying the island for the Government, and a day or two later another yacht arrives which Meldon recognises as his own and which he had let to a Mr. Langton and his friend.

Meldon after exploring the island discovers on the opposite side an inlet and a cave which he decides is the most likely spot in which to find the treasure, and as he is attempting to enter it from the water he meets a man who is being lowered over the cliff and who he supposes is on the same errand as himself. In the course of a somewhat heated conversation he discovers this is Sir Giles Buckley, a neighbor of Major Kent's, who also knew of the existence of the Spanish treasure. Sir Giles calls up to his friend Langton at the top of the cliff, who begins to haul him up, and it is at this point we take up the story in the present chapter.

IX.—Continued.

HE swung slowly up, clinging with both hands to the rope above his head and pushing himself off the face of the cliff with his feet. Meldon, with a broad grin on his face, watched him reach the top, and then turned and swam back to the rock where the Major waited.

"I say, Major," he gasped, "those fellows aren't Members of Parliament after all, and the treasure is certainly in that hole."

"I could see you standing up to your middle in water talking to a man. I couldn't hear a word you said, of course. Who is he?"

"He's Sir Giles Buckley, and that's why I say the treasure is certainly in that hole."

"I don't," said the Major, "precisely see how the one thing follows from the other."

Meldon climbed out of the water and began to rub himself briskly with his towel.

"You wouldn't," he said, "but it does follow. Nothing could follow more plainly. It's like a beastly syllogism. Here's a man—two men, in fact—who have no earthly business in Inishgowlan. It's impossible even to invent a motive for their coming here now that we know they're not Members of Parliament. Very well. They're here all the same, and one of them risks his life on a rotten rope to get down the face of a cliff to a certain hole at the bottom of it. What would he do that for?"

Meldon paused.

"I don't quite see yet," said the Major, "how you prove that there is treasure in that hole."

"Very well, I'll start at the thing from the other direction. Hitherto I've been proceeding on what's called the inductive method of reasoning. Bacon, you know, was the man who invented that. Now I'll try deduction. Who else besides ourselves knows about that treasure?"

"We don't know. At least I don't. You're trying to prove the treasure to

me at present by some method or other."

"Major, at times you make a saint go near swearing. Have I got to go through the whole story of the wreck of that Spanish galleon again? If you don't trust me you might at least believe your own grandfather. He said the treasure was here. Now, who else knew about it? Old Sir Giles Buckley did. Now, assume that he wrote down what he knew, just as your grandfather did. There's nothing more likely. His son never reads the paper any more than your father did. But you read your grandfather's diary after the death of the late Sir Giles. You follow me so far?"

"I follow you all right, but why don't you put on your clothes? I'd have thought you'd have had enough of standing about in your skin for one day."

"I'm not going to dress yet," said Meldon. "I may have to swim down the channel again at any moment. Suppose Sir Giles takes it into his head to drop over the cliff the minute he thinks that my back is turned. I can't afford

to let him nip into the hole by himself."

"Do you mean to stand there stark naked day and night until Sir Giles chooses to leave the island?"

"No, I don't. In another hour the tide will have risen, so that nobody can get into the hole. The mouth of it will be covered and the whole thing full of water inside. Hullo! There's Sir Giles and Langton with him sitting on the cliff opposite us just where old T. O. P. sat yesterday. They're watching us. Very well, let them watch. I'll dress."

"You may as well for all the good you're likely to get out of that hole."

"Just you wait," said Meldon, "till I get into my shirt and trousers and I'll explain to you."

"Now, where was I? Oh, yes! Sir Giles Buckley dies. His son, that play-boy sitting on the cliff opposite, gets next to nothing out of the property, but he collars some family papers. He reads them. He sees, just as I saw, just as any man with a glimmer of intelligence would see, that he's got a soft thing in this treasure. He doesn't care about being recognized in Ballymoy, where he very likely owes money, so he sends a friend to hire a boat for him. He gets my boat and off he comes."

"I don't see that you've proved anything," said the Major, "except that there's one other ass in the world as giddy as yourself."

"Unpack the luncheon," said Meldon. "Your temper will improve while you eat. There's just one thing left which puzzles me."

"I shouldn't have supposed that there was anything in the world that could puzzle you."

"Well, there aren't many things," said Meldon frankly. "In fact, I've not yet come across anything which regularly defeated me when I gave my mind to it, but I don't mind owning up that just for the moment I'm bothered over one point in this business. How did Buckley know about the hole in the cliff? How did he locate the exact spot where the treasure lies? He does know, for he walked straight up to it without hesitation. The minute he landed yesterday he went up to the top of that cliff. I



Geo. A. Birmingham, the author of *Spanish Gold*, *General John Regan*, etc.

thought that he was just a simple Member of Parliament looking for a view, but I was wrong. He was prospecting about for the best way of getting at that hole. Now, how did he know? We only arrived at it by a process of exhaustive reasoning based on a careful examination of the locality. He walks straight up to it as if he'd known all along exactly where to go."

"Perhaps he reasoned it out before he started,"

"He couldn't. No man on earth could. I couldn't have done it by myself. It wasn't till I got to the spot that I was able to reconstruct the shipwreck and track the working of the Spanish captain's mind. That disposes of your first suggestion. Got another?"

"Perhaps his grandfather knew the spot and made a note of it."

"Won't wash either. We know that his grandfather couldn't find the treasure any more than yours could. If he'd known about that hole in the cliff he would have found the treasure."

"Always supposing it's there," said the Major.

Meldon glared at him.

"If it's there! Major, you're the Apostle Thomas and the Jew Apella and the modern scientific man rolled into one for invincible scepticism. Is it possible to convince you of anything? Tell me that."

For a time they ate in silence. Now and then Meldon glanced at the cliff opposite to assure himself that Sir Giles and Langton were still there. At last he said —

"It appears to me that Langton must be mixed up in the business somehow. Why did Sir Giles bring him? He isn't any good at sailing the boat. He doesn't look as if he'd be much good for anything. Depend upon it, he must have given the tip about the hole, but how he comes to be in the know I don't precisely see. However, one thing is pretty clear, We've got to keep a very sharp eye on those two gentlemen opposite."

"Unless you mean to sit here day and night," said the Major, "I don't see how you're going to do it."

"I told you before that you can only get into that hole from about three-quarters low water to a quarter flood. Buckley knows that too, for he's seen the place. He won't come here at high tide nor yet at half tide. What we've got to do is to watch him at the other times. That gives us a chance to eat and sleep."

"I expect he'll watch you, too. That is to say, if he's really after the treasure."

"Let him. I'll back myself to get the better of any man living at a game of hide-and-seek. Don't you worry yourself about his watching us, Major. I'll arrange a plan for circumventing him. Look at the way I've diddled Higginbotham and old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat and Mary Kate. What's to stop me dealing with Buckley on similar lines?"

Half an hour later, having finished their luncheon and smoked their pipes, Major Kent and Meldon started to scramble back. The tide had risen suffi-

ciently to prevent any one not an experienced diver from getting into the hole. As they neared the pier they saw Sir Giles Buckley and his friend Langton rowing off to the Aureole in their punt.

"That's all right," said Meldon. "Now we can take it easy and think things over till to-morrow morning. They won't attempt to get down that cliff in the dark. Hullo! Here's Higginbotham coming out of his tin wigwam to meet us. Do you know, I think Higginbotham is becoming rather a nuisance. I'm beginning to feel that I could get on nicely without Higginbotham. I wonder if we could get rid of him off the island anyhow?"

"Unless you cut his throat and sink the body," said the Major, "I don't see how you can."

"I'd be sorry to do that. I've rather a liking for Higginbotham, though he is a bit of an ass. He used to come out with me sometimes of a Sunday afternoon when I was going to see my little girl in Rathmines. He used to talk to the mother on those occasions and I've always had a feeling of gratitude to him ever since. No; Higginbotham's a nuisance, but I wouldn't wish him any bodily harm. I won't agree to your cutting his throat, Major, so drop the idea. Besides, you never can tell but he might come in useful to us in some way. He's done us no harm so far, thanks to the way I've managed him. Hullo, Higginbotham! How did you get on with the old boy about the house this morning?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," said Higginbotham. "There was some sort of misunderstanding."

"Do you tell me that? Well, now, I'm greatly surprised. I thought I'd left everything coiled down clear for running so that there couldn't have been a hitch. Tell me now, Higginbotham, you didn't try to revenge yourself in any way on Mary Kate, did you?"

"Mary Kate! Oh, is she the little girl who came about the sugar candy?"

"Don't hark back to that sugar candy. I've told you before, Higginbotham, that the Major and I aren't going into the sugar-candy row either on one side or the other. We're dead-sick of the whole subject. You've gone and botched a perfectly simple business with dear old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. I don't know what you've done exactly, but I strongly suspect that you've made yourself offensive in some way about Mary Kate. Why can't you leave that child alone?"

"I didn't do anything to her," said Higginbotham. "I didn't even remember that she was the same child. But what between nobody except the old man being able to speak Irish and him not being able to speak anything else—"

"Now, that's all nonsense," said Meldon. "and you know it. Mary Kate speaks both languages fluently. I'm here acting for the National Board of Education, as I told you before, and I've made it my business to find out what Mary Kate knows and what she doesn't. You can't have taken the child the right way. I expect you've been try-

ing to come the Government official over her, and it won't do. No child would stand it, especially a high-spirited little creature like Mary Kate. You ought to cultivate a more ingratiating manner. You mean well, I know; but good intentions aren't everything."

"The fact is——" said Higginbotham.

"Look here. I had a long talk this morning with Sir Giles Buckley. You know Sir Giles?"

"No, I don't. Who is he?"

"He's something in the Castle. I forget this moment what his particular tack is, but I know he's an important man. Major, do you recollect what Sir Giles is? Does he run the Crimes' Act, or is he the man who bosses the Royal Commissions?"

"I don't know. I never——"

"Oh, well, never mind. I think he specializes, so to speak, in Royal Commissions; but it doesn't really matter much. If you read the newspapers you'll be familiar with his name. He happens to be going round Ireland at present with Langton, his private secretary——"

"Not Euseby Langton?" said Higginbotham.

"Euseby Langton! I don't know. I didn't ask his Christian name. By the way, who is Euseby Langton? I seem to recognize the name, but somehow I can't quite fix the man."

"I don't think you knew him; but I did very well. He was in the library in College in our time—some sort of an assistant there. He got sacked. They always said it was drink, but I don't know. He went abroad somewhere afterwards."

"I remember," said Meldon, "but this is a different man—couldn't possibly be the same, you know."

"Well," said Higginbotham, for Meldon had relapsed into silence, "go on."

"Go on with what?"

"With what you were telling me about Sir Giles Buckley."

"Oh! Ah! yes, Sir Giles, of course. Well, I put in a good word for you. I explained that you were doing the best you could with Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. He seemed rather anxious about that business. I said I expected it would pan out right enough in the end if he gave you a free hand. He evidently had some notion of stepping in to settle it himself. Now, what I want to know is this: Would you like him to try his hand at it, or would you rather he left you alone to work it in your own way?"

"Of course if Sir Giles—it would be very kind of him——"

"Very well. I'll arrange that. You leave it to me, Higginbotham. And for goodness' sake don't go talking to Sir Giles about it yourself. You've no tact. You know you haven't. You'd just put your foot into it again the way you did with Mary Kate."

"I won't go near him till you tell me."

"That's right. Stick to that. I'll see him as soon as I can and I'll let you know. Goodbye for the present, old chap."

"Thanks, awfully, Meldon. I'm really more obliged to you than I can say. If ever I can do you a good turn of any sort——"

"Don't mention it. I'm only delighted to do what I can to help you. Good-bye."

After dinner Major Kent and Meldon sat on the deck of the Spindrift and smoked. On the deck of the Aureole sat Sir Giles Buckley and Langton, who also smoked. Neither party made any attempt to go on shore. The Major tried two or three times to start a conversation and was severely snubbed. Meldon declared that he wanted time to think things over quietly. The situation was obviously a difficult one, and frivolous talk on such subjects as a slight fall of the barometer or the possibility of getting some fresh milk was quite out of place. After finishing his pipe, the Major dropped off to sleep in an uncomfortable position. At about half-past five Meldon woke him up.

"I think I've fixed that fellow Langton," he said.

The Major yawned.

"Have you?" he said. "What have you done to him?"

"I haven't done anything to him yet. What I mean is that I've discovered where he comes in, how he happened to be in a position to give Sir Giles the tip about the hole under the cliff. You heard what Higginbotham said about Euseby Langton. Well, I recollect that this fellow signed the agreement I drew up about the Aureole 'E. Langton.' He's evidently Higginbotham's man."

"He might not be," said the Major. "'E. Langton' might stand for Edward Langton or Edgar Langton or Ethelbert Langton."

"It might stand for Ebenezer Ledbeater, but I'm pretty sure it doesn't. It stands for Euseby Langton. Euseby Langton got the sack for drink, and this fellow looks as if he drank a lot, which also goes to show that he's the same man."

"Well, suppose he is?"

"The next point is where did Euseby Langton get sacked from?"

"I forget. I wasn't listening to Higginbotham."

"Well, luckily enough I was. Euseby Langton got sacked from Trinity College Library. He had some sort of job there poking about among catalogues and things. Now you may not be aware, Major, of the fact that Trinity College Library is the biggest in the world. There are books in it that no man has ever read. Nobody could. I couldn't myself, even if I gave my whole time to nothing else. What's to hinder our friend Langton from picking up the tip about the place where the treasure is from some book in the library?"

"There's no such book."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. There are some extraordinary books in that library—books that aren't in the college course anywhere—that even the men who go in for honors know nothing about. Besides, it mightn't be a book exactly. It might be a manuscript—not a large illuminated missal of a thing

stuck in a glass case for every fool to stare at, but some quiet, unobtrusive, rather tattered manuscript which had lain for years, perhaps centuries, under a pile of other manuscripts. That's the sort of place the information would be."

"I don't see how it could."

"It might, in fact, be the log of the Spanish captain himself. You know there's an organ in the big examination hall that was taken out of a Spanish Armada ship. Well, if they fetched a thing like an organ all the way to the college, you may be pretty sure that they fetched lots of manuscripts too. Once Euseby Langton got a taste for hunting up old manuscripts, he'd be just as likely as not to hit upon the log of our captain."

"But you said he drank. Is it likely he had a taste for manuscripts?"

"He's almost sure to have had. Most probably it was the manuscripts that drove him to drink. They would, you know, unless he was exceptionally strong-minded, and Langton clearly wasn't that. Now suppose——"

"You can suppose any rigmarole you like."

"I explained to you before, Major, the nature of a scientific supposition or hypothesis. It always strikes the outsider at first as a rigmarole. I needn't go into that again. What we have to deal with is fact—hard fact—and to get some sort of reasonable explanation of things as they are. It's quite evident that Sir Giles and Langton know that the treasure is in the hole under that cliff. It's also evident that Langton gave Sir Giles the tip. It follows that Langton must have found the thing out somewhere. I don't say for certain that he found it in a manuscript in the college library. I only say that, considering all the circumstances of the case, he's more likely to have found it there than anywhere else. That may not strike you as a very good hypothesis; but unless you have a better one to propose, it seems to me quite good enough to go on with."

"All right, go on with it. But I don't see where you expect to arrive."

"I'll arrive, if you want to know, at a nice comfortable income and a good, well-furnished house, a place I can take my little girl to with some sort of satisfaction. That's where I'll arrive and I'm putting the treasure at the lowest possible figure."

CHAPTER X.

Meldon was very little troubled by the problems and perplexities which pressed on him. He turned into his bunk at nine o'clock and slept the unbroken sleep of a just man until six the next morning. Then he got up and plunged overboard for his morning dip. He swam in the direction of the Aureole and was rewarded by seeing Langton come on deck in his pyjamas. A few minutes later Sir Giles emerged, and the two stood in consultation watching the Spindrift. Meldon, having had as much of the water as he cared for, climbed on board and waved a greeting to the Aureole with his towel. He noticed while he dressed that

Sir Giles and Langton did not go below together. Either one or the other of them remained on deck to watch the Spindrift. Meldon roused the Major and then got breakfast ready. The meal, in spite of the Major's opposition, was eaten on deck.

"It's quite evident to me," said Meldon, "that those fellows mean to watch us. They're pretty certain that we're after the treasure, and they don't intend to let us get round to the hole in the cliff without them."

Major Kent snorted contemptuously. He, too, had slept well and had wakened in one of those moods of sound common sense which are strongest in men of Anglo-Saxon temperament during the early part of the day. The idea of treasure-seeking seemed to him more than ever absurd as he sat in the morning sunshine eating fried bacon and drinking tea. That two strangers in an ordinary and somewhat battered yacht like the Aureole should be spying upon his actions, as if he and they were conspirators, was a grotesquely impossible thought. Such things might have happened in the sixteenth century, or might happen even now in places like Russia. They couldn't be real during the twentieth century anywhere in the dominions of His Britannic Majesty.

"I must make arrangements for dealing with them," said Meldon.

"J. J.," said the Major, with another snort of contempt, "I've had enough of this play-acting. You and I aren't children that we should spend our time pretending we are brigands and hunting other fellows about in smugglers' caves. I'll have no more of it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't believe those two fellows are watching us, afraid of their lives that we should succeed in dodging them and getting the treasure?"

"Of course I don't believe anything of the sort. It's absurd on the face of it. I don't deny that it was odd their turning up yesterday at the very place you fancied there was treasure hidden; but as for their being after it or watching us, I simply don't and won't and can't believe a word of it."

"Very well. I'll have to prove it to you."

"You'd prove anything," said the Major—"any blessed thing, once you start talking, but you won't convince me. I've heard too many of your proofs."

"I'll prove it this time by the evidence of your own eyes and ears. You say that Sir Giles and Langton aren't watching us and don't mean to track us if we go after the treasure. Very well, I'll demonstrate to you that they are and do."

He stood up and hauled the punt alongside.

"Get in," he said to the Major.

"Why should I get in? I don't want to go ashore?"

"You'll get in because I tell you and because once for all you're going to be shaken out of that vile attitude of sceptical superiority which you've chosen to assume."

Major Kent shrugged his shoulders and submitted. Meldon stepped into the

punt after him and began paddling towards the pier.

There was a stir on board the Aureole. Langton was on watch when Meldon shoved off from the Spindrift. He went below at once. Then he and Sir Giles came on deck together and pulled their punt alongside. Meldon, who could watch the Aureole as he rowed, judged from the look on his face that Sir Giles Buckley was in a bad temper.

"I'd be prepared to bet now," he said, "that Sir Giles is swearing like anything this minute. I expect he hadn't finished his breakfast and hates being routed out at this hour to follow us. Don't you look round, Major. If you do it's ten to one you upset this patent punt, and I shouldn't care to rely on Sir Giles to pick you up in his present mood."

Having reached the pier, Meldon, followed unwillingly by Major Kent, set out briskly towards the south end of the island.

"Where are we going now?" asked the Major.

"We're going to convince you. If you don't like it, you can lay the blame on your own sceptical nature. Look round now and tell me if the other two aren't following us."

They were. The Major unwillingly admitted the fact.

"They're certainly coming this way," he said. "But I don't see why you should take it for granted that they're tracking us."

"Come on," said Meldon.

He reached the house of the woman to whom he had talked on the occasion of his second interview with Mary Kate. He tapped at the door and entered, dragging the Major after him.

"Good morning to you, Mrs. O'Flaherty," he said. "I'm glad to see the baby looking well."

"He's finely, thanks be to God."

"Do you happen to want to have him vaccinated or anything of that sort?"

"I do not."

"I dare say you're right. I asked the question because there's a gentleman coming along this way in a few minutes who's a great doctor. He's on his holiday, of course; but I'm sure he'd vaccinate a fine boy like yours if you asked him to."

"Would he give me a bottle for the old woman, do you think?"

"He would, of course. What's the matter with her?"

"She's ravelling in her talk this long time, and sorra the bit she'll stir out of her bed, and me with all the work to do and never a one to give me a hand."

"That's the very sort of case this doctor likes best. Come along with me now and we'll speak to him. But don't be calling him 'doctor' to his face. It's a kind of lord he is. Call him 'Sir Giles' when you speak to him."

Meldon, Mrs. O'Flaherty with her baby in her arms, and Major Kent, who lingered a little behind, set out to meet Sir Giles and Langton.

"Good morning, Sir Giles," said Meldon. "Good morning, Mr. Langton. You got home safe yesterday off that cliff? That's right. Take my advice and don't risk it again. There isn't a bird's

egg in the world worth a broken neck. Do you happen to have a bottle about you?"

Sir Giles scowled. Meldon's good-humored greeting evidently irritated him.

"No," he said. "I haven't."

"Oh, well," said Meldon, "it can't be helped. I dare say you have one on the yacht."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Sir Giles. "Do you, Langton?"

"Damned if I do?" said Langton. "What are you talking about, eh?"

"Bottles," said Meldon. "I was asking if you had a bottle on the yacht."

"What the devil is it to you whether I have or not?" said Sir Giles.

"Oh, nothing to me—nothing whatever—only Mrs. O'Flaherty wants a bottle for her old mother-in-law. Isn't that so, Mrs. O'Flaherty?"

"It is, your honor. It is, Sir Giles. The old woman's ravelling in her talk this long time, and what's more, she won't stir out of her bed; and if your honor would give her a bottle—"

"Come now," said Meldon, "you won't refuse her, Sir Giles. It's a small request. What's a bottle to you one way or another? Slip back to the yacht and get her one. It won't take you an hour. The Major and I will wait about till you come back."

He winked at the Major as he spoke—a large obvious wink, which neither Sir Giles nor Langton could fail to notice.

"Now look here, Mr. John James Meldon—" said Sir Giles.

"Joseph John," said Meldon, "not that it matters; only just in case anything should turn up afterwards, it's as well to be accurate."

"I really don't know," said Sir Giles, "whether you're more knave or fool, but if you think you're going to send me back to the yacht on a hunt after a bottle or some such ridiculous thing while you go round the base of the cliffs again, you're greatly mistaken."

"Mrs. O'Flaherty," said Meldon, "Sir Giles' temper is a little short this morning, but he's a good man at heart. Try him for the bottle again to-morrow and you'll very likely get one. Good morning, Sir Giles. Good morning, Mr. Langton. This is better than grubbing about among fusty old manuscripts in the college library, isn't it? Come along, Major. We'll be getting back."

"I suppose," said Major Kent, when they reached the pier, "that there wouldn't be any use in my asking for an explanation of that performance?"

"I told you before I started," said Meldon, "that I was going to offer you ocular and oral demonstration that those fellows mean to track us, and won't let us stir in the direction of the cliffs without them. Now you've got it. I hope you're convinced."

"Couldn't you have done it without that bottle foolery?"

"Well, I might. To tell you the truth Major, the bottle incident was not part of my original plan. It's what I call a brilliant improvisation. It came on me like a flash when I saw that plump baby of Mrs. O'Flaherty's, and thought how the

poor little beggar had never been vaccinated. It developed in my mind when she began talking about her mother-in-law. After that the thing simply worked itself out, and worked well. I don't take any credit for it, not the least. But I'm rather pleased with the results. In the first place I've convinced Sir Giles that I'm a perfect fool."

"He's not far out if he believes that."

"Whether he is or not, Major, remains to be seen. In the second place I've convinced you that he and Langton mean to keep a close watch on us, which was the thing I set out to do originally. I have convinced you, haven't I?"

"I think you're all mad together," said the Major. "I don't understand what's going on between you."

"You mean that you won't understand. You could, of course, if you liked."

"What do you intend to do now?"

"For the present, nothing. When the time comes for eluding the vigilance of Sir Giles, I'll elude it. There will be difficulties, of course. Higginbotham will be a difficulty—so, very likely, will Mary Kate. In the meanwhile we'll sit down here and wait till the tide rises and makes it impossible to get at the treasure. They are watching us from the hill beyond there. I don't believe they mean to try for it themselves to-day. Now I come to think of it, they can't; for they didn't bring the rope with them. Come along, Major, we may safely go back on board."

"This," said Meldon, as he paddled the collapsible punt towards the Spindrift, "is out-and-away the best holiday I've ever had. I tell you, Major, it's fine."

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself. Sure you wouldn't like to slip off home and take out the rest of your time with your little girl?"

"I wouldn't leave the treasure," said Meldon, "at this stage of the proceedings, not if Gladys Muriel went down on her bended knees to beg me. I wouldn't do it even if Sir Giles and Langton weren't here. Now that they have come, and added a spice of real adventure to the hunt, I wouldn't go away to marry the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Germany. I'm enjoying myself."

There was no doubt that Meldon spoke the literal truth. Excitement and pleasure beamed from his very eyes. He sent the Major to get the dinner ready while he lay on deck, and with his eye just over the low gunwale of the yacht, watched Sir Giles and Langton row back to the Aureole in their punt. He ate his dinner hurriedly, breaking in upon the meal at short intervals to mount the companion-ladder and take a look at the Aureole.

"Patience and calm," he said after one of these excursions, "are the great things after all. There's a French proverb about getting a thing in the end if you only wait quietly."

"I suppose you think you're practising these virtues now," said the Major.

"I know I am. A man with less self-control would have darted off to the cave this morning and probably had a

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An interior view of Reading Camp tent—
instruction and amusement combined.

Personal Parole *and* The Big Brotherhood

A New Movement Started in Canada for the Redemption of the Offender Against Society

A new secret society is being formed in Canada which will be known as the Big Brotherhood and which has for its object the furtherance of a new idea—Personal Parole. To give the offender against society another chance, a real chance quite unhampered by the associations and mistakes of the past is the work that the Brotherhood has undertaken. How this is to be done is told in the accompanying article. The new Idea contains the germ of a great reform and it is hoped that it will prove the surest cure to that most insidious of diseases—crime.—Editor.

By THOMAS BERTRAM

AFTER years of weary battling against misfortune, of matching the earnings of a scrub brush against the ever increasing cost of living, a widow laid down the task. She departed with one regret only. Her little son Eddie would be left to the mercy of a world which, to the woman herself, had never seemed anything but merciless.

The boy grew up in an orphanage. He was rather a morose lad, not overly bright, and when old enough to be sent out to make his own living, he found himself poorly equipped to face the world. He became a moulder's helper first. Then he got a job in a box factory, which he did not hold any longer than the first one. He shifted from one thing to another, buffeted unmercifully this way and that, and never having the benefit of a real friendship.

Finally he came to the point where the paths divide. A chance presented itself to rifle unobserved the pockets of a workman's coat. With Fagin at his elbow in the guise of Destitution, he showed little compunction in taking the sixty-five cents and the jack-knife that rewarded his hasty search. It was an easy way to make a living, he found, much easier than working in a factory with hostile men and boys, to be made the constant butt of their practical jokes and doubtful humor. He continued to pilfer here and there until finally he gave up all thought of seeking honest employment and de-

pended solely on what he could get dishonestly.

The inevitable happened one day when he caught redhanded stealing from a delivery wagon. He had no friends to present his side of the case, such as it was. The judge who tried it was prone to study each case that came before him on the strength of the evidence presented. He saw in the prisoner's box a lad of eighteen who had committed a flagrant offence against society and merited punishment in accordance. He did not see the man that the boy would become; nor weigh the chances of turning the mind of this erring man-in-the-making into right channels. A sentence of four years in Kingston Penitentiary was imposed.

One year passed. After three more of acquaintance with prison rules and of close relationship with convicts steeped in obduracy, he would come out to the world again, a man in years. What might have happened to him had he been left in the penitentiary for the full length of his sentence and then been released is not hard to conjecture. One

can see him trying for a while to live a straight life; meeting a reverse or two and falling into evil companionship; gradually sinking into the path of least resistance and taking a living instead of making it. Perhaps he might have won through the pitfalls to the straight and narrow path again. It takes pretty stern stuff to do that, however.

But he did not have to go through the trying test of a four-year term in the penitentiary. A big Idea was being evolved in the minds of certain public-minded men. Parole Officer Archibald, who has charge of that department for the Dominion, listened to the Big Idea; and decided to try it out. A subject was needed for the test and the list of prisoners in the penitentiary was scrutinized closely. Eddie was selected.

He was released from prison and handed over to a Big Brother, one of the members of the secret society known as the Big Brotherhood. The latter saw him suitably fitted up and gave him a great deal of straight, friendly, brotherly advice. Then he handed him a ticket for a point out on the outskirts of civiliza-

tion where the steel rails are being shoved forward through a wild and almost unknown country, with the assurance that a job waited for him at the other end. Eddie departed with a letter in one pocket which served to introduce him when he arrived at his destination to a young fellow with a kindly face, a clear steadfast eye and the thews and sinews of a juvenile Samson. The latter took him in charge, introduced him to the boss, the quarters and made him feel most com-



On the outskirts of civilization in the pioneer camps, man can begin his life anew, unhampered by past associations.

pletely at home. The same young fellow stood sponsor for him with the rest of the gang—a rough and ready, bearded, profane, but good-natured lot. The first night, Eddie attended a class in one of the shanties and saw his new friend act as teacher to the motley lot of Swedes, Italians, Slavs and more or less illiterate Canadians who made up the camp. He saw a hulking son of Sweden with a mop of tow-colored hair and the frame of a giant bending over a primary reader; two Italians of sufficiently villainous appearance to pass anywhere as brigands, deep in the throes of addition and subtraction; a blue-eyed, red-haired Irishman poring over a map of Canada and whistling softly to himself the while.

He was received without any particular demonstration. The Irishman gave him a smile and a wink over the top of his map. The rest regarded him with stolid indifference. Nevertheless there was no evidence of hostility; something that he had greatly feared. They accepted him as one of themselves.

And there he is to-day. He is getting on famously with his boss and the men, proving a willing worker, an eager student and a companionable fellow. No one in the camp but the instructor and the boss know his history. He has cast behind him all trace of the penitentiary and his life is before him to be worked out without any of the hampering influences of a criminal past.

Each month he writes to his Big Brother reporting progress and the latter replies with long letters of encouragement and inspiration. This is the only tie that still binds the young fellow. He must keep in touch with his Big Brother. The latter is responsible for him.

And that is the Big Idea.

It is natural and logical that the Big Brother referred to in this instance should be the man to direct the first test of Personal Parole, an idea which may prove the greatest cure that man has yet found for that most insidious of diseases—crime. His name is well known as the originator and the active director of the Camp Education Movement. The story of this great mission has been told several times to the public of Canada. The writer believes, however, that he is in a position to tell for the first time how the Big Brother happened to start into this line of work and to find the idea behind the movement.

He is a quiet, scholarly man personally, more at home in a library than in a lumber camp, one would judge. Although he has always been in keenest sympathy with everything that tended toward the betterment of the conditions under which men live, work, prosper, fail and die, it is not at all likely that he would have come into touch with the work of the camps had not another quest taken him there. A very dear friend, of an adventurous and roving disposition, had wandered away and had last been heard of in the lumber camps of California. After a long silence on the part

of his friend, the Big Brother decided to seek him out and thus it came about that he wandered up and down through the mountains and wild districts of California, visiting the camps and seeking information of the lost friend. His quest was successful. He found the friend. But he did not go back home at once. For eighteen months he continued in the Californian camps, doing what he could to improve the conditions under which the men worked and to show them the light of truth and reason.

He left at the end of that time convinced that as a missionary he was a failure. But his failure was really a victory for it had served to show him how the men of the camps could be reached.

He himself had not been "one of them." They had respected him, more, they had liked him, but they had held aloof. He dressed differently, talked differently, thought differently. Had he worked side by side with them in the field, taken his meals with them in the cookhouse, day by day, talked with them as comrades in labor only can do, he would have been able to get into closer touch with them.

If an after-dinner speech is required,



Instructor Fallis, of the Reading Camp movement, erecting his tent at New Aberdeen, N.S.

a man with a polished flow of words and a neat wit is selected. But when a speaker is needed to go out on the hustings, a man with the power of broad humor and pathos, a man to appeal to the feelings of the crowd, is the one delegated.

And so the Big Brother found the way to reach the "husky" of the frontier camps. The plan he worked out was to send an instructor to the camp, where a position was opened for him. The instructor worked with the men, drew the same pay, ate with them and slept with them. Except in rare cases, he was not permitted to act as a foreman. At nights he held classes, instructing the men in the rudiments of the three r's, giving them talks on ways of improving themselves, reading to them and amusing them with phonograph selections. For this he drew a salary of \$20 a month extra. He thus became in every sense of the word one of the men.

The idea worked out with a complete degree of success and for thirteen years now it has been carried on. At first with the ready generosity of one inspired with the greatness of his work, he supported the movement by his private means. It became necessary in time, however, to broaden its scope and private subscrip-

tions were then sought to aid in carrying it on. Now the work is supported by private subscription and government subsidies.

It is hoped that ultimately the governments will recognize the necessity for providing means of education to the men of the lumber, mining, fishing and construction camps and that a new educational system will be adopted, regulated and maintained at the public expense. When this is brought about, it will be possible to have an instructor in every camp; a development that to-day the dreamer of dreams sees possible of attainment.

Out of the Reading Camp Movement has come this other Idea. Why cannot something be done to give the erring brother another chance?

It happened in this way. The head of the camp movement had been speaking in a church on the work. Because carried away with his theme, he told the story in such graphic manner that his hearers were literally transported to the border line of civilization where men wrestled with nature and lived in a primitive way, governed by primitive instincts. A gentleman interested in parole work was in the congregation. As the story of the fight being made to give the men of the frontier camps a better chance was gradually unfolded, a suggestive idea took form in the mind of this gentleman. At the close of the service, he sought out the speaker and asked if he would take charge of a number of first offenders through his organization.

In this way the idea of Personal Parole was evolved and the Big Brotherhood was given its first start.

There has been a growing recognition in the minds of broad-visioned men of the necessity for curing crime as well as checking it. The first concrete evidence of this thought is found in the prison farm at Guelph. Here, men sentenced to terms in the Central, put in their "time" by working out in the fields, with a degree of freedom which alleviates the irksome side of prison life. Instead of brooding their time away within stone walls, allowing bitter thoughts to fester in minds naturally limited and sombre, they are put out into the fresh air, and the sunshine to engage in the work most calculated to instil content into the mordant mind and to bring health to the body enfeebled by wrong living.

Under these conditions a man has a chance to work out his own salvation. But would the chance not be greater if it were possible to place him where no taint of the prison attached to him, entirely away from prison associations?

Consider the case of the convict on the expiration of his term. Cross-cropped head, face touched with an unmistakable pallor, he bears the hallmark of the jail upon him. What assistance can he count upon in finding honest employment, in living down his past? Men

shun him as they would the plague. Employers hesitate to give him work; fellow employees refuse to associate with him. The insatiate maw of the underworld beckons him and, far from striving to keep him back, his fellowmen by their intentional cruelty and rigid indifference urge him on to the old life. He has escaped from the Scylla of soul-hardening imprisonment to fall into the Charybdis of public coldness and suspicion.

Am I my brother's keeper? Despite sentimental platitudes man has continued through all the centuries to answer, by his actions, in the negative.

Perhaps man has found in Personal

Parole when he goes out? Has Society no duty or obligation to look after him? Suppose you take up his case six months before he goes out and find a place for him where he can get a chance, just as is done with the paroled man? Would it be worth while? The prison inspectors were asked the question the other day at Kingston. They say it would, they entirely approve of this suggestion. What can we do about it? The Salvation Army are doing much of the parole work now by looking after paroled men in a way that they alone are able to do, by reason of their wonderful organization. Why not strengthen their hands and extend their powers of doing this work to

every case of the released prisoner who desires to take advantage of it? The Prisoners' Aid Societies have been doing the same work. Why can not their hands be strengthened to enable them to do more work and better?

For the present, the new idea of Personal Parole will be limited to first offenders and probably to young men. If the one case now being tried out proves successful, more young lads now serving time will be released on the same terms.

The germs of a great reform are found in the new Idea. It is gratifying to think that it has been conceived and will be given its initial test in Canada.



A typical reading camp tent from the outside.



A view of the interior of the tent, showing the arrangements for the instruction and entertainment of the men.

Parole the surest way of dealing with the offender. By this means it will be possible to send a prisoner away where past associations cannot hamper him. He will be put in close touch with some man of wide sympathies and deep understanding, who will aid him, encourage him, perhaps the first real friend he has known. The secret of his saddened past will be between himself and this friend and he will be able to look all men in the eye.

Personal Parole may be extended, as time goes on, and developed to provide the means of giving the released prisoner an even chance to make good.

Why not? Society takes the criminal and locks him up for a term of years. He is then turned loose on the public. If you open a cage and let a bird who has been caged for five years go free, it flies into the wilderness and perishes; it cannot make its own living. The discharged prisoner is something like that. Society has caged him for five years: the sentence of the Court was "five years' imprisonment," but there was another unwritten, unspoken sentence that runs concurrently with it—"you are condemned to lose the powers of a free man to fend for yourself, your mental and physical powers are to be atrophied by five years' sleep."—Why should not the methods of the present parole system be extended so that the criminal who serves his five years' term may have a chance

The Boy Who Believed in Glue

ONE day about seventy-five years ago a little girl and her small brother were playing at soldiers. The game was to see who could first knock down the other's toy warriors, peashooters doing duty for cannon. The little girl made excellent practice, but the boy's soldiers would not fall, though her's tumbled as soon as they were hit, and the boy won the battle. When the defeated girl "general" inquired into this strange phenomenon, she found that her brother, with thorough foresight, had glued his soldiers to the floor!

That strategical child grew up to become the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, three times mayor of Birmingham, president, in turn of the Local Government Board, and the Board of Trade, Colonial Secretary, and maker of British history, who has lately announced his decision to retire from Parliament at the next election.

Joseph Chamberlain was born in 1836 in Camberwell. When he was eighteen he entered business with his father, but at the age of twenty he went to Birmingham to make his fortune out of the Chamberlain patent screw.

Until then screws had no points. Joseph Chamberlain patented a screw with a sharp point, and grew rich out of the idea.

Having disposed of his very valuable business interests, he retired in 1867 in order to leave himself free to press forward the public questions dear to his heart.

He founded an efficient water system; he municipalized gas; he saw to it that a proper sewerage system was adopted, and he cleared away slums.

Then, in 1875, Mr. Chamberlain first entered Parliament. He was the first statesman whom municipal politics had supplied.

When Gladstone invited him to join the Cabinet in 1880 Birmingham felt that Gladstone was lucky. But Chamberlain left Gladstone over the Home Rule question.

"I have been threatened many times, but I have not been made afraid," was one of Chamberlain's sayings. The German minister, Von Bulow, found it true when he rebuked the Colonial Secretary for what he had said in a speech. Chamberlain's famous answer was:—

"What I have said, I have said. I withdraw nothing. I qualify nothing, I defend nothing. As I read history, no British minister has ever served his country faithfully and at the same time enjoyed popularity abroad."

Von Gwinner—Banker and Railroad Builder

A Dominant Figure in the Financial Affairs of the Fatherland.
Who is Helping to Formulate Plans for a Wider
Teutonic Empire

By FREDERIC W. WILE

The German Empire has been striding the highway of progress with seven-league shoes. Its development in industrial, financial, and educational matters during the past few decades has been almost unprecedented, nay epochal. To make such development possible, a nation needs men of broad vision, determination and genius. Germany has had many men of this stamp—mental and constructive giants who have towered above their countrymen and loomed large in world affairs. Starting with grim Bismarck and the Kaiser himself, the list of outstanding personalities extends to every branch of enterprise, and includes many names which will be written large in the history of the world. A number of the most prominent personalities have already been presented to MacLean's readers. Attention is now turned to one as great as any, though perhaps not as well known, a man of wide learning and of wide foresight, who figures in millions and builds railroads into Nature's fastnesses.—Editor.

IT is natural that the race which produced the Rothschilds should be richly endowed with financial genius. Germany of to-day is generously supplied with men worthy of the traditions of the Five Frankforters. Berlin is not the world-money Mecca the South German metropolis was in the Napoleonic era—the Kaiser's capital has latterly been almost more of a borrower than a lender—but her importance in the universe of high finance is great and growing. The firmness or weakness of the Berlin money market and Stock Exchange, though not yet of the barometric influence of Wall Street, is nevertheless a factor which London, New York and Paris require increasingly to take into account. It would no longer be possible for the Bank of England, J. P. Morgan & Co., and the Credit Lyonnais to parcel out the earth between them. Wherever they turned, they would find a solid, assertive German institution in the field, demanding a place in the financial sun. Its name is the Deutsche Bank.

Germany has nine great banks with capital ranging from £3,000,000 to £10,000,000 apiece, and several private concerns of international renown and immense resources like the Mendelssohns and Bleichrooders. The list of financial luminaries of the first magnitude include such men as Carl Furstenburg, Paul von Schwabach, Paul Mankiewitz, Baron Oppenheim of Cologne, the Speyers of Frankfurt, the Warburgs of Hamburg, Eugen Gutman and Arthur Salomonsohn, each a host in himself, and the representative of enormous interests. The leadership, however, belongs by common consent to the Deutsche Bank. It is from its vast counting-house in Berlin

that the conquering march of German Capital in two hemispheres is mainly directed. It is the Reichsbank, Imperial Germany's central bank of issue, which regulates the discount rate and keeps the currency mobile and liquid, but it is the Deutsche Bank which pioneers and finances German enterprise overseas. At home its power is comparable only to that of the Government itself. With an annual turnover which has risen since

the Bank's foundation from £12,000,000 to £6,500,000,000, it has come to wield a mighty influence over German economic life.

Though he himself denies it, Arthur von Gwinner, the type of the German financier of the period, is the presiding genius of the institution. It seems more than an alphabetical coincidence that his name heads the list of the Deutsche Bank's directors. Once in a while a new director is elected, but there is apparently an unwritten by-law providing that nobody should ever be chosen whose name begins with a letter in advance of G. Gwinner describes himself as "a simple member of the managerial board." Germany and the world, nevertheless, associate his name with most of the big strokes the Deutsche Bank periodically accomplishes. When the Kaiser, as he has more than once done, tries to persuade Gwinner to enter the cabinet and assume either the Prussian Ministership of Finance, or the Secretaryship of the Imperial Treasury, His Majesty directs his appeal to the man looked upon as the premier banker of the realm. Gwinner is an ardent patriot, but like Ballin, he thinks he can render the Fatherland more effective service by sticking to his desk than by taking office.

The Deutsche Bank may be called twin to the Empire. It was established in 1870, almost at the very hour Bismarck and Moltke went to war with France. No other institution's rise has been so coincident with the economic development of Germany itself. The Deutsche Bank's year-by-year growth from small beginnings to its present dimensions is Germany in composite. Industry in the Fatherland is more intimately allied to, and interwoven with,



Arthur Gwinner

banking capital than anywhere else in the world. To an inordinate extent the industrial fabric rests on credit. In many cases the banks exercise autocratic domination over the manufacturing, mining and shipping trades. Vast blocks of their capital are tied up in purely industrial undertakings. Foreign financiers are sceptic of the soundness of this interlocking alliance between banks and industry, but it has justified itself to the extent of making possible Germany's present day formidableness in the world's markets.

The founder of the Deutsche Bank was the late George von Siemens, whose name will be indelibly inscribed in the inspiring story of Germany's vault of *weltmacht*. He was a member of the family which has given the German electrical industry international fame. It was vouchsafed Siemens' far-seeing policy to make the Deutsche Bank the first institution to carry German capital abroad and stake out Germany's ambitious claims for a share of overseas commerce. It was he who secured the concession for the Anatolian railways in 1888, which were to blaze the way for German supremacy in what now remains of the Turkish Empire. Arthur Gwinner was his pupil and understudy. When Siemens was removed from the scene in 1901, Gwinner became his successor. In March, 1903, Gwinner obtained the Baghdad Railway concession from Sultan Abdul Hamid, and, in the capacity of President of the Anatolian and Baghdad Railway Companies, assumed control of both properties. To-day they represent a German investment of £16,000,000. The Anatolian lines begin at Haidar Pasha, on the Asiatic side of Constantinople, and run to Eskeshehir, where there is a bifurcation eastwards to Angora—Ankyra of the Ancients. St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians was addressed to Ankyra, the capital of Galatia. From Eskeshehir the railway runs south-easterly to Konia—Ikonium of the Ancients, capital of the Seljuk dynasty which preceded the Osman house now enthroned at the Golden Horn. It was from Konia that Cicero, banished, wrote to a Roman friend that there were more asses in the country than men. Some day, if Gwinner has his way, there will be more Germans there than Turks. The Anatolian lines have a total length of 650 miles. The Baghdad system, which begins where the Anatolian Railway ends, is to extend from Konia across country to the Persian Gulf. Three hundred and fifty miles of it are already built and opened to traffic; something over 625 are under construction, or to be constructed, as far as Baghdad. A branch is to be built to Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean, where Alexander the Great overwhelmed the Persian Emperor in the battle on the banks of the River Issus, 333 B.C. Construction between Baghdad and the Persian Gulf is not yet commenced. It is this strip which is the bone of contention between Germany and Great Britain. Germany's insistence on the right to construct and control the terminal undoubtedly contains the seeds of a grave conflict. Englishmen may be excused for

not relishing the spectre of a short cut to India over a trans-European-Asiatic trunk-line, German-owned and German-operated, which reduces the sea-route to India ten days, and might conceivably bring German armies to the gates of Delhi before British Dreadnoughts could reach Bombay.

Gwinner, it may be assumed, is not building the Baghdad Railway for the purpose of the German General Staff. What chiefly keeps him awake of nights is how to extract dividends from it for the Deutsche Bank, and how best to promote the golden opportunities which await the strategists of the German trading army in the Near East. He made a poetic confession of the prophetic ideals he cherishes at Baghdad by quoting Faust at the Century for June, 1909:—

"To many millions space I thus should give,
Though not secure, yet free to toil and live;
Green fields and fertile; men, with cattle blent,
Upon the newest earth would dwell content,
Settled forthwith upon the firm-based hill.
Uplifted by a valiant people's skill;
Within a land like Paradise."

Like all the big captains of German business, Gwinner believes that the £75,000,000 or £80,000,000 a year which Germany spends on the upkeep of her Army and Navy—she is spending over £115,000,000 in 1913—is not too high a price to pay for the defence of national honor or for an insurance premium on a foreign trade aggregating roundly £1,000,000,000 per annum. If Gwinner were Chancellor of the Exchequer, it seems fairly clear that German finances would not be distinguished by the chronic chaos in which they have long wallowed. His maiden speech in the House of Peers, to which the Kaiser elevated him in 1910, consisted of a fearless and sweeping attack on the administration of Prussian finances. He advocated the policy of State Railway loans as the most obvious and legitimate source of extraordinary national revenue. Taking the Pennsylvania Railway as an example, he declared that if that great system were conducted on the lines of Prussia's richly productive State railways, it would long since have gone into the hands of a receiver. Baron von Rheinbaben, the Prussian Minister of Finance, retired from office shortly after Gwinner's onslaught.

Gwinner sniffed banking and finance from the cradle, for his birthplace was Frankfort-on-the-Main, at the same time—1856—still very much of an international money centre. His father was a distinguished jurist and intimate friend of Schopenhauer, and was the executor of the philosopher's estate, as well as his biographer. He is still alive, and in 1909 received from the Kaiser the patent of hereditary nobility. It is popularly understood that the distinction was meant to be conferred in reality on the son, who became entitled simultaneously to be

known henceforth as von Gwinner. The year 1884 found young Gwinner in Government service as German Consul at Madrid. In 1885 he contracted a matrimonial alliance with one of the leading financial houses of Europe and America by marrying the daughter of Philip Speyer of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Three years later he established the private banking-house of Arthur Gwinner & Co., in Berlin, remaining at its head until 1894, when he was invited by George von Siemens to join the directorate of the Deutsche Bank. He had early opportunity to prove his capacity, when in 1896 the Deutsche Bank undertook the reorganization of the Northern Pacific Railway on behalf of European shareholders. That astutely executed transaction, from which investors eventually emerged without loss, was carried out by Siemens and his able young lieutenant, in conjunction with Henry Villard of New York. It was the first feather in Gwinner's cap, destined to be garnished with many.

Gwinner's talent is essentially for big things. He is a banker of large conceptions. The Deutsche Bank owns the Berlin underground and elevated railway system, but it is not in Gwinner's department. He deals only with railways calculable in thousands of miles, like the Northern Pacific and Baghdad systems. His latest project in monumental finance is the scheme to create a State monopoly in petroleum to break the autocratic power of the Standard Oil Company in Germany. The Deutsche Bank is interested in oil properties in Roumania, and Gwinner is assisting the Imperial Government to effect a nationalization of the traffic in petroleum as the only effective means of crushing Rockefellerism in the Fatherland. Gwinner is an uncommonly plain speaker. Such truths as he hurled at the Minister of Finance in the Prussian Herrenhaus were unique in German parliamentary practice. He had no compunction once in saying to the American Chamber of Commerce in Berlin, in the presence of the American Ambassador and a dozen captains of American industry gathered round a banquet board, that the United States currency system bordered on a travesty. He is the type of the idealist and scholar in business, a class more numerous in Germany than anywhere in the world. Gwinner speaks English, French and Spanish with the utmost fluency. He can joke in our language with the extempore facility of Mr. Plowden or Chauncey M. Depew. He has a marvellous memory and quotes Shakespeare and Moliere with the same ease as Goethe and Schiller, whom he knows by heart. Once he returned a document to a subordinate at the Deutsche Bank with a marginal reference to Polonius' homily to Laertes on the relative advantages of borrowing and lending. "We don't borrow too much," he once declared in the Prussian Parliament. "We borrow too little. The thing is to borrow right. Talent is necessary for everything, but borrowing requires genius."



By-law No. 27

The Story of a Business Deal in which
the Tables are Turned on the
Village "Sharp"

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

Illustrated by WM. CASEY

"Jared Fletcher," he said, "is a mighty mean man."

"If you don't mind, Mort," said Jared Fletcher, as he entered the tiny planing-mill office, "I'll set at that desk hereafter."

The young man looked up from the tally-sheet that he was inspecting, and his face went suddenly white. He pushed back his chair, and rose stiffly to his feet, his mild blue eyes hardening with unwonted anger as he turned them contemptuously toward the tall, slouching old man before him. Fletcher returned the gaze, drawing down his shaven upper lip with gnarled forefinger until it met the straggling beard beneath. Presently, he turned his head, shuffled his feet, and coughed slightly.

Morton walked past him, pausing in the doorway. "Very well, Mr. Fletcher," he said, enunciating each syllable with his customary painstaking clearness; "I understand perfectly."

He stepped down on the wide trestle, and walked toward the sawmill, his shoulders braced back, his head carried high, but, between his eyes, a tell-tale pucker of pain. Halting beside a pile of freshly sawn lumber, he breathed in the wholesome odor, which filled the warm spring air. He had grown up with the scent of the spruce in his nostrils; it had become part of his life.

"Jared Fletcher," he said, addressing the unconscious two-by-fours, "is a mighty mean man."

The words spoken in his precise manner held as great a measure of pent-up emotion as the most picturesque flow of vituperation from the lips of another. Recent events justified his bitterness of spirit. He had been outwitted, sold out behind his back. And he had made it so absurdly easy for the avaricious old man! He had not doubted; treachery had never before touched his life. Until

the previous day, not the faintest suspicion had entered his mind. A look of bewildered grief clouded his boyish face as he recalled the stockholders' meeting that had brought to light the breach of faith.

At his father's death, Morton had succeeded him in the presidency of the Caldwell Planing-Mill and the Caldwell Lumber Company. The two concerns, although closely allied, were entirely separate corporations, whose stock was held by different groups of men. The

lumber company was owned by men who lived in Black River, the little town, on the outskirts of which, stood the property. Outside capital was interested in the planing-mill. This dressing plant had been Mr. Caldwell's pet project. It was by far the more profitable of the two enterprises; also, it was more heavily capitalized. It was this business that Fletcher now controlled; the small dividends of the lumber company operating the saw-mill held no attraction for him.

Morton had experienced a sense of keen satisfaction at his ability to take up his father's responsibilities, to rule in his place. Now, he was to be ruled by another! He had to give up the leadership meekly at the bidding of a man whom he despised. He could feel no pride, as an underling, in the business that had known him, if even for a short time, as a principal. The joy of life had fled suddenly; he had lost something vital. While he leaned against the high pile, musing unhappily, a truckload of boards rolled past on the trestle. Big Micky Burke walked beside it, urging on the horse in a cheerful tone that endowed his profanity with the coaxing quality of an endearment.

"Good morning, Micky," said Morton, absently.

"Mornin', Mr. Morton," replied the teamster, over his shoulder.

For a moment, the young man stood frowningly watching the retreating load; then his face cleared suddenly, and a look of amused speculation dawned in his eyes.

"O Micky!" he called. "Just a moment!"

The truck came to a creaking stop. "Where's that load from?"

"From th' yar-rd sor; 'tis dhry lumber fer th' planers."

"Take it back and pile it; I think we won't deliver any more to the planing-mill just at present."

There had been a tacit understanding that the lumber company should furnish the rough stock for the planing-mill to dress. However, owing to the fact that the two concerns had heretofore been subject to a one-man rule, this understanding had never been embodied in a formal contract. By reason of this joint management, the question of what would happen to the planing-mill in case the lumber company should refuse to deliver rough stock had never arisen. Incidentally, the dressing plant owned no lumber.

Morton continued his walk along the trestle. Twice he stopped to turn back teamsters who were hauling dry lumber from the yard. Then he resumed his slow pace, pondering the result of his act.

When he reached the sawmill his face wore its customary placid expression; his mild blue eyes held their usual smile for the men at work in the roaring place. Here, at least, he was still master; his word was law. He entered the little office by a door leading from the trestle and picked up the previous day's record, making note of the totals under the headings of "Logs Sawed," "Board Feet," "Deals," "Boards." Occasionally he glanced through the open door at the trestle that lay deserted in the bright sunlight. The usual stream of men and horses plying between yard and mill had ceased abruptly. Presently an excited, irate man burst into the office. His voice completely filled the small room as he roared:

"What's the meanin' of this? Why ain't we gettin' no rough lumber?"

Morton sat on the edge of the plain pine table, an amiable smile lighting his eyes. As he made no reply, his visitor advanced, shaking with anger.

"Say, Mort," he rasped, "are you goin' to deliver me my stock, or ain't you?"

"Since you ask me, Mr. Fletcher," said Morton, enunciating his words distinctly. "I am not going to." His smile lost nothing of its amiability.

The old man glared at him vindictively, his lips pressed together into a hard line. Then his glance wavered; the anger seeped out of his voice.

"But what will I do?" he whined.
 "You must not ask me," replied Morton, in his mildest manner. "I may remind you that you control the planing-mill now—as I control this concern."

"What are you goin' to do with your lumber if you don't sell it to me?"

"I have another market."

"Is that the truth?"

The smile flickered and died in the blue eyes. "Have you ever known me to tell a lie?" asked Morton.

"Wal, I can't exactly say I have," admitted the other, grudgingly. "What I'd like to know is where you're goin' to sell."

"I must refuse to answer any more questions regarding our business policy. Remember, you have not bought in here yet."

Fletcher looked up. "Would you sell?" he said, his voice shrilling with suppressed eagerness.

"I might," Morton picked up the report sheet again, and studied it intently.

"Won't you name a price now?"

"No; I shall have to think it over a bit, Mr. Fletcher."

"When will you be ready to talk business?"

"To-morrow morning would suit me perfectly."

Fletcher fidgeted, and returned to the attack. "About delivering, Mort," he insinuated; "won't you fix me up for to-day?"

"If I should decide not to sell any of my holdings," explained the young man, slowly, precisely, "I would need all the lumber that the mill can saw this season for my other market. So you see"—he smiled blandly—"I'd better hold it over until after to-morrow."

"All right," grunted Fletcher, surlily, and departed.

He hurried along the trestle, his long linen duster fluttering behind him. At the steps leading down to the engine-room he hesitated a moment; then he slouched down the steep flight, and disappeared in the dark doorway.

Presently the planing-mill's shrill whistle announced a shut-down. Morton raised his head at the sound, and smiled

grimly. He slid from the table, ran down the stairs, and started for the company's business office across the road. The little frame building had served as headquarters for the two concerns ever since Morton's father had brought them into existence.

Horace Pritchett, the bookkeeper, who had grown grey in the elder Caldwell's service, was standing at his old-fashioned desk, posting his ledger. His two interests in life were the faultless accuracy of his accounts and the chasing of the elusive speckled trout to its lair.

"Good morning, Horace," greeted Morton, cheerily. "Are you very busy to-day?"

"Why, no, Mort; I'm not so very busy," replied the bookkeeper, peering through his spectacles.

"Then why don't you take the day off and go fishing? I shall be around the office all day myself—and to-morrow, too."

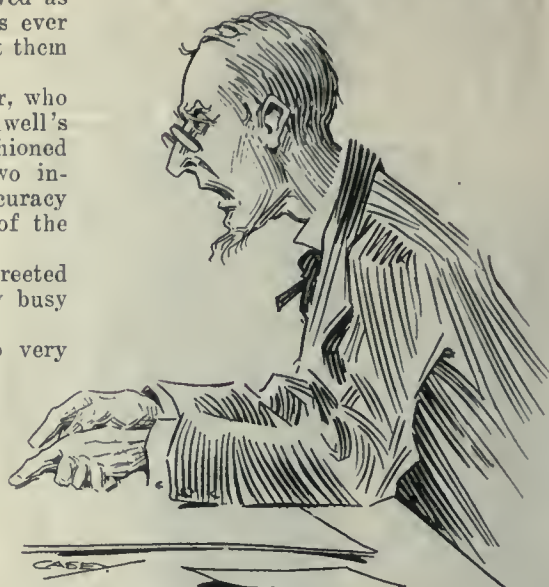
"If you say so, Mort," accepted the old fellow, eagerly.

When he was alone, Morton went to the telephone and called up Doctor West, Lew Foster, Henry Flynt, and the two retired farmers, who, with himself, comprised the stockholders of the lumber company. He paced the floor nervously in the interval of waiting, dreading the coming meeting as an ordeal. It would not prove easy to bend these hard-headed men to his will. Plan after plan, he dismissed as being so complex that its very subtlety would tend to thwart its purpose. He was finally deciding on the simplest course, a straightforward request for the thing he wanted, when Doctor West entered. He was a bluff, blunt man, whose big voice fairly rumbled when he spoke. Behind him trotted Lew Foster, coatless, collarless, uncouth; but in his small gray eyes gleamed a spark of shrewd humor. A moment later the others appeared.

"Gentlemen," began Morton, when they were seated. "I have to inform you that our townsman, Jared Fletcher, has succeeded in acquiring a controlling interest in the Caldwell Planing-Mill."

"What made you let him?" rumbled Doctor West.

The young man smiled a trifle sadly.



Fletcher read the few lines to himself, then aloud, in a dazed, bewildered manner.

"Faith in a promise," he answered. "You may not know that I never actually controlled the planing-mill stock. It is a fact, however. When my father organized the new enterprise he was not in a position to dictate terms. He often regretted that you, his friends, were not able to associate yourselves with him in the venture, which, as you know, has proved highly successful. He had to go outside for capital; the only local man that he could interest was Fletcher, who invested a small amount. At the final adjustment father held forty-five per cent. of the stock; fifty-five per cent. was taken up by his new associates. However, the owner of a block of one hundred shares was under promise to vote the stock according to his direction, and not to sell."

"An' this feller that had the hundred shares?" queried Lew Foster.

"Also had his price," said Morton.

"What are you going to do about it?" growled Doctor West.

"I have already done something," observed Morton, smiling placidly. "I have refused to deliver any more lumber to the planing-mill."

Somebody chukled; Lew Foster guffawed.

"That hits us," remarked Doctor West, seriously. "Where are we going to sell our lumber?"

"The reason I called this meeting," explained Morton, ignoring the question, "is to prefer a request that I be given absolute authority in the lumber company."

"You've got it now," remarked Henry Flynt, dryly.

"Yes; but I want it secured so that no inimical interest may wrest it from me." The young man's voice held a note of appeal. "Do you trust me?" he asked.

"I guess there ain't no question about that," drawled Foster.

(Continued on page 109.)



Can't you come down a little mite?" pleaded Fletcher.

The Cartoonmen of Canada

A Critical Analysis of Caricature, with Something on Our Most Skilled Skitsmen, Past and Present

By JOHN EDGECUMBE STALEY

It is probably true that the cartoon plays as potent a part in a political campaign as the leading editorial. A telling caricature will set people laughing, or thinking, from one end of the country to the other. More dangerous men have been driven from public life under the lash of the caricature than by the power of written word. Politicians know the power of the cartoon, public-spirited propagandists delight in its power for good, "grafters" dread it.

What of the cartoonmen of Canada? Mr. Staley tells of them in an interesting way in the accompanying article.
—Editor.

ONE of the cleverest skits in black and white I have ever seen!" was Rudyard Kipling's comment on Newton McConnell's "Going Home to Dam (n)."

The skit in question is a drawing of lionheaded plump John Bull and eagle-visaged, lean Uncle Sam, arrayed respectively in the full war-paint of the "Union Jack" and the "Stars and Stripes," and linked arm-in-arm walking contentedly-mutually away; whilst Jack Canuck, under the guise of the Canadian beaver is peeved and turns disparagingly upon his pad. Such jaunts are not for the like of him and he positively declines to share the infatuations of his debonnaire forebear.

This masterpiece on the Alaskan Boundary award could most appropriately be made the introduction to the wit and wisdom of our Canadian cartoonists.

Humor is the first essential of the cartoon. If it be asked, "What is humor," we may reply: "Humor is the

sense of a pleasant surprise given and received from sounds and sights." The graphic records of such emotions are to be found in caricature, which is the expression of the quintessence of life's volatility innate in every living form and under every condition. All nature rejoices in mimicry.

Strictly speaking, a cartoon is the caricaturing with pen and ink of the persons and manners of prominent people, in graphic criticism of national and political movements.

The Canadian cartoon has just attained its golden jubilee—fifty years, and any attempt to analyse the subject is well-nigh futile. We have, in Canada, no



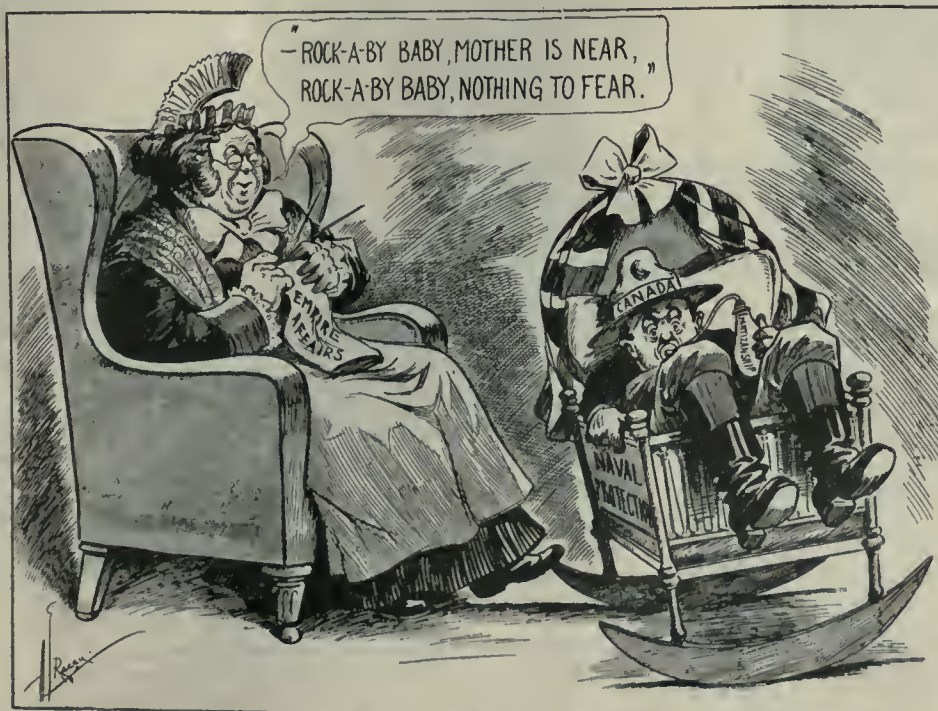
Canadian Beaver: "You fellows can purr and screech all you like over the result, but I'm going home to dam(n)."

—McConnell, in Toronto News.

universal standard and no "Mr. Punch" to go by. That classic is, and has been for more than a century in everybody's hands from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and its types and developments admit of easy comparison. In Canada, on the other hand, there is, of course, less constancy and stability. We are not yet homogeneous as a nation, and we have no generally accepted journal holding up a mirror to politics and economics. The cross currents of Federal and Provincial politics and activities keep the frail barque "Lampoon" tossing hither and thither uncertainly.

The tale is told of a Connemara peasant who being asked "Who Mr. Asquith was," replied: "Noa, begorra, an' I doan't keer." So in this vast Dominion of ours the humor of the Political platform, say, of Alberta does not excite the slightest interest in Prince Edward Island. The loons of the Ontarian marshes may cry their loudest, but crowing cocks on Mount Royal will give no heed! Still the story of the cartoonmen of Canada is well worth the telling; their personalities are interesting and pathetic and their work is generally meritorious—indeed often times brilliant and comparable with pen work of the British and French masters of cartoons.

The father of the cartoonmen of Canada was Henri Julien (now gone to another sphere), born in the City of Quebec in 1846. His majority synchronized with the most pregnant event in Canadian political history—the passage through committee of the seventy-two resolutions which practically constituted the North American Act of 1867. The



One view of the naval situation in Canada.

—Racey, in Montreal Star.

For more than 20 years Henri Julien held the post of cartoonist-in-chief on the staff of the leading Quebec newspaper, The Montreal Star. His special line was skitting the Ottawa Parliament under the successive Premierships of Sir John MacDonald, Mackenzie, Thomp-

Toronto took a hand in the game at this crisis when a comic paper yeleft "Grip" made its appearance. It had as proprietor and editor a twenty-one year old Toronto boy, a reporter on the Globe, called John Wilson Bengough. It was a council of despair that led him on, for ro

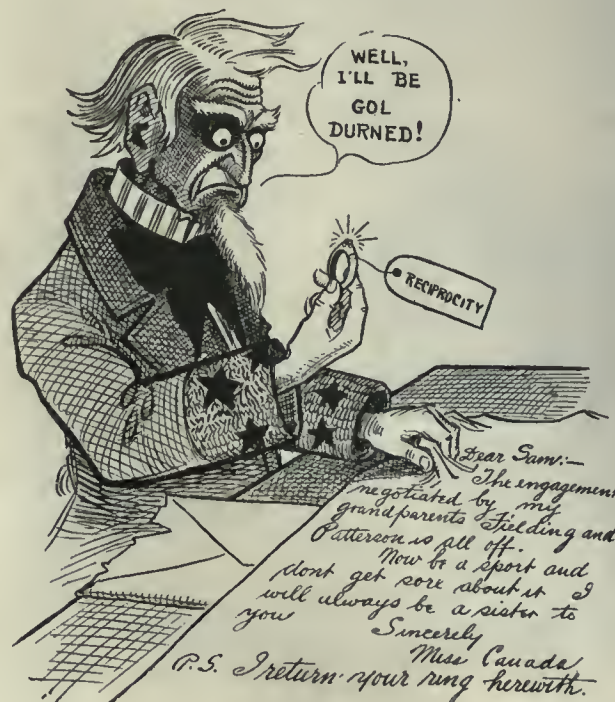
Next into the cartoon tournament was Alonzo Ryan. *La Caricature Politique*, published ten years ago, is filled with the side-splitting skits of the generation of 1896. Like all the best cartoonists, Ryan was above party prejudice; he spared neither Laurier nor Tupper. It was a common saying in Montreal editorial circles: "Ryan may be with the Government at nine o'clock but he is with the Opposition at eleven." Born



Sir Charles (suddenly starting out of a long reverie): "Foster! Macdonald! I have it—I have thought it out. The people of Canada do not take us seriously!"
—Bengough, in Toronto Globe.



—Moyer, in Toronto Star.



A humorous view of the result of the Reciprocity agitation.
—McRitchie, in Montreal Telegraph.

in Montreal in the late sixties, he joined the staff of "Le Canada" and "Le Journal." He had added to his cartoon repertoire gippy caricature of the typical French-Canadian "Baptiste Canadian—soi-meme et chez lui." The general opinion of Ryan's work expressed in Montreal is "toujours spirituelle-yamais inordante"—the true aim of all good cartoonists.

Sam Hunter and Jack Innis completed the quintet of the boys of the old brigade, a brace of penman as unlike as may be in person and performance. Yet both were "Printer's Devils" at the Julien-Bengough-Ryan press of 1896.

Hunter was born at Millbank, Ont., in 1862. For twenty years or more he has been a fixture on the Toronto World. His rendering of "Old Man Ontario" has made him conspicuous. A new comer, Frize, of the Toronto Star is giving him a close run with his "Countryman" at the present time.

"I would rather sit in a damp morgue with every slab occupied than be obliged to remain for any lengthy period in a political atmosphere." So soliloquizes Jack Innis of the Vancouver Sun. "I often wonder," he continues, "whether any cartoonist feels really funny. He sees politics with the frills off." Yet in spite of his philosophy Innis' McBride smile never comes off.

Innes is a native of London, Ontario, and went West in the early eighties. He served with distinction in the South African War, in the second C.M.R. His naval cartoons from the Pacific outlook, are noteworthy.

Three younger penmen were budded upon the perennial cartoon tree by the remedial politics of 1896: Racey of the Montreal Star, Shields of the Toronto Telegram, and Newton McConnell of the Toronto News. Born in Quebec in 1870 Arthur Geo. Racey's first political sketch appeared in the Montreal Witness, and then Grip got hold of him. As cartoonist-in-chief of the Montreal Star Racey wears well the Julien mantle. In 1911 during the reciprocity campaign he turned off some really clever work. After all was over the new Premier, Mr. Borden, wrote to him as follows: "The recent campaign was certainly most interesting and eventful and your splendid work contributed not a little to the result."

George Shields was born in Toronto in 1872 and has been on the Evening

Telegram ever since remedial measures raised him to the cartoon brotherhood. His only relaxation in forty odd years has been a visit to Britain in 1910 to watch and skit the Parliamentary debate anent the veto power of the House of Lords. His "John Bull on the Pier" looking out for the Canadian dreadnought and Laurier on the Hook (of Reciprocity) show Shield's talent well. He has two hobbies—buff wyandottes and a cabbage-patch—and he makes them both pay, does George!

If you want to test the temperament of Canadian cartoonmen you cannot do better than pop into Newton McConnell's six-by-four den, right over the

outline, a characteristic taken up by the "young bloods" of the brotherhood. He is a native of Hamilton, born somewhere around five and twenty years ago. As a free lance he is best, but given a general election, he is bound to be in the first fighting line.

"To open out the North-West"—is the reason Ben Fitzmaurice gives for coming to Canada from Britain in the early nineties—a vigorous youth seventeen years old. He pursued his mission on ranches in Assiniboine and British Columbia, by cutting hay, feeding pigs, and milking stray cows. Then, still exploiting the Dominion, he set to work to paint "For Sale" signs, and fortune smiled upon him. A newspaper-man chanced

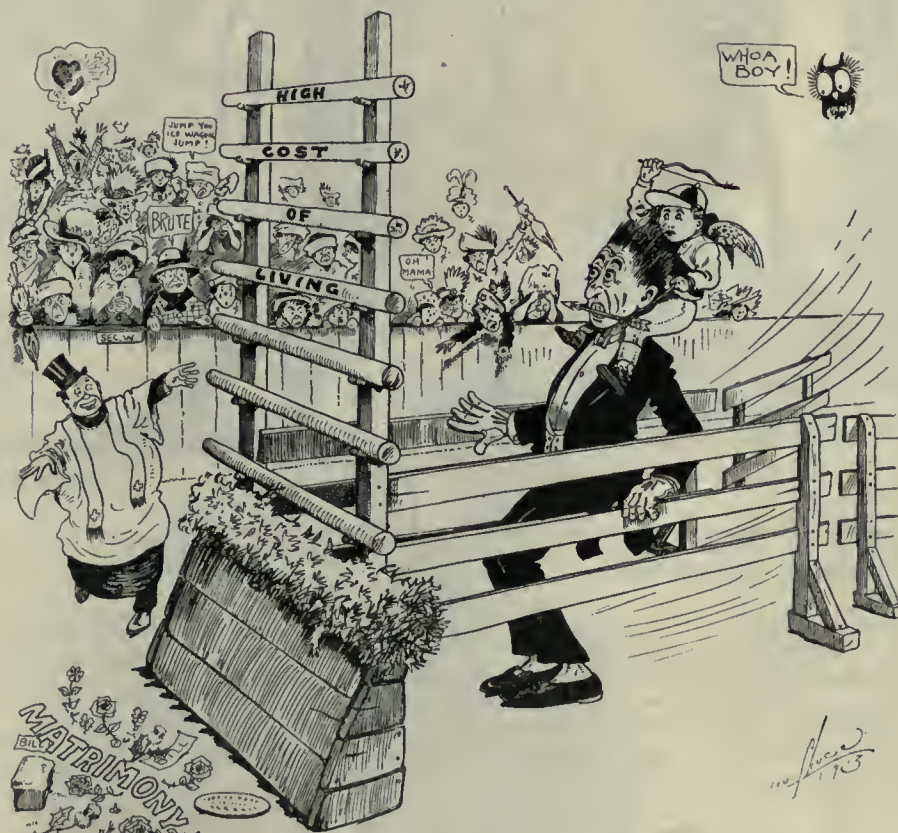
his way. "If you can do signs," he cried, "you can do cartoons." And he whisked Fitzmaurice off to Montreal, where he got fixed at last upon "The Herald." But he is a philosopher still. "It is my humble opinion," he says, "that if a man is to be a cartoonist, it will just happen like cholera, typhoid, or measles; but my advice is—don't be one—don't go out of your way to meet trouble!"

The Reciprocity campaign brought to light a whole new generation of skilled skitsmen. McRitchie's cartoon of Uncle Sam surveying with chagrin the diamond ornament that the "Lady of the Snows" has returned to him, is a tour de force in expression and disillusionment. David

McRitchie is a strong runner in the cartoon handicap. He was born at St. Anne's, Cape Breton, in 1881, but he has been a wanderer ever since. In the fall of 1908 he was "making people sizzle," as he says, at Port Arthur, "with red hot stuff." In 1911 the "Montreal Daily Mail" secured him and there he has everybody's good will.

Many strong political drawings have been given to the public by Alberic Bourgeois of the Montreal La Presse. He is thirty-six years of age and he looks to the Hon. Israel Tarte as his cartoon-father. He is best known as the creator of the character and story of "La Pere Ladebauche."

Harry Moyer of the "Toronto Daily Star" is a very good partner of Bourgeois. He is the most modest of our men. He began life in 1884 at Beamsville, Ont., hammering iron; and now he hammers hammerers. His first cartoons were in the "Pittsburgh Despatch" and



We are waiting for you!

—Lou Skuce, in Toronto Sunday World.

"Daily News" front door. From the curl of his hair to the twist of his toes Newton is a man of nerves and nerve. He was born in 1877 at Lakeside in Elgin County. Mr. A. B. Ingram canvassing the district against Dr. Wilson, brought him to the fore. His cartoons then, and in 1901 decided his career. "The Old Horse" series in 1904 added to his laurels. "His Going Home to Dam (n),"—the acme of cartooning—has already been named.

The personality of Premier Borden does not lend itself readily to caricature. Cartoonmen are consequently forced to focus their efforts on his policies. Fergus Kyle, late of the Toronto Globe has paid considerable attention to the naval policy of the premier, one of his best efforts having been "A Haunting Spectre"—a battleship ploughing its way through Ontario cornlands! Kyle's strong point is his holdness of

then the "Star" took him on in 1908, chiefly to graphize Gadsby's specials. Moyer's "bits" did much in the election of 1911.

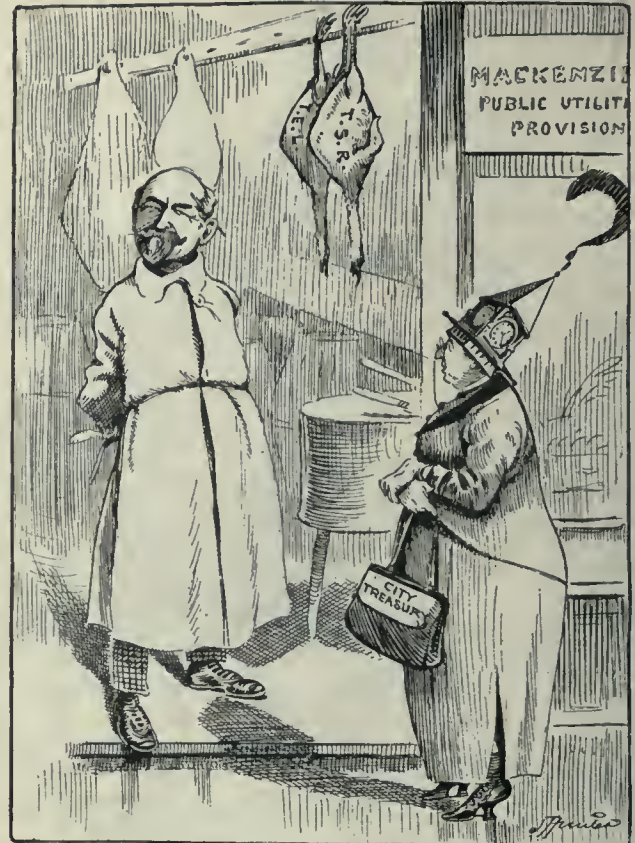
Our story of the Cartoonmen of Canada and the political straits they have

Skuce is on the "Toronto World." "The High Cost of Living" and "Baseball Burlesques" are his best pointers. Frize on "The Toronto Star" is fresh from the plough but a clever lad with his pen. Familiar scenes in town and

There are many young men of promise in the field of Canadian caricature so that the future should see the development of a standard of trenchant depiction and graphic exploitation of public affairs through that most powerful of



An optimistic view of the business outlook.
—Ben Botsford, in Winnipeg Telegram.



Looking for a Thanksgiving bargain.
—Sam Hunter, in Toronto World.

passed through is for the time nearly told. The young bloods of the brotherhood have yet to face a general election and make their mark. Three of them are rising geniuses: Lou Skuce—an ideal name for a man of skits; James L. Frize and Ben Botsford, the youthful prophet.

country occupy him best. Botsford began life selling newspapers in Duluth then he "became obsessed" he says, "with the idea that he would be a cartoonist." He is on the "Winnipeg Telegram." His Canadian Wealth" has obtained European fame.

mediums—the cartoon. If the younger men can escape the dangerous influence of the burlesque style affected by so many American humorists, they should succeed in placing the Canadian cartoon on a still higher plane.

Enter the Skyscraper Woman

High Hats, Hair, Hips and Heels Will be the Outstanding Features of Milady's Toilet this Spring

By QUENTIN QUARREN

The writer of this article has outlined the coming trend in styles in a semi-facetious vein, without over-exaggerating the facts. The Spring will see woman in what is described as the "tall, willowy and graceful role." Paris has issued the decree that lines must tend toward elongation; and the world of fashion will fall into line. Some valuable advance style hints are given in the following article.—Editor.

THE creator of fashions seldom creates; he adapts. The inspiration or the newest style can generally be traced back several decades to the gowns of our great grandmothers or many centuries to the fashions affected by a king's favorite or the weird habiliments of an Egyptian dancing girl.

Fashions travel in ever-recurring cycles. No idea is ever really lost. It

is forgotten or carefully ruled out for a few years or a few centuries but then back it comes, in a modified or intensified form perhaps, but the same idea nevertheless.

The great paradox of fashion is that the designer in search of a new idea generally goes to the past to find it. Recently he has gone to the East; which is the same thing.

But it can be stated positively and without fear or contradiction that the inspiration for the dominant style feature of the coming spring came from America. It is a strictly new and up-to-date idea. Perhaps M. Paul Poiriet found it on his recent tour through the United States and Canada. Perhaps—who knows?—the germ of the New Idea came to him in Toronto as he stood at



Spring hats will be chiefly conspicuous for their height.

the corner of King and Yonge Streets and tilted his head back at an angle of ninety degrees to see the tops of the lofty buildings around him.

For spring will see the advent of the skyscraper woman.

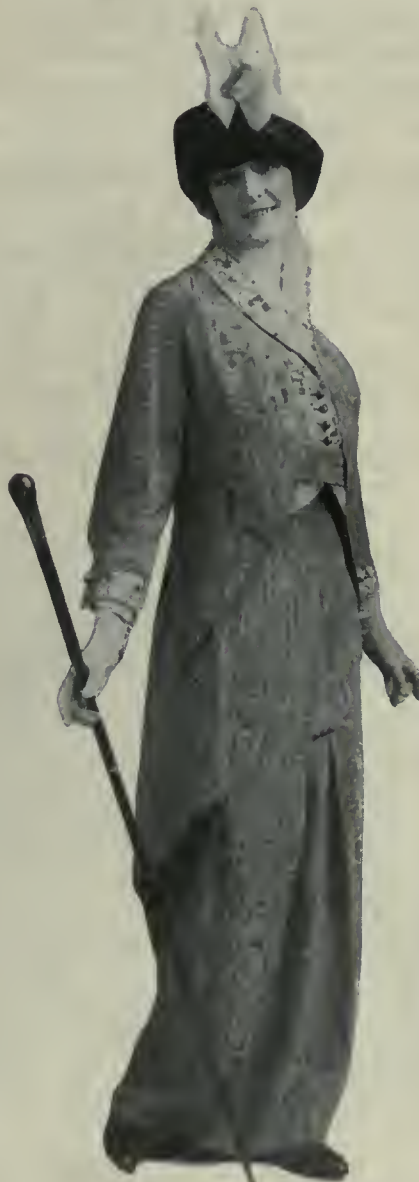
High hats, hair, hips and heels will be the outstanding features of Milady's toilet. Every other consideration will be swallowed up in the stand for striking stature. The low-heeled shoe will be replaced by the high-arched and high-heeled variety. Gowns will be cut on lines to give a lengthened effect. Collars will stand up straight and prim. The hair will be massed on the top of the head, the formation being carried as high as the natural supply, eked out a little perchance, will allow. To top it all off will come the twenty-storey chapeau. Spring hats will be high, haughty and heterologous. They alone will be sufficient justification for the soubriquet "Skyscraper Woman."

Man may be indifferent to what he wears, but woman can best be described as docile. Instead of adapting dress to suit her personality, she adapts her personality to suit the prevailing style of dress. When the wasp waist was in vogue, the plump woman contravened the law of capacity by compressing twenty-five inches of burdensome self into twenty-one inches of belt. When attenuated lines became the hope and aim of the fashionable woman, fasting and hard exercise was her daily portion. The master intellects that issue the decrees of fashion have but to decide what the new scheme of things is to be and women the world over start unflinchingly to remodel themselves in accordance.

During the past twelve months the personality demanded of the really well-dressed woman has been a grotesque one. A spineless poise, a carriage suggestive

of impending collapse, arms hanging limply outward, back arched slightly; the whole resembling nothing so much as the typical Egyptian hieroglyphic girl unless it were perhaps some of the more artificial studies of the New Art exponents. The facial aspect also was borrowed directly from the East. A chalky white face relieved by darkly shaded eyes and lips of a vivid, voluptuous red, suggested the mysterious woman of the Harem. Heavy veilings were used to heighten this effect. In fact, the whole personality was as far removed as possible from the healthy, normal standard, in the direction of artificiality.

It is perhaps logical that the era of Emaciation should be followed by that of Elongation. And so the decree has gone forth that woman must prepare herself for the tall, willowy and graceful role. She must correct the Poiret droop for an upright carriage. She must correct the Poiret droop for an upright carriage. She must discard the mincing gait that the hobble taught her for a long, undulating and poised stride. She may even appear athletic.



The decree has gone forth that woman must prepare herself for the tall, willowy and graceful role.



Hats will be High, Haughty and Heterologous. They alone will be sufficient justification for the soubriquet "skyscraper woman."

Men will regard the change with fullest approbation. It is doubtful if they ever admired or approved the drooping, eccentric and alluring creatures that their womenfolk were converted into by the meticulous mandates of crotchety couturiers. The new woman will be more natural, if exaggerated. She will have grace and dignity, qualities which appeal strongly to man.

But how long will his approbation of the new fashion last? These trends have always been inclined to run to extremes. Take the merry widow, for instance. It began as a charming hat of broad brim and ended up at a stage where raincoats had become superfluous and parasols an absurdity. The hobble skirt began conservatively but progressed through various stages of abbreviation until women's only practical means of locomotion was the hop. And then there is the skirt with the split. Everyone agrees that it has been carried too far!

And so with the coming craze for height. It may be that it will develop into quite as much of a nuisance as the long hat pin or the protruding feather. Imagine the state of mind of a man at a theatre trying to follow the romance of a Moravian princess and a Milwaukee brewer as told with frequent chorus interruptions; and seeing nothing but the towering coiffure of the lady in front of him! Or picture an ardent fan at a ball game seated behind a row of skyscraper hats.

The stage has been reached where the law takes a hand when fashions are carried to extremes. At various times the ban has been put in long hatpins, aigrettes, diaphanous draperies and other vagaries of the costumer's art which threatened the welfare, physical or

(Continued on page 108.)

A Review of Reviews

Articles of Unusual Interest Condensed from Contemporary Literature, Home and Foreign

Crossing the Atlantic by Aeroplane Way Stations for a Relay Flight to Europe

WHO can doubt that within a comparatively short time one or more human beings will have traveled from America to Europe, or the reverse, through the air? says Henry H. Supplee in the *Scientific American*. Whether this journey is first to be made in a machine which is lighter or heavier than the air through which it moves, does not yet appear, and it seems as if this point depends more upon the man than upon the machine.

The elements of difficulty in the undertaking are comparatively few in number, and of a nature capable of critical investigation and solution on land, with one or two exceptions; always assuming that sufficient funds are available. For the aeroplane the most important thing is the assurance of the reliability of the motive power; for the dirigible it is probably the maintenance of the tightness of the envelope, and the consequent assurance of the ability of the machine to remain in the air for a long enough time.

For both machines, however, the human element forms one of the indeterminate features; the other one being the possibility of being carried far out of the way by reason of fog and by air currents.

With but few exceptions, those who have discussed the problem of crossing the Atlantic through the air have felt themselves bound by the precedent of the steamship, and assumed that a continuous and uninterrupted voyage is a necessity. It has already been pointed out, however, that it is entirely practicable

so to divide the trip as to bring its various portions well within limits of endurance already readily sustained both by the man and the machine.

If we take the attempt as being made from America to Europe, and examine the possibility of subdividing the trip, regardless of the lanes followed by the existing steamship lines, is it evident that a start from Newfoundland, passing by way of Greenland, Iceland, Faroe Islands, and Norway, would give opportunity for the division of the voyage into four sections, of not greatly differing lengths. Following the precedent of railway practice, and letting each section be traversed by men and machines in relay, it would not seem impossible to send a mail bag, for example, to Europe through the air, with the ap-

paratus which is even now at our disposal. When this has been successfully accomplished it will be time enough to think about cutting out one or more of the way stations. This would mean, in the case of the aeroplane, the provision of four machines, including the one in which the start was made, and in the employment of as many operators. Doubtless such a method would not appeal to the sporting element, which regards the undertaking in the same light as a yacht race or similar event, but when considered wholly as a conservative engineering problem, the plan may well be examined upon its merits.

From St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Cape Farewell, Greenland, is a distance of nine hundred and forty miles, this being the longest leg of the trip, and

one which might be very materially shortened if a satisfactory starting place could be assured on the coast of Labrador. From Cape Farewell to Reikjavik, Iceland, is somewhat shorter, being eight hundred and twenty miles. These two portions of the voyage, the first traversing Davis Strait and the second crossing Denmark Strait, are those in which the difficulties of fog are most apt to be encountered, although it is possible that the route may pass farther north than the region of dense fog.

From Reikjavik to the Faroes is four hundred and sixty miles, and from the latter it is four hundred and twenty miles to Bergen, Norway.

This makes a journey of twenty-six hundred and forty miles, divided into four fairly equal



Map of the North Atlantic Ocean, showing the points for way-stations and distances in the aerial relay flight to Europe.



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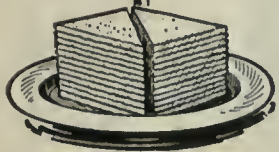
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stages, permitting the difficulties of endurance, both of man and machine, to be reduced in far greater proportion, and bringing the question of fuel supply into altogether manageable shape.

It may be said that such a route is altogether undesirable because it begins and ends at wholly useless points, and follows unsuitable places en route. The great thing, however, at present, is to demonstrate the possibility of making the crossing at all, and this once accomplished, it is probable that important modifications would follow.

In any case it must be remembered that it is trade routes which create their own desirability. When all commerce with the Orient was conducted from Venice and Genoa eastward, the commercial importance of England was little greater than that of Iceland, and it was the sudden change in the face of Europe, after the new routes to India and America were opened, which placed the British Islands in the front of the commerce of the world. Facilities create traffic in all parts of the globe, and when the routes are established they can be depended upon to bring many changes in their train.

In the meantime it may be desirable to hesitate before demanding from the aeroplane and its operator feats of endurance which have never yet been asked of the locomotive engine or its driver; and be well satisfied that the North Atlantic is capable of division into practicable sections for aerial navigation.

HOW TO CURE STRIKE EVIL!

The Panama a Golden Lesson to the World

IT usually happens, in the large affairs of life as in the smaller ones that the end to which we so ardently set our efforts enriches us by far less than the means we take in achieving it. Roy S. Baker in *The London Magazine* expresses the opinion that the United States may find the great result of her labor in constructing the Panama Canal, not in the Canal itself, but in the indirect effect upon the fibre of her national character. If the Canal should be destroyed the day after it is finished, it would still be worth all it has cost because of the great lessons it has taught the world, which are set forth in the following extract from Mr. Baker's article:

Until she went to Panama, America was like a youth who first ventures upon feats of strength or daring: she did not realize how strong she was. Now America can do things that she never thought it possible to do before; she has learnt something of the stupendous potentiality of concerted action, and incidentally she has built a notable Canal.

What, then, is the secret of the success of the work at Panama?

The success at Panama is based primarily upon the recognition of the fact that the task is a public not a private enterprise; that the work is being done not by mere employees but by citizens

and free men. Slaves must be driven or forced, but citizens must be inspired.

The builders at Panama have laid down the revolutionary principle that no man can be a good worker unless he is also a good citizen; and that no man can be a good citizen unless he is well and happy. It is not possible to stir sodden, weary, unhealthy and discontented men with what Colonel Goethals calls an "irresistible and irrepressible spirit of enthusiasm." We all know in our own lives that we work best when we are well and happy.

Now, the logic of these propositions seems so axiomatic that it is hard to realize, at first, how revolutionary it is. In most of the great private and public industries of the present time the health and happiness of the workers, instead of being made the first consideration, is made the last. Industry for the most part has wanted merely hands, not men and women; it has had little care whether the workers lived like pigs or died like flies. The wonderful thing about the work at Panama is the reversal of this ancient and accepted attitude.

I can best convey the particulars of this new spirit and these new methods by laying down a number of the fundamental propositions upon which the work at Panama is founded:

First: A man to do good work must be healthy.

DeLesseps failed largely because he did not, and could not, assure the health of his workmen. A staggering proportion of the gallant Frenchmen who went to Panama now sleep on Monkey Hill. America's early efforts were likewise marred either by the ravages of disease or by the fear of disease.

It is to the United States' credit that she perceived, very early in her occupation of the Canal Zone, that the State must assure the health of its workers. Colonel Gorgas was sent to do at Panama what he had already done in Havana—make clean, healthy, living conditions.

Out of a disease-ridden jungle Colonel Gorgas, beginning nearly three years before Goethals came, has made the Isthmus to-day as healthy a place to live in as any in America. The whole Isthmus has been combed and groomed; the water supply has been made pure; the ditches and waste places have either been filled or cleaned; all garbage and refuse is burned; the houses are screened, and scrupulous care is exercised in the disposal of sewage.

But the care for the health of the workers does not cease with preventive measures, for the hospitals on the Isthmus are among the largest and best equipped in the world. Any worker who is injured or who is ill is cared for according to the best methods known to science, and his pay continues while he is in the hospital. No distinctions are made between white, yellow, and black men; it is equally necessary to the State that all be healthy men.

Second: A man to do good work must have comfortable home surroundings.

The deduction that workmen must, after the authorities arrived more slowly at



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all, live civilized lives in order to do good work. They must not have the cheerless barracks and camps so familiar to many great enterprises, but homes, Stevens inaugurated the policy of building comfortable houses for the workers, which were occupied rent free. Attention was also paid to making the surroundings of these homes attractive with lawns and plantations of tropical verdure. Some of the towns on the Isthmus—Empire, for example—are charming to a degree.

Other lines of activity rapidly developed. Even with their comfortable houses, if these workers had been paid their wages and told to shift for themselves, they would indeed have had a sorry time of it. Two thousand miles from home in a tropical country, they would have had difficulty in buying clean food at reasonable prices. Indeed, the early workers were seriously overcharged by the native dealers for the necessities of life. Accordingly, the Government set up its own community stores, where the best products are sold at cost prices. Living is cheaper to-day on the Isthmus than anywhere in America.

These low prices are possible because the Government buys in immense quantities, because its credit is perfect, and because all middlemen are eliminated. Every employee, black, yellow, or white, has an equal chance to buy at the standard Government prices.

But this is not all. Bread and ice, for example, which are perishable products, were needed, and the Government, while Stevens was engineer, built a huge bakery where practically all the bread used on the Isthmus is baked and sold at four cents a loaf; it has an ice-plant (making one hundred and six tons a day), to which is also connected an ice-cream factory; and there is a Government laundry which not only washes most of the clothes of the Isthmus (at cost prices) but does a large business in laundering for visiting ships. A complicated but efficient distribution system over the Government-owned railroad has been developed, so that every little town, even every station in the jungle, gets its fresh meat, bread, ice, ice-cream, and so on every day.

Another necessity to the contented life of the worker is adequate advantages for educating his children. The Government therefore maintains schools on the Isthmus where children of all races may be educated.

And finally the wages paid on the Isthmus to-day are probably the highest ever regularly paid anywhere in the world. Percentages which in private enterprises go into interest and profits may here be distributed to the workers. High wages were offered to start with to tempt men to come to this far-off and dangerous place, but most observers to-day believe that the higher wages pay.

Third: A man to do good work must have a reasonable amount of wholesome recreation and amusement.

The Government, following in the beginning Roosevelt's suggestion, has built clubhouses at many of the towns, where

there are libraries, billiard, bowling, and lounging rooms, bathing facilities, gymnastic apparatus, and the like. These are operated by the Y.M.C.A., and members are admitted on the payment of a small fee. Baseball and cricket (among the Jamaican negroes) and other sports are encouraged. Each employee has also the privilege of a yearly vacation, when he may go home to the States if he chooses. Some periodical relief from the tropical climate is almost a necessity if employees are to retain their health and good spirits.

While healthful amusements are thus encouraged. The number of saloons on the Isthmus is limited, and they are so regulated that the social feature is largely eliminated; and drunkenness is not tolerated. Nothing but pure liquors are allowed on sale.

Fourth: A man to do good work must have the right attitude toward his task.

Having secured health, comfortable living, and recreation for the worker as a necessary material basis, the most important (the spiritual) factor in good work remains yet to be obtained. Crude hunger and greed have so long been the chief incentives in driving human beings to wage-earning that it seems impossible that any new incentive should become an important factor. But it has—at Panama; it really exists. It is that "irresistible and irrepressible spirit of enthusiasm" which I have called the "new patriotism."

Colonel Goethals has developed this new spirit toward public work. There must be other things besides justice between man and man. Justice is negative. There must still be a chance of reward for individual genius and individual energy. The more the bare, material needs of men are supplied by community or co-operative effort, the greater the requirement for new and vital forms of individual competition.

It has been charged that Government work destroys initiative, but it can be said that there is no place in America today where there is a freer pathway for merit of every kind than at Panama. In the first place, there is no political "pull" at Panama—and it is political "pull" that gives substance to the idea that Government work is deadening.

On the other hand, men who show ability and merit have had an opportunity to rise.

But this is not all. Inventors, for example, have flourished on the Canal. Any man who has a good idea for improving methods is not only allowed to experiment but encouraged. No week passes that such schemes and inventions are not taken up by the various departments or considered directly by the Colonel. One Sunday morning I saw a man come into the Colonel's office, carrying a little bag in his hand.

"Well, Mr. Friedman, what have you to-day?"

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proved; and the Colonel now gave him time to develop it further and to make a working model.

Under this encouragement the Government is profiting by the use of many labor-saving inventions by Canal employees. All these inventions and devices are, of course, used freely by the Government, but some of them will bring considerable profit to the inventors for the use of their patent rights by private enterprises or by other Governments. There is thus an opportunity at Panama for every man to be as great as it lies in him to be.

Another condition, and an important one in securing the right attitude of the worker toward his task, is the sense of complete frankness as between the leaders and the followers. Publicity is a vital element in any democratic enterprise, for special privileges and favoritism cannot thrive in the stimulating atmosphere of publicity. I never knew any place where there was so little whispering behind doors, so few secrets, where no one had any tips "straight from the inside."

Full publicity is not only given; it is courted. An excellent public newspaper, called The Canal Record, makes common property of all the facts which in private enterprises are so highly esteemed as "inside information." And why not? Everyone on the Canal Zone knows, or may know, every week nearly as much about the progress of the Canal as the engineers themselves.

I think it may be said that no large body of workmen ever before lived under more stimulating conditions than these. It has even been charged that the Government was unduly coddling the men at Panama. But what has been the result? The work, after all, must be judged by the ancient standards of excellence, efficiency, economy.

Some of the other results of the policies at Panama may be stated in broader terms.

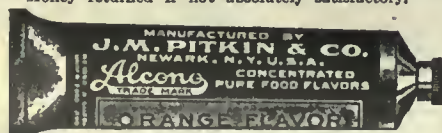
Most public works are notoriously slow, but the Panama Canal will be finished a year ahead of time. Most public works run far in advance of their estimated cost, but the Panama Canal, in spite of the fact that millions of cubic feet of earth have slid into the canal, for the excavation of which no provision was made in the original estimate, will be finished for \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000 less than the estimate of \$375,000,000 made soon after Goethals went to Panama.

Up to this point attention has been fixed almost exclusively upon the conditions on the Isthmus—the leadership, the spirit of the workers, the methods employed, and, finally, the results in material achievement.

But this represents only a small part of the influence of this colossal undertaking. In a literal sense, the Canal is changing the view-point of the American nation itself, an effect which will be still more noticeable with the passage of time. It may well be that historians of the future will mark the date of the Canal as the beginning of a new epoch in American life.

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As the Spanish War gave her outside interests and a new confidence in herself as a factor in the politics of the world, so the successful completion of the Canal is giving her a new confidence in the ability of the nation, rightly led, to do things of itself which in the past have been left to private enterprise. She has gained in self-confidence. She will hesitate less in the future about national undertakings, stupendous and difficult though they may appear. It has given her confidence to be able to pick an ideal leader from out of a group of men trained by the nation; it has made her feel that other leaders are to be had from among her citizenship, and it has given her a new sense of the power of concerted action.

THE ROMANCE OF OIL

Is Canada Destined to See Sights Like These? Oil Wells Which Date Back to Pre-historic Times

MUCH has been heard of late of discoveries portending the presence of oil in Western Canada. Should the expectations of those engaged in the prospecting for oil be realized our own country will witness the spectacular features attending the development of this industry, which are the subject of an article in the *World Wide Magazine*.

Imagine a three hundred foot torch of flame shooting up into the sky, capped with a great column of smoke and soot, and you have a burning "gusher" one of the most striking sights of the Californian oil-fields.

Fires in the oil-fields, as a matter of fact, are not at all uncommon. A few months ago a big one occurred near Bakersfield, California. It started in the engine-house of a property adjoining that of the Pacific Crude Company, upon which a "gusher" was spouting at the rate of seven thousand barrels a day. It takes very little time for flames to spread over this oil-covered ground, and soon the "sumps," or oil storage-holes, of this company were ablaze, and from them the great "gusher" itself became ignited. It was a wonderful spectacle at night, for the flames would sink and at times almost disappear; then they would suddenly spurt upward with a roar, hurling a finger of flame far into the sky.

In face of an outbreak of this kind, of course, ordinary methods of fire-extinction are useless. Seventeen portable steam-boilers were rushed to the ground, and great volumes of steam were injected into the heart of the fire, but in spite of every effort it burnt viciously for over a week before it was finally smothered. The conflagration covered an area of eighty acres, eating up the contents of the storage basins of crude oil, the engine-houses, the cook-houses, and whatever lay in its path. The loss was over thirty thousand dollars.

Very often big fires occur when what is called the "gas belt" is entered. These usually come unexpectedly, from the ignition of the inflammable vapor,



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and in one case the "strike" was announced by a deafening explosion, followed by flame, the gas having ignited from a light on the derrick. It took several days to extinguish this blaze, and the well was then capped, the owners intending to use this natural gas for domestic purposes as well as for fuel for the boilers. As soon as the vent was closed, however, the gas-pressure became so strong that it tore away the gauge, throwing a column of mingled sand and gas upwards for many hundreds of feet with a force estimated at over a thousand pounds to the square inch.

Perhaps in no other sphere of activity do such a variety of startling events happen as in the oil-fields. For days and weeks and months the work of drilling goes steadily on, without results—heart-sickening monotony for the owners, who are spending small fortunes in development. Then, suddenly, the tools may be shot from the hole with great violence, by the force of the gushing oil, driving up through the top of the derrick and making kindling-wood of the great frame that supports the machinery. Even this may not be so satisfying to the owners as might be imagined, for such circumstances often find the company unprepared with basins or trenches in which to store the oil produced in such large quantities, and much expense and waste is the result.

By far the most spectacular oil-well in California, and probably in the world, is the Lakeview. This wonderful well "gushed" steadily for eighteen months at the rate of thirty thousand barrels a day. The story of the "coming in" of the Lakeview is very vividly told by one of the owners.

At midnight on March 15th, he states, the oil-sand was centred in well No. 1, which started to "gush," but choked up in a few minutes, following which nothing was done until seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the bailer was dropped down the hole to loosen the sand. Suddenly, during the progress of the churning, the bridge was broken up, and the bailer shot out of the hole with terrific force, lodging halfway through the crown block at the top of the derrick. Until eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, when it again sanded up, "twenty-four-gravity" oil shot out of the hole at the rate of thirty thousand barrels a day. Then, after being quiet for an hour and a half, the well again broke loose with greater force than ever, shooting stones the size of doubled fists, mixed with sand and oil, up through the casing, which was over six inches and a half in thickness. These missiles literally wore out and tore loose the crown block and cap timbers, releasing the bailer. The well next spouted rapidly, but with a geyser-like action, through this opening, hurling the oil about two hundred feet high. The spectacle on Wednesday morning was plainly visible to passengers on the train twenty-three miles east of Maricopa. During a wind-storm on Wednesday afternoon the spray ruined all wearing-apparel exposed at Maricopa, two miles away.

The following day the flow was measured both by the standard and independent gauges, and between the hours of eleven a.m. and three p.m. thirty-two thousand barrels were pumped through one six-inch and one four-inch pipe into the tanks, the oil being caught in a series of reservoirs, the last of which is of a million-barrel capacity.

On June 22nd, one hundred days after the well was "brought in," the estimate was made that four million barrels of oil had been produced, worth about two and a half million dollars. The flow had not diminished at the end of this period, and the well went on "gushing" for eighteen months. This was two years ago. At last they succeeded in capping the well, and it then went on producing in a steady and dignified manner. In November, 1912, it again broke loose, and at the moment of writing is "gushing" at a tremendous rate.

There is nothing more spectacular in the oil industry, probably, than the sudden rise to wealth of many who have struggled along in poverty for years. When, after many hardships, a well "comes in," it frequently brings riches to the fortunate owner. There are countless stories of this kind told on the fields.

During the last few years the "jumping" of oil-claims has caused as much excitement as similar events in the old gold-mining days, and armed men are often detailed to protect properties in dispute.

A very amusing feature—at least, to the outsider who is merely looking on—is the race which is sometimes run in sinking a well. Two derricks are raised side by side, owned by different parties, and the drilling begins, each spurred on by rivalry and often hatred for the other side. According to the mining laws, the first to secure oil is the rightful claimant to the property.

Although the oil boom in California is only a score of years old, yet indications have been discovered that oil was worked in very early times, even as far back as the days of the Spanish colonists. In fact, there is one oil-pit or swamp dating back to prehistoric times. Near this pit, a few miles from Los Angeles, a large tooth was found about five years ago and sent to the University of Berkeley. It was identified as that of the sabre-tooth tiger—an animal supposedly unknown to the country.

For many years the pit has been abandoned, and when scientific men became interested they found around the pit bones that had been dug out by ignorant workmen, who had no idea of their interest or value.

This pit, as left by the laborers twenty years ago, is three hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, and sixty feet deep, and is now full of black water to within ten feet or so from the top. The scientists have taken possession of it, and are excavating fossils of prehistoric animals, birds, etc., that have apparently been collecting there for hundreds of generations. Many complete skeletons are being taken out of animals that were not

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known to have existed on the American continent.

The theory of the scientists is that the marshy nature of this land has been much the same throughout the ages, and that liquid asphaltum formerly covered the area as it does to-day. Little pools of water lured animals and birds into the sticky fluid to drink, and held them prisoners, for every struggle to free themselves sank them more hopelessly into the bog. These accidents occur at the present time, and birds, ducks, and small animals are often found helpless, but still alive, in this prehistoric death-trap.

FRENCH ROADS AND THEIR TREES

A Government System of Tree-Planting which Beautifies and Protects the Famous Highways of France

FRANCE—the garden spot of our planet, as M. Clemenceau called it—leads the world in the maintenance and adornment of its splendid system of roads, says J. J. Conway, in *Munsey's Magazine*. As luxuriant hair is the glory of woman, so avenues of healthy trees are the ornament of the French highways and byways.

Though the Romans gridironed their empire with solidly paved highroads, the serious organization of modern road-making only began with the establishment of mail-coaches in the thirteenth century. Francis I, king of gentlemen, patron of letters and arts, caused the chief highways of France to be planted with Lombardy poplars. His son, the handsome and affable Henry II, also advised the planting of trees by the roadside; and his grandson, the cold and cruel Henry III, imposed it as a duty upon the neighboring owners of the soil, adding that they must water the elms.

Under the next and greatest Henry—who said that he wanted every French peasant to have a fowl in the pot for his Sunday dinner—Sully, the famous minister of finance, recommended the planting of mulberry-trees by the wayside. He encouraged this at the expense of the state, although he cut down his own woods at Rosny to give financial aid to the king. He also appointed a surveyor-general of the roads of France to carry out his ideas.

Cardinal Richelieu abolished this office, but Colbert, the frugal and systematic minister of Louis XIV, re-established it; and in 1705 and 1720 edicts were issued, charging property-owners along the roads with the duty of planting trees at a distance of thirty feet apart. Under Louis XVI, Turgot ordered mulberry trees and almonds planted by the roadways in the south of France, horse-chestnuts in the central provinces, and walnut-trees everywhere.

The great Napoleon, whose marvelous genius neglected no detail of government, improved and systematized the supervision of roadside tree-planting; and, after a period of comparative neglect, caused by wars and political up-

heavals, Louis Philippe and Napoleon III reorganized the department on the same lines. For instance, a decree of April 2, 1862, orders the construction of fourteen new roads in various parts of France, and in each case there are specifications for the planting of avenues of trees.

Three Classes of Roads

The roads of France may be divided into three classes—national, departmental, and communal or parochial. Of national roads, there are in all some thirty-eight thousand kilometers, or about twenty-four thousand miles. The national roads are built and maintained by the nation, and the trees growing along them are planted and cared for at the expense of the government. The work is under the control of the Ministry of Public Works, and is in direct control of the "Ponts et Chaussées"—the Service of Bridges and Roads. The corps of state engineers, whose business it is to look after roads and bridges, also attends to tree-planting. There are now three million trees planted along the national highways.

France is composed of eighty-three departments, and has twenty-two thousand communes. The Ministry of the Interior issues directions for the construction, upkeep, and tree-planting of departmental and communal roads, the work being carried out by a local highway commission at the expense of the commune. These roads, however, are not planted to the same extent as the national highways. Many of them are not wide enough to give much space for trees. Moreover, owners of adjoining lands sometimes object to them, on the ground that they overshadow the fields and diminish the crops.

A joint commission, including representatives of the Ministry of Public Works and of the Ministry of Agriculture, has studied the different soils and climates of France, and the various species of fruit-trees, and forest-trees, in order to select those most suitable for wayside planting. The report of the commission argues in favor of the established practice for several reasons. The trees conserve the roads; they ornament them, and give welcome shade to summer travelers; they point the way in case of heavy snows and dense fogs; and they yield good financial results. In certain places, too, where a road skirts or crosses a deep ravine, they afford protection against accidents by providing a natural fence at the edge of the highway.

Generally speaking, national roads are not planted when their breadth is less than ten meters, or about thirty-three feet. Exceptional cases would be in mountainous regions, where rows of trees both guide and protect the traveler, and in southern districts, where they prevent excessive dryness. Where the road is between ten and sixteen meters in width, one row of trees is set out on each side. When the width is over sixteen meters, two rows are planted, with a foot-path running between them.

The distance between the trees varies with the degree of probable development, the dryness of the soil, and the nature of

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the products cultivated. Trees of great development, along a road traversing a country of intensive cultivation, are set out from twelve to eighteen meters apart. Trees of medium or small growth along a route passing through untilled lands are planted more closely, at intervals of eight or ten meters.

The rows are traced with great care, precisely parallel to the line of road. The trees must be at least four and one-half meters—a little less than fifteen feet—from the centre of the highway. While the state has the right to plant along the national roads at any distance it pleases from the adjoining property, it exercises this right with judicious moderation, and leaves, as a rule, two meters between the trees and the outside edge of the road-way.

The Best Varieties of Trees

In regard to the best varieties of trees for roadside planting, it has been customary to plant forest trees in preference to the fruit-bearing species. The latter were objected to as being likely to be broken by the passers-by, and as projecting their branches too horizontally. Now, however, they have their partisans who reply to the objection that the fruit is sometimes stolen with what Frederick the Great said when fruit-trees were planted along the roads of Pomerania:

"Well, it will be the people who will get the fruit!"

A congress of arboriculture, held in Paris in 1901, passed a resolution to the effect that in future forest trees along the roads should be replaced by fruit-trees. The government, while not recommending fruit-trees, says that should they be at any time selected those only should be chosen which suit the soil, climate, and situation.

How the Planting is Done

Tree-planting is let in small contracts, sometimes as low as five thousand francs apiece. The object of this is to promote competition, and to attract specialists, such as gardeners and nurserymen, who are hardly likely to have the means for undertaking large contracts.

Government inspectors see that the contractor plants well-formed trees, free from disease, and in every way first-class.

As the best planting season is short, a fine is imposed for every day's delay. When the contractor gets his pay, a certain sum is retained as a guarantee fund; and for two years he is responsible for the care of the trees, and for the replacing of any that die or prove defective. The sum held back until the final acceptance of his work protects the government from danger of loss.

Let me add a word about the trees of Paris:

In the French capital, which is governed differently from any other city in France, the municipal council attends to the planting and upkeep of the trees in the boulevards and squares. Of all the world's great cities, Paris possesses the finest show of trees. The total number growing in its streets is eighty-five thousand.

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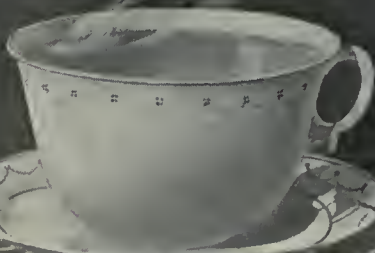
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REDEEMING JERUSALEM

How a Rich Jew is Working to Modernize and Improve Jerusalem

A RICH Jewish merchant of Boston. Mr. Nathan Straus, is retiring from business, but not to a life of ease: he intends to try to better the Holy Land and to modernize and improve Jerusalem and make it a liveable place.

The Boston *Transcript* gives some details of the project, its inciting causes, and some of the features to be realized. Mr. Straus's own ideas are quoted as follows:—

"The needs of Palestine are very great. I have done all that a man of my means can afford, but it is only a mite to what could be accomplished if sufficient funds were available. Whoever comes forward and supplies the means will be instrumental in creating a resurrected Holy Land again flowing with milk and honey.

"I went to Jerusalem last year because I was drawn there by associations of the Holy Land. I found conditions that appalled me. Starvation and disease held the people in their grip. I did what one man could do to relieve the unfortunate, establishing a health department for Palestine, and soup-kitchens in Jerusalem at which 330 people are fed daily.

"Jerusalem stands on a hill, and there is every reason why it should be made as healthful and delightful a place to live in as the most modern city in the world. What is chiefly needed is modern water-works. There is plenty of water to be had if proper pumping stations were erected. At the present time water is the most precious possession of the household. It is kept in cisterns under lock and key; every drop of it is valuable, because there is no water-system available. The defects of the sanitary arrangements of the city on this account are terrible."

The work under way and to be accomplished in Jerusalem is described by Miss Eva Leon Gottheil, sister of Professor Gottheil, of Columbia University, who returned a few weeks ago from an inspection of the scene:

"Because the Holy Land is sacred to all, regardless of race or religion, we planned to aid the poor, whether Christians, Jews, or Mohammedans. As it is now, the Christian missionaries aid the poor Jews at the expense of the poor Christians because they hope to convert the former.

"To remedy this condition, Mr. Straus founded a soup-kitchen where all the poor could be fed, especially the old and feeble who could not work. Every hungry person who calls at the soup-kitchen is given a bowl of nourishing soup and several pieces of bread. In case they want to take it home with them they are given a double portion for other members of the family.

"One of the greatest difficulties we had to contend with was to find work even for those who were willing to work. To this end Mr. Straus founded a



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Any oat food is a great vim-producer. Any supplies an abundance of what brains and nerves are made.

The difference lies in flavor. Puny oats lack richness and aroma. The taste which makes oatmeal delicious comes from big, plump oats.

That's why millions of mothers, all the world over, serve Quaker Oats to children. They do this to foster the love of oatmeal. Then the food children need, beyond all else, becomes the wanted dish.

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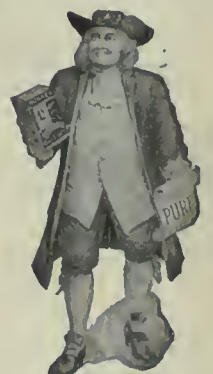
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mother-of-pearl factory last September, where mementoes are manufactured of that material for tourists to take home. About eighty men and twenty-five girls were given employment by this means.

"For the nurses' settlement a house was purchased, with a garden surrounding. As there are no stores in Jerusalem, I had to design every bit of furniture, which was then made by native carpenters, who are very skilful workmen.

"At first we had to overcome the ignorance and superstition of the inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Jews. We did this through the schools, because we could reach the children much easier than the grown folks. There are about 9,000 pupils in the Jerusalem schools.

"The greatest scourge in Jerusalem is trachoma, and until we came here the disease was allowed to run its course until blindness resulted. Fully 30 per cent. of the people are afflicted with trachoma, which is contagious. To combat this disease, we engaged a European eye specialist and an assistant, and although the work has been under way but a short time, there has been a marked improvement.

"Another building was purchased and fitted up for the household school, where girls between fourteen and sixteen years of age are taught domestic science. Most of the homes in Jerusalem are very dirty and untidy. The people are, too, but they cannot be blamed very much because water over there is a luxury. The inhabitants depend entirely on the rainfall between October and May.

"In the household school the girls are taught how to keep their rooms tidy, how to wash and iron their clothes, how to sew, and how to cook. In this way they are being equipped to become better wives for the members of the various colonies established by Baron de Rothschild throughout the Holy Land. They speak the historical Hebrew—not Yiddish—and are taught in that language.

"Another reform instituted by Mr. Straus was the cleaning of the street leading to the 'Wailing Wall,' which is part of the ruins of the Temple of Solomon, where the people go to pray. Until a short time ago this street was one of the filthiest in all Jerusalem, but at Mr. Straus's orders and expense it is now being swept three times a day and kept in perfect condition."

Mr. Straus's idea of brotherhood has not confined itself to help of the needy before his eyes or of his own race. He rushed quantities of food, clothing, and medical supplies to Messina after the earthquake of 1909. In his methods of charity, says the writer, he is wholly modern:

"Having set up a board of health in Palestine modeled after that of New York, schools, and curative and preventive methods of treating disease based upon metropolitan examples, he will no doubt first, on reaching Jerusalem next month, make a sociological 'survey,' and base his further procedure on what that discloses—determining whether the next needs are waterworks for the city, orchards for the country, vaccination against typhoid, a campaign against mos-

quitos and malaria, and generally discovering why people are sick and sorry and starving in that most appealing city of which the Psalmist said: 'If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning.' "

WILL RUSSIA HAVE A QUEEN?

The Question Which is To-day Agitating Every Russian from Peasant to Nobleman

IT is the wish of the Tsar of All the Russias to appoint his daughter, Olga, who is now eighteen years of age, his successor as ruler of "Holy Russia," says a writer in *Ideas*.

The rightful heir to the Russian throne is the little Grand Duke Alexis, who, however, will never be strong enough to reign, being hopelessly crippled, and it is feared almost permanently ill.

The next natural claimant to the throne would be the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, who married a woman not of Royal blood. He has estranged himself with the present Tsar and has now taken up his residence in England.

There is only one legal objection to Grand Duchess Olga becoming Empress of Russia: Tsar Paul hated his mother, Catherine the Great, and made a law preventing any woman occupying the throne, but the law which he so maliciously proclaimed can easily be repealed by Tsar Nicholas.

The problem which the latter has to face is the keen opposition the crowning of Olga would arouse among the grand dukes, who have a very great influence.

There is much talk in political circles in St. Petersburg of what the grand dukes might do to such a Queen, or what she might do to them.

Although Olga has had no occasion to give public evidence of it she is imagined to be strong-minded and of revolutionary tendencies, and the only parallel to her probable method of government is to be found in that of Catherine the Second, more popularly known as "Catherine the Great."

If Olga comes to the throne she will be the second of that name to do so, the other being the first woman to rule over the Russians. She was the widow of Igor I., who reigned long before the days of the Romanoffs, and succeeded him on the throne after his death in 945, and reigned for twelve years, when she abdicated in favor of Sviatoslav.

There have not been many Russian Queens, and the remaining four are as follows: the wife of Peter the Great, Catherine the First, ruled for two years; Anne, who reigned from 1730 to 1740; Elizabeth, 1741-62; and Catherine the Second, who reigned for a period extending over thirty-four years, between 1762 and 1796.

The comparison of Olga to Catherine is brought about by the query of whether she will awaken Russia from its restless slumber, and rule independently of the grand dukes who have been retarding



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its progress, and usher in the economic and political reforms that have long been established institutions in England, France, and Germany.

These are the main questions which are being circulated by the statesmen and journalists in the empire of the Tsar. The latter ask, too, whether or not the Grand Duchess Olga has become so hardened and embittered by the tragedies of her past existence that she will ignore democracy and turn to a despotic régime.

In justification of her future actions, Olga has had her fill of sadness and sorrow. Her mother, the Tsarina, who was the Princess Alix of Hesse, is said to be the most unhappy woman that ever wore a crown. Since her marriage to Nicholas the Second on November 26, 1894, she has never had a happy day, or felt safe for a moment.

There were innumerable plots to exterminate the Royal family, and the Grand Duke Sergius, for whom she had a very deep attachment, was successfully assassinated before her eyes. It was not an uncommon thing to hear of the violent death of a Minister of State.

Four daughters were born to the Tsarina, and finally the long wished for son, who was to continue the line of Romanoffs. The Tsarevitch was born on July 30, 1904.

The joy attendant on his birth was soon darkened, for the Russo-Japan war, which had been declared a few months previously took a disastrous turn, and a revolution followed. For weeks it seemed that the Tsar would have to fly from Russia. Before Alexis was one year old an attempt was made to murder him.

Since then the attempts on the life of the Tsarevitch have been numerous. Only a year ago he was caught off his guard and seriously injured.

It is recognized here and elsewhere that should he ever grow up into manhood and retain fairly good health, he will never be well enough to continue the line of Romanoffs as Emperor. This is partly proved by the determination of the Tsar to place his daughter Olga on the throne.

Should it ever come to pass that she succeeds to the throne of her father, her reign will be looked forward to with more than ordinary international interest, for there may be that in her which will make her as great, or greater, than Catherine, who as a ruler stands next to Peter the Great.

It was the pride of Peter the Great that he had introduced Europe to Russia. Prior to his reign, Russia was extremely Oriental in its civilization. Peter the Great was the forerunner in his country of European light and civilization.

Of Catherine the Second it is said that she completed the work of Peter the Great by reversing this order, and introducing Russia to Europe. She compelled the Western world to reckon with the Slav empire as one of its great neighbors.

Olga has not the opportunity to do this, except on a moderate scale. She can introduce the necessary up-to-date reforms of Europe to Russia, and can do much to make it a fit country to live in.

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THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AS LADIES' MAN

Prince Friedrich Wilhelm the Darling
of the "Flappers"

THE Crown Prince of Germany grows in popularity. "Flappers" adore him, says a writer in the *Ladies' Realm*. "Flapper," he it explained for the benefit of the uninitiated is a term used in England to denote a young girl of fifteen or sixteen who still wears her hair down and who has not yet taken to long skirts.

When Flappers—in German, Backfische—see him, they enthuse, they crowd, they gush, they want to kiss his hand. And when Friedrich Wilhelm sees flappers—especially if they are red-haired and thin—he crowds, gushes, and wants to kiss their hands. Wherever he goes, we hear how he has played tennis with Flapper Friedchen, aged sixteen, or rowed with Flapper Grete, fifteen; and how Flapper Liebschen, Biechen and Diebchen all with birthday books, ran after him and offered kisses if he would



The idol of the "flappers."

only sign his name. Friedrich Wilhelm will be the Flappers' Kaiser.

The fact is, Wilhelm's dominant characteristic is his effervescent youth. His other traits are accidental and adventitious—only when he appears as Perfect Youth is the essential Prince revealed. His tries at 'soldiering,' his jokes at bookwriting, his boos in the Reichstag at Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg—these are deeds by the way. They never long divert from the real interest of youth—from dancing with flappers, rowing with flappers, signing flappers' birthday books, and hearing flappers threaten (but naturally not in earnest) to reward his princely condescension with a modest kiss.

The Crown Princess Cecilie is not jealous. Friedrich Wilhelm is a loving husband and his flapper gambols are

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idealistic effervescences. At the Zoppot tennis tournament last summer, the Crown Prince played with flappers, danced with flappers and gushed at flappers, and they gushed at him. And the Crown Princess joined in the glee, smiled when Flapper Henny called her husband a pet, and wound up the week by asking flappers to tea.

Herr Arthur Lewinneck has printed a book, 'The Crown Prince's Friend.' It describes the Crown Prince's overwhelming popularity with raw femininity.

"The prince is the passion of flappers in general and of Potsdam flappers most of all," he writes. "Just ask that throng of black and straw-haired creatures who decorate their Gretchen bedrooms with Crown-princely portraits. Ask the nice girls who wait every morning in the New Garden, Potsdam, and present him with fragrant flowers. Ask those who dance with him at regimental balls. The girls call him 'Fritzchen,' 'Fritzchen—I mean highness, give me a dance. I insist, highness. Let's go boating to-morrow. What, not to-morrow? On Thursday, I insist.'"

His highness is always kind to the flappers. In youthful expansive mood he tells them his sorrows. You see him rowing on the Havel, slight, bright and white, in flannels, and along the shore walk four adorable flappers with long waists and hair-plaits. Friedrich Wilhelm takes his field glass, and spies. He hesitates, he turns, he cannot resist the temptation.

"Hello, girls. G'ten Morgen. Come for a row? What? Hop in." Four flappers, trembling with love, curiosity and fear, flop into the boat. He rows them along.

"Well, so you've heard the news, girls. I'm off to Langfuhr. Wie? I'm sorry, too, but papa insists. A man—"

"We're dreadfully sorry, Highness. Must you really go?" asks Mariechen, fumbling in her dress for a birthday book.

"I must," says the Prince. "So you carry a fountain pen. Take care, the ink. Stupid, I've signed at the wrong place. Papa is very cross over that Rossian business. It was one of you girls. Why can't you let me alone?"

And he explains to the flappers that life is growing serious. "I imagine I'm writing a book—" (The flappers, un-animously, "Ach!") "Yes, a real book. It's all about politics. Lieschen understands politics. How do I know? Lieschen has blue eyes. Blue-eyed girls always—". Lieschen, you understand politics?"

"A little, Highness. I am reading Klein's 'Social and Political Instincts of Hymenopterous Insects.'"

Thereupon, Friedrich Wilhelm talks to her politics, and says he doubts whether Bethmann-Hollweg is a successful Chancellor. "Bethmann is a clever man at multiplication and shorthand, but he's too old. The world must be governed by young people. Bold, adventurous men with simple hearts. What do you think, Lieschen?"

Naturally flappers fall in love with a man like that. Who would not? They

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paste his pictures in their bedrooms, they paste them on their hearts. Even far-off Munich echoes his fame. At the Munich Higher Daughters' School a question was set. "Who is the greatest living German? In answering, girls should base their judgment on words of a competent authority." The girls, thought the examiners, might choose Count Zeppelin and quote the Kaiser, who called the Count the greatest man of the twentieth century. When the papers were examined, two-thirds, it appears, chose Friedrich Wilhelm. And they based their judgments on the Prince's words that "Quarrels will always be solved by the sword," or on remarks from his hunting book, or on his speech at Koenigsberg University—on everything, in short, except his talk with Lieschen on the Havel boat.

Friedrich Wilhelm merits his popularity with flappers. He is never cross or distraught, and he tolerates liberties which a bank clerk would resent from a queen. Did not Carlotten Jackh, for instance, clip off a lock of his hair as she sat behind him in the Havel boat? And did not Jutta Quessel—? And the cheek of that little midget Gertrud Ostermann—! Naturally the flapper tribe worships his footprints, though probably not more devotedly than he worships theirs.

THE MEMOIRS OF LI-HUNG-CHANG

The Ideas and Opinions of One of the
Greatest Statesmen of the
Nineteenth Century

WE should probably understand Chinese conditions better if we understood the individual Chinaman better. Under the late Empire the most eminent Chinaman was doubtless Li-Hung-Chang, Grand Secretary of State and President of the Council. These were the highest offices of State.

In his memoirs which have been lately published, and which are reviewed in the *Outlook*, we have an opportunity of taking a single Chinaman as an example and of making a study of him.

Taking Li as a type of the Chinese character, in his younger days we find him ingrained with prejudice, as one might expect. Of Christianity he wrote in 1849:

"I think it would be a noble and glorious career, and highly pleasing to the sacred gods and to my ancestors, if in all my books and papers I were to tell the people the truth about the sacred gods and false genii of the foreign devils. I could easily obtain the information which would show up these impostors to the whole people, at least to the base and ignorant coolies of the South who, I hear, are listening to the sacrilegious utterances of the black-robed individuals.

"These foreign devils come to the country for no good to it. They preach and talk in loud voices, and hold up their hands, and pretend that they come for the people's benefit; but I hear that each and every one of them is a paid agent



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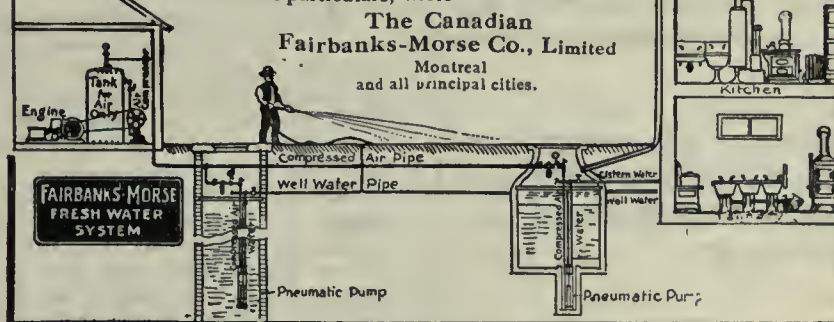
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of some foreign power, and is here only to spy upon the Government."

In flat contradiction of his early attitude, also giving us a wrong impression of it, were Li's later views regarding Christianity:

"I want to say that I am not of those of my countrymen who have been in opposition, either openly or secretly, to the advance of the Western Church in China. On the contrary, I have from very early days welcomed the missionary of the West as well as the merchant or the engineer, and I hope to continue in this attitude to the end of my days. For it is my earnest belief that the sooner China awakens her vast body to all that is good in the West, without sacrificing her own virtues and high qualities, without neglecting her own splendid philosophy and beautiful literature—the gifts of her sages and poets for centuries and centuries—the sooner will she take her place among the powers of this age, and the sooner will her people rise to a higher and better plane."

Oriental prejudices die hard. Though Li radically changed his views of Christianity, his opinion of suicide, even when he was an old man, had become only slightly modified.

"In my early days I was possessed of many ideas that I know now were foolish and wicked, and not at all in agreement with common sense or philosophy. One of these is suicide. . . . If a man or woman has lost his or her face (i.e., is disgraced) so badly that it is impossible to retrieve it, then perhaps it is better to be buried deep in the earth than to live and see shame all the rest of one's days."

He continues later thus:

"Many people take their lives for less reason than would be necessary to send a vagrant to jail for two days. They are silly people, and act only from silly and selfish motives; they have much pride and self-love, and they want others to think they are brave. . . .

"When I was a very young boy in Anhwei I was accused of something wrong, and some of my youthful friends told me that I could only save my face and the face of my family by jumping into a well. I was guilty of the wrong—the taking of two ducks from a pond, which I cooked and ate—and I was very sorry, even without the severe punishment administered to me by my father and mother as well as by the owner of the fowl. But I did not want to die, although I had disgraced my people and myself. I went to my mother to ask her if I should jump into the well. She said, no; that it would not be right; but that the better thing for me to do would be to earn enough in the next harvest time to pay for the ducks and to give an extra duck, and seven eggs besides. This advice I followed."

The man who apparently most appealed to the Chinese traveler was Gladstone, picturesquely contrasted as they were by many differing characteristics. Of the English Premier Li wrote:

"If I could not be Li-Hung-Chang, I should next prefer to be the Prime



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Minister of England. It is true I should not want to have his ailments, and I presume he would not like to possess my rheumatism and heart troubles; but Mr. Gladstone made a deep impression upon me during the few hours I was at his home. He appeared to me as a man not only of great mentality, but of wonderful strength of will and courage of conviction. His face looked to me more honest than any other I had seen in all Europe, and I believe if such a man as he were at the head of England's affairs no great wrong would ever be done by the Government."

As a private citizen Li's shrewd cynicism was quite awake to the social customs of the Chinese. Even of his own father he wrote:

"I suppose that when he was the husband of one wife he thought he would be happy with two; but when the second was there, it appeared his idea of happiness called for another."

And of himself he wrote:

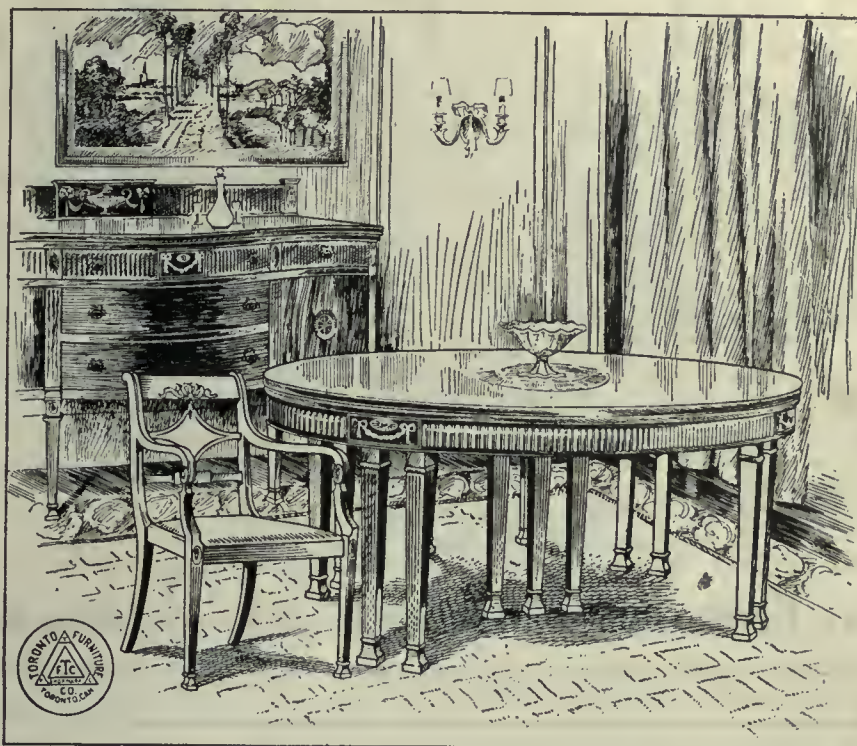
"I had a lesser wife once, who, before she came to my house, was the personification of meekness and lovability. I almost began to believe, before marriage, that she was too mild in mind to be really human; but in six weeks she began to make my tea bitter, and to treat me as if I were the tail instead of the head of that establishment. I paid her twenty shoes of silver (perhaps about \$300) and sent her away."

"This recalls some of the questions of a reporter in New York. He wanted to know how many wives I had, and, after I told him I had as many as I needed, he was impertinent enough to ask how many I needed. The question did not please me, but I did not let him know it, for that would have been a satisfaction to him which I did not wish to give. And so I asked, 'How many wives have you?' He answered, quickly, 'None.' 'Good,' I said; 'you look as if you might be able to take care of just that number.'"

As will be seen from the above, Li's style of writing is fairly fascinating. It has such a volume, despite its unfortunate lack of an index, that it will be a treasury to the student of history. Its self-revelation makes it equally valuable to the student of character, and it will do much to remove unjust prejudices among Americans against the Chinese. When one finds, as the fair-minded reader most certainly does in this remarkable biography, that China produced one of the greatest personalities and statesmen of the nineteenth century, he naturally revises his estimate of the alleged " yawning gulf " that separates Oriental from Occidental civilization.

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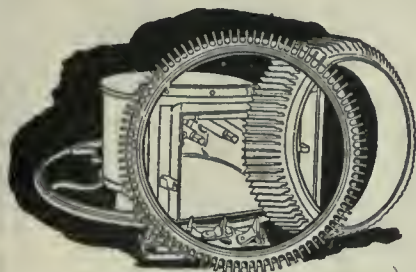
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IS GASOLINE TO RUN OUT?

With a Declining Production and an Ascending Price, What Will We Do for Power?

IF you want to win a snug little prize of \$100,000, you have only to discover a cheap substitute for gasoline, remarks a writer in the *Outlook*. The International Association of Recognized Automobile Clubs—in other words, an organization representing the motor car users of nearly every civilized country—puts up the prize. To be sure, there are "strings" to the offer. The new fuel must be suitable for existing engines; it must be cheaper than gasoline; it must be readily procurable in large quantities; it must be of such a nature that it cannot be "cornered" by trusts.

The price of cars is going down; but the price of gasoline is going up. Why? Because the supply of the kind of petroleum from which gasoline is obtained is steadily dwindling. In 1914 there will probably be one hundred per cent. more automobiles and motor trucks in operation than there were in 1913; but the increase in gasoline production will be less than five per cent.

A man named Drake sixty-four years ago drilled the first oil well at Titusville, Pennsylvania, to a depth of 400 feet. In a year he pumped up about two thousand barrels of petroleum, and was glad to sell them at a fair profit. In the year 1912 the production of the world amounted to 347,000,000 barrels, which is nearly a million barrels a day. That is enough to make a lake of respectable size. The United States alone yielded 200,200,000 barrels—somewhat more than sixty-three per cent. of the total world output. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the world is facing a gasoline famine. Last year the refinery oils from which gasoline is obtained in the United States decreased about 6,000,000 barrels. It was necessary to take about 15,000,000 barrels out of storage in order to make up the deficiency and to meet new demands. Unless new oil-fields are discovered yielding a petroleum of the right composition, the market demand for gasoline can hardly be supplied for another twenty years, and gasoline (or, rather, the unstandardized fuel we now call by that name) may cease to drive motor cars long before the end of the century.

In the light of these facts, it seems strange that petroleum should once have been regarded as so much raw material from which only illuminating and lubricating oils could be profitably distilled. Gottlieb Daimler, when he made the first commercially successful high-speed gasoline engine, no doubt hoped that his motor simplified and improved, would supplant the horse; but probably he never dreamed that his invention would some day cause the world to worry about its oil supply. The automobile industry assuredly has grown by leaps and bounds since Daimler's day. In 1913, for ex-

ample, the largest manufacturer of low-priced automobiles in the United States produced about 220,000 cars. Professor Magruder, of the Ohio State University, has estimated that all the steam plants in the United States produce a total of 16,000,000 horse-power; but the one million gasoline automobiles in use, averaging 25 horse-power each, have a total output of 25,000,000 horse-power. In 1913 at least 17,000,000 barrels of gasoline were consumed by these automobiles; but, in addition to automobiles, motor boats must be considered, generating about 15,000,000 horse-power. Hence we have the staggering total of 40,000,000 horse-power as the average energy developed by the movable gasoline engines of this country. But that is not all. There are thousands of farm engines which consume gasoline, and no one could even guess by how much they increase the drain on our gasoline supply, and by how much they add to the total horse-power developed with the aid of gasoline. Very few farmers, automobilists, or motor boat owners realize that a quantity of gasoline which was produced in the laboratory of nature only after the lapse of a geological epoch—a million years and more perhaps—is consumed by gasoline engines in a few fleeting seconds. The proceeding is economically more useful and necessary than lighting cigarettes with \$100 bills, but it is fully as rapid, and ought to rouse similar emotions. Professor Magruder has stated that, if all the gasoline engines in the country were to be operated for only ten hours a day, the gasoline supply would last only about a month. Next year the situation will become more acute—how much more no one knows exactly, because it is impossible to determine how many cars will be manufactured in 1914. One estimate places the number at 600,000, which is probably too high. Assuming that 600,000 cars will actually be made and sold, and that their average fuel consumption will be at least one gallon of gasoline a day, an oil expert, Mr. Harry Tipper, figures that 35,000,000 barrels of new crude oil will be required. "It will take something like \$75,000,000 of new facilities to market that increased amount of gasoline. That is new business, and we can hardly supply facilities for the present demand for the fuel."

The oil-fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio used to yield the best gasoline in the world. Indeed, the best Pennsylvania crude oil is worth as much in the market now as refined kerosene in bulk. But, instead of producing 33,000,000 barrels in a year, as they did in 1891, the Pennsylvania fields yield only about 9,000,000, and instead of producing fifty per cent. of refinery oils, from which gasoline is obtained, as they did a few years ago, they now produce but four per cent. The same story is repeated almost everywhere. There is Ohio, for example. Its oil production has fallen from 24,000,000 barrels in 1896 to less than 9,000,000 barrels. Indiana, whose maximum production was 11,000,000



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barrels in 1904, has shown a shrinkage of nearly ninety per cent. To be sure, California and Oklahoma still maintain their standard, but their oils yield only a very low percentage of gasoline. West Virginia is the only Eastern State that has not suffered a reduction in its oil yield. A good Pennsylvania oil will bring more than \$2.15 a barrel at the well because of its richness in gasoline, but a California oil is worth only 35 cents a barrel at the well. That difference in price reveals the difference between the asphalt oils of the West and the paraffine oil of the East. It must not be supposed that the gasoline factor determines the value of an oil entirely. The California oil is worth only 35 cents a barrel not only because it contains less gasoline than the paraffine crude oil of the East, but also because it contains very little of the kerosene or lubricating fractions. Lubricating oil is an even more important product of crude oil than gasoline; without it the wheels of industry would indeed be clogged.

In vain we turn abroad for gasoline. Europe is even worse off than we. In Germany gasoline brings 40 cents a gallon. Indeed, all eastern Europe is dependent on foreign countries for liquid fuel—a serious handicap to military powers whose armaments include gasoline-driven automobiles, motor trucks, and tractors.

The situation might not be so serious if the newly discovered oils were rich in gasoline. But the new fields—those of Mexico and California—yield an oil from which very little gasoline can be obtained. Hence the oil-refiner has been compelled to adopt expedients which have enabled him temporarily to meet the demands of motorists. It would be much too long, much too wearisome, and much too technical a story to disclose his mysterious ways in detail. The briefest possible sketch must suffice.

In these enlightened days no one supposes that gasoline bubbles up out of the ground ready for the automobile; nevertheless, very few automobile-owners know exactly what gasoline is. Crude petroleum must be distilled in order to obtain gasoline. As the oil is heated in a still that looks like a boiler without flues, vapors rise and float into coils, in which they are condensed to a liquid called a "distillate." At first the lighter vapors are given off, but gradually the heavier vapors ascend and are condensed. There is no sharply defined line between gasoline and the naphthas. Hence in distilling the benzine the refiner must exercise his judgment and conscience. As the process of distilling continues, the gasoline becomes heavier, and the refiner stops when he has a product that passes for commercial gasoline. Since judgment and conscience vary with the man, there are almost as many varieties of gasoline as there are refiners. Some refiners treat the crude benzine and a part of the kerosene fraction in order to make commercial gasoline. In a word, gasoline is not a scientific designation for a definite liquid, but merely a general name like "soap," "flour,"

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"clay," or "wood." Because the demand for motor fuel is outstripping the supply, the refiner has been compelled to sell as gasoline a distillate which contains a fraction of the vapors that he would have switched into the naphtha tank a few years ago. If that practice had not been adopted, gasoline would have been even more expensive to-day than it is, and the motor car industry's amazing growth might have been checked. Despite this compulsory degradation, the automobile demand is insatiable.

Time was when gasoline was almost a nuisance to the refiner. Twenty-six years ago petroleum derivatives were employed chiefly as illuminants; very few engineers considered them seriously as fuels. There was no real market for such light, highly explosive, volatile distillates as gasoline. To be sure, cleaners always used gasoline to remove grease-spots and stains from fabrics and gloves; but their requirements were not great enough to keep even a moderate-sized refinery busy producing gasoline. Because he could not sell it, the refiner used to keep his gasoline as light as possible and switch all the vapors that he dared into the naphtha, for which there was a readier sale when it had been further distilled to yield kerosene. Indeed, it was necessary to pass laws in order to prevent the sale of kerosene that was too volatile—in other words, too explosive. All that is changed. Kerosene has become much less important than gasoline. Most of the laws that govern the sale of kerosene and prescribe what is and what is not a safe lamp oil might be repealed; it no longer pays to make kerosene highly explosive. It has even been necessary to teach China, Africa, Persia, and India the use of the kerosene lamp in order to open new markets. Electricity and gas have supplanted kerosene as an illuminant in this country.

These gasoline troubles have not descended upon the refiner unawares. Oil chemists and engineers foresaw them years ago, and proposed methods of escaping them long before the price of gasoline began to worry the automobile user. Some of these experts have agitated the use of benzole, a waste product of gas works, which is even better than gasoline as an engine fuel when properly treated. Unfortunately, the supply of benzole is not great enough. About one-half a ton of coal must be coked to obtain a gallon of benzole. Waste though it is, the great chemical companies of Germany buy all the benzole they can and convert it into dyes, perfumes, flavoring extracts, explosives, photographic developers, drugs, and ten thousand other chemicals much more valuable than gasoline. Alcohol, too, has been suggested. No doubt it would answer the requirements of the automobile if engines and accessories were modified. On the other hand, it is dearer even than gasoline in this country, and there is no immediate prospect that it will be cheapened.

Even assuming that a suitable, abundant, and cheap substitute for gasoline will be found, there is a business side to this fuel problem that cannot be ignored. Crude oil and its distillates can be obtained in every civilized country on the face of the earth. No commercial products are so systematically and widely distributed for sale. To build up a distribution system for a gasoline substitute would be the labor of a decade. For years the use of a new fuel would be confined within an easy radius of a few distributing centres, and the automobilist would naturally cling to his familiar gasoline, however expensive, simply because it could always be readily obtained, whether he be touring in Norway or Italy, Alaska or South Africa.

If a change in fuel is made at all, we may expect the substitution of kerosene for gasoline. Even now an automobile engine can be run, if necessary, with kerosene. Not so long ago a car was driven from New York to Boston after it had been started with kerosene; but an automobile cannot be started cold on kerosene alone. One of the most successful farm traction engines in the world uses kerosene as a fuel. A Manchester motor cab company mixes gasoline with kerosene successfully, and one of the London omnibus companies has for the moment overcome its fuel troubles by employing a combination of benzole and kerosene. But the substitution of kerosene for gasoline will mean a change in automobile design.

RELIGIOUS FUTURE OF CHINA

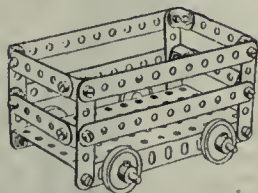
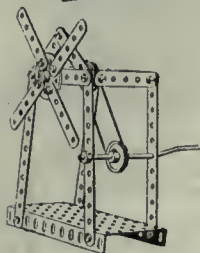
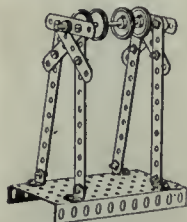
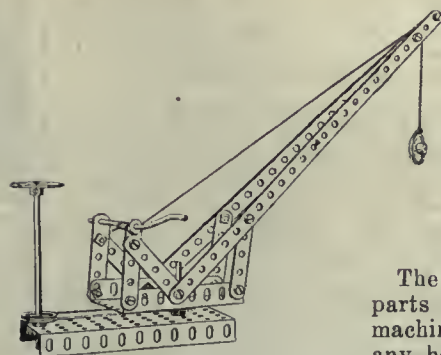
Will Confucianism be Declared the State Religion

WESTERN readers have long been accustomed to hear from writers on Oriental subjects that the religions of China are in a state of rapid disintegration, says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*. That such is the case has almost, during the past two years, come to be regarded as a truism.

Yet it is far from certain that Confucianism and Buddhism are so convinced of their own incapacity to adapt themselves to a new environment that they are prepared to slip noiselessly out of the moral and religious life of China. Moreover, there is some reason to suspect that the recent exaltation of Christianity (which culminated in the request of an evanescent Chinese cabinet of Christian prayers) was to some fictitious, and was connected with circumstances—political, social, and economic—which belong to a transitory phase of Chinese national life.

To understand the present position with regard to the two principal religions of China we must take a brief survey of their condition just before the outbreak of the Revolution.

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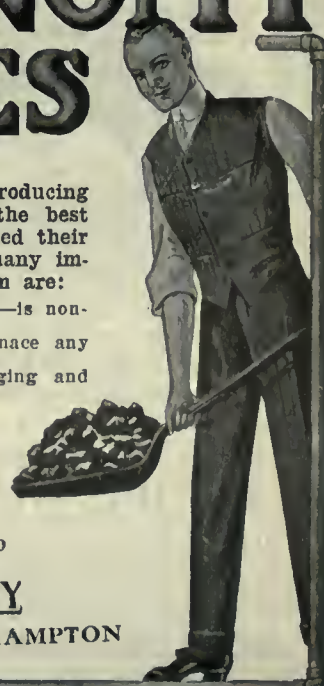
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public funds, and stately ceremonials were performed there by Government officials as part of their regular duty. The Confucian classics occupied in the curriculum of Chinese education a position even more important than that occupied in English schools by the classics of Greece and Rome, and they were regarded with a superstitious reverence somewhat similar to that which till recent years was accorded in Western lands to the Bible. During the last decade of Manchu rule educational reforms had been introduced whereby the Confucian classics were removed from their exalted position in the State examination system, and their place was to some extent taken by various branches of Western learning; but it is nevertheless true, on the whole, to say that up to the date of the Revolution the Confucian teachings, in the belief of nearly all Chinese gentlemen, constituted a sufficient basis for a liberal education.

As regards Buddhism, the position on the eve of the Revolution was briefly this: In Northern China Buddhism was in a state of degeneration. At certain large temples in and near the capital the religion still enjoyed a moderate prosperity; but elsewhere the fortunes of Buddhism were at a low ebb, and its beautiful temples, nearly always situated amid most romantic mountain scenery, were falling into ignoble decay. In southern and central China the state of Buddhism was more flourishing. That in the Yangtze-Valley provinces Buddhism still possessed real vitality is shown by the zeal and patience with which its votaries set themselves to rebuild the many hundreds of temples and monasteries which were despoiled and razed to the ground fifty years ago by the fanatical T'ai-p'ing rebels. One of the latest of these buildings to be restored was a beautiful and historic temple situated near the shores of the Western Lake at Hangchow. The timber used in its reconstruction was obtained at great cost from the pine forests of Oregon, U. S. A. The buildings were completed this year.

At present there are various signs of activity among the Buddhists of China. A Central Association, or Church Council, has been established, which exercises disciplinary powers over all Buddhist institutions, supervises and encourages the establishment of schools and orphanages, and appoints committees for the promotion of charitable work of all kinds. There are now two monthly magazines (in the Chinese language) which deal with all subjects likely to be of interest to Buddhist readers. The contributors to these magazines include both monks and laymen, and among them are several men of learning and enlightenment.

Whether the reform movement among Chinese Buddhists will have the success which optimists anticipate is at present a doubtful question. Perhaps the most cautious observers would say that the decay of Buddhism in the northern provinces has already gone so far that a permanent renewal of health and strength is hardly to be expected; but

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that in some of the central and southern provinces Buddhism may still look forward to a fairly prosperous future, and may be able, in time to come as in the past, to contribute towards the moral and spiritual nourishment of the Chinese race.

Confucianism and Buddhism cannot be said to regard one another as rivals. Strict Confucians, indeed, have often been the declared enemies of Buddhism, chiefly because Buddhism tends to encourage the celibate life of the monkhood, which Confucianism, not without reason, regards as contrary to nature and subversive of social morality. Individual Confucians, however, have often had strong sympathy with Buddhist thought, and have found in Buddhist philosophy much intellectual nourishment and spiritual consolation. The attitude of Buddhists towards Confucianism is even more amiable: the good Buddhist will sometimes claim that his own system makes good the spiritual deficiencies of the Confucian system, but he denies that Confucianism and Buddhism are in any way antagonistic.

The Confucian Association issued the first number of its monthly magazine in February 1913. The editor of this admirable magazine, who was also mainly instrumental in the formation of the Association, is Dr. Chen Huan-chang, a member of the famous Hanlin Academy of China and a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Columbia, New York. That a man of Dr. Chen's experience and qualifications should have identified himself with a movement for the revival and maintenance of Confucianism is a fact of great significance in itself: for it shows that a highly intelligent Chinese scholar who has spent many years in a Western country in pursuit of Western learning, and has been an earnest student of Western thought and ideals, is nevertheless able to retain his respect for the religious and moral culture associated with the teachings of his own country's sages.

One of the chief centres of attraction to Western visitors to Peking has always been the park which surrounds the sacred and beautiful Temple of Heaven. The Imperial sacrifices which used to take place there at daybreak thrice a year were discontinued at the fall of the Manchu dynasty, and many were the rumors that the great park and its altars and palaces were to be turned to ignoble uses. But no fault can be found with the uses to which they are being put at the present time; for they are now in the occupation of the statesmen who have been entrusted by the new representative assemblies of China with the honorable task of drafting the Constitution under which the Chinese people are to be henceforth governed. Not even in the most brilliant days of the Empire has the Temple of Heaven been used for a more solemn or more patriotic purpose.

The Committee for the drafting of the national constitution is still (while these pages are being penned) engaged in the performance of its labors, and it is too early as yet to forecast the final result. All that concerns us here is the very im-

Do You Shave Yourself?

If so you no doubt have shaving troubles, as there isn't one man in fifty who knows how to strop his razor correctly. The almost invariable result is a rounded edge instead of a keen, sharp edge so necessary to a clean, satisfactory shave.

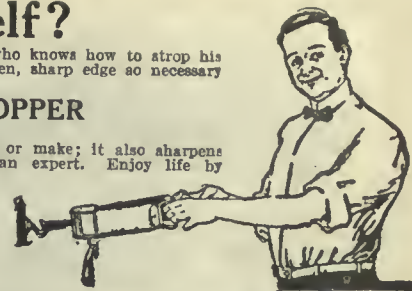
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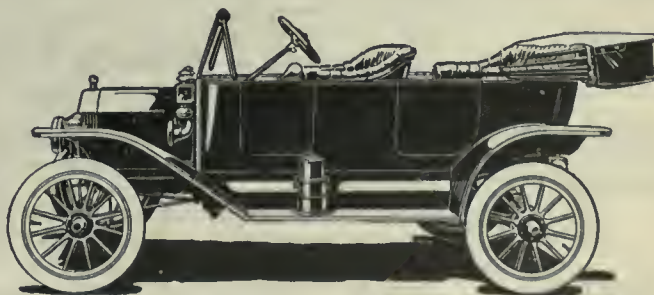
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ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1913 SHOWS BEST YEAR IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

New Business Written, Gain in Business in Force and Increase in Surplus Largest in Company's History.

Increase in Rate of Interest Earned. Decrease in Rate of Mortality, Expense and Lapse.

Profits to Policyholders One-third Greater than Estimates.

The Annual Report embraces the following particulars:

NEW BUSINESS

Applications for insurance amounting to \$8,828,189.50 were accepted and policies issued therefor, an increase over 1912 of \$622,119.50.

INSURANCE IN FORCE

The insurance in force on the Company's books at the close of the year aggregated, after deducting all re-insurances, \$27,118,375.02, an increase of \$3,853,554.19 for the year. The lapse rate for the year showed a considerable decrease and the surrender values applied for were actually less than in the previous year, notwithstanding the stringent financial conditions existing during 1913.

INCOME

The total Premium and Interest Receipts of the year were \$1,295,840.65, an increase over the previous year of \$161,367.92.

MORTALITY

The actual mortality loss was less than in the previous year, notwithstanding the large increase in business. The ratio under Ordinary policies of actual to expected loss during the year was only 32.8%—a remarkably favorable experience.

PROFITS

The exceedingly liberal scale adopted a year ago for apportionment of profits to participating Ordinary Policyholders has been continued and exceeds by one-third, original estimates under present rates.

ASSETS AND INTEREST

The Company's assets, consisting mainly of first mortgages on Real Estate, amount to \$4,645,695.19, an increase of \$586,319.06. All debentures have been written down to the low market value prevailing at 31st December last. The rate of interest earned, without allowance for Head Office rental, was 6.81% on the Insurance Department's basis of computation.

LIABILITIES

Seventy-two per cent. of all the Company's business is now being valued on a 3% basis, the remaining twenty-eight per cent. being valued on a 3½% basis. The total reserve on all business in force amounts to \$4,226,152.00.

SURPLUS

Calculating the Liabilities on the basis called for by the Insurance Act, the Surplus on Policyholders' Account is \$608,556.31. Deducting from this the amount required to raise the reserves to the Company's own standard, to provide for profits earned under all participating policies to date of statement, and sums provided in various funds for special purposes, the net Surplus is \$226,110.69.

portant proposal which the Committee now has under its consideration—a proposal for including in the new Constitution a clause whereby Confucianism will be declared to be the State religion of China.

The controversy is one which is the primary concern of the Chinese alone; but it is unreasonable to expect Western observers to be wholly indifferent to the final outcome. What affects the religious future of the people of China cannot fail to affect the religious future of the rest of the world. Those who long for the triumph of Christianity throughout the world, and regard Confucianism as Christianity's most potent rival in China, will doubtless hope not only that the Confucians may fail in their attempt to associate their religion with the State but also that Confucianism may cease to maintain itself in the hearts and minds of the people of China. It is lamentably true that there are still some Europeans who cling to the notion that Confucianism is responsible for the ills of China, and that unless it is replaced by Christianity no true progress will ever be possible. It is still more lamentable to find that even in this second decade of the twentieth century Christian missionaries are still to be found who see no incongruity in classing Confucianism with idolatry and popular superstitions.

A Christian missionary in China once complained that when a new religion comes to the notice of the Chinese people they "at once refer it to a moral standard." Instead of seeking to know "whether it is divine" they ask "whether it is good." This is undoubtedly true of Confucians, and perhaps in the opinion of many of us—it is a matter on which they deserve congratulation rather than reproach. They believe, in fact, that there can be no better or surer way of establishing harmonious relations between God and man than by living a worthy life as a filial son, a good husband, a wise father, a faithful friend, an upright neighbor, and a loyal subject. Thus it is that Confucianism knows nothing of "infidels," and the only heretics whose existence it recognizes are those whose teachings or practices can be proved by actual human experience to be subversive of sound morals. The true Confucian may oppose other systems on social or political grounds—as he opposed Buddhism on account of the evils which frequently accompany monasticism—but he will never persecute the followers of other religions merely because their attitude towards the spiritual world, or the form in which their religious institutions and impulses find expression, is different from his own.

It is precisely because Confucianism is tolerant of other religions, and abstains from confining the minds of men or souls of men with the prison-walls of creeds and dogmas, that it is perhaps in a better position than any other religious cult to become the official religion of a modern State.

Among China's Western advisers at the present day there are some (though happily a diminishing number) who contemplate with satisfaction the present

The Penetang Line—

Built to Satisfy



In the following:

23' x 5' 4"
27' x 5' 6"
30' x 6' 0"
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Prices:
\$600 to \$3,500
according to
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Equipment.

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The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

HEAD OFFICE

WATERLOO, ONT.

Forty-Fourth Year

The forty-fourth annual meeting of the Company was held at its Head Office, on Thursday, February fifth. The detailed reports of the transactions of the year indicated that 1913 passed into history as one of exceptional prosperity, as may be gathered from the following

Significant Figures

Payments to Policyholders..	\$ 1,396,445	Gain over 1912	\$ 120,558
Income	4,169,660	" " "	470,095
Total Assets	22,252,724	" " "	2,181,921
Surplus	3,816,612	" " "	344,279
New Assurances	14,412,962	" " "	3,291,538
Assurance in Force	87,392,026	" " "	9,470,883

Surplus Earned During the Year, \$852,163.

This excellent result of the year's operations cannot fail to be extremely gratifying to the policyholders of the Company, as it guarantees to them the continuance of the payment of very generous dividends.

The usual booklet, containing in detail the complete financial statement and a report of the proceedings of the annual meeting, will be mailed to every policyholder in due course.

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., President.

GEORGE WEGENAST, Managing Director

Beating the Oriental at His Own Game

In the March number of *Farmer's Magazine* the story of John Walsh and his market gardens of Steveston, B.C., will interest everyone. As everyone knows, Oriental labor in the Occident has seized upon the market garden problem and has threatened to exterminate the white man in this business.

John Walsh at the age of 50, penniless and alone, thought the job not too discouraging. He believed in putting quality into all his products. The genius of Anglo-Saxon superiority found a way, and the result last year, was a \$1,600-an-acre income, with a handsome net return over the whole garden.

Eating meat suggests the source of supply. A visit to the home of one big British Breeder of the "Blackskins" makes a charming sketch for every lover of the Doddies—where grand champion Glencarnock of Brandon owes its origin.

The issue has many other appealing stories for the Business Man.

Converting Black Muck Into Coin.—Tells of a successful farmer near Hamilton, Ont.

The Rootings of Alfalfa.—Henry Glendinning, the grand old man of Rosebank Farm, gives a 40-year review.

An Up-to-Date Prairie Home.—Architectural ideas and decorative schemes for rural residences.

Why Cultivate Corn?—Does the soil need stirring, or is it only a weed-killing game?

The Cheese Factory Era.—Prof. H. H. Dean's second entertaining article on Ontario Dairying.

Many other articles of interest will make for you a corner in your affections such as many have already felt. *Farmer's* is a Magazine of inspirational information. That means dollars to the man who is looking for an idea. *Send for a copy now.*

Farmer's Magazine

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tendency of a section of Young China to break away from the traditions—social, political and religious—of their race and country. They are filled with rejoicing when they hear that some village elders have decided to abolish the reading of the Confucian classics in their schools; and they emphatically assure the Chinese people—with a confidence which is born of ignorance—that "the whole philosophy of Confucius is upset."

The true friend of China is not likely to applaud such fantastic notions, and sentiments as these. What then will be his attitude towards the great question which is now occupying the minds of the Chinese statesmen who are constructing a new Constitution for their country within the sacred enclosure of the Altar of Heaven? Surely he will not fail to recognize that in the principles of Confucianism the civilization of China possesses a moral and spiritual basis which will bear comparison with any possible substitute, and which is likely to prove fully adequate for all the constructive or reconstructive requirements of the future. He will probably be of opinion that the complete separation of religion from politics is a wise principle as a general rule, and that careful consideration should be given to the possibility of preserving Confucianism intact without making special provision in the written Constitution for its maintenance by the State; but he will feel that if Confucianism can be saved from decay or disintegration in no other way, then it would be far better to establish it as part of the constitutional law of the land than to allow the Chinese people to run the risk of forfeiting the moral and spiritual inheritance of their race for the sake of maintaining a constitutional principle which, after all, can have no justification apart from the efficacy of its practical results.

Dr. Chen is the author of a work, written by himself in the English language, in which certain great principles of Confucianism are explained and defended; and the plan of this work, and the manner of treatment, are sufficient to show that the Confucianism which Dr. Chen recommends his countrymen to respect and maintain is not a Confucianism that will bring about a racial stagnation or the petrification of the national forces, but a Confucianism which will expand with expanding thought, which will be fully compatible with evolutionary progress, which will be favorable to the growth of noble ideals in politics, economics, ethics, social life and religion, and which by promoting international harmony will work for the realization of the Confucian maxim that "within the four seas all men are brothers."

There is now practical unanimity that America was peopled from Asia by way of Bering Straits. As to the time, there is no definite criterion, but it seems likely that it was following or at least in the decline of the glacial period from the northern part of the continent.

IDLE MILLIONS

Where Huge Treasures Amounting to Millions of Dollars Really Lie Hid

EVERY few years, says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, there starts an expedition either for Cocos or Trinidad. The former is in the Pacific, the latter in the Atlantic. They are the two most famous of all the world's treasure islands, and the pirates' hoards which are supposed to be buried among their rocks and sands seem to form an absolutely irresistible bait.

It is confidently asserted that the last of these expeditions cost \$250,000, and it is safe to say that the money and toil expended in the many searches for these two alleged treasures have cost far more than any pirate ever looted from Spanish galleons. And the odd part of it is that while all this immense effort is put out in search of millions which are largely mythical the actual locality of other sunken or buried treasure is accurately known.

Walking on the beaches near the Lizard Point, Cornwall, fishermen and others have frequently picked up gold coins and small ingots of the same precious metal. The coins are Spanish and they come from the wreck of a large Spanish ship which went ashore there in 1874. This ship was laden with specie which, owing to the civil war then raging in Spain, was being carried to London for safety. The spot where she sank is actually known, and is very close under the cliffs. Attempts have been made to recover the rich cargo. Early in the nineties a company sunk a shaft through the rocks below high-water mark in an effort to reach the wreck. But the sea broke in and the work was abandoned. Later, dragging operations were attempted, but these failed. The gold, however, is still there and it would seem that modern science should be equal to the task of recovering it.

Off the Welsh coast lies the Sarn Badrig, a sunken causeway of solid rock, running for miles under water. In old days, before it was lighted, it was a perfect death trap for ships. Here was wrecked the French treasure ship "Bretagne." Seized by an enormous wave, she was flung on the ridge, her bottom torn out of her, and she sank on the far side in deep water, carrying down with her some \$2,000,000. It is still there; not a coin has ever been recovered.

120 Millions Under the Sea

Vigo Bay is a deep but narrow inlet on the western coast of Spain. In the year 1702 seventeen Spanish galleons laden with gold and treasure from South America were attacked by the British and Dutch fleets and the Spaniards sank their ships to avoid capture. There sank with the ships the enormous value of twenty-five million dollars. Within the past two centuries barely one and a half million dollars' worth has been recovered. The spot at which these ships sank is fairly well known. It is said, indeed, than an Italian inventor, using a sort of sea telescope, has actually located several

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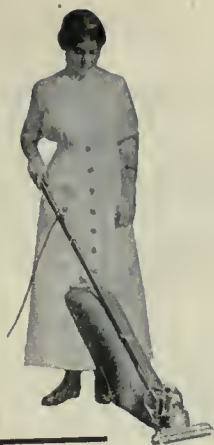


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It collects the dust and dirt in half the time and is so light and easy to handle that it's child's play to clean your carpets, floors, furniture, curtains and draperies. The "Cadillac" method cleans your home by "collecting" the dust and dirt. There is no comparison with the old-time method of dusting and sweeping.

The Cadillac is NOT a costly machine. In fact it is the cheapest as well as the most efficient cleaner on the market. It is made in Canada and the duty (included in the price of other machines) is thus saved.

IF YOU HAVE NOT ELECTRICAL POWER in your home you will be interested in the hand combination vacuum cleaner and sweeper (pictured here).

Write us to-day for full information about the machine you are interested in. We will arrange for a FREE demonstration at our agents' in your vicinity if you wish. You will not obligate yourself in any way by visiting our agents'.

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TORONTO



of the wrecks. And four years ago a company was formed to recover the millions. Yet so far we believe that success has not attended their efforts, and thus the greatest accumulation of gold known to exist in any one spot remains in the keeping of Father Neptune.

While several attempts have been made to recover the Vigo Bay millions, it is only this year (1913) that has seen work begun in the search for the vast fortune sunk in Navarino Bay.

It was in 1827 that the Battle of Navarino was fought. The allied fleets of England, France and Russia sank no fewer than sixty-three Turkish and Egyptian vessels. Many of these had treasure aboard. The Turkish admiral, Ibrahim Pasha, stated definitely that in his own flagship were gold and jewels worth £4,800,000. Muharem Bey, the Egyptian admiral, had two millions in specie aboard his ship, as well as other valuables.

There were aboard these ships 2,106 guns. Of these thirteen hundred were of bronze, and are worth at least fifty pounds apiece. The hulls contain over three hundred thousand tons of oak. This timber, hardened to ebony by long immersion, is worth a very large sum.

In a Mountain Fortress

No more savage tyrant ever lived than Christophe, who, in 1806, made himself Emperor of Haiti. This man was possessed by a furious lust for gold.

Up in the mountains he built, by forced labor, the huge fortress of La Ferriere. It is said that thirty thousand lives were sacrificed in the task. Under the vast pile of buildings, dungeons and cellars were hewn in the solid rock. It is in some one of these that there lies hid his vast accumulation of gold. The secret of the hiding-place died with Christophe when, with his own hand, he ended his evil life.

A Canadian Treasure

Before the war of 1812 between England and the United States, a man named Samuel Patterson crossed into Canada, and settled near Kingston, Ontario. When the war broke out an attempt was made to force him to enter the British army. He refused; whereupon his property was confiscated.

He fled back to the American side of the St. Lawrence, organized a band of raiders, and wreaked vengeance on his former neighbors.

One night, stealing through the woods, he saw a fire. Three men sat around it. They were talking of what they should do with a large sum they had just stolen from the bank at Kingston. He overheard them say that they had it in their skiff.

Patterson slipped away, removed the skiff, and sank it in a hiding place which he marked. A few days later, on his way to find it, he was shot and killed from ambush. The hidden coin still remains sunk beneath the surface near the shore of Chippewa Bay.

Shifting a Sandbank

The best-known of all treasure ships is undoubtedly H.M.S. Lutine, which

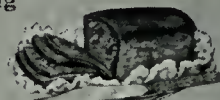
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Veal Loaf

Soak 1 envelope of Knox Acidulated Gelatine and ½ teaspoonful of lemon flavoring found in Acidulated package in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 onion grated and 1 stalk of celery to 1 pint of rich stock well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes strain and pour over softened gelatine. When jelly is beginning to set, mold in two cups of cooked and chopped veal, adding if desired, chopped parsley and pimientos. Slice and serve on platter.

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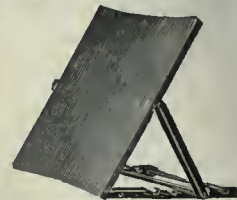


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Write to-day for Folder 65 A and learn how these contrivances make it easy for invalid and attendant.



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sank in a terrible gale in October, 1799, at the mouth of the Zuyder Zee. She had a million and a quarter aboard, and all in hard cash. The money was consigned from London to relieve the tottering finances of Hamburg.

A Dutch company recovered about a hundred thousand. The rest remains.

Last year salvage operations began afresh, and it was found that no less than thirty-eight feet of sand had accumulated on top of the wreck. By the use of centrifugal pumps sand of the enormous weight of 700,000 tons has been removed, and it is hoped shortly to recover the treasure itself.

AUSTRALIAN PEARL FISHING

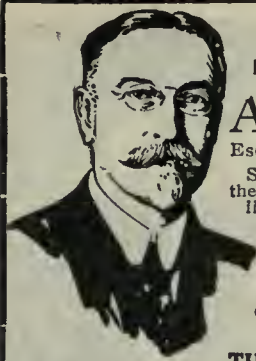
Fascinating Details of an Adventurous Industry

THE finding of even a moderately valuable pearl in Australian waters starts a fever of excitement among the northern coast fishers. A late find in Torres Strait, made by a native diver, sold for \$1,500.

The most important pearl-fisheries are on the north-west and north-east of the continent, and the rise and fall of workings would, if recorded, resemble a weather-chart of a variable season. On the north-west side the business is principally in the hands of white men; on the north-east it is nominally carried on by whites, but in reality by colored labor.

The business was originated by white men, and pearling in Australian waters is not yet fifty years old. A little over forty years ago a few intrepid adventurers, finding themselves in Torres Strait, examined their new surroundings, and decided to give pearling a trial, as some of them were expert divers. When they had carried this on for a time they bethought themselves of turning over the diving branch of the work to the colored people who hung about. In a few years there was no demand for white divers, and the colored man had a monopoly of the work. Legislation in the interest of white divers has been passed, but the results are still uncertain.

Australian pearls are of many shapes and colors, and in the trade have names to distinguish them. Pearls under ten grains are sold by the ounce, above that by the grain. Color has a deal to do with the value. The white pearls go mostly to Europe, and the yellow ones to India. In Australia an ounce of good white pearls will fetch up to one hundred pounds, but sometimes realize only a fifth of that amount. The yellow pearls may be rated on an average at about half the value of the white ones. The seed pearls used for cheap jewellery can be had for one pound per ounce, and discolored pearls for seven shillings and sixpence; but if the discoloration is peculiar the value is sometimes enhanced. When the discoloration consists of a bar or a tip the price may run very high. For the lowest class of seed-



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Story-writers must be made as well as born; they must master the details of construction if they would turn their talents to account.

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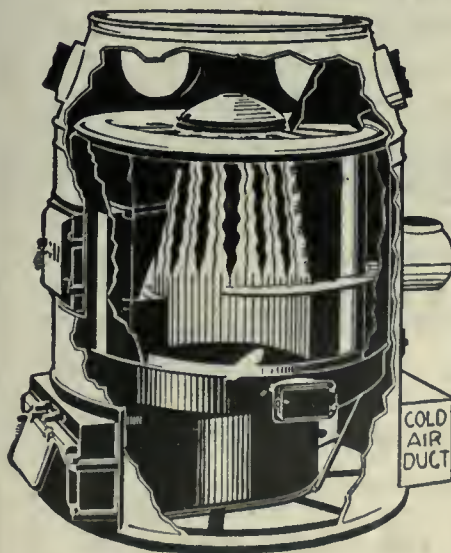
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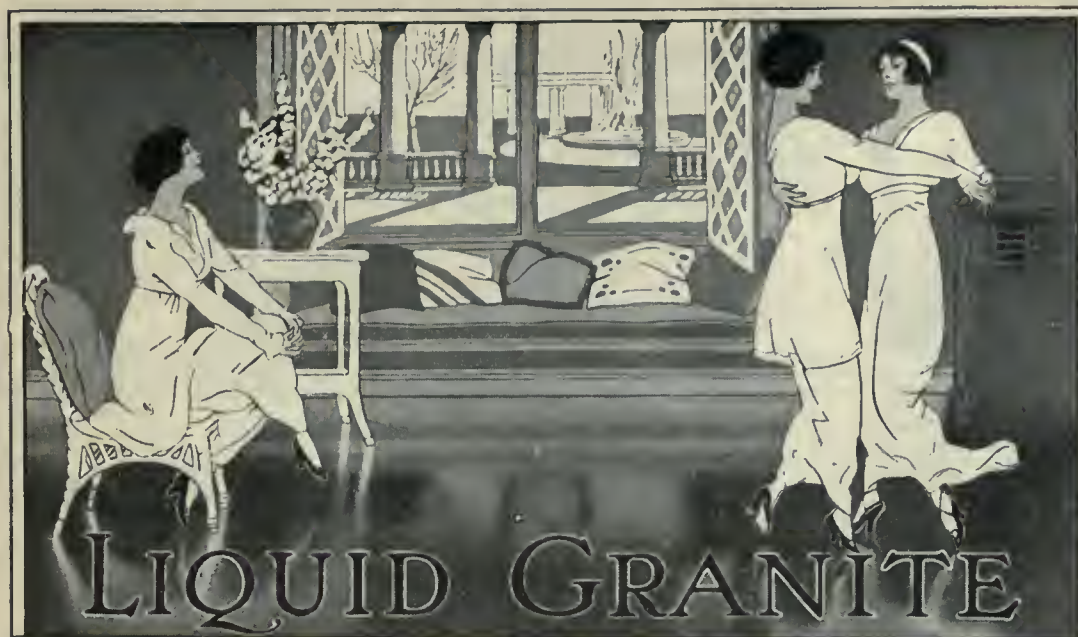
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pearls there is a constant demand among Oriental physicians and apothecaries, who grind them into a powder and administer it to patients as curative of many ills.

At one time—before the diving-dress became general and supervision the thorough business it is now—divers were suspected of much ingenious dishonesty, and the suspicion was often well founded, as they sometimes secreted a pearl when opening the shells; but supervision has practically put an end to that. Some boat-owners keep the shells in water, take them ashore, and open them at leisure with their own hands; others stand over a couple of Kanakas who do the work on board. The idea that the Rotumah 'boys' and Japanese—both among the best divers—can tell a pearl-bearing oyster by touching the shell is still widely prevalent; and it is alleged that when the touch so advises, the diver thrusts the oyster into the crevice of some rock, from which it is afterward taken out and appropriated as his own property; but as a rule the suspicion is groundless. Divers who are on bad terms with their employers or are about to hire a boat of their own may come upon a nest of oysters, and on returning to the boat declare that there is nothing below; but even that trick is becoming less effective day by day. The glass-bottomed boat is coming into use in pearling waters, and the master of such a boat is able, if the water be fairly clear, to inspect the sea-bottom while the diver is at work.

Diving makes peculiar demands on the mental and physical systems of the men engaged. Some declare that during a part of his time below the diver's mental condition borders on insanity. A grudge against, or a suspicion of, those above becomes suddenly magnified in the diver's imagination, and he signals to be pulled up, resolved to have revenge there and then. However, when he reaches the deck the imaginary wrongs vanish or shrink into common, everyday disagreements. On the other hand, men prone to violence have become peace-loving and docile by a course of diving.

At a depth of eighty feet a diver cannot see very well, his movements are slow, and breathing begins to trouble him. At every foot deeper he thinks how slight a mishap may foul the life-line, and all his thoughts tend to centre on himself and his hazards. At such times the inadequacy of his pay appears to him as a huge grievance—he gets thirty to sixty dollars a month, which seems an insignificant reward; but when he comes to the surface and rests a few minutes all is again serene.

Sharks, which are supposed to be a great terror, give the average diver little concern; he is more afraid of the sea-eel of north Queensland. A diver is perfectly safe on the sea-bottom, because man-eating sharks are not ground-feeders; if they see him they wait till he rises for a breath of air, and then they try to intercept him, but the diver and his long knife nearly always win. The diver's worst enemy in the deep is the giant mollusc. This large creature,

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from five to seven feet across the shell, lies with extended jaws waiting for prey. The diver drops out of his boat with a heavy stone attached to his feet, and if a leg touches the bivalve its jaw close on it with a snap, and the man must amputate the limb or perish, as he is held with a tenacity that it would take several horse-power to loosen, and the mollusc is anchored to the bottom with a cable of its own stronger than a three-inch rope.

The Australian pearl coast is creviced with gullies and ravines, deepening in the holes to eighty fathoms. Worse than sharks or the giant bivalves, from a physical point of view, is the water pressure at more than twenty fathoms. The diver who goes deeper is in peril. Even at a less depth he is in imminent danger of contracting what he calls 'rheumatics,' but is in reality incipient locomotor ataxia. When a diver comes up after even a twelve fathoms immersion every crease of his under-garments is found to be reproduced on his skin, owing to the pressure of the water. While below, the body is reduced in bulk by the weight of the water; but as the lungs and heart are not so well protected as the brain and spinal cord, the result is undue expansion of their capillary vessels.

Over two thousand miles of the Australian coast skirts pearly waters. Under the Commonwealth 'White Australia' law, the indenturing of Asiatics for diving purposes ceases on 31st December, 1913. Under the new regulations the Government will supervise the divers' hours of work, their food, their sleeping accommodation, their wages, and their state of health. Old hands think that rigid rules applied to such an adventurous pursuit will not work.

There are, of course, other industries allied to the search for pearls, but the pearls are the great fascination.

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way, never over-burdened, and the result is they are thoroughly keen over their work. "You can't help doing your best here," they say. A good deal of teaching is done out of doors in summer under the shade of the trees.

An artistically designed open-air swimming bath in the garden ensures the acquisition of a valuable art, and during the gardening lesson the young people are as busy as bees.

The class-rooms are not like ordinary class-rooms; they are beautifully designed and good pictures are in evidence.

"What about these pictures?" I ask, indicating Watts' "Love and Death" and a Burne-Jones. "Is there not interest in these?"

"We do not force information," is the reply. "When curiosity is aroused it is satisfied."

"Here is a new idea for the nucleus of a little geological museum the pupils are forming," remarks my cicerone. "All these fossils have been collected near here, and I suggested to a boy who is good at making diagrams, that at the back of the case he should design the natural surroundings of these fossils. The dull-looking fossil with the label such as one sees in a museum is unattractive and uninformative, but a picture background at once stimulates interest and works upon the imagination."

I am shown the carpenter's shop and the laboratory where the boys and girls work happily together. They delight in harnessing their little pony and trap.

An inevitable question concerns the results of this co-education of boys and girls.

"How does it work?" I ask, for opinions on this point are very diverse elsewhere.

"Well," is the emphatic reply. "The boy acquires a higher standard of manners and behavior; but the girl gains even more than the boy. We notice a most striking effect on girls wanting in the social sense and too individualistic. A girl will sacrifice herself for a person, but not for a community; she is wanting in the social instinct, but she develops it from contact with boys. She learns the meaning of esprit de corps, and as she will more and more have to rub shoulders with humanity, it is very necessary she should learn it. She has to learn, too, that there is a code of honor in relation to the world."

"Do you find the girls more amenable than the boys?"

The reply is surprising, and worth the attention of the modern schoolgirl.

"We find the boys more amenable to appeal than the girls. The average girl will go farther in naughtiness. One can say to a boy, 'Now, that's all very well, but don't you think it's about enough of it?' But that appeal is not so effectual with girls. You can get at them through their affections, and on personal grounds, but not in the way that tells effectually with a boy. 'Not the thing to do' is a very strong preventive with him. We notice this contrast chiefly in the younger boys and girls, aged about twelve."

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Perhaps if the girl is brought to be more sensitive to appeals to her honor and personal rectitude, and the boy to his affection and pity, we shall arrive at a nice adjustment. Knowing human nature is human nature all the world over, I inquire concerning the need for punishments, and hear that as much as possible the punishment is made to fit the case, and known as attaching to it before transgression.

"We like to get the punishment over and done with, so that it does not rankle in the mind."

In a mixed school of boys and girls, the question of games is one of interest. Outdoor hobbies and studies are a great feature at Letchworth School; what of cricket, football, hockey? The girls, it appears, play cricket and hockey with the boys who are not fond of football but keen over hockey. The fact that the girls play hockey well may indirectly have influenced this preference.

All kinds of hobbies are encouraged, and one has only to glance at a photographic group of the boys and girls to see that the individuality of the child has full opportunity for development.

One day a well-known archaeologist visited the school and took the children for a ramble. He was astonished at the intelligence of their questions.

School Curriculum

The school curriculum has distinctive features. Here are some of Mr. Stevenson's opinions on the subject:

"You may easily teach a boy, and still more easily a girl, to do exercises in Latin or mathematics, or any other subject, in much the same way as you teach a dog to do tricks, but it is, except for the purpose of immediate examination, sheer waste of labor; once the trick is forgotten, nothing remains. How often one hears a grown-up person say: 'Oh, I learnt this or that at school, but I quite forget now how it was done.' As though it were, and indeed it probably was, a trick. But once let the boy or girl grasp the meaning of what they are doing—the why and wherefore of it—not only does it become a possession for ever, but it is also a stepping-stone to further advance.

"May I give a few concrete examples of what I mean? Our class averaging, let us say, eleven years of age, would, I must confess, fail ignominiously in any ordinary examination in history, but for all that they have some idea of what history means, of varying stages of civilization, and of the influence that such people as the Chaldeans, Greeks and Romans have had on our own. Would they be better equipped for a real study of the subject if they had started with a list of kings and their dates, or a few more or less imaginary stories about Canute and the Black Prince? Again, if you were to ask them why some parts of the earth are mountainous and others flat, or the causes of difference in climate, they would, I believe, be able to give you an intelligent answer. Would they have a better foundation for geography if they had learnt by heart instead the capitals of the countries of the world?"



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The ideas on the teaching of music are original. It is regarded as a mistake to teach it solely with the idea of producing performers—good, bad, or indifferent; but all boys and girls, with any musical sense in them at all, can be trained to become intelligent and appreciative listeners and critics. A doctor of music has entered into this idea with enthusiasm, with excellent results.

Some of the keynotes at this interesting school are: mastery of language, mastery of natural forces, fresh air, exercise between lessons, avoidance of peptonised teaching.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Stephenson, how your pupils compare with others after leaving school?" I ask.

"The school is young. It was only started in 1905, with two pupils, a boy and a girl. But I may safely say we turn out neither cranks nor people apart."

That surely is a negative and modest way of putting it. One would think that these young people, educated on such principles, must be charmingly natural, bright, adaptable, practical, and thoughtful, for their whole training and surroundings will have tended to make them so. One cannot but think, also, that if co-education takes permanent hold on the secondary schools of this country, Letchworth will materially have aided in the change.

POVERTY IN SPAIN

The Laborer's Average Wage, 26 cents Per Day

THE sad condition of Spain especially in those regions which were once its most fertile, is the subject of an article by M. Albert Douzat in the *Revue* (Paris). The revolutions through which Spain passed in the nineteenth century were without result, and the disturbances in Barcelona have failed to bring about the creation of a democracy or the improvement of financial conditions among the lower orders.

Nothing strikes the observer upon visiting Spain so strongly as the prevailing poverty. This is an aspect of Spanish life, much more impressive than the local color and all the charms with which romance has enwrapped the country. On coming to Spain from France, England, Belgium, Germany or from Northern Italy the contrast is absolutely shocking. Even in Southern Italy poverty has something careless about it, and seems to participate in the glow of the sunlight and the external objects of nature. The 'bambino' who stretches out his hand to you is impish, ready to smile and to pirouette, and the Neapolitan is too much like 'Punchinello' to take his impecuniosity seriously and not to make it a subject for pleasantry. But the Spanish poor are all sad from the child to the old man, and even their bearing makes their distress more poignant. It seems as if the landscape harmonized with the spectacle of man, and this impression is a just one; for the desolate stony plateaus of Castile, the

plains of Andalusia which have been allowed to return to a state of nature were once covered with woods and richly cultivated. Pauperism has ruined the land.

In the south the indigence is more frightful or more apparent, perhaps, but also more real. For if the land is more fertile, the social organization is more defective, and we must also take into account the character of the people, less tenacious, more indolent, and above all, more liable to discouragement. An English writer, Mr. Malhall, has told us that there is no situation among the peoples of the world comparable to that of the Andalusian peasant. According to official statistics the daily wage of the agricultural laborer is from 24 to 30 cents. Last year the little town of Vera, near Almeria, begged the Spanish press to open a public subscription for the inhabitants of that district. Such poverty encourages emigration. You see in Andalusia entire villages emptied at one stroke, for the inhabitants, driven away by poverty, start, with their priest as leader, for South America.

Begging, one of the plagues of Spain, is a natural and direct result of pauperism. The indigence of the people, with few exceptions, is a brutal fact which excuses if it does not justify completely the abundance of these 'mendigos.' It is well to add that this beggary does not prevail in the country alone, where general poverty is the rule, and the priest has to suffer as much as his parishioners; it is seen also in the cities where more easy circumstances may be found, and especially at those points visited by the foreigner who is supposed to be loaded with bank notes and small change.

What are the causes of this poverty? They are to be attributed to the bad system of government. In former times the Spanish mines in South America, which belong to the State cost more and more to exploit, and this raised to an abnormal height the prices both of labor and of the necessities of life, and ruined the industry and commerce of the country. The consequence is that national labor and agriculture were stricken to death when these foreign mines were exhausted. Moreover the fiscal system of the government which imposes the heaviest taxes on the petty proprietor hinders the cultivation of the soil. As uncultivated lands do not pay any taxes, most of the great proprietors have extensive tracts of arable land uncultivated, thus depriving the country of farms and meadows, which might support a numerous population. Spain, however, is waking up and the present government have listened to the cry of the people.

In order to heal the wound of pauperism labor must be organized in Spain and the régime of property improved by the gradual elimination of agricultural feudalism and by dividing up the land among the people.

Spain must cultivate a country population and recover her sterilized soil by vast works of irrigation and reforestation in a methodical manner. But at

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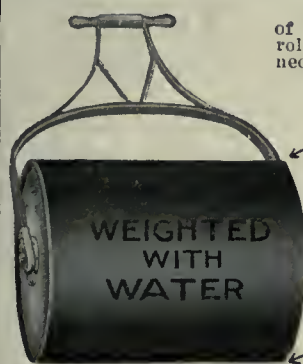
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this point financial difficulties are encountered. The intractable opposition of the great proprietors is another obstacle in the way, and we may well understand a government hesitating to undertake a task so considerable and so difficult. The maintenance of the Liberals in power for so many years has really put back the solution of the agrarian question. The elections of the last year seemed to show that while the discontented spirits are less numerous, the poverty is less severe. The ministry of Sr. Canalejas raised the hopes of the people to a considerable degree. We pray these hopes may not be disappointed, for the Republicans and Socialists would not fail to take advantage of a popular revolutionary agitation at a time when Spain is becoming more and more denuded of her troops by the maintenance of so large an army in Morocco.

WHEN TO PATENT ABROAD

Policy and Methods of Establishing International Protection for Specialties and Staples

IN most foreign countries a patentee will have an annual tax to pay and in default of meeting his tax his patent is forfeited. In most countries again, he will be required to work his patent—that is, actually manufacture the article or the patent will be forfeited. These are important first considerations in determining where to patent an invention abroad, says Joseph Hays in *System*. The man who takes out foreign patents is likely to proceed upon the assumption that the first cost is the total cost of patents in foreign countries. His patent attorney may not see fit to enlighten him on the subject.

It is, in a measure, true that if a thing is worth patenting anywhere it is worth patenting wherever there exists any probable market for it. The question is, Are you prepared to go after that probable market and make it a real one? Are you ready to establish a factory and organize a selling campaign in the foreign country? If you are, then by all means take as many foreign patents as you will be able to "work" profitably. If you are not, let the foreign patents alone and be satisfied with what export business you can secure without patent protection abroad. Otherwise you will waste considerable money.

The United States does not require that a patent be worked and exacts no taxes. When the patent is taken the last dollar of government costs has been paid and the patent will remain in force for seventeen years, whether you work it or allow it to remain idle.

When your patent is issued in Great Britain or any other European country, your invention is exposed in that country. If your invention is a good thing, manufacturers of that country will proceed to place it on the market the moment your rights lapse by reason of your failure to pay the annual taxes, or if you



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fail to manufacture within the time required by law.

The time will probably come when certain conditions as to "working" will be imposed upon United States patents. It is against good policy to give any man a monopoly upon any article of manufacture and maintain it for him if he does not manufacture. The public grants the patent protection and should have some rights in the premises—the right to buy and use the article. This right is recognized by most foreign countries and is covered by laws requiring manufacture within a limited time. In Canada this period is within two years from the date of the patent. The first cost is about sixty-five dollars and twenty dollars has to be paid at the end of the sixth year and again at the end of the twelfth year.

The United States, the Australian Colonies, Cape Colony, India, Mexico, Natal, Orange River Free State and the South African Republic impose no conditions as to manufacture upon the patentee. All other countries have protected the rights of the public in patented inventions.

An Eastern man invented a clever improvement in suspenders. He was persuaded by his attorney that the pants of Europe were crying for his invention. The patent attorney omitted saying anything about taxes and the laws requiring the working of the invention. He was not asked about these things and therefore not bound in a legal way to offer information. The suspender man secured patents in seven European countries at a cost of somewhat under \$500 and was well satisfied. He could now, as he thought, take his time about exploiting his suspenders in those countries.

At the end of the first year he was notified that a tax of \$23.00 was due and must be paid in France, otherwise his patent in that country would lapse. He learned furthermore that a similar tax would fall due every year during the life of the patent and furthermore, that he must begin making suspenders in France for Frenchmen before the end of the second year or his patent would lapse regardless of taxes. It had only cost him \$60 to obtain the French patent, to this first cost he must now add \$322 in taxes spread over a period of fourteen years.

To make this bad matter very much worse he must start a suspender factory in France within one year. The attorney advised him that by a certain "hocus pocus" arrangement he could secure a nominal "working" in France at a cost of about thirty-seven dollars. Of course this nominal working might be open to attack at any time as not complying with the spirit of the French law and he might lose out after spending thirty-seven dollars and still more money fighting in the French courts. He then proceeded to look up the laws of the other countries, reviling himself for not doing so in the first place. He found as follows:

He must begin manufacture in Great Britain within three years and beginning with the fourth year start upon a sliding scale of taxes ranging from \$26 to

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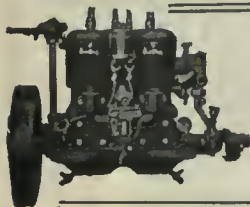
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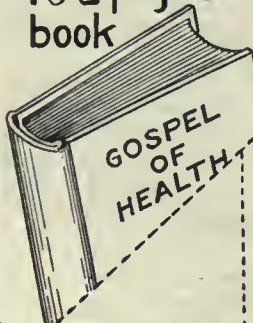
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\$71, to total of \$480. The first cost was \$65.

He must start manufacture in Italy before the end of the second year and meet another sliding scale of taxes totaling \$310, the first cost was \$63.

He found that in Germany the total amount of taxes from the second to the fifteenth year inclusive amounted to a total of \$1,327. The first cost of a patent in Germany is only about \$75. Taking a patent in the Kaiser's empire is a great deal like buying an automobile. The first cost is small compared with the expenses of the up-keep.

Austria is almost as thrifty as Germany. The patent must be worked in three years and the taxes from the second to the fifteenth year, inclusive, amount to \$938.50. The first cost is \$62.

Russia requires the patent to be worked in five years and imposes annual taxes from the second to the fifteenth years amounting in all to \$1,174. The first cost is \$86.

Patents in Belgium must be worked in three years. The tax at the end of the second year is seven dollars. This is increased two dollars a year, making the total cost for a fifteen year period, \$280. The first cost is \$40.

The suspender man found that in addition to starting six factories in Europe he must provide in taxes a sum of nearly \$5,000. The joy with which he failed to make this discovery was quite pronounced. He declared with some feeling that Europeans could support their breeches with strings and safety pins as far as he was concerned. He lapsed all of his foreign patents. His five hundred dollars was worse than thrown away. He had merely paid that amount to show the citizens of foreign countries how to make improved suspenders. And this information, he concluded, might work against him seriously if he should try at any future time to build up an export business with those countries. The foreign manufacturer of suspenders would only have to look up the records to discover that all of his rights had been extinguished.

Now it is extremely exasperating to find, after spending good money, and a lot of it, to introduce your article abroad and establish a market for it, that some enterprising citizen of the foreign country is reaping where you have sown and weeded and watered. There is a big difference between establishing a business at home and starting a similar business abroad. It would probably cost ten times as much to put a suspender factory on a paying basis in Russia as it would in Canada. The Canadian would find himself unacquainted with Russian methods of business. He would be ignorant of Russian customs or laws. He would be forced to interest Russian capital and business men in his enterprise. Would the Russian or the German or any other foreign business be worth the expense and time involved? Would it not be better business to add the money to the working capital of the home factory and cultivate the home market intensively.

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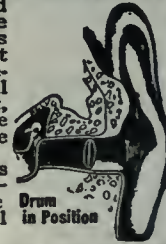
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It is a mistake to assume that you can do no foreign business unless you have the protection of foreign patents. True, without patents you cannot prevent imitation of your goods. You cannot always prevent it with patents. You assume a large amount of risk which ever way you take it.

The reader will undoubtedly agree with the author that as a general proposition it does not pay to take foreign patents at all. There are, of course, exceptions to this general rule as to all others. If the enterprise really warrants foreign patents, and there is enough money back of the enterprise to support them, they should unquestionably be taken. In other circumstances it will be wise to get along without them. If your experience is like that of the man who develops foreign trade you may never need foreign patent protection. Your foreign business may be distributed over all countries, a great deal in the aggregate but not enough in any one country to encourage that most annoying of all competitions, namely, competition of your own goods.

How a Princess Earned \$1,250 For Charity

Several charitable institutions are benefiting by the labors of the young Princess, and one portion of the money has been expended on 200 pairs of boots, which she will give to other organizations this Christmas.

If ever there were a real Princess like a fairy tale one, it is Princess Mary. Her efforts towards charity are indefatigable, and she is always striving to do something for poorer folk who are in sickness and in need, and who do not occupy a very exalted position in her father's realm.

A large proportion of the money was made by the sale of Venetian glass bead necklaces which Princess Mary made.

She was given a quantity of Venetian glass beads by the Queen, and with these she started to make necklaces.

Princess Mary worked with a will, and by her industry soon made a large number in a wide variety of design and styles.

Some of the necklaces took longer to make than others, but on an average each occupied her Royal Highness two hours.

But Princess Mary's work did not stop with the beads. She is a youthful vice-president of the London Needlework Guild, in which the Queen takes so great an interest, and she has also spent a considerable time in sewing for the poor. In fact, she has devoted a certain amount of her time each day to this self-imposed labor.

Both the Queen and her daughter have made a large number of stitched or knitted garments between them, and they have been in the habit of working industriously side by side.



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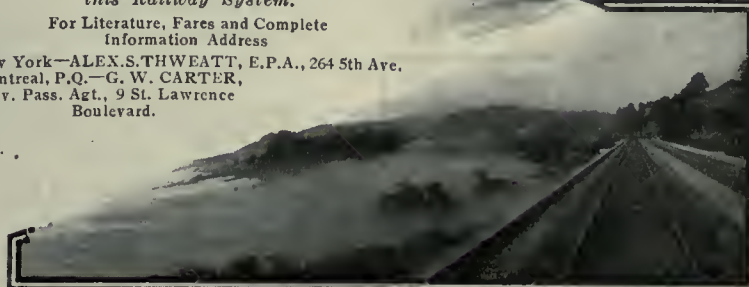
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Best Selling Book of the Month

"T. Tembarom" is an Ideal Novel. Frances Hodgson Burnett's Latest Success

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of the book which is the subject of this month's review, owes her fame in great measure to "Little Lord Foulteroy," which has become a classic. She has written many a book since that one and her novels have always found an army of readers, but none of them have surpassed in merit her latest book "T. Tembarom" which seems to have about all the points going to make up a successful novel, so that it is not surprising to find it rated among the six best sellers in England, the United States and Canada, as was the case last month. This month it comes second in the Canadian list.

ANOTHER book has come within bailing distance of "The Inside of the Cup," which for the sixth month in succession, comes out at the head of the list of the best selling novels in Canada. Last month Florence M. Barclay's "The Broken Halo," was a good second, but this month it has fallen considerably behind in the popularity race, and "T. Tembarom" is now in second place. This is widely conceded to be the best Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has done, but of course no one expects it to achieve the apparently permanent place in popular demand, of her extraordinary juvenile, "Little Lord Foulteroy."

"T. Tembarom" is a well-balanced story and a thoroughly delightful one, telling the joys and a few sorrows of a most likeable young New Yorker, christened Temple Barom. Naturally he came to be called Temp. Barom and even that letter "p," coming to be considered cumbersome, was dropped and, for "the boys," the name became "Tembarom." Tembarom used the initial "T." The boys of the Brooklyn public school which he attended wanted to know what the "T" stood for, but he was ashamed to tell them that it was the first letter of another "Temple," distinct from the one merged with "Barom," thus evolving "Tembarom." As it turns out in the tale, the name was one of historic family association.

At ten "T. Tembarom" became an unattached atom of New York life, upon the death of his mother, the father having died two years previously.

After the funeral, the lad found that he had a capital of twenty-five cents wherewith to begin his career. He became a newsboy, then the "boy" in a small store. He attended night school, studied shorthand and got a place in a newspaper office. Thus he advanced, an apparently inexhaustible store of cheerfulness accounting in no small measure for his success. The reader is introduced to an interesting company of people in the boarding house which became his place of abode following the earlier and somewhat nomadic existence in the newsboy era of his career, in which he sometimes slept under shelter but more frequently out of doors. The whole company in the boarding house keenly followed the onward progress of "T. T.," as he came to be familiarly known to them. In this company there is an Englishman, with an invention, but fortune

does not smile upon him. His name is Hutchinson, and his daughter, "Little Anne," is a most lovable character, suggestive of Agnes in "David Copperfield." The friendship between Tembarom and Little Anne bids fair to ripen into love, but Hutchinson's decision to go back to England brings them face to face with the prospect of separation, possibly forever. However, a marvellous windfall comes to Tembarom, and instead of continuing "the struggle for existence," he succeeds to the estate of Temple Barholm, in England, with seventy thousand pounds a year. The account of his subsequent experiences, together with an absorbing mystery, an engaging love story and delightful, humorous and most original characters, develops a tale of unusual interest and entertainment.

There is a plentiful stream of humor running through the pages, one of the best passages being the scene in which Tembarom, for the first time, finds himself face to face with a valet. It was a ques-



Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose novel, "T. Tembarom," is one of the season's big successes.

tion which of the two was the more non-plussed. Tembarom thought "somebody should have 'put him on to' a sort of idea of what was done to a fellow when he was valeted." He had a vague idea that he was to be waited upon, but wondered whether this included such operations as manicuring one's nails. The

chief cause for concern of Pearson, the valet, was the extreme unfitness of his new master's wardrobe. The Ulster which Tembarom had presented himself was of a cut and material "such as Pearson's most discouraged moments had never forced him to contemplate." The utter lack of evening dress, proper linen and toilet paraphernalia constituted an unprecedented situation for him and a source of particular dismay was that he would apparently "be obliged to send his new charge down to his first dinner in the majestically decorous dining-room 'before all the servants,' in a sort of speckled tweed cutaway, with a brown necktie."

Tembarom finally broke the silence with a cheerful "Hello, Pearson, how are you?" Although Pearson started slightly, he recovered instantly, replying in a tone of respectful gratefulness: "Thank you, very well; thank you, sir."

Tembarom, waiting for developments, thought perhaps Pearson might go out of the room, leaving him to himself, "which would be a thing to thank God for." But there was no such relief. He couldn't lose Pearson, who moved about behind him with footfall so nearly soundless that it made Tembarom nervous. "Hully gee! how he wished he



Three scenes from the delightful new novel, "T. Tembarom," by the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

would go out of the room!" But Pearson stayed. "There were gently-gliding footsteps of Pearson behind him, quiet movements which would have seemed stealthy had they been a burglar's, soft removals of articles from one part of the room to another, delicate brushings and almost noiseless foldings. Now Pearson was near the bed, now he had opened a wardrobe, now he was looking into the steamer-trunk, now he stopped somewhere behind him, within a few yards of his chair. Why had he ceased moving? What was he looking at? What kept him quiet?

"Tembarom expected him to begin stirring mysteriously again; but he did not. Why did he not? There reigned in the room entire silence; no soft footfalls, no brushings, no folding. Was he doing nothing? Had he got hold of something which had given him a fit? There had been no sound of a fall; but perhaps if an English valet had a fit, he'd have it

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so quietly and respectfully that one wouldn't hear it. Tembarom felt that he must be looking at the back of his head, and he wondered what was the matter with it. Was his hair cut in a way so un-English that it had paralyzed him? The back of his head began to creep under an investigation so prolonged Tembarom stealthily took out his watch—good old Waterbury, he wasn't going to part with—and began to watch the minute hand. If nothing happened in three minutes he was going to turn around one—two—three and the silence made it seem fifteen. He turned his Waterbury to his pocket and turned round.

"Pearson was not dead. He was standing quite still, resigned, waiting. It was his business to wait, not to intrude or disturb, and having put everything in order and done all he could do, he was waiting for further commands—in some suspense it must be admitted.

"Hello," said Tembarom, involuntarily.

"Shall I get your bath ready?" inquired Pearson.

There was a momentary relief for Tembarom and for the valet. But then Tembarom was seized with a new alarm. "Did Pearson expect to wash him or to stand around and hand him soap and towels?"

There were other perplexities, but finally Tembarom came to the point by asking Pearson just what his duties were.

"How much do you get for it?" "Thirty shillings a week, sir." "Say, Pearson," said Tembarom, with honest feeling, "I'll give you sixty shillings a week not to do it."

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Spanish Gold

(Continued from page 35.)

free fight with Sir Giles, which would have ended in Higginbotham taking possession of the treasure in the name of the Government. Whereas I sit here quietly and wait for the next move on the part of the enemy."

"Oh, that's the game now, is it?"

"That's the game. Let Sir Giles show his hand and I'll deal with him."

For some time it appeared that Sir Giles also intended to play a waiting game. He and Euseby Langton sat on the deck of the Aureole and watched the Spindrift. They gazed at Meldon and the Major through binoculars when they had seen all they could with the unassisted eye. Meldon, in return, got out a pair of glasses and stared at them. The afternoon became very hot. The water of the bay lay in an unbroken sheet around the boats, and glowed a sullen reflection of the light. The Major fetched some cushions from the cabin, made himself really comfortable, and went to sleep.

At about four o'clock there was a stir on board the Aureole. Langton dragged the punt alongside. He and Sir Giles got into her and pulled for the shore. Meldon, watching them intently through his glasses, observed that they took no rope with them. He made up his mind that they did not intend to descend the cliff. The tide was still too high to permit of any one entering the hole. Yet it seemed evident to Meldon that this expedition to the shore must have some object. He became very anxious to discover what they were at. It was easy enough to row on shore after them and then follow them, as they had followed him in the morning. But he realized that on an island without trees or hedges it would be totally impossible to follow them without himself being seen; and their plan, whatever it was, would certainly not be carried out before his eyes. Scanning the land with his glasses, he detected Mary Kate sitting in the shade of Higginbotham's house to watch the strangers land. His mind was made up in a moment. He shook the Major.

"Give me another sixpence," he said; "I'm going ashore."

"My money's in the pocket of my other trousers," said the Major; "and they're hanging beside my bunk. Take what you want and for Heaven's sake leave me to have my sleep in peace. It's the only comfort I get since I came to this island."

Meldon made all the speed he could in the canvas punt, a craft singularly ill-suited to a man in a hurry. He reached the pier shortly after Sir Giles and Langton had landed. Mary Kate, who had hesitated for some time between the desire to follow the strangers and the hope of another sixpence from the approaching Meldon, was on the pier to meet him. She grinned amiably when he greeted her.

"Mary Kate," he said, "I've got another sixpence for you. You'll be the

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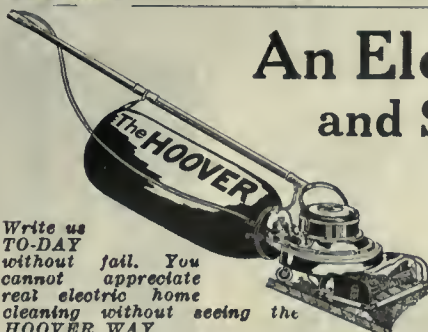
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richest girl in the island in a few days if this goes on."

"I will so." She spoke in a tone of conviction.

"Well now, go you up after those two gentlemen and just watch what they do. You needn't go too close to them. And, listen to me now: if it should happen that they speak to you, just you take a leaf out of your grandda's book and answer them in Irish, 'Ni Beurla'—what do you call it? You know how to do it, don't you?"

Mary Kate nodded. The instructions were not absolutely lucid, but she grasped their meaning.

"Not another word out of your head now, mind that. And look as stupid as you can. I'll run down and pay a visit to your aunt. Isn't she your aunt?"

"She is not."

"Well, you know who I mean, anyhow. Mrs. O'Flaherty beyond there, the one that owns the baby with the nice fat legs. You drop down there as soon as ever those two gentlemen go back to their yacht, and tell me what they've been doing. I needn't explain to you, Mary Kate, that I wouldn't be setting you on a job of this kind if those two fellows weren't a pair of bad ones. The fact is they're land-grabbers—the worst kind of land-grabbers. That will probably convey to you better than anything else the sort of fellows they really are."

He noticed that Mary Kate's attention had wandered, but he continued speaking for his own satisfaction.

"If that isn't exactly the literal truth, as people like the Major would say, it's the nearest thing to the truth that you're at all likely to understand. It will convey to you a perfectly true idea of the character of the men. You understand what I mean, Mary Kate, when I say they're land-grabbers, don't you?"

The child wasn't listening to him. Her eyes were on the now distant figures of Sir Giles and Langton. Even if she had listened, it is doubtful whether the word "land-grabber" would have conveyed anything to her. Politicians rarely, if ever, visit Inishgowlan, and the people, even the grown men, are uninstructed in the simple principles of modern nationalism. It had never been worth the while, even of a publican, to grab the land on Inishgowlan. In any case, whether she had understood him or not, Meldon's motives for having the strangers watched would not have interested Mary Kate. It was sufficient for her that she was to be paid sixpence for doing what natural curiosity would have prompted her to do without a bribe.

Mrs. O'Flaherty seemed surprised to see Meldon. She was churning, plunging up and down an old-fashioned dash in the most primitive kind of churn. She was dressed in a sleeveless garment, tucked in to an old red petticoat which seemed likely, as her body swayed, to work its fastenings loose and fall off. Drops of milk, splashed from the churn, bespattered her. She was exceedingly hot, partly from her exertion, partly with annoyance at the lamentable howls of her baby, who had of necessity been left to the care of the old woman in the room off the kitchen. She was at

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first far from being well pleased at seeing a visitor. She was not, indeed, embarrassed by the scantiness of her costume, but she foresaw that in mere politeness she might be obliged to stop churning, and to stop at a certain stage of the process is fatal to the production of butter. Meldon's first words reassured her.

"Give me the dash," he said, "and go you in and get the baby."

"I will not," she said. "I'd be spoiling your good clothes on you if I let you do the like of this work."

"Did you never hear that there's no luck when the stranger that comes in doesn't put a hand to the churn?"

"Faith, and that's true. But who'd think of the likes of you knowing it?"

"I know more than that," said Meldon. "I know things that would surprise you now, wise as you are. Give me the dash, I say."

He took it from her and began to work vigorously, Mrs. O'Flaherty watched him.

"Maybe now it isn't the first time you've done that," she said.

"It is not, nor the second. But go you and take your baby. The shouts of him is enough to stop the butter coming."

She returned in a few minutes with the child, quickly pacified, in her arms.

"Where's himself?" said Meldon. "Why wouldn't he be giving you a hand at this work?"

"Sure he does do a turn for me odd times, when he wouldn't be earthing up the potatoes, or saving the hay, or burning the kelp or the like of that."

Meldon began to feel hot.

"The butter's a mighty long time coming," he said.

"You may say that. Whether it's the warmth of the day or maybe—but sure you're tired. It's terrible hard work for them that's not used to it. Give it up to me now."

"Very well; I'll have a try at the baby. Come here to me, Anthony Tom. Did you say Anthony Tom was the name you had on him?"

"It is not, then, but Michael Pat."

Meldon took Michael Pat in his arms. He was very successful as a nurse, but he found the work almost as hot as the churning. Michael Pat had reached the age at which happiness is found in perpetual motion, and it was necessary to keep on jumping him up and down.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Meldon at last. "I'd rather be saving hay or burning kelp, or doing any other mortal thing, than trying to mind a baby and make butter at the same time. Men have a much better time of it than women as things are arranged at present."

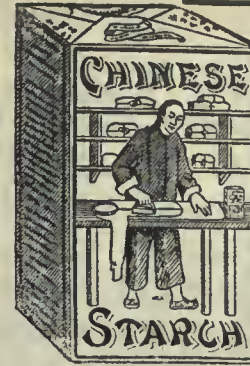
"They might," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, "but what would they be doing if it wasn't for the women?"

"That's true," said Meldon; "but it isn't saying that men don't have the best of it."

"And for the matter of that, how would the women get along wanting the men?"

"There's something in that, too."

"Sure, God is good, and the troubles



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He does be sending is no worse for me than another. If so be that Michael Pat doesn't be cutting or burning himself when I have him reared to be out of my arms, I've no cause to be complaining. And himself is a good head to me."

Meldon danced Michael Pat vigorously. The sweat ran down his face, but he stuck to his work, realizing more and more clearly the strenuousness of a woman's life. At last he spoke again, jerkily for want of breath.

"Mrs. O'Flaherty, ma'am, tell me this. Is there e'er a branch of the Woman's Suffrage Association in this island?"

"I never heard tell of any such a thing."

"Well, take my advice. Found one at once. It may not do you much good, but it will relieve your feelings. You're suffering under an intolerable injustice."

"Is it the Government you mean?" said Mrs. O'Flaherty, whose husband occasionally read a copy of the Ballymoy Tribune.

"It is not; it's the men. What you want is what's called sexuo-economic independence of women. Just wipe Michael Pat's mouth with something, will you. I haven't a handkerchief on me, and he's dribbling worse than I could have believed possible."

The half-door of the cabin was pushed open, and Mary Kate entered. At the sight of Meldon with Michael Pat in his arms she stood still and grinned broadly.

"Thank God!" said Meldon fervently. "Come here, Mary Kate. Sit down on the creepy stool there by the hearth and take the baby."

Mary Kate hung back, still grinning. "Do what the gentleman bids you," said Mrs. O'Flaherty.

Mary Kate obeyed reluctantly. She foresaw that it might be very difficult for her to escape from Michael Pat if she once accepted the charge of him. She had the makings of a feminist in her. She valued her independence.

"Tell me now," said Meldon, "did you do what I bid you?"

"I did," said Mary Kate.

"And have the gentlemen gone back to the yacht?"

"They're after going this minute."

"And where were they?"

"Beyond."

"Listen to me now, Mary Kate. I'm not going to spend the rest of the day dragging information out of you as if each word you say is a tooth that it hurts you to part with. Tell me now straight—and no more nonsense—where did they go?"

"It's yourself that's the stubborn little lady," said Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Why wouldn't you be speaking to the gentleman when he wants to be listening to you?"

"They were up beyond at my grandda's."

"At Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's! Were they talking to him?"

"They were not, then, for himself wasn't in it."

"What were they doing?"

"Looking at the Poll-na-phuca."

"At the what?"

"That's the hole that there does be in the field back west of the house," said Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Poll-na-phnea is the name there does be on it on account of them that's in it."

"Is that all they did?"

"Sorra a thing else."

"Well," said Meldon, "that beats all. I must be getting away now, Mrs. O'Flaherty. I've had a delightful afternoon. Goodbye, Mary Kate. Be kind to Michael Pat. Remember that you were once that size yourself, and somebody had to sit on a stool and hold you."

He walked down to the seashore, selected a large flat stone, and sat down on it. He was very much puzzled by the account which Mary Kate had given him of the movements of Sir Giles and Euseby Langton. He could not understand why they had gone up to Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's cabin or why they had looked at the hole in the field. He recalled the appearance of the cabin. It was a very dilapidated place, standing by itself two fields higher up than the cottage in which Mary Kate's father lived. He went over all he knew about the field with the hole in it. It was, so Higginbotham said, a very small and barren field. There was no fence round the hole; Higginbotham had lamented that. A heifer had fallen into it and got killed. There was nothing, so far as he could see, which could possibly interest Sir Giles about the cabin, the field, or the hole. Why should a man, out on a search for treasure, care to view the scene of a heifer's death? A heifer is not a very important animal, even on Inishgowlan. He recollected that Poll-na-phnea meant the fairy's hole. He had understood from Higginbotham that the place was regarded by the islanders with some awe as the home of malevolent spirits. But this threw no light on his problem. He could not suppose that Sir Giles was an amateur of folk-lore, so enthusiastic as to suspend his treasure search for the purpose of investigating a local superstition, however interesting.

Meldon's pipe went out, half-smoked. He wrinkled his forehead and half-shut his eyes in bitter perplexity. It hurt him that he could not understand what Sir Giles had been doing. At last he rose from his stone with a deep sigh and walked ten or fifteen yards along the shore. He found another flat stone and sat down on it. He knocked the plug of tobacco out, refilled his pipe and lit it. He deliberately gave up the problem which he could not solve, and set himself to work on another. He decided that he must himself reach the hole where the treasure lay at the earliest possible moment the next day, and that Sir Giles must be prevented from following him. He smoked steadily this time, and his face gradually cleared of the wrinkles the other problem had impressed upon it. At last he smiled slightly. Then he cringed. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket. He picked up a few pebbles and flung them cheerfully into the sea. Then he rose and walked back to Mrs. O'Flaherty's cottage.

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The churning was over. Mrs. O'Flaherty was working the butter with her hands at the table. Mary Kate still sat with the baby on her knee.

"Good-evening to you, Mrs. O'Flaherty," said Meldon.

"Is it yourself again? Faith, I thought you were gone for to-day anyway."

"I looked in again to see if Michael Pat was all right after the shaking I gave him. Would you sooner be churning the butter or churning the baby, Mrs. O'Flaherty? Or would you rather be taking them in turns the way we did this afternoon? I see you've got him asleep there, Mary Kate. Just put him into the cradle now and he'll be all right."

"Mind, but he'll wake on you," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, "an me in the middle of squeezing the butter."

"He will not. Do you think I don't know when a baby's asleep? You wouldn't wake him now if you put him into the churn head first. Do what I bid you, Mary Kate. That's a good girl. Now the next thing you have to do is to run up to the iron house where the gentleman lives that does be measuring out the land and tell him I want to see him this evening. He's to get some one to put him off to the yacht; do you understand? I'm not coming ashore again. Will you do that for me, like a good girl?"

"I might."

"Well then, do. And look here. If he isn't there, just you sit down outside the door and wait till he comes. Now off with you. I'll follow in a minute or two. It wouldn't do for you and me to be seen walking about together every hour of the day, Mary Kate. They might say we were courting; and that wouldn't suit you any more than myself. Goodbye to you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. I'm really off this time, but very likely I'll look in tomorrow to see Michael Pat and the butter. Will you be off out of this, Mary Kate? You'll spoil the look of your mouth for life if you stand there grinning much longer."

Meldon walked to the pier, passed it, and went down to the sandy beach which lay beyond. There were three currags drawn up and laid, as the custom is with such boats, bottom upward on the sand. One of them Meldon recognized as that in which Higginbotham had come off to the Spindrift. It was the property of Jamesy O'Flaherty. Meldon passed it and looked at the next. The canvas bottom revealed a large rent. It could not possibly go to sea. The third was sound. Meldon knelt down and looked under it. The oars were there as he expected. He went back to the pier, embarked in the collapsible punt, and rowed out to the Spindrift.

He found that Major Kent had finished his nap and was reading, for want of other literature, the sheet of a week-old newspaper. It was spotted with grease and a good deal crumpled, having, in fact, been used to wrap up the bacon which they ate at breakfast. The occupation showed that the Major was very

much bored. He gave frank expression to his feelings.

"How much longer do you intend to spend mousing round this wretched little island, J. J.? I'm about sick of it. This isn't my idea of a cruise at all. I mean to up-anchor and slip across to Inishmore for a change."

"Don't you do anything of the sort. You'll be sorry all your life afterwards if you do. I don't mind telling you that we're just on the very verge of bagging the treasure."

"I don't believe it."

"I'll give you my word, Major, that if you stay here to-morrow, I'll be ready to go anywhere you like the next day. The next twenty-four hours, or thirty-six hours at the outside, will see the thing through."

"That's all very well. But if your treasure-hunting consists in sitting here all day watching those other two fellows on the Aureole, I tell you plainly it's not good enough."

"If it's a little excitement you want, you shall have it to-morrow. I was thinking things out a bit after I finished nursing Michael Pat, and——"

"Finished what?"

"Nursing Michael Pat, the baby Sir Giles wouldn't vaccinate this morning. But you're a slow-witted man, Major. It's one of your great faults. Everything has to be explained to you. I suppose I must begin at the beginning."

"I wish you would."

"Well, I will. But first of all, I may as well mention that I've planned a coup d'état for to-morrow. I'm not sure that I've got the expression quite right. Perhaps I ought to say a coup de théâtre; but you know what I mean, anyhow."

"I don't; but I might make a guess if you'd begin at the beginning instead of in the middle or at the end."

"The epic poet," said Meldon, "always begins in the middle. It's a well-known literary law that all first-rate narrative begins in the middle. If you don't know the middle of a thing, how on earth can you appreciate the beginning? My coup—we'll call it simply a coup, so as to get over the difficulty of not knowing exactly which sort of coup it is—comes off to-morrow, but it begins this evening. I don't expect you to play up to me. That would probably be beyond you, but I hope you'll try and not actually give the show away when Higginbotham comes."

"Oh, Higginbotham's in it, is he?"

"Of course Higginbotham's in it. So is Mary Kate, so is Sir Giles, so is Langton, so are you and I. It wouldn't be a coup of any sort if we weren't all in it."

"If it involves my adopting another disguise—— But what's the good of my talking?"

"None. Just you listen. I went on shore this afternoon to find out what Sir Giles and the other man were after. I took sixpence with me for Mary Kate. I set the dear little girl on to watch Sir Giles while I went and nursed Michael Pat—a fine, plump baby, Michael Pat, but boisterous."

"Is he part of the coup?"



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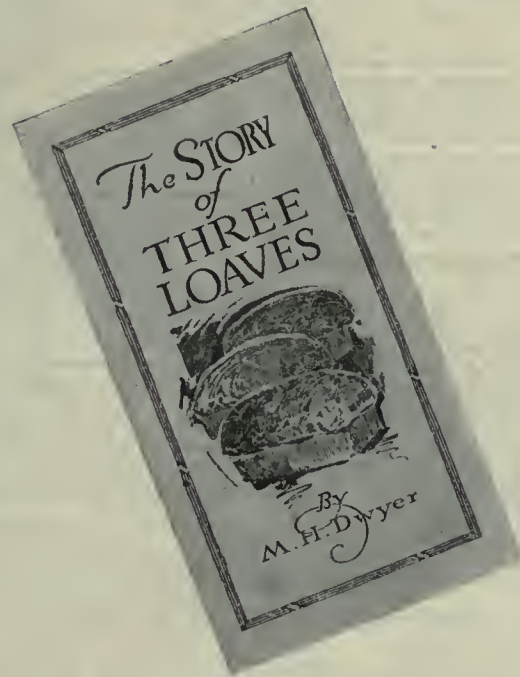
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"No. I should like to have him in it if I could, but I can't manage it. Well, after a time Mary Kate returned and told me that Sir Giles and the man who owns the fur coat went up to Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's field and looked at the hole there is in it."

"Is the hole part of the coup?"

"It is not. The fact is I don't quite see how the hole comes in. That's what has me so set on bringing off my coup without delay. If I understood why they looked at that hole I might see my way to checkmate their move whatever it is. But I don't. They may have a game on, or they may not. I'm not going to give them a chance."

"Perhaps," said the Major, "you'll get to the coup soon."

"I wanted to tell you about the coup first thing; but you kept nagging at me to go back to the beginning. Now I've gone back to the beginning and you're discontented because you haven't got the end straight off. You're a very hard man to please."

"All I mean," said the Major, "is that it's near tea time."

"That reminds me that Higginbotham may be here at any moment. Listen now. There seem to me to be only two available boats on this island, Jamesy O'Flaherty's curragh and another."

"There's a third. I saw three on the beach this morning."

"One of those has a hole in her bottom you could put your foot through; so there are only two to be considered. Now if Jamesy O'Flaherty was to go off to-morrow to Inishmore in his curragh and if I could put the other one hors de combat, so to speak—"

"Knock a hole in her, I suppose."

"Now would I do a thing like that to a curragh that belongs to a poor man. for all I know to the contrary to Mary Kate's father? I wouldn't if you paid me. All I mean to do is to temporarily conceal her oars so that she can't be rowed. Now if Jamesy's curragh is off at sea and the other one is not available. and if the Aureole's punt were to go adrift, I don't quite see how those two jokers could get ashore, do you?"

"So that's the coup, is it?"

"Yes. You see it requires some management. There are three distinct points. First, Jamesy O'Flaherty's curragh must be sent off. Next, the other curragh must be dealt with. Finally we must hope that the Aureole's punt will go adrift during the night."

"It won't," said the Major. "Why should it?"

"Oh, yes, it will. I mean to see to it myself that it goes adrift."

"Do you mean to set Higginbotham afloat in it?"

"No, I don't. I told you before that I had a regard for Higginbotham. I don't want to send him off without oars in an unseaworthy punt. I wouldn't do it to any man, much less to a fellow who used to come up with me every second Sunday to Rathmines when I—"

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"Would there be anything unchivalrous," said the Major, "in asking where Higginbotham does come in if he's not to go to sea in Sir Giles's punt?"

"It's my punt, not Sir Giles's. But we needn't argue about that. The thing's quite simple. Higginbotham is to go to Inishmore in Jamesy O'Flaherty's curragh."

"Oh, is he?"

"Yes. He's to start early, about six a.m."

"Why?"

"Because I don't see how I'm to get Jamesy O'Flaherty off to Inishmore for the day in his curragh unless I make Higginbotham hire him for the purpose. Besides, I want Higginbotham out of the way, too. If he's on the island he'll do some sort of mischief, with the best intentions, of course, and spoil the whole coup. There's no saying what a kind-hearted man like Higginbotham would do when he found out that Sir Giles and Langton were shut up on the Aureole and couldn't get ashore. He might hunt us up and make us go off for them. No; I don't want even to inconvenience Higginbotham more than I can help; but I can't have him on this island to-morrow."

"The whole thing seems to me enormously complicated," said the Major. "I don't see how you can expect it to work without a hitch. All I insist on is that you don't bring me into it."

"It's perfectly simple," said Meldon. "I don't see where a hitch can come in if the thing's properly worked."

CHAPTER XI.

Major Kent and Meldon had finished their eggs and were eating bread-and-jam when Higginbotham, rowed by Jamesy O'Flaherty, reached the Spindrift. At the sound of a bump against the yacht's side Meldon went on deck.

"Come along, Higginbotham," he said. "Come below and have a cup of tea. Jamesy O'Flaherty, do you make your curragh fast and get on board. I'll bring you up a glass of whisky in a minute."

He shepherded Higginbotham into the cabin. The Major rose to his feet nervously. He foresaw that the process of persuading Higginbotham to set out for Inishmore in a curragh at six the next morning would be trying.

"I think," he said, "I'll go on deck and have a chat with Jamesy O'Flaherty."

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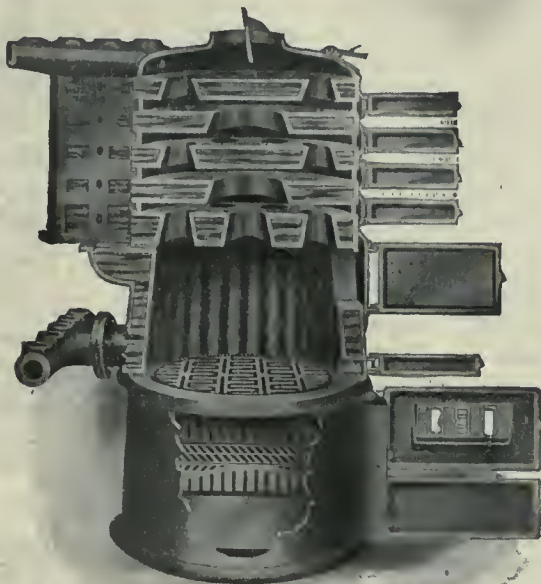
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"Do," said Meldon, "and take a glass of whisky with you. I want to have a quiet talk with Higginbotham."

The Major departed, well satisfied that he would escape taking part in the quiet talk which was to follow.

"Help yourself to some tea," said Meldon to Higginbotham, "and make yourself comfortable with a slice of bread-and-jam. I think I mentioned to you yesterday that Sir Giles Buckley is rather a big bug in his own way."

"You said he was something in the Castle."

"He is. I hinted, I think that either Crimes Acts or Royal Commissions were his particular line. I was wrong there I confused him for the moment with another man whose name is somewhat similar. The fact is that Sir Giles is the man whom they keep unattached, as it were, to take up any particular job that happens to be prominent at the moment. It may be a famine, or it may be crochet, or sick nurses, or Christmas-trees for workhouse children. Whatever it is, Sir Giles is the man who runs it. At present it happens to be tuberculosis."

"I never heard of there being any such man in the Castle."

"I dare say not. You official people get into very narrow grooves. You all of you seem to think that your own footy little Board is the only one in the country. Whereas there are lots and lots of others besides the one you happen to be connected with. Not that I mean to suggest that Sir Giles is a Board. He isn't. He's simply, as I said, unattached."

"Still, I think I must have heard of him if he's what you say."

"You might not. I tell you. Higginbotham, there aren't half a dozen men in Ireland who could tell you even the principal kinds of regular officials; and when it comes to unattached freelances like Sir Giles, hardly anybody knows exactly what they are. I'm liable to make mistakes about them myself, as you saw when I spoke about Sir Giles yesterday."

"Still——"

"I may not be using technically correct language when I call Sir Giles an unattached official. I dare say there's some other name for what he is which you would recognize if you heard it. But the gist of the matter is the same, however you express it. He's in charge of the anti-tuberculosis movement, fighting the Great White Plague. That's what he's here for. This morning he made an examination of young Mrs. O'Flaherty's baby, little Michael Pat. You might have seen him going off in that direction at about half-past eight."

"I did."

"You saw him talking to her on the side of the road and her with the baby in her arms?"

"Yes. I happened at the time to be going——"

"Well, there you are. If Sir Giles isn't investigating tuberculosis on behalf of the Government, why should he bother his head about making a prolonged and minute examination of Mrs. O'Flaherty's baby? Tell me that."

"I don't know. I suppose it's all right."

"Well, then, don't contradict me flat when I'm giving you information which may come in useful to you. The fact is that Sir Giles wants you to help him tomorrow."

"But—but I don't know anything about tuberculosis."

"Nobody supposes you do. What he wants you to do is to go over early tomorrow to Inishmore in Jamesy O'Flaherty's curragh and make a list of all the cases of consumption you can find. You know the people, or at any rate you ought to, and of course Sir Giles doesn't. His plan is to follow you later on in the Aureole. You're to start about six a.m. Allowing an hour and a half for the row over, you'll be there by seven-thirty. After you've had a bit of breakfast—Sir Giles was most particular that you should breakfast properly; he thinks you might catch the thing yourself if you went at it on an empty stomach—after breakfast you're to stroll round the island and keep your eye lifting for consumptives. You needn't drag them out and lay them on the beach or anything of that sort. Just take a note of any case you come across so that when Sir Giles arrives there'll be no unnecessary waste of time."

"I never heard of such a job in my life."

"Very likely not. But you ought to recollect, Higginbotham, that you'd never heard of Sir Giles till I told you about him. And you'd never heard of the anti-tuberculosis crusade."

"I had heard of that."

"Oh, had you? Well, this morning you saw with your own eyes the way Sir Giles was examining little Michael Pat."

"I didn't say I saw him examining the child. I said I saw——"

"Don't go back on what you've just admitted. You said you were watching Sir Giles this morning. I don't call it a very gentlemanly action. But there's no use making the matter worse now by denying that you did it."

Higginbotham stroked his moustache nervously. He took off his spectacles and rubbed the glasses with his handkerchief. He cleared his throat.

"I can't do a thing like that," he said. "I don't know how."

"It'll be all right," said Meldon. "Call on the parish priest when you land; he'll help you."

Higginbotham still displayed signs of uneasiness.

"Why does Sir Giles send me this message through you?" he asked. "Why doesn't he speak to me himself?"

"He tried to. He and I were searching the island for you all afternoon. He went up to old Thomas O'Flaherty's place to look for you. I told him that you were likely to be there, but you weren't."

"I heard he was up there. I thought he might have been speaking to the old man about——"

(To be continued.)

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Enter the Skyscraper Woman

(Continued from page 47.)

moral, of the locality. Reader of riddle whisper low, will the time come when it will be necessary for the law to set height above which no woman will be allowed to tower?

Tableau. The Inspector of Heights (why not? We already have inspector of weights and measures) detects an infringement of the new act. "Madame I regret to inform you that your hat is two inches higher than the law allows. Will I cut it off or could you arrange with your hair dresser to take a couple of inches off the coiffure?"

Perhaps we will some day soon find signs in the stores reading after this fashion: "Not responsible for damage to hats through contact with the ga lights." Or perhaps at the entrance one will find the sign: "No woman admitted who cannot come through this door without stooping."

Speaking in all seriousness, the style for the coming spring will undoubtedly tend toward the extreme of elongation. The silhouette of the well-dressed figure will be entirely changed. Instead of the corsetless figure of the past year there will be found an outline with rigid waists and draperies over the hips. Tunics very short and full, will be worn. Sashes and bows of size will be draped at the back. Dresses even will be looped up to form a— for lack of a more polite synonym we are compelled to use the word—bustle. It will be a source of chagrin to some that just when they have laboriously reached the stage where they could make themselves resemble a straight line, the fashion powers that be should create so revolutionary a change.

As stated before coiffures are to be very high. The hair will be drawn straight up in what has been termed: mercilessly revealing manner. The shape of the head will be distinctly shown and the waved outline about the forehead will disappear entirely. The only concession to the woman who likes to have a fluffy outline to her face is an almost imperative command to wear a curl on each cheek.

The heel-less sandal is to be eschewed and the Spanish shoe comes into favor with its high arching instep and stilt like heel.

Hats will be chiefly conspicuous for their height. It is said that some will be shown with plumage or "stick-up" fourteen inches high. The height will be found in the hat itself as well as in the trimming.

And finally this brief outline of the style trend is not merely intended as a sketch of advanced styles to be seen in foreign cities only. The Skyscraper Woman will come to Canada.

We grow into the likeness of the things we habitually contemplate.

—Dr. Marden.

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THE PHENIX CO., REG'D.

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BUILDING
MONTREAL



By-law No. 27

(Continued from page 42.)

"I want to ask you another question," said Morton. "Do you want to buy some planing-mill stock?" He leaned forward eagerly and scrutinized the shrewd faces before him.

They glowed with sudden interest.

"No chance while Jared Fletcher's got a grip on it," Lew Foster grinned dubiously, scratching his head.

"There is a chance!" cried Morton. "If you will grant my request, I will guarantee to let you in at par."

"At par!" boomed Doctor West. "Tell us about it."

Precisely, slowly, Morton explained his plan. He went into each detail with his usual painstaking care. As he proceeded, a hint of levity crept into the attitude of his hearers. An occasional chuckle evinced the fact that he was interesting them. The chuckles grew into laughter, and the laughter, when he had finished, merged into an uproarious burst of mirth.

"We'll back you, boy!" cried Henry Flynt.

"Go ahead! Go ahead!" shouted the others.

Morton straightway called a formal meeting. A motion was made by Henry Flynt, seconded by Lew Foster, and unanimously carried. A new by-law was forthwith spread on the records in the president's precise handwriting.

"I move we adjourn," granted Lew Foster.

"Before you go," said Morton. "I wish to ask you to attend another meeting in this office to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. It is quite necessary."

When they had gone, he stepped to the window and gazed down the road toward the planing-mill. He missed the usual black smudge of smoke issuing from the stack. It was depressing—this unnecessary break in the calm routine of a prosperous industry. He turned away and sat down at his desk, knitting his brows.

"I wonder," he mused. "I wonder."

No sooner had Morton entered the office the next morning than Jared Fletcher appeared, his jerking shoulders and twitching hands evincing his eagerness.

"Good mornin', Mort," greeted the old man, briefly. "There ain't no use wastin' time; you know what I come for."

"As you say, Mr. Fletcher, there is no need of wasting time," conceded Morton, amiably. "You still wish to buy?"

Fletcher sat where he could see the idle planing-mill; from its tall stack, no column of smoke proclaimed the fact that the expensive machinery was turning rough lumber into flooring and siding. Through the open door came the hum of the saw-mill; above it rose the shriek of the rotary as it ate up the spruce.

"Yes, I want to buy," he said, fumbling at his shaven lip, "providin' you can deliver enough shares right away."

"How many do you want?"

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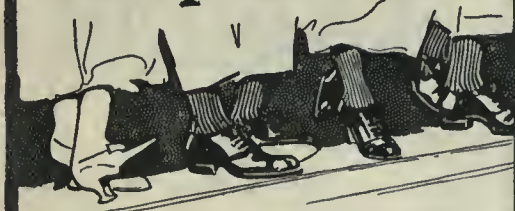
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MONTREAL



"You're capitalized at twenty thousand; ain't you?"

Morton nodded.

"Two hundred shares at a hundred dollars each?"

"That is correct."

"Wal, I'd be satisfied with fifty-one per cent.—that's a hundred an' two shares. Can you deliver 'em?"

"I can."

Fletcher's nervousness abated; he straightened up in his chair. "At how much?" he barked.

"At two hundred," replied Morton, his eyes smiling into the other's.

Fletcher sprang to his feet, his hands clenched, the veins on his forehead throbbing dangerously.

"What!" he roared. "What—" his voice broke, and he sank limply back into his chair.

Morton regarded him with his look of amused speculation. "As you remarked, Mr. Fletcher, there is no need of wasting time. There is nothing more to be said; that is my final price." He rose and walked to the window, gazing musingly at the string of partly-loaded freight cars on the planing-mill siding.

"Mort, can't you come down a leetle mite?" pleaded Fletcher, a whining note in his voice.

"It's no use," said Morton, with a smile. "If you want to buy — and I guess you do—that's the price."

The old man rose, and walked slowly to Morton's desk, dropping into the swivel-chair with a groan. He took a checkbook from his pocket, and looked up.

"Who will I make it out to?" he asked faintly.

"To me—twenty thousand, four hundred dollars." Morton turned to a small safe, which he commenced to unlock.

Slowly, laboriously, Fletcher wrote, great beads of perspiration standing out in glistening prominence on his brow. He tore the check from the stub, and held it in both hands, his shrewd old face lined with the stress of his reluctance. Finally, he relinquished it, and proceeded to count with painstaking care the sheaf of certificates that the young man had laid before him. That done, he looked up sharply.

"An' now, when c'n we have a meetin'?" he asked.

"I thought you would want one immediately, so I asked the others to be here at ten o'clock." Morton glanced out of the window. "They're punctual," he said, as the Doctor's buggy, followed by Lew Foster's buckboard, came in sight over the hill.

A moment later, the owners of the lumber company filed into the office, each with a friendly sally for Morton and a slightly more reserved greeting for the newcomer. The president placed a small table in the centre of the room and seated himself before it.

"Mr. Fletcher," he explained has just purchased a certain amount of stock in the Caldwell Lumber Company; he has, therefore, a voice in matters pertaining to it. The meeting will please come to order."

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Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1914.

Further details can be obtained on application to the Undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister.

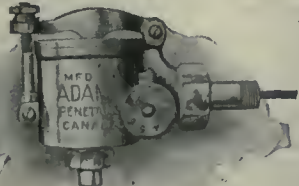
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There was a scraping of chair-legs as the men drew closer. A cough and a deep rumble in Doctor West's throat announced the fact that he was about to speak. Fletcher, however, forestalled him. He rose to his feet, smiling unctuously.

"Mr. Chairman," he addressed Morton, "I don't want to seem in no undue haste, but I move that the minutes of the last meeting be considered read and that we here and now hold an election of officers."

A smile of understanding passed amongst the others.

"I second that motion," husked Lew Foster, sitting on the end of his spine, his eyes intently fixed on the ceiling.

Morton prepared the ballots in his slow, precise way. In silence, the stockholders filled them out and returned them to the president's table. He picked each one up and glanced at it casually.

"The vote is an easy one to count," he said, with a smile. "The result is as follows: For president: Mr. Fletcher, one hundred and two shares; Mr. Caldwell, ninety-eight shares. For treasurer, Doctor West, two hundred shares." He turned toward the treasurer, and bowed. "Doctor West, I congratulate you! Your election is unanimous."

Fletcher rose heavily. His unctuousness departed as he faced Morton, beligerently.

"I guess there's some congratulating comin' to me." He walked toward the door. "Now that I've got some say in this here concern," he announced, over his shoulder, "I'm goin' to order them teamsters to deliver my lumber."

"Just a moment, Mr. Fletcher," interposed Morton, mildly; "you have no authority to act."

"No authority!" snapped the old man. "Ain't the president the whole show in this concern—hey?"

"Pretty nearly," acquiesced Morton.

"Then, why haven't I—"

"Because you are not elected."

"Not elected! What d'ye mean? Why ain't I elected?" Fletcher's voice rose, angry, insistent; but, beneath the anger, lay a vague uneasiness.

Morton opened the record book lying before him, and pushed it across the table. "Because of this," he said.

Fletcher leaned forward, eagerly following the president's moving finger until it stopped at the last entry. In a writing as precise as the president's speech, was recorded:

"Be it resolved that the following be enacted as by-law No. 27 of the Caldwell Lumber Company: No officer of this company shall be elected except by a two-thirds vote of the stockholders; no officer of this company shall be deposed from office except by a two-thirds vote at a legally called meeting."

Fletcher read the few lines to himself, then aloud, in a dazed, bewildered manner. He faced the smiling group with a stupid, helpless expression, his mouth sagging open. The fight had gone out of him completely. He turned his dull eyes to Morton.



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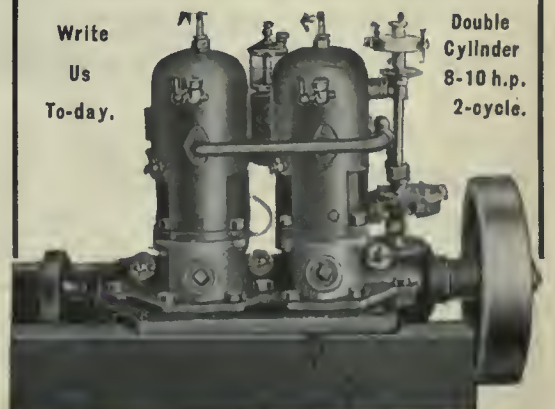
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"I wouldn't 'a' though it of you, Mort," he said weakly.

"You are the only man to whom I would have done it."

There was not the slightest trace of vindictiveness in the pleasant tone. "If you think you have made a bad bargain," Morton went on, "I am willing to give you back your money."

A sudden hope gleamed in the old man's eyes. It died out quickly, however, as he asked:

"What'll you get for it?"

"Its equivalent in planing-mill stock."

"At what price?"

"At par."

"No, sir! No, sir!" The old man smote his palm with clenched fist. "Why, I paid—" He broke off, his face flushing darkly.

"I have not the slightest curiosity regarding what you paid," said Morton, his voice hardening. He walked toward his desk. "Come, Mr. Fletcher, it is your only way out."

"I ain't got no planin'-mill stock with me," temporized Fletcher.

"I did not suppose you had," rejoined the young man, crisply; "an option will do."

He picked up a pen, dipped it, and thrust it between the reluctant fingers, standing over the other as he wrote. When the document was at last completed, Morton perused it carefully. Then, he placed it in his pocketbook, and took out the check that Fletcher had given him within the hour. This he endorsed, and handed to the old man, who sat with bent head, his hands lying open in his lap.

"Here is your money back, Mr. Fletcher; the amount, I believe, you will find correct," he said slowly, precisely.

The Latest Beauty Bath

The very latest beauty-bath is that composed of hot sea-sand. Some famous Parisian beauties have the sand brought direct from Trouville in barrels. Others place unlimited confidence in the strong sea salt of Biarritz.

These baths are fairly expensive; but, then, it is claimed that they do infinite good to a certain quality of skin—that "mat" white skin which so often accompanies red-gold hair and a peach complexion.

The hot-sea-sand bath is prepared in rather a peculiar way. A large sheet is placed on the ground and covered thickly with smoking hot sand. Then the "patient" is wrapped up in the sheet and quietly massaged. After five minutes the "patient" is rolled over and over a dozen times and then again massaged. By this time the sand is cool and the operation finished, unless a very enthusiastic beauty-lover has the courage to begin all over again.

After the sea-sand-bath is over a strong hot-sea-water bath is taken, and this is followed by a delicious douche of cold, faintly scented, water. Next comes the cup of coffee accompanied by a roll, and then—half an hour's repose!

Between Two Thieves

(Continued from page 20.)

cradle-rhyme as she rocked the dying lad to rest. Not the naughty little witch-song about the Archbishop's cupboard, but a vague, tender lullaby, dealing with Our Lady, lilies, roses, angels and stars.

And the delirious parrot-ery was stilled in sleep, but a few days later Henriette was smitten with smallpox, of which the wounded drummer was already dead.

Symptom followed symptom in ugly, familiar procession. When the fever abated, there was no beauty left in the once witching face. The voice of honey, the sweet, enthralling smile, and the seductive shape were left, but beyond these, nothing. By-and-by she asked for a mirror. . . . The nun who nursed her brought her one, after repeated refusals. She looked in it, and said, almost with a smile to Grandguerrier, who had insisted upon being admitted to her bedside:

"I am even uglier than that poor boy, am I not? Well,—the best thing I can do now is to go back to my little girls."

Grandguerrier raved and stormed, they say, but Henriette said No! this time, and said it firmly. And so she went away—she who upon that night you know of had made choice of Christ before all earthly lovers—she whom I, like so many others, have loved against my will.

True to her character of enchantress, she bewitched all those about her. For the nuns held her a saint—and to his dying day Grandguerrier believed her to be the noblest of women. And would you be surprised to learn that she played the role of perfect mother to the three little pig-tailed girls?

CL.

In April, 1910, a radiant celestial traveller, with flaming silvery hair, came rushing back out of the inconceivable, immeasurable spaces that lie beyond the orbit of the planet Neptune, drawn by that strange mysterious need that impels it—at the close of each successive period of eighty to eighty-five years—to revisit the dim glimpses of this speck of Earth.

Old Hector Dunoisse was vaguely uneasy as he gazed at the dazzling-pale wonder. Did it presage some great approaching misfortune?

To each bird's breast its own nest is the nearest. Old Hector trembled, remembering the great age of the woman who was the one joy and comfort of his life. But early in May, when the faces of men and women of British birth were drawn and livid with suspense, as the electrical waves throbbed out from London, telling the hushed and waiting world how a great King's last sands of life were dancing out of the glass, he breathed more freely, despite the sorrow that he felt.



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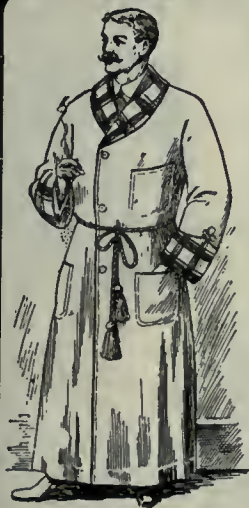
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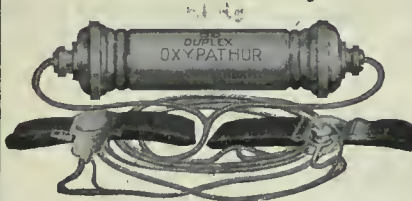
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Thenceafter he was mentally less troubled, but yet in body he was failing. Those about him shook their heads. It was what they had long anticipated—what else, indeed, should be looked for but that one so laden with years should let their burden slip from the bowed shoulders? They did not know of his determination not to lay down life while yet his loved one lived.

He would look from her photograph to the walnut Crucifix with the Emblems of the Passion, and reflect:

"God made her good, therefore He must be goodness. And though a whole lifetime has gone by since my eyes saw, and my hands touched her—yet she lives, and is, and has her being beyond those snowy mountains of Switzerland and the broad fertile fields of France—and across the restless Channel, in the big black city of London I should find her—had I but strength to follow my will—had I but courage to disobey her command."

For that had been the guerdon of his great and tireless labors, to be sent away empty-handed, beggared of all but a little hope. He had gone on patiently toiling among the sick and wounded soldiers in the camps at the Crimea, shunning no service that could be rendered, bearing the heaviest and most irksome burdens; always repeating to himself, over and over, the words he had said at parting to his beloved:

"When I have erased all those black entries from the Book of the Recording angel!—when I have washed my soul clean of the guilt of all this blood, I will come and claim my priceless joy—my great reward of you! I will deserve so much of God that He will give me even you!"

The Allied Armies were withdrawn from the seat of war—the hospitals were closed, yet Dunoisse hesitated to follow her. He had not earned the right, it seemed to him. He volunteered as a surgeon's assistant on one of the French hospital-ships and returned to Marseilles. Here he rendered service to his wounded countrymen, and—simultaneously with the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny—was called back to Paris, to be present at the death-bed of Marshal Dunoisse.

The stately mansion in the Rue Chaussee d'Antin had fallen into decay. A dusty board upon the weather-stained portico advertised it as Unfurnished and To Let. In the little ground-floor back room of the porter's lodge, inhabited by Auguste and his plump-faced wife, the late master of the big house lay dying, his fur-lined cloak spread above the patchwork coverlet and drawn up to his long-unshaven chin. The curly-hrimmed beaver hat was perched upon the top of the wardrobe—the gold-mounted teeth were in their morocco case on the deal toilet-table—the ambrosial wig hung upon the looking-glass—the big Malacca cane, its chased golden top replaced by a knob of tarnished pewter, lay beside the Marshal on the frowsy bed. . . . Monseigneur would have it, Auguste's stout wife explained, to shake at devils that worried him. When he got too weak to do this she had set a plaster Crucifix

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on the chest of drawers that stood at the foot of the bed.

The Marshal's race was nearly run, that was evident. But he was conscious, with lapses into semi-delirium. He recognized his son.

"When I said that Flemish Buonaparte should never pick my bones, I forgot you!" he told Hector. "So, when that woman of yours came to me for money for her dear imprisoned one—I gave, though I knew myself a fool! Then de Fleury sent to me, saying that—though your sentence was for life and the Emperor's resentment was implacable—he could insure your freedom for—I forget how much, but I know it was a thumping sum of money!—and what in the name of a thousand thunders was a man with bowels to do? You were a poor creature, but Marie's son, after all!—and so, I let them plunder me. . . Ah-h! What are you up to now, you rascals, you?"

He saw devils, and roared and brandished his big cane at them. Only in imagination, because his voice had sunk to a crackling whisper, and his hand was powerless. A little child—the year-old son of the ex-coachman's daughter—sat on the bed, holding one of the shrunken fingers—undismayed by the fierce glare of the bloodshot eyes. . . . Monseigneur had been kind to Toto, Auguste's wife whispered. . . . Dunoisse, seeing the end approach, signed to her to take the boy away.

A change of mood came upon the old man presently.

"Let me rise up!" he said to the coachman's wife, a trifle wildly. "I tell you that I am in the presence of the great! . . ."

He added, with the rattle in his throat:

"Guilty, M. the President, upon all these counts and charges. But I never showed my back to an enemy, or gave the cold shoulder to a friend in trouble. . . . I am a soldier of Napoleon, I! And when I see him—even if he be chained down in Purgatory with imps swarming over him, I will draw my sword and cry: 'Be off, you singed rapscallions!—I come, my Emperor!' For I fear God,—but He knows me better than to suppose I shall turn tail before a rabble of fiends. . . ." He made an ineffectual grasp at the cane—rose in imaginary stirrups, and thundered, in that crackling whisper: "Form column of squadrons! Behind the enemy is our rallying-point! Charge!"

Then he fell back into the hollowed bed limply as an empty saddle-bag, and Dunoisse, with an indescribable pang at the heart, knew that his father, who had loved him after all, was dead, and that he had died without a word of love or gratitude from the son for whom he had gone down beggared to the grave.

The poor remnant of a once handsome fortune was left to that son without conditions. The funeral over, Dunoisse sold what remained of the lease of the house—the furniture, plate, and pictures having mysteriously vanished—and left Paris for the East. Wherever the red star of battle burned, thenceforwards the son of Marie-Bathilde was to be

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found aiding the torn and mutilated victims of that grim Moloch we adorn with gold and scarlet; bow down before; give honorable titles to; hang with Orders and Crosses, as though in mockery of the Son of Peace, who died for Love upon the bitter tree.

When the Austrians crossed the Ticino and the French troops entered Piedmont, he quitted the hospitals of Lucknow and hurried to Italy. At Solferino he met with a kindred spirit, and ere long became enrolled a member of a band of high-souled men and women of many nations, who presently were gathered together under the banner bearing the symbol of the Crimson Cross. The funds that were needed to establish the Society upon a sound working basis were supplied from an unexpected source: for when Luitpold, Regent of Widdinitz, quitted this life, having been predeceased by his wife, his son, and both his daughters, it was found, by some strange freak of will, that he had bequeathed his vast private estates to the son of Marie-Bathilde. Thus, the dowry of three hundred thousand thalers having been repaid to the prioress of the Carmelite Convent at Widdinitz, Dunoisse spent the huge sum that remained in the realization of his dream; and when Love and Pity, Charity and Mercy, were leagued all the world over, in a vast, comprehensive Society—when Kings and Emperors praised and thanked the man whose genius for organization and consummate mastery of detail had perfected this vast machine for the alleviation of suffering—whose riches had been poured out unstintingly to further the cause—it seemed to him that he might now seek out the woman of his worship. And he wrote to Ada Merling asking, "May I come to you?" and she answered: "Come!"

It was after the fall of the French Empire. MacMahon had succeeded Thiers as President. Upon the journey Dunoisse, whose exertions had been unceasing during the Franco-Prussian War, scarcely ate or slept. He answered at random those who spoke to him. When he reached the door of the house in Park Lane he trembled, so that he had to lean for support against the railings. He had changed and aged much in the last fifteen years.

He was admitted to the beautiful, quiet drawing-room. An elderly servant knocked at a door communicating with this, and went away. The door opened, and the wraith of Ada Merling stood upon the threshold. So white, so wan, so frail, that but for the indomitable fire burning in the blue-gray eyes, and the resolute, energetic setting of the lips, he who loved her, could hardly have known her. . . . He cried out, stricken to the soul with anguish. . . . She said to him, with no sign of emotion beyond a tremble in her voice:

"You too are changed—you too have suffered! That you should suffer no longer I have decided to tell you all. There can be no question of any closer tie between us, but while I live you have my faithful friendship. And it may be that I shall live for years—though I shall never leave my room again!"

She added, as Dunoisse sank down in a chair, and covered his face with his hands:

"Do not grieve. Try to be glad that the path I am to tread has been pointed out so clearly. . . ."

"Oh! my beloved!" said Dunoisse brokenly. "If you have never loved me I am glad of it for your sake! . . . But, remembering that evening in the Cemetery at Scutari—can you tell me truly that it is so?"

"I will answer you in a letter," she said, "when I have gathered strength sufficiently. How soon you will receive the letter, I cannot say!" She added, when they had sat together for a little space in silence: "Now bid me good-bye and leave me. Never seek me!—do not follow me! If you can, find earthly happiness elsewhere. . . For we are set apart while we both live, by the Will of God. Nevertheless, in His good time, and in the place He has appointed, I believe that you and I shall meet again!"

And so he had left her, and never since seen her. Yearly a letter from her had reached him, but it had never been the letter. Now you know why Dunoisse would not consent to die. He was waiting for the letter that told him of her love.

He had already waited fifty-six years. Well! he would go on waiting. . . The letter was sure to come.

CIL.

SHE died in August, and the letter would never come now. . . .

September paved the chestnut-woods with golden leaves, the ripened blackberries vanished before the onslaughts of children and the attack of birds. The snow-peaks turned into pyramids of ice, blizzards swept screaming down the gorges, there were frost-fogs in the valleys and icicles upon the edges of the rocks over which the waterfalls hung in blocks of frozen foam. The Promenade of Zeiden grew empty—people had migrated to Davos or Grindewald. The familiar figure of the old white-haired man in the Bath-chair had not been seen for many a day. For he lay in his large bedroom at the Home, dying at ninety-three years of age, of a complaint the existence of which is, by the physicians, denied. . . .

He was tended with the kindest care. Nor, when the land and submarine telegraphs tapped out the news East, West, North, and South, and the Wireless sent it to the ears of the helmeted operators in the Marconi Installation Room on the upper decks of the great passenger steamers, hurrying with their human cargo to distant countries, did expressions of sympathy fail.

People were very sorry. Extremely sorry. Though hardly anybody had ever in their lives before heard the name of the dying man. Of the Society of the Crimson Cross, they knew quite certainly. An excellent institution. Had done heaps of good. But they had rather imagined it to have been founded by the Prince Consort in 1859, if they were

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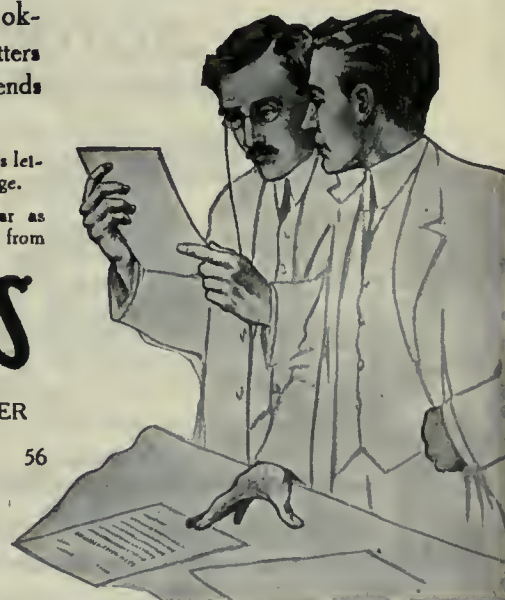
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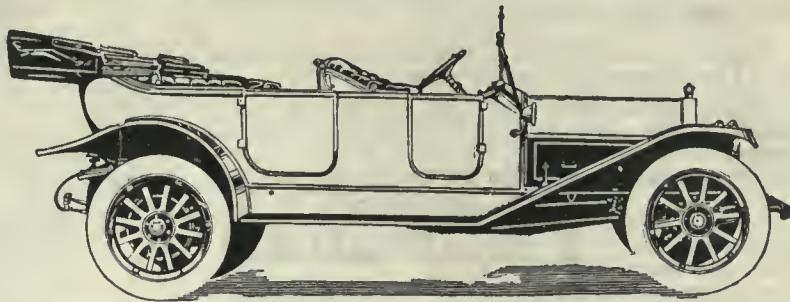
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English; and if they happened to be Germans, they boldly said that the never-to-be-sufficiently-esteemed - and now with his-mourned-ancestors-and-beloved-wife-reposing Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, had laid the egg of the idea that another less eminent had hatched. . . . Italians draped with fine art their own innate convictions that Garibaldi or the Pope were responsible. French people shrugged, superior, for even an Austro-Helvetian, born and bred in Paris, becomes by the most subtle of transitions, a Frenchman of France.

Several Crowned Heads and Scientific Associations cabled sympathetic messages, the Council of the Society of the Crimson Cross pressed for the latest bulletin, the State Council of Widinitz despatched a delegate; the Mayor of Zeiden, with two of his town councillors, made a visit of ceremony to the dying man's bedside. . . . Two Little Sisters of the Poor were with him—mild-eyed religious who had taken it in turns for years with others of their Community, to visit him daily. Lights were burning between vases of flowers before a Crucifix set upon a little white-draped table. They were ending the recitation of the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary as the officials were ushered in.

The man they sought lay, snow-white and barely conscious, a fitful breathing stirring the white hairs of his upper lip. A bleak pinched look was on the brave old face, the great black eyes were closed and sunken. But sometimes their lids would flutter and lift, and they would wander until they fell upon an object that might have been a woman's bust upon a pedestal draped in a heavy veil of crape that hid its lineaments. And then—the look in them was not good to see.

"M. Dunoisse is barely conscious," said the elder of the two Sisters. "The doctors hold that the end is close at hand. That he is quite prepared is happily certain,—Monsieur has ever been a devout Catholic. His confessor is to bring him the Viaticum at noon." The pale face of the speaker flushed as a carriage was heard to stop before the hall-entrance. "It is here!" she said, and hurried to the double doors and flung them wide apart.

CHII.

THERE were muffled footsteps upon the druggetted landing. The Sisters were already kneeling, two black-robed, white-wimpled, motionless images of Prayer. The Mayor of Zeiden, a devout Catholic, hastily crossed himself and knelt down. The delegate from the State Council of Widinitz followed his example—the municipal councillors backing, in exquisite discomfort and embarrassment, against the white-papered wall.

The manager of the Home and his chief assistant entered. Each carried a lighted candle in a tall silver candlestick. Their faces were common, ordinary faces, dignified by an expression of absorbed careful attention rather than devoutness. The tall, bulky, bald, aged

man who followed them was not the priest who usually confessed the patient, but an ecclesiastic in the violet cassock that is distinctive of a Cardinal of the Church of Rome. His nervous, energetic-looking hands were folded against his breast; a great amethyst upon the forefinger of the right gleamed purple and rose between the wavering yellow flame of the tapers and the keen dazzle of the autumn sunshine that bathed the lovely landscape seen beyond the lofty windows. His face—pale, heavily-jowled and with the jutting underlip of an orator and a statesman—was absorbed, and rapt, and set. And, keeping his hands always folded over Something hidden in his bosom, he moved forwards slowly, continuously, as St. Christopher might have waded the drift of the icy black river, bearing the world's Redeemer. The kneeling Catholics received the episcopal benediction, the cold, blue rapier-points of the Cardinal's keen eyes flashing, as he raised the fingers that bestowed it, at the two standing figures by the wall. A single finger waved, and there was a change. The silver candlesticks, with their burning tapers, now added to the illumination upon the temporary altar, the room was emptied of all human presence, save the stately, imposing figure of the ecclesiastic and the scarcely-breathing form upon the bed. The sunk, sealed eyelids twitched and lifted. Recognition dashed in the great black eyes. The Cardinal said low and distinctly:

"My son, the priest who was to administer the Last Sacraments has been seized with sudden illness. Knowing me to be staying at Mülkenzell — where I have been taking the whey-cure—he telegraphed, entreating me to supply his place." He added: "And I hesitated not to come—for it may be that Our Lord requires of you this act of final obedience. Will you consent to receive His Body from the hands of one who has been your enemy, but who has already humbly entreated your forgiveness—who renews his penitence at this final hour?"

With a great effort the dying man faltered:

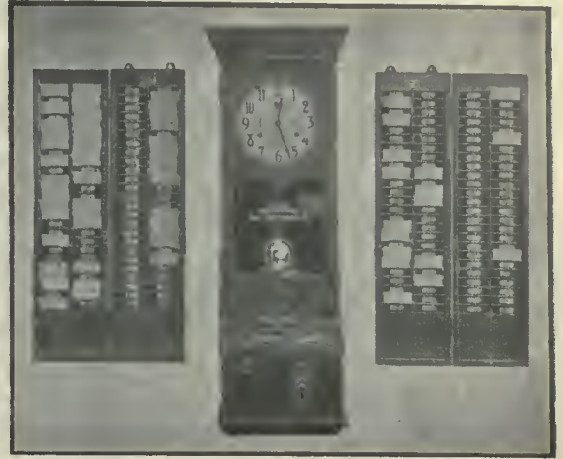
"Yes!"

Then tears dimmed the eyes that had lost their brilliance, the hollow cheeks palpitated—the chin quivered—old Hector wept. . . . And the visitor soothed him, bending over the pillow, and the Confession was completed; the thready, breathless whispers of the penitent replying to the resonant undertones of the priest.

He received Absolution then, and the final Blessing.

Extreme Unction followed the Communion of the Dying. And as the sacred rite went on, an awful sternness settled over the grave old aquiline face. All the long life of Hector Duois lay unrolled as a map before his mental vision. He appraised, he valued, he weighed. . . . And, weighing, he was made aware how Self, in the opposing scale of the just balance, weighed down the seeming stately pile of noble sacrifices made and good deeds done for heaven. Ah! little wonder that the

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grand old face grew sterner and sterner as the Sacrament reached its close, and he who ministered by the death-bed, passed to the Recommendation of the Departing Soul.

CIV.

HE was very weary, the great Churchman who had travelled from Mülkenzell—but when he reached his private rooms at the hotel he could not rest. Something urged him with a soundless voice, plucked at him with invisible hands, constrained him to return to the death-chamber. . . He dined, and snatched brief sleep beset with dreams upon a preposterous, green-plush sofa. Then he obeyed the entreaty, or the mandate, and took his biretta, and threw a heavy cloak about him, for it was night and cold; and stepped out upon the Promenade.

The Home was but a few minutes' walk from the Promenade; he reached it in a few moments. The hall-door stood open; some silent-footed men in black came out as His Eminence mounted the steps.

He traversed the vestibule and passed upstairs. The diligent hands of the Little Sisters had already completed the last arrangements. Into the middle of the lofty room, with its consecrated burning candles and massed votive wreaths and crosses, the narrow, white-draped bed had been drawn. At the foot of it stood the altar, with its Crucifix, and its vases of flowers, and burning tapers.

One of the Little Sisters of the Poor knelt on a prie-Dieu near the bed-foot. Then, as de Moulney turned towards the bed to sprinkle it and its occupant from the little stoup of holy water that stood upon a small stand close by, an oblong patch of whiteness showing relief against its purple cover drew his attention. The meek, good eyes of the Sister had followed the Cardinal's. They now encountered them.

"It was I who placed it there," the Sister explained, with a little innocent confusion. "It arrived by the afternoon post. It is a letter from England—M. Dunoisse received one in that handwriting regularly once a year at Noel . . . its arrival was Monsieur's great festival!" She added, as the Cardinal took the letter in his hand: "The good God permitted Monsieur to suffer a terrible bereavement in the death of the dear friend who thus remembered him!" She glanced at the crepe-veiled bust in the window bay, and added: "In August he received the news. At the close of September comes this letter—a message from the dead to the dead."

The Cardinal's expression of composed stern gravity did not change as the Sister made her explanation.

"Leave me, my child," he said to the nun, "and rest until I again summon you. I desire to remain alone awhile by this bed of holy death."

The Sister withdrew, leaving the Cardinal standing with the letter in his hand by the old white head that rested upon the flower-strewn pillow. A snow-pure veil of unutterable peace had been

drawn by the hand of gentle Death over the splendid, powerful brow, the sealed eyes, and the high, clear-cut, aquiline features. The face was wonderfully noble, marvellously grand.

A great prelate, a subtle theologian, a profound scholar, no priest was more deeply read than Cardinal de Moulney in the pages of the Book of Life and Death. Long years of experience among the living, stores of knowledge accumulated beside innumerable death-beds, had taught him that the deeper you read between the pages of that Book, the less you know that you know.

An idea struck him as he looked from the dead face to the envelope, obviously yellowed, addressed in a delicate old-fashioned handwriting faded as though by the passage of many years—to an address in Paris that had belonged to Dunoisse many years previously—now re-addressed in blacker ink in a modern upright hand. And as he looked, yielding to a sudden impulse, he tore open the envelope and mastered the contents. He read by the light of the death-tapers that flickered on the altar at the bed-foot, set on either side of the Crucifix, carved in dark walnut with the Emblems of the Passion, that had hung above the head of the bed. The letter bore the date of thirty-nine years back. It ran thus:

"It has been made clear to me that what it is my determination to reveal to you in this letter cannot be known by you while the hand that penned it is yet warm and living. So, once written, it shall lie in the shabby desk most people laugh at until my summons comes from that High Power Whose call we must all obey. There was a time, though you have never suspected it, when for the sake of the sweetness of the earthly love you had not then offered me, I would have taken my hand from the plough.

"Nor when the gift was made, was I without my hour of doubt and hesitation, for, had I linked my life with yours, I must have broken a vow. Well!—I was spared the choice by the verdict of the London physicians—the relentless progress of the disease that bound me prisoner to this room within whose four walls I have now for so many years lived and labored. . . . Dear friend—dearest of all earthly friends—there is no marriage in that world where blessed spirits dwell, but there is Oneness. It is the gift of God to souls that have purely loved upon earth. Oh my beloved—whom I loved from the first—whom I shall love to the last—and this world is not the last, thanks be to God for it—I do most humbly trust in Him that we who have been so long divided here on earth shall meet and be one in Heaven."

CV.

CARDINAL DE MOULNEY was not ordinarily prone to yield to emotion—not commonly open to the appeals of sentiment—yet the tears rolled down his heavy cheeks as he read. It seemed to him so exquisitely piteous that the reward of his dead friend's unswerving devotion and life-long fidelity should have come too late to yield him joy.

Was it fancy? Was it some shadow cast athwart the dead face by a wind-blown taper-flame that made the stern old beautiful mouth under the white moustache that charitable hands had trimmed and waxed for Dunoisse, seem to be smiling? The glassy, fixed eyes were a little open. Had they not been shut a little while before? The steady nerves of the questioner knew a strange thrill of awe. . . . He stepped to the bedside,

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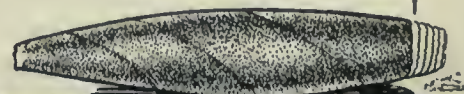
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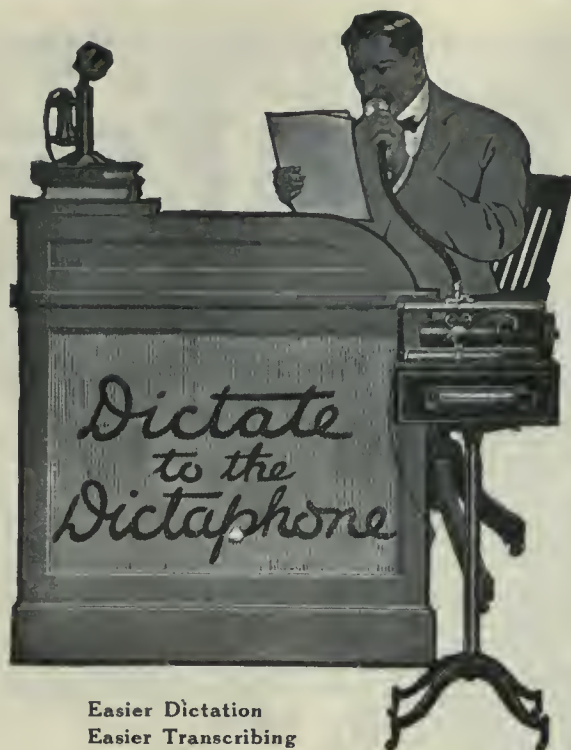
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gazed earnestly in the still, white face. No doubt, death was there! He touched the icy wrist,—bent his ear close to the cold, shrouded heart—Death, beyond all doubt! Yet, remembering that he had solemnly sworn, many years before, to be the friend of Dunoisse to the edge of Death, and, if possible, beyond—he would do as some unseen Mentor now prompted. . . . There was no sin in the thing. . . . It was an act of charity. . . .

So, as he would have shouted in the cars of an expiring penitent, following the retiring consciousness to the remotest bounds of vitality with the sacred words, the gracious consolations of Holy Church, now with all the power of his splendid lungs de Moulney shouted the letter of the dead woman in the ears of her dead lover. There was not a spark of life in the glassy eyes glimmering between the rigid, livid eyelids. The deadly chill of death bit him like a frost as he slipped the letter within the folds of the shroud where the leather case that held its comrades was hidden or the breast of Hector Dunoisse. He was a little contemptuous of his own weakness as he dipped his fingers in the china shell of holy water—sprinkled the head and feet of the corpse, and murmured a Latin prayer commending the departed soul to the Divine Mercy. Then he lifted his fur-lined mantle from the floor where he had dropped it—and went out of the room with long, light, noiseless steps, shutting the door.

The man who lay upon the flower-decked, white-draped bed, with dimly burning tapers at his head and feet, and his dead love's letters lying upon his dead breast under the stiff, white hands that held a Rosary, saw the tall, corpulent figure in the purple cassock pass out of the room. He heard the closing of the door.

He had heard the letter, every word of it. And the revelation of her long-hidden secret had brought him unutterable joy—joy of which he knew he must infallibly have died, had he not been already dead.

For he knew quite well that he was dead; but that his spirit had not yet passed beyond the gates of its earthly tenement. He waited in a great, cold, quiet void. The little busy world spun on, for ever divorced from him. He was one with the Immensities of Eternity. He hung, an isolated point in Illimitable Space, upon the borders of the Otherwhere. He knew no shrinking. Terrors are for nerves of flesh, fears for the finite, mortal, perishable. . . . He lay like a drop of water that is yet a boundless ocean, enclosed in the hollow of the Almighty Hand.

It has been said and written by learned men, dead ages ago—that the soul remains a prisoner for hours, perhaps days, when the spark of Life is extinguished, and the heart is for ever stilled. Perhaps it was the third hour after death, perhaps the third day—who knows?—when Dunoisse became aware that four walls no longer bounded his horizon—that the peaks and ranges of the ancient snow-crowned mountains now rose up about him. . . . He stood beside

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a new-made grave, covered and surrounded with crosses and wreaths of fading flowers, in the cemetery that lies on the hillside below Zeiden. The flush of dawn was upon all. Nature, the frosted grasses at his feet bowed to the earth in slumber; the lake far below, lying in the lap of the wintry woods and meadows, seemed to slumber and dream . . . and in the East, to which his face was turned—the mysterious East that has been, since the childhood of this old world, the threshold across which Revelation has stepped with shining feet—the moon was rising more gloriously than he had ever known the great silvery-golden planet rise—or was it the sun? . . .

The solemn mountains were no longer round him. His temples were no longer kissed by a breeze that was chill with the frosts of earthly night. A balmy warmth, an exquisite fragrance, an enveloping, embracing sense of light and peace and rest, were his now. He stood amidst vast, illimitable fields of lilies,—tall bosomed stems that bowed and swayed and whispered as though a wind were passing over them. Yet the atmosphere was still—so still, so clear, so pure, that his unspoken thought stirred it, sending waves of vibrations eddying through its celestial ether, as uttered words of earthly speech set in motion the mundane air:

"These are the Fields of Paradise," was his thought. And—oh! with what bliss unutterable he heard the Beloved answer in that wordless, thrilling language that is common speech with the Blest:

"These are the Fields of Paradise—and I am here with you!"

He cried out: "Blessed be God!" seeing her coming.

She answered: "Blessed be God!" even as she came.

He had had earthly dreams of meeting her after Death in some roseate land beyond the sunset, dressed in the well-loved, sober, black silk gown, white cap and little cape, walking upon the virgin shores of some tideless, opal ocean.

This was the Divine reality—that she should move to him through a whispering sea of lilies; robed in the spotless glory of her unstained virginity, with the shining halo of her long martyrdom hovering over her pure brow, reflected in her radiant eyes.

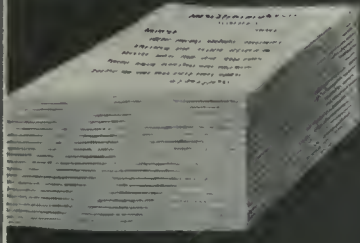
"Oh, my Love!" she said, in that thought-speech of Paradise that is sweeter than all the singing of all the nightingales of earth, "there is no marriage in Heaven, but there is Oneness. It is God's gift to souls that have faithfully loved on earth!"

"Oh, my Love!" he said, "I never dreamed you half so beautiful."

"And ah! my Love," she answered back, "I never knew before how glorious you were!"

They were speechless for a moment, gazing on each other, while the little years of our earth flitted by, and its men and women were born, and grew up and grew old. She held out both hands to him then, and he would have fallen at her feet, but, "No!" she said, and open-

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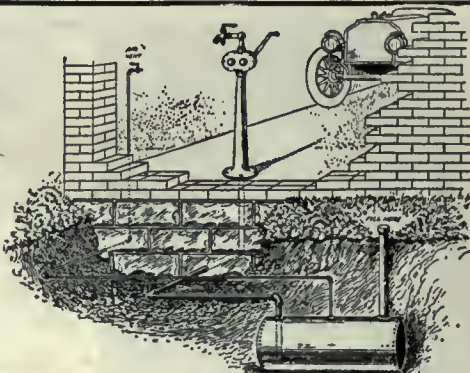


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ed her dear arms, and took him to her breast instead.

And heart to heart they stood; lips hushed on lips in the kiss of Paradise that outweighs all the joys we covet. And the lilies kept whispering as though they knew a secret. "Who is coming?" they rustled to each other. "We know!—we know!"

There was a Footstep in that holy place. The lilies ceased whispering—it was still, so still! Who came, moving through His Garden of Paradise as of old time He moved through His earthly Eden, calling the man and the woman? The lilies knew, but they did not say.

The woman and the man heard His Voice. They turned, hand clasped in hand, to see the Face of Love smiling under the Crown of Thorns; and, oblivious even of each other in the bliss of the Beatific Vision, they fell in adoration at those nail-pierced Feet that trod the Dolorous Way under the weight of the Cross; toiling under the burden of their sins and yours and mine—that, repentant—we might find pardon and salvation.

THE END.

The Exceptional Salesman

(Continued from page 31.)

man, but his customers always anticipated his visits, and would say, "Isn't it about time for Charlie to be around? It does one good to see that fellow. He is all sunshine." Everybody knew him on his Western route, which he traveled for many years. The hotel clerks all liked him and they tried to give him the best room possible whenever he came, often saving one for him for days. He was always given the best seat in the dining-room and the best waiter, and when the orders were called off in the kitchen, the waiter would say, "Give me an A1 steak for Charlie, for he is such a good fellow." Wherever he went the door flew open to him. He did not have to push as hard as others to get in, for everybody knew that when he came it meant a good laugh and pleasant memories.

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at the other end of the bargain." He said that if he got a bad bargain himself he could stand it, even if his losses were heavy, but he could never afford to have the man who dealt with him get a bad bargain.

There is no one thing that has so much to do with a business man's success as the absolute confidence of the public. Confidence has everything to do with patronage. We like to patronize the firm which has a good reputation, and many prefer to pay more for articles in a reliable store that guarantees their quality, than to buy similar articles at a much lower price in an unreliable store. People are afraid to go into unreliable places. They have a feeling that they will be swindled somewhere; that the lower price only covers up poor quality.

You may bring customers to your store once by shrewd schemes and advertising, but you cannot hold them by this means alone. Unless you satisfy them, give them good value for their money, you cannot induce them to come again. But the satisfied customer is a perpetual advertisement. He not only comes again himself, but he sends his friends, and they furnish a perpetual mouth-to-mouth advertisement which gives stability and permanence to a business.

The man who thinks he is going to make a fortune without considering the man at the other end of the bargain is very short-sighted. In the long run the customer's best good is the seller's best good also; and, other things equal, the man succeeds best who satisfies his customers best, who gains their confidence, so that they will not only come back, but always bring others with them. In the same way, the ideal salesman must impress his customers with his honesty, sincerity and frankness. He must be shrewd and sagacious without being deceptive.

A little while ago I heard a salesman say to a friend, "I don't care whether a man sells my goods or not, I sell him every dollar's worth I can just the same. If he is overstocking the store, that is his business. I push my sales just as far as I can."

Now, when this young salesman's customers find that out, as they will, they will distrust him. They will be on their guard, and he will lose his influence over them, and their patronage.

Remember, Mr. Brilliant Salesman, that stuffed orders are dangerous. Stuffed orders are boomerangs. When, by hypnotic over-persuasion, you work off goods upon a customer which he does not need, you are likely to hear from him again. The profits of a single sale have often lost such a salesman the profits of a life customer. There is nothing so disastrous as a disappointed customer.

Many people are beguiled into buying what they do not want, because they do

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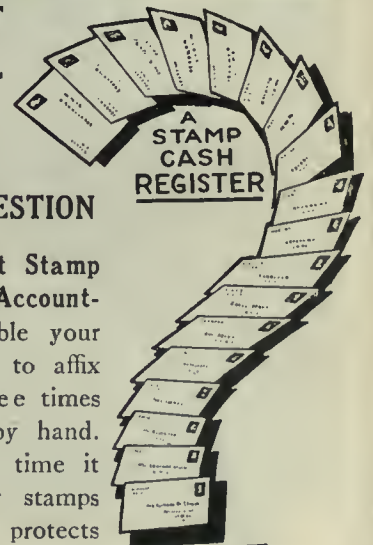
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L. V. E.

The Weis Manufacturing Co.
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not know the laws of salesmanship, or how to protect themselves from the expertness or hypnotism of an unprincipled salesman.

Many salesmen use bulldozing methods. They actually hypnotize people into buying what they do not need, and many weak characters, especially in country places, are kept poor by constantly being over-persuaded into buying things which they cannot afford. Especially is this true of colored people in the South, whose simple, untrained minds are the easy victims of the smooth, oily promoter.

I have known of negro families in the South where there was not a whole plate, or scarcely a knife and fork in the house, to buy plush autograph albums, books which they could not read or understand, pictures, picture frames, organs, pianos, when they were so poor that every member of the family was ragged and apparently only half-nourished.

These solicitors and agents who travel through the country live upon the gullibility of people who are not mentally equipped to protect themselves against the expert persuaders, who make a business of overcoming weak minds. If they can only get a victim's confidence, the trick is done. There is no great demand for the man who can deliver the goods regardless of methods employed, and there is a great temptation for men to practise real dishonesty in their mental methods, and to use unfair means in winning confidence, only to abuse it.

A conscientious salesman is familiar with the tricks of the trade which the unscrupulous practise, but which he will not resort to. His reputation, his clean record, his straightforward methods, his reputation for reliability mean infinitely more to him than to get an order by driving a sharp bargain, deceiving, taking advantage of, or hypnotizing his customer.

The exceptional salesman thinks too much of his good name, too much of what his customers think of him, their implicit faith in him, their belief that they can absolutely depend upon what he tells them—that it will not be the near-truth, but the exact truth—and these things mean infinitely more to him than the taking of an order. His reputation for straightforwardness, for reliability, his reputation as a man, are his chief capital. He is doing business without money capital. His ability and his character are his capital, and he cannot afford to throw this away or to vitiate it.

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements.

—Dr. Marden.

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The Buried Millions of Zarnda

(Continued from page 23.)

viciously, "That is unless——," and he paused significantly.

"Unless what, my friend?"

"Unless," said the other slowly, leaning forward and frowning fiercely, "Unless you answer my questions, in detail, completely and correctly."

"If that is all, why fire ahead," laughed Busby, leaning back against the wall, and rolling a cigarette indifferently.

"In the first place then, Senhor, why are you in Zarnda?"

The Scotman's eyes lifted. "Why," he said, "You know all about that, I'm sure. My boat ran amuck, and the waters of the Atlantic answered for the rest. What more can I say?"

"You can tell the truth, Senhor," said the Commander with a scowl, "that you came here in the employ of the scum D'Andrade; that you came here as a thief and the confidante of a thief, to help steal the ill-gotten gold which a villainous tyrant stole from the citizens of this Republic. You can say also whether you have succeeded or not—." And his voice rose viciously as he leaned forward with narrowing eyes. "You can say, and by God, you will say, or I'll have you curse the day of your birth, you dog."

A loaded revolver lay at the Commander's elbow on the table, but he disregarded it as he leaned across and his voice rose almost to a shriek; "You will say, or your own mother——."

He never finished. Busby cleared the table in a jump, and before the other knew it, his throat was in a grasp of iron.

"You dago swine. You'd mention the name of God's best woman! For two pins I'd tear your head off your beastly little carcass."

He reached down suddenly, and grasped the revolver from the table. "Listen!" he gritted, "Just call to those Johanies outside the window, to come round to the door. At once, or its the sulphury smoke for yours, do you hear?"

It was some time before the Commander, in an apoplexy of terror, was able to find voice to obey, and Busby, listening intently heard the guard muster outside the door, ready for the command to enter. Still keeping the Venezuelan covered with the revolver, he locked the door and moved noiselessly to the window.

Opening the casement, with a vindictive parting threat, he dropped outside silently. Once out, he ran as he had never run before, towards that part of the beach where the "Lilian A" was lying; and even as he ran, Da Silva's furious shrieks of rage sounded behind him. He knew that only a few moments would elapse before the hounds were on his trail, and presently a promiscuous sniping warned him that the sooner he rained the lower grade of the beach, the safer it would be for him, as a slight ridge of sand would then cover his flight.

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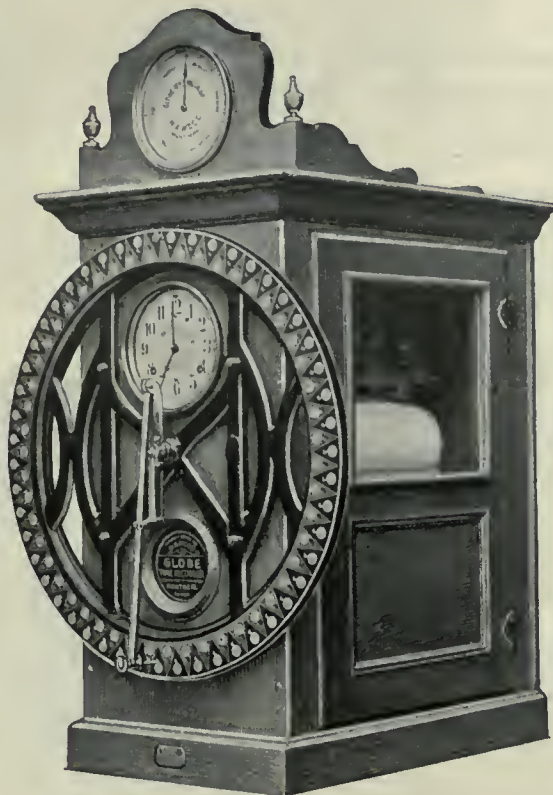
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partially. He blessed his lucky stars, for the blackness of the night. The boat he knew, would be afloat, as the tide was high, and Dodds had already finished the patch in her bows, and he prayed fervently as he ran that Da Silva had not as yet set any guard on her, and that Sam and Dodds might be awake. The lateness of the hour gave him little hope of that, however. At any time a stray bullet might find a billet in his back, and of a sudden, as he topped the ridge, he crashed into someone coming in the opposite direction. They grappled silently, and together rolled down the slope, Busby's hands groping wildly for the other's throat.

A half stifled curse in Hindustanee, first aroused him to the fact that his opponent was none other than his own servant, and he released him with an oath.

"Baas," the boy whispered, chokingly, as soon as he could speak; "I no know you in the dark. I think you Portugee. I been come for tell you two Douglas soldier come to the boat, look see everything. He no find that box though, Baas. I hide him. Dodds, he frighten for true. I think so, time we get out this place, Sahib."

Busby did not answer, but grasping Sam's arm, led the way across the beach at a run.

The launch was afloat about twenty feet from the land, and a small dinghy, which had evidently been used by the soldiers to board her, was floating idly at her stern. The light of a hurricane lamp on deck showed up the occupants painfully. Dodds, half sitting, half lying, on top of the cabin was cowering under repeated interrogatory jabs from the bayonet of a soldier who stood over him, and protesting voluminously. The other soldier, apparently unmindful of the continuous shooting on shore, was standing in the well of the boat, holding the lamp high above him, an evidently much amused onlooker.

To these came suddenly, a terrorizing apparition of a dripping head, and outstretched hand, protruding over the side of the boat.

The muzzle of a dangerous-looking revolver zigzagged most uncertainly from one to the other. The peremptory order to drop their guns, was obeyed with feverish haste, as Busby pulled himself on board.

"Take that dingy ashore Dodds, and get Sam, and that box he has, and look lively if you want to see to-morrow," he said as he picked up the two rifles and laid them in the stern of the launch.

The sound of rapidly approaching footsteps along the beach was faintly borne to them as Sam and Dodds reappeared, the former holding tightly on to a verdigris-covered box.

"Start 'er up, you!" he shouted to Dodds, as a host of lights appeared on the ridge, and a couple of shots passed over their heads. "And you," turning to the scared soldiers, "Overboard with you; Sam, cut that cable. Get a hustle now, Dodds, if you want to see that copper-colored girl of yours in B'ados any more."

As the soldiers hesitated, a rifle cracked and a bullet tore through the cabin, breaking one of the port hole glasses.

One of the soldiers jumped for the water instantly, and Busby, swinging the hurricane lamp round his head knocked the other over, and extinguished the lamp, just as the engine started.

"Thank Heaven, it's an under water exhaust," he muttered as he grasped the wheel, "Not but what they'd still hear us if they'd only stop that row."

He backed the launch along shore for a while.

"Wonder how long it'll be before these beggars on the gunboat get wise what the shootin's about, and switch their searchlight on to us," as a fusillade of bullets ploughed the water, all round the spot they had just vacated.

"I'm afraid, Samivel, my boy," he said as his servant came and stood alongside him; "Your boss bring you in plenty too much trouble this time all right, all right. We'll never be able to make Maliva, before that bally gunboat gets us in their daylight."

He swung the launch round as he spoke, and headed for the harbor entrance, a little more than a mile away.

It seemed a miracle that none of the shots save the one, had hit them, and as they rushed along at full speed, Busby commenced even to hope that they might pass the gunboat unobserved. Suddenly, however, his hopes were dashed, as without any warning, the searchlight of the 'El Pablo' broke out right ahead. The rays passed slowly in a circle, pausing for a minute on a crowd of madly gesticulating soldiers on the beach, and fortunately for the launch, passing clear over their heads without focussing them, owing to the close proximity. The next circle would be almost sure to show them up though, and Busby groaned audibly as he recognized the obvious futility of trying to run past the gunboat with that light shining on them.

The warship was anchored as nearly as possible, in the centre of the inlet, and about four or five hundred yards from either side, whilst a distance of about three hundred yards past her would bring the launch to comparative safety, behind Maliva Head on either channel, if they could only make it.

"Here Sam," shouted Busby, as the light slowly circled towards them again, his time clearly low enough to hold them in full view. "Take the wheel, and keep her just as she goes. I'll put someone or something out of business, before they get us anyway."

He jumped aft and picked up one of the rifles from the well deck. The launch was now close on the gunboat, and in a couple of seconds, the slowly rotating light would be full on them.

Resting the rifle on the cabin, he took careful aim at the light and fired without result. Even as the shot rang out the light found them.

They could hear the excited cries on board the gunboat, and half blinded by the glare, Busby, maddened by his utter impotence, pumped bullet after bullet, recklessly and at random in its direction.

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A desperate frenzy seized him, and when the chamber was emptied, he jumped aft and continued his seemingly futile bombardment with the other rifle. Then the improbable happened.

At the third shot from the second rifle, the light suddenly vanished, but so great was his excitement, that he had actually fired two more shots in the direction, before he realized that he had accomplished his object.

Throwing down the rifle, he sprang to the wheel, and in a second, the launch, which had been heading to pass on the right of the warship, was swung clear over to the left, passing so closely as to graze the anchor chain.

The whole proceeding, from the first shot had occupied so short a period, that as yet, not even one shot had been fired from the 'El Pablo,' but now, as if to make up for lost time, a perfect hail of bullets ploughed the sea round where the launch had so lately been heading.

As they fled bravely past, unscathed, and at a tangent, Busby laughed grimly.

"Them 'Dougla Portigee' no savvy white 'Buckra' yet. Eh Sam?"

"Sahib, I scared fo' true," was the only answer he got.

Sam and Dodds lay cowered in the bottom of the boat.

The report of a couple of shells, evidently fired at haphazard on the other side of the 'El Pablo,' reverberated through the mountains on either side.

"Oh you no need for frighten boy," he said, putting his hand affectionately on the lad's head, as he switched the course straight for the left-hand entrance of the harbor. "I no think them dago got light on the island, and if they have," he added hopefully, "they no got sense for use him. Make me one big cocktail, Sam; and Dodds, you better see that the engine is all right. We don't want any break-downs now. Sam'll give you some whiskey. I guess you need it?"

The mulatto raised a scared face, and started toward the engine.

"Mr. Busby, sah," he half gasped, "Befo' God sah, if I ever get back to B'ados, I sure never leave 'um again. No sah."

"Oh, wait till you drink a good shot of whiskey and you'll want to go back and do it all over again," laughed Busby, but the mulatto did not reply other than with a groan.

Luck was with them, and as Busby had surmised, the little fort on Maliva was either without any searchlights, or else the discipline maintained was not of an over strict nature, for, although they could hear sounds of commotion on shore as they fled past in the darkness, no attempt of any description was made to stop their progress.

When they had gained about three or four miles outside the harbor, the lights of a vessel, presumably the 'El Pablo,' showed up astern, leaving the harbor, but by daylight they found themselves alone on the ocean.

Busby laid a straight course for Barbadoes again, preferring that to the somewhat dangerous navigation of the

muddy waters and treacherous shoals of the British Guiana coast.

Three days later, he and an absurdly hilarious old gentleman dined 'perdu,' in company with an exceedingly fascinating young senhorita, Inez D'Andrade, in a most comfortable bungalow, overlooking the sea in an isolated part of the island.

According to the facts gleaned from subsequent rather heated correspondence between officials of the British and Venezuelan governments, it transpired that some irresponsible person, whom the British ambassador at Caracas most emphatically refused to accept any responsibility for, had, by a wonderfully lucky shot, severed one of the wires attached to the searchlight on the 'El Pablo,' very effectively cutting off the current, and at the same time wounding one of the operators. This was news to Busby, who had imagined that his shot had smashed the light itself.

Publicity Value of National Parks

(Continued from page 26.)

conventionalities and restrictions of "The howling wilderness of bricks and mortar" as Mr. Benson of Shakespearean fame would say, and get face to face with "Nature the Old Nurse," just as she left the Creator's hands, for thus she is within five minutes walk of almost any carriage road, trail or hostel within their limits. Mr. Trow's vision has materialized.

"The Land of London"

Under this title W. M. J. Williams writes in the *English Review* of the grievous conditions of land tenure and registers the entirely gratuitous belief that "Londoners are concerned with matters vital to the comfort and continued prosperity of both the metropolis and the regions beyond it." There is no London "concern" for anything of the kind, or Mr. Williams would never have had occasion to record the almost unbelievable details which register the lowest mark of intelligence attained by a civilized business community.

The writer surveys the conditions of leaseholding throughout the area, the annual rateable value of which is over 44 million sterling, and says that "in all parts of the metropolis there are powerful ground lords whose mastery of the soil gives them so much power over the inhabitants," and suggests that the government should levy a tax on values. Londoners are well content and have never demanded any reform from Parliament and have hardly desired the few improvements which the flux of time brings to their doors. The history of the City Corporation and the Water Board is the clearest indictment of the Londoner, who will preferably play at politics rather than set his house in order; there is more public spirit in the tiniest hamlet in the shires.

What Our New Cities Cost

The Intricacies of Municipal Financing in City of Rapid Growth

By JOHN APPLETON

The average debt of large cities in the United States is equal to less than \$50 per head; in Canada it is over \$100 per head and counting only those with over 10,000 population, the total is \$285,000,000. This large total has been reached during the past few years and to meet the needs of the growing population many more millions will have to be spent during the next few years. Mr. Appleton shows the beneficial effects on business which the present lull in municipal expenditure will have and he discusses its regulation in the future, and the relation of the citizen to his city's debt. It will be seen more clearly by the average citizen just why a city debenture issued becomes a lien on individual's property.

Do you expect that a man with a team would stay on a homestead when he could earn \$7.00 a day in the city? "No." That was the answer I gave unhesitatingly to the Edmontonian who asked the question of the writer in the streets of Toronto. We were talking over the growth of the Alberta capital in conjunction with the increase of urban as compared with the rural population of the Dominion as a whole. However, the man with a team and a homestead can now find employment on the homestead and not in the cities. This is a change of great significance to the Dominion as a whole, and a change of the greatest significance to the business interests of the Dominion.

From the haste of city building, the scramble for money to hasten it, and the exploitation of the money chests of London, attention is being turned to the land. All this haste, borrowing and planning has left enduring monuments. Yesterday but a pair of steel rails stretched across a vast continent in the West and these were sentinelled at well-distanced periods by station houses, elevators and water tanks surrounded by a few shacks; to-day are to be found well equipped towns and villages equipped with some form of lighting plants and with well-made roads and streets, sewer and water systems. There is another monument also—a huge debt—that we hope will not be enduring, but with the process of time and sinking fund operations will pass away.

Less than a decade ago railway magnates were crossing the trackless prairies spying out the land with a view to being able to tell the providers of capital that the resources of the country were as good as reported by explorers and then by surveyors. It seems as but a brief period since the late Mr. Hays, who implemented the conception of another transcontinental, traversed by horse-drawn conveyance the long stretch of prairie through which the proposed line was to penetrate. He did this with the idea of knowing from first-hand observation what the land was capable of producing. That long journey fired his enthusiasm and that was transmitted to those who had control of the necessary capital. So recent is this event that it cannot as yet be said to have passed into history. In the few years intervening between that event, and the few years elapsing since the Canadian Northern

prairie lines were commenced there has sprung up hundreds of towns, villages and cities. These have been equipped with modern homes, public conveniences and utilities. It has been a gigantic work, done as we have already stated, hurriedly and at great expense. A lull in activity in this respect is now being experienced, not because there is no need of further work being done, but because there has not been money enough available.

The time seems opportune to examine, in a general way, the extent of the huge debt created. Before proceeding, however, it may be as well to make it perfectly clear that the writer does not wish to leave the wrong impression that this debt has been piled up without having on the other side of the balance sheet assets in proportion to the liability incurred. In an article written for the London Financial Times Commissioner J. Yorath, of Saskatoon, gives an interesting example of the extraordinary expenditure made by that city. After telling of the extraordinary rapidity of that city's growth, he states that no less than \$2,500,000 was spent upon water, electricity and street car services operated there last year, and showed a profit of \$6,000 after allowing for repayment of principal, interest and depreciation. Taking into consideration the fact of Saskatoon having a population of 27,527, of its not being more than unoccupied prairie land twenty years ago, its growth, and the growth of other Western Canadian cities are without parallel. Speaking generally, it will be found that all Western Canadian cities against which there now stands a very heavy debt have a civic organization, material assets and available resources quite equal to the burden of carrying the debt.

Municipal Securities Safe

Although there may be ample reason for regarding the present lull in municipal expenditure as desirable there is no reason why the holder of Canadian municipal securities should feel alarmed. There are no safer or better securities to hold, and this will appear with greater force to investors when they find that the bonds they hold a few years hence are worth very much more than the price they paid for them during the year which has just passed. A result most desirable from cessation of municipal expenditure is the diversion of labor and

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attention from the remunerative work of city building to that of cultivating the land.

With this assurance as to the character of the securities which represent the debt of Canadian cities, the writer feels more confident in presenting the figures which represent the total net indebtedness of all cities of Canada with a population of 10,000 or over. The table following shows the debt in proportion to the population and the per capita debt: To secure figures covering

Maritimes.	Net Debt.	Population.	Net Per Capita Debt.
Charlottetown ..	\$ 335,961	12,000	\$ 27
Amherst	410,465	10,320	41
Glouce Bay	355,494	16,980	22
Halifax	3,201,193	46,601	69
Sydney	709,289	21,000	34
St. John	1,322,134	56,000	23
Moncton	442,009	14,000	31
Total	\$ 6,774,000	176,901	\$ 38
Quebec.			
Montreal	\$73,828,290	550,000	\$134
Quebec	7,846,777	90,000	87
Sherbrooke	1,093,060	19,856	52
Three Rivers ..	1,318,503	18,000	62
Hull	549,083	20,684	27
Westmount ..	3,033,547	18,500	169
Lachine	957,550	15,000	64
St. Hyacinthe ..	432,787	11,116	39
Valleyfield ..	648,000	10,000	64
Outremont	1,790,755	10,000	179
Verdun	611,744	26,000	23
Maisonneuve ..	7,078,000	36,607	197
Total	\$99,183,000	825,763	\$120
Ontario.			
Toronto	\$32,351,093	425,000	\$ 76
Hamilton	5,111,283	100,808	51
Ottawa	6,017,267	95,570	63
London	3,377,079	65,026	61
Brantford	1,316,053	26,664	50
Port William ..	2,919,745	24,500	121
Port Arthur ..	3,105,694	18,025	172
Peterboro	851,892	22,000	39
Kingston	667,453	21,015	32
Windsor	740,441	19,877	39
Guelph	851,661	16,319	53
St. Thomas	789,165	15,454	52
Berlin	975,723	16,917	57
Stratford	762,990	16,425	47
St. Catharines..	1,492,473	14,741	106
Belleville	625,975	11,201	56
Woodstock	310,031	10,154	31
Chatham	815,380	12,139	67
Niagara Falls..	610,520	11,700	54
S. Ste. Marie...	704,574	14,500	50
Owen Sound ..	393,965	12,612	32
Galt	665,861	11,932	60
Total	\$65,445,000	972,569	\$ 67
Manitoba.			
Winnipeg	\$20,184,771	184,730	\$109
Brandon	1,377,836	17,280	81
St. Boniface ..	2,455,629	11,405	223
Total	\$24,015,000	213,415	\$112
Saskatchewan.			
Regina	\$ 4,379,094	45,000	\$ 97
Moose Jaw	3,036,083	30,000	101
Saskatoon	5,878,920	27,527	219
Prince Albert..	1,470,477	16,000	98
Total	\$14,763,000	117,527	\$126
Alberta.			
Calgary	\$10,132,725	85,000	\$119
Edmonton	13,894,637	70,000	196
Medicine Hat..	1,614,723	16,000	101
Lethbridge	1,914,516	13,000	149
Total	\$27,556,601	184,000	\$149
British Columbia.			
Vancouver	\$21,894,122	122,100	\$179
Victoria	9,812,746	50,000	196
S. Vancouver...	4,325,832	39,600	108
Burnaby	2,186,015	18,000	121
N. Westminster.	4,383,414	17,000	250
Point Grey	4,212,889	15,000	280
Total	\$46,812,000	261,700	\$177
Ttl. all cities..	\$284,548,601	2,751,875	\$103

the entire indebtedness of all municipalities in Canada has not been possible to the writer. The foregoing includes only Canadian cities of over 10,000. There is in addition a very large sum owing by towns and villages as well as

rural municipalities. The debt of the latter corporations and its causes has an interest all its own sufficient to form another chapter. For the time being we will consider only what the citizen of the city has incurred in the way of indebtedness. From the figures in the table referred to it will be seen that each adult in our cities has over his head a debt varying from \$22 at Glace Bay in the extreme east to \$280 at Point Grey in the extreme west. Taking all the Maritime cities the average debt per head is \$38; in British Columbia the average is \$177. Readers can peruse the table and see for themselves what the debt per head is in the city of their abode or the city in which they are most interested.

Observant students of the table given will readily observe that the cities that have most recently come into being, have the largest debts in proportion to their population, the reason for which is very plain. In the older cities conveniences in the form of paved streets, sewer and water systems, parks, public buildings and other necessities are the accumulation of generations. In the younger, of which that one quoted Pt. Grey, may be instanced, all the public work is the accumulation of a few years. Fifty years ago cities were allowed to grow under conditions that would not be permitted at the present time, and conditions that would not be desirable. To prevent disease, the law of to-day insists upon sewers and water systems, on scavenging brigades, on education and many other things that in the olden time were not insisted upon. Despite the evolving gradually of a higher type of civilization, the cost per capita of policing communities is steadily advancing. Wherever the statutory number required to form a city congregates to settle in this new land they are compelled by law to furnish themselves at once with civic equipment that older cities have spent centuries in acquiring. This fully explains why the new city carries a heavier debt than the old; why the eastern has a lower per capita debt than the western.

A City a Co-operative Company

For the debt that, you, a citizen of one of Canada's cities, carries what is the equivalent? You have water in your house and perhaps in your room; you walk on as good a sidewalk, right from your doorstep to your workshop, as you can conceive; you have illumination brought into your house that can be switched on at will; you have schools which your children can attend; you have your refuse carted away; you are insured against disease by having your plumbing inspected free and by having a sewer system; all these things you have and many more. Individually the great bulk of citizens could not finance half of all these comforts for themselves, but on the co-operative basis, by incorporating as a city, you can and do get all these things.

How the money is obtained may not be known to the majority of readers. Everybody can recall the fact that at practically every municipal election a

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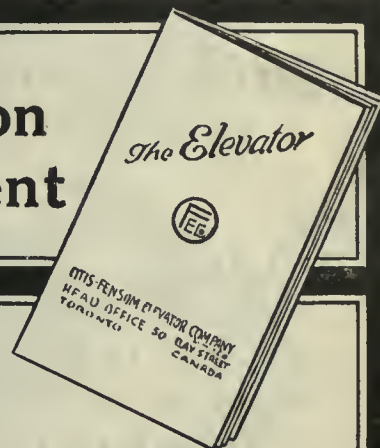
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money by-law of some kind is submitted. Usually every property owner is entitled to vote for or against these by-laws. Why property owners only? Because if the by-law is approved it means the placing of a mortgage on their property,—all the property of the citizens voting,—to the amount the by-law approves. If the property owners of a city want \$100,000 for the erection of a public library, they can get the money by taking it directly from their pockets or by borrowing it, and when they do borrow it is upon the security of their property. If the library is built it will serve say for fifty years. It would be unfair, therefore, to impose the burden of its cost upon the shoulders of one generation of taxpayers and allow the succeeding generations to benefit at the expense of preceding ones. Obviously the fairest and best way is to distribute the cost over a period approximately equivalent to the life of the work done.

Debentures Are Liens

All this is elementary, and may be regarded as superfluous by those familiar with municipalities and their borrowing. Only a very small proportion of those who vote for or against money by-laws realize that they are dealing with a lien on their property. If the money is borrowed it is secured by taxes and most ratepayers are alive to the fact that if the taxes upon their real property are not paid, the property is taken away from them—or in other words sold for taxes. That proceeding is equivalent to the foreclosure of a mortgage. The city debenture which is sold for cash to build libraries, or other city improvements is no more nor less than a mortgage on all the property of the citizens. Although this is a very serious matter, the extent to which citizens of Canadian cities have mortgaged their property has reached such proportions as arouse apprehension. The size of the debt as indicated by the table we have given merits attention, and it has been given attention by the lenders who have furnished the money represented on the one hand by accumulated obligations and on the other by the splendid cities and their equipment. A hundred times it has been said that our cities have gone ahead too fast and lenders of money were afraid that they would not be able to meet their payments or redeem their bonds.

Nevertheless, citizens are too willing to vote still more money—still further mortgage their property—to enhance the welfare of their city. To give assurance to the lenders a movement has taken root to establish in the provinces of the Dominion a body that will exercise control of municipal borrowings in the same way as is done by the Board of Trade, or the Local Government Board in the United Kingdom. It is urged and with some force that such a board will prevent undesirable borrowing and will raise the standard of security for debentures issued with their approval. This is very true. Cities themselves have asked for this board not for the reason that they wish to have their borrowings cut down, but that they may be increased. There

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is some danger incident to the establishment of such boards in Canada. Each of them enjoys a larger measure of home rule than is enjoyed by the cities of the United Kingdom. There is there a continuous struggle for larger powers. To have to get the approval of the local government board is irksome. Moreover there is a growing suspicion in the minds of the progressive forces on the municipal life of the United Kingdom that the red tapeism of the government is manipulated to suit landlords and the "interests." Saskatchewan has appointed a commission to control municipal finance which will have power to grant or refuse permission to raise money by debenture issue.

If the Commission exercises its powers it will certainly limit the freedom which Saskatchewan cities have enjoyed hitherto. Their citizens may resent very strongly any "refusal" on the part of the Commission to permit the issuance of debentures approved by a ratepayers' vote. If approval by the Commission is ever withheld, it will then make clear to what a very important extent limitations have been placed upon home rule in Saskatchewan cities. In the United Kingdom, "Where the money comes from," the commission will be looked upon as a restraining factor in city expenditure, and in Saskatchewan the Commission is looked upon as being ready to give the stamp of its approval to loans contemplated and thus enhance their marketability. If the Commission in Saskatchewan is expected to do no more than merely scrutinize the letter and form of the debentures to be issued by municipalities, to ensure uniformity and regulate the marketing, it will perform a useful service and an acceptable one. If, however, it crosses the will of a body of Westerner citizens, enthusiastically hopeful of their city, there is likely to be trouble. Any conflict will serve a useful purpose if it brings closer to the mind of the average citizen the fact that city debt is his debt. So far he has not overstepped bounds. In some cases they have been stretched. He is willing no doubt to pledge his city property for a lot more money, but the fact of its not forthcoming at the present time is a matter of some moment to the whole Dominion. From the fields, the source of Canada's wealth, much labor was attracted by the high remuneration paid out of the proceeds of loans obtained for city improvements. That labor is now returning to activities that stand the country in better stead than the building of city equipment. As the product of the land multiplies, the size and wealth of our cities will also. Debt assumed will be lighter as age and growth bring added wealth and population.

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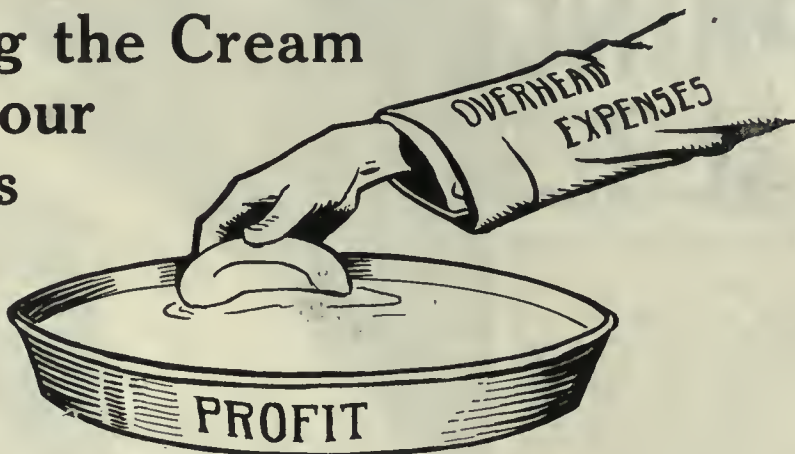
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Portfolio of Mines

(Continued from page 12.)

found on the person of Donovan here. It contains the cheque which Mr. Headon cashed some time ago and another one for five hundred dollars made out to Jabez Jenkins and signed by Heatherington & Co. That concludes my case.

"I have a messenger below, awaiting instructions," he continued, briskly, without giving an opportunity for interruption. "What I suggest is that Mr. Barclay sign this statement that you had prepared for Mr. Headon. After what has transpired we do not feel that Mr. Barclay should continue to aspire to cabinet rank. The messenger will see that it is delivered immediately. We can probably agree then to consider the whole matter closed."

In five minutes they were out of the house. There had been further parley, but it was evident from the first that Barclay was beaten. He had signed the statement, protesting volubly that he did so under compulsion and threatening reprisals. The letter had been duly forwarded by the messenger.

Later in the afternoon Headon called with his friend Benson at Porter's rooms to hear his explanation of the case.

"It was quite simple after all," said the latter. "I knew something of this fellow Donovan. He has figured in several rather shady transactions recently. It turned out that he had been rather careless in his methods and had allowed dangerous letters to be filed away. Miss Darrow, who is a shrewd little person, as well as an honest one, became suspicious. This facilitated my investigations for I began with her. We found letters from Barclay which gave the strongest kind of evidence of the plot, when viewed in the light of what has happened since."

"I felt convinced from the first that Jenkins did not hold the incriminating cheque himself for two reasons. In the first place, they would never intrust him with so valuable an asset. He is absolutely unscrupulous and might have turned around and sold them out. In the second place, he would never part with it until he had received his pay; and they were just as certain not to pay him until he had completed his work. On these grounds I felt convinced that some one, probably Donovan, would be in the house when the transaction took place and that Jenkins would merely act as a mouthpiece. When the moment came, the cheque would be sent in to the room. In order to make sure, I visited Jenkins on Tuesday morning on a pretext of borrowing money—getting a prompt and emphatic refusal—and I found that there was an inner office. I became convinced that Donovan would be ensconced there during the interview."

"You were due to see Jenkins at 2 o'clock that afternoon. I had you telephone at that hour and arrange a postponement. In the meantime the house was watched and sure enough Donovan

was seen to enter twenty minutes before the hour set and leave again a few minutes after the hour. Before making my appearance this afternoon, I called up Jenkins and, representing that I was speaking from the office of Heatherington & Co., asked for a word with Donovan. Jenkins told me to call again in twenty minutes. Thus, when I entered the house I was positive that Donovan was in the inner office. In the meantime, Miss Darrow had kept her eyes open and had given me a tip on the blue envelope. A smart girl that. We must get her a new position at once."

"You can get her a post in the new Department of Mines, Headon," suggested Benson.

"Depend upon it," said Headon, fervently, "The best post in the service will be offered to her."

"In the meantime," said Porter, "don't keep that cheque in your possession. If you haven't already destroyed it, do so at once. And you will never hear anything more of this matter. Just the same I would advise you to keep your eye on your friend Barclay in future."

Canada's Supreme Court at Work

(Continued from page 16.)

Court shall in all cases be final and conclusive—saving any rights which Her Majesty may be graciously pleased to exercise by virtue of her Royal prerogative." This introduces the much-discussed question of appeals to the Privy Council. As a matter of fact there is absolutely nothing to prevent a litigant from presenting a petition at the foot of the throne, as it is called, praying for special leave to appeal from a judgment of the Supreme Court. At the same time His Majesty in Council, acting on the advice of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, is not inclined to admit appeals from Canada's highest court, save in very special cases.

Generally speaking leave to appeal is only granted in cases involving matters of great public interest or in those in which some important question of law is at stake or valuable property is concerned. Even then it is not the practice to give leave to appeal except a very strong case can be shown. Where there have been three decisions in the Canadian courts, the final one being that of the Supreme Court, their lordships have stated more than once in refusing leave that they do so because the Supreme Court is entitled to every confidence on the part of the Canadian people.

A good illustration of the attitude taken by the lords of the Privy Council is to be found in the recent hearing of the petition of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for special leave to appeal against the decision of the Supreme Court, which reversed the unanimous judgment of the Court of Appeals for Ontario in the case of Stone vs. C.P.R.

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See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

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Write today for samples

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Co. The board was averse to granting leave to appeal because it was the case of a workman to whom the amount in question was of vital consequence. At the same time they recognized that a legal question of importance, was involved and they agreed to give leave to appeal on condition, first that the verdict and judgment should stand for the whole sum, minus, \$10, leaving that small amount to fight about, and secondly, that the railway company should pay the costs of both sides in any event. This eminently fair attitude was appreciated by the appellants, who agreed to abide by the conditions.

The idea that the Privy Council is purely an English institution is erroneous. It is an imperial body and, when appeals are carried to it, no offense is done against the canon which the self-governing dominions desire to set up, viz., that their court of final resort should not be outside themselves. The Chief Justice of Canada and the Chief Justices of the highest courts of South Africa, Australia and New Zealand are all members of the Privy Council and frequently sit in London and hear cases, not only from their own countries but from other parts of the Empire. The hope has already been expressed in high quarters that the work of the judicial committee of the Privy Council might be considerably developed. By forming it into divisions which could sit from time to time in different parts of the Empire, its functions would be greatly enlarged and its usefulness as an instrument for solving the Imperial problem widely extended.

Meanwhile the position of the Supreme Court of Canada as the highest court in the Dominion would not be injured by any such change in the organization of the Privy Council. It would still remain as it is to-day an effective instrument in correlating the administration of the Provincial and Dominion laws in the provinces and only such cases as were of constitutional or very exceptional importance would be carried from it to the Privy Council.

The relationship could not be more tersely expressed than it was by the Lord Chancellor in delivering judgment on a recent occasion, "The business of the Supreme Court of Canada" he said, "is to do what is laid down as its duty by the Dominion Parliament and the duty of the Judicial Committee, although not bound by any Canadian statute, is to give to it as a Court of Review such assistance as is within its power."

Art of Holding Friends

Joubert, the great maker of exquisite epigrams, wrote many on friendship. As he was a man of many friends, and never lost one, his wise sayings may be taken as the flowers of his experience. One of the best of them is: "When my friend is blind in one eye, I look at him in profile." If we keep this suggestion in mind, perhaps we shall make and keep friends as Joubert did.

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An Archipelago of Memories

(Continued from page 9.)

26.—A letter written by Wolfe immediately after the sad news of what he calls the massacre of the army under General Braddock, in which he comments on the danger of panic spreading among men in action, and especially upon the "insensate" idea of advancing redcoats against invisible foes in the shape of Indians or Frenchmen in thickets. These were men for whom, on the Plains five years later, his life was given, and England gained a continent.

27.—A letter of Tonty, Lascelles' faithful companion.

29.—An autograph of the French Royal representative, De Tracey. On the same document, and amid a galaxy of signatures, is that of the man who built the first wooden palisades around Quebec.

30.—The autographs of Dollard, Alonce de Lestre, and Tavernier, three of that heroic party who gave their lives to save New France.

31.—Gloriously interesting letters from Sir Walter Scott to Maria Edgeworth.

32.—A large locket, mounted in pearls, that was presented to Major John Andre, the famous British officer, who was executed by the Americans, and whose remains were later buried among England's heroes in Westminster Abbey.

33.—A Bible, a superb specimen of royal binding, which was given by Charles I. to Douglas, the first Earl of Queensbury, when His Majesty was a guest at one of his castles.

34.—A marble bust of the Duke of Wellington, and autograph letters by the Duke.

35.—A magnificent China vase, 2½ feet high, formerly the property of William IV., and probably given him by the then Emperor of China.

36.—The only portrait in existence of Brigadier-General Morrison, the hero of Chrysler's Farm, who, in connection with de Salaberry, saved Montreal.

37.—The sword of General Brock, one of his general's uniforms, and the last letter he wrote, just a few hours before he was struck by the bullet which ended his career.

38.—The early silver jewels, and the level, square, and secretary's jewel of more than a century ago, of the Grand Lodge of Canada. This Freemason's title, it was generally supposed, had never been used until it was adopted in Ontario a few years ago.

39.—The personal relics of James McGill, the founder of McGill University, including an ivory miniature, his great desk, his mourning rings, and other relics, even down to the collar that ornamented the pet dog of Mrs. McGill.

40.—The personal relics of Sir William Dawson, the famous principal of McGill University, including the cap and gown that he wore at numerous convocations.



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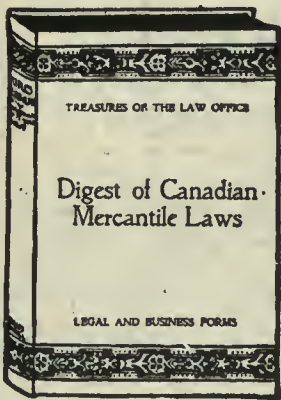
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Why I Chose the Key-Driven Principle

by Dorr E. Felt

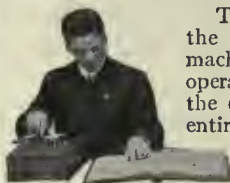
President, Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co. and

Inventor and Perfector of the Comptometer

MANY people have asked me why I staked my entire future on the key-driven type of adding machine. The question has been particularly pertinent since at one time I made and sold both listing and key-driven machines. My reasons for abandoning the listing principle were the greater speed, greater accuracy and greater versatility made possible by the key-driven method, as demonstrated daily in practical business use.

I have written the following statement to explain these reasons:

Greater Speed



Proving Postings

The great speed advantage of the *Comptometer* over listing machines is simply a matter of one operation as opposed to two. With the *Comptometer* you complete the entire operation of adding, subtracting, multiplying or dividing

by pressing down the proper key, or keys. With the listing machines the pressing of the keys is the first step only. In order to complete the operation a lever must be either pulled by hand, or operated by a motor. Necessarily the operation of this lever consumes time.

That this obvious mechanical advantage works out in actual practice is evidenced by the results of public contests, and comparisons made by individual business concerns. At the same business show in New York, which proved the *Comptometer* the fastest machine in the world for multiplying, there was held a "check adding" contest. There were nine American and three

European makes on exhibition. No record made other machines came anywhere near equaling even the slowest on the *Comptometer*. Since that time have been barred from all public contests—the management in one case stating:

"Your machine is so constructed as to have a much quicker action than any of the adding machines entered in the Show... To allow you to compete with them in a contest would give you an unfair advantage."

Greater Accuracy

The reasons for this accuracy are the Key-Driven Principle—and the fact that with the *Comptometer* the result is verified direct from the original data and not from a copy. The second, or verifying operation entirely independent of the first. The operator cannot be misled by any former error. Transpositions—the most common of all mathematical errors—are impossible on the *Comptometer* because the total operation eliminates the constant change of attention from the work to the key-board.



Extending Bills—Figuring Costs

Being a key-driven machine the *Comptometer* requires no other hand movements than the depression of the keys. No crank to pull, or turn, or motor to set in motion. The operation, of course, contributes primarily to the speed of the *Comptometer*, but, as can readily be seen, also makes possible a great gain in accuracy for pulling a lever or touching a button to operate a motor destroys the sense of position in connection with

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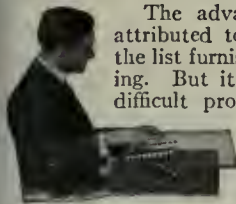
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the keyboard, requiring a glance of the eye to re-position the hand; and taking the eyes off the paper results frequently in mis-reading the figures. This is a vitally important point, as the great majority of errors are due to mis-reading rather than to touching the wrong key.

Why Listing Is Unnecessary



Adding Ledger Debits and Credits

The advantage which is commonly attributed to the listing machines is that the list furnishes an opportunity for checking. But it is well known that the most difficult proof-reading in the world—the most subject to error—is columns of figures. Unlike printed words in a sentence, the correct order of the digits in a given number cannot be inferred from the context.

Then—"What is the surest

way of proving addition?" The answer—"Proof by re-addition"; is a mathematical axiom. It has been proved time and again, in actual practice, that addition can be performed on the *Comptometer* in less than half the time it takes on listers, so it follows that a second addition on the *Comptometer* gives a much faster and a much more certain verification of your totals than the checking of a printed list.

An Actual Case

A large dry goods firm some months ago accepted a proposition from the representative of an Adding-Listing Machine Company for a competitive test between an electric model of his machine and the *Comptometer*. Approximately 6,000 of the regular sales checks were provided for the trial; all of them to be added, and the totals and sub-totals entered upon the audit distribution sheets, the same sales checks being used in each case.

One of the store's own operators first added the checks on the *Comptometer*—completing the addition and entry of 6,000 checks in one hour and fifty minutes. An expert operator, furnished by the people demonstrating the listing machine, then took the same checks and ran them through, making the additions only—not stopping to take up a pen and enter the sub-totals on the auditors' sheets, but continuing to add without interruption. She did not, in fact, perform *one-half* the work done by the *Comptometer* operator, yet it took her *thirty minutes longer to merely add the checks* than it did the *Comptometer* operator to do *all* the work.

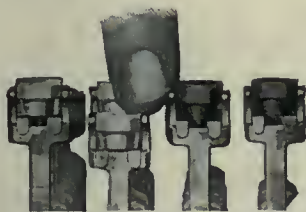
The correct total was obtained by the *Comptometer* operator the first time over, while the listing machine operator failed to get the correct result. In checking over the list three mistakes were found; and checking the list required more time than it took to add the checks again on the *Comptometer*—and with much less certainty of accuracy.

The Controlled-Key Principle

Whenever the *Comptometer* operator pushes a key only part way down the machine instantly locks up, making further operation impossible until the mis-operation is corrected by completing the unfinished stroke.

Another feature of this principle is the interference guards at the sides of the key-tops. These guards pre-

vent your accidentally pressing a key next to the one you are operating. Each key, in order to operate at



Interference guards prevent "fumbling"—cushioned key-tops give soft touch

all, must be pressed from directly above. Furthermore, the keys are cushioned—preventing finger fatigue.

* * * * *

The Amazing Versatility of the *Comptometer*

No matter what your business or the nature of the calculating work you do, you will find the *Comptometer* well adapted to your purposes.

In the coupon below are listed eight different kinds of work on which the *Comptometer* excels. Place a check mark before the kinds of work in which you are particularly interested and we will send you complete information illustrating specifically and in detail the application of *Comptometer* service to your business. The prime test of the value of a machine to you in your particular business is, of course, an actual demonstration in your own office on your own work—and it is through such demonstrations that we have been able to make such phenomenal sales records during the past few years. If you would be interested in such a demonstration—given gladly without cost and without any obligations whatever—place a check mark in the proper place in the coupon.

"Leading the Bookkeepers Out of Bondage" FREE

This eight-page booklet, written by Mr. F. Burnham McLeary, tells, in an informal way, of the development of the adding machine and of the final supremacy of the Key-Driven Principle. Felt & Tarrant will be very glad to send you—in conjunction with more specific material relating to the use of the *Comptometer* in your business—this entertaining and valuable booklet. You will find it listed in the coupon below. If you wish to write regarding your individual problems, address

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42.—The letter which cast the first light on an interesting point about the family of Wolfe, showing that at the christening of Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, his mother told a guest that James was not her first son.

43.—120 feet of the superb iron railing from the hammer of an artificer whose very name Mr. McCord knows, which served as a balustrade in the first parish church of Ville Marie. It is dated 1672, and it is accentuated at intervals, with the Maria, the monogram of the Virgin.

44.—The cross of the Bonsecours Church, and a confessional used at Divine Service for over 160 years, until taken out of the chapel when it was entrusted to Mr. McCord. The confessional is most interesting, as it was cut with a large jack-knife, grating and all, out of a piece of solid wood by the famous Piquet, the founder of Ogdensburg.

45.—A piece of the sacred ash-tree, under which the famous Mother of the Incarnation, the foundress of the Ursulines in Quebec, taught her Indian neophytes. This was presented to Mr. McCord by an ex-Superior of the famous Convent.

46.—What Mr. McCord calls an "archipelago of faith," being the signatures of famous Jesuits, among which is the priest who said the first service in Montreal, and also the last Jesuit in Montreal. These signatures are immediately above a hinge of the first Jesuit Church at Sillery which turned to the hands of the men who left that chapel to surrender their lives as martyrs in the West, and never again entered its doors.

47.—Superb carvings of Bishop Stewart's first church in Lower Canada, and also the whole of the "East" of that edifice. It will be remembered that he was of the royal family of Scotland.

48.—The prayerbook given to Bishop Fulford, of Montreal, at his consecration, and other relics of Montreal's first metropolitan.

49.—The pastoral staff of Bishop Lewis, who was the first Anglican consecrated as a prelate in Canada, and the first archbishop in the Dominion.

50.—The letters patent of Bishop Medley and his episcopal seal. Bishop Medley was Metropolitan of Canada. He laid the corner stone at Fredericton, N.B., of the first Anglican Cathedral built since the Norman Conquest—and that in the woods of Canada! This is a noble claim for the antiquity of the Anglican Church here, for although bishops had established chairs in parish churches, here was the laying of the corner stone of a cathedral as such.

51.—The signed portrait of the late King Edward as Prince of Wales, given to Sir George Cartier.

52.—Queen Victoria's own copy of her coronation procession, mounted in mother of pearl and ivory, and badged with the Royal Arms.

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53.—A superb silhouette by August Edouart of Queen Victoria as a child, playing with her doll.

54.—Queen Victoria's letter of condolence to Lady Cartier on the death of Sir George. It is an indication of Queen Victoria's goodness of heart that this letter was written and despatched after dinner on her own birthday.

55.—Indian relics innumerable.

And so one might go on, apparently ad infinitum. The quantity of his treasures is overwhelming. You talk and talk with their owner as you examine them. The legendary lore of the Greeks and the Romans, the British and the French are all drawn upon by him for illustration and comparison. His wit sparkles and scintillates. He challenges and provokes repartee. You are lost in an animated discussion with him. You forget the museum, the thing you are examining, Canada, everything, and are far away in thought in the history of civilizations long, dead and gone.

And then you pull up with a start. Ah! Here is something else. What is this? And away you go again.

"Oh," says your host, "there is one thing I specially wanted to show you. Just a woman's letter. Just a woman's letter. Come here." You go back to the room in which is old James McGill's desk. He pulls out the bottom drawer, takes out a book of precious autograph letters, and hands you one the writing of which seems familiar. You read, in a firm and gracious woman's writing:

"My Dear Uncle—

"I have to return you my best thanks in Albert's name as well as mine for your good wishes of the 10th. That day must ever be one of joy and gratitude to me, as being the commencement of the greatest possible happenings to me. Few, if any, possess such a treasure as I do in my beloved Albert, whose only object is the happiness and well-being of others.

"May his bright example of virtue and excellence be followed by our son, and may he be the image of his father, is my most fervent prayer!"

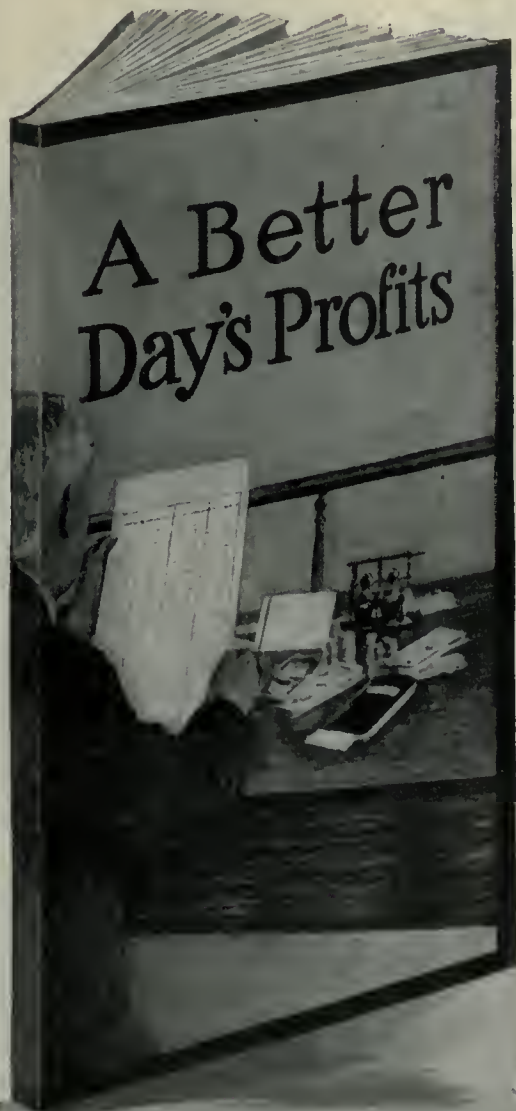
The signature is that of our late beloved Queen Victoria. The son she refers to, born a year before this letter was written, was the late King Edward. The letter is on monogrammed note paper, and was written by Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle on Sunday, Feb. 13, 1842.

And, with this memory of the greatest woman of her time, you really do tear yourself away. That is, away from everything except one proud possession that is, and will be, for the present, a secret. Your host tells you about it, in confidence. He takes you to see it. There it is, in a corner. The brass inscription plate tells its story.

The owner looks at it proudly, and looks at you.

"Some day, before his term of office is over," he says, "His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught will come to this museum which I have founded for Canada. I shall lead him to this, and when he looks at it I shall just raise my hand to my forehead in salute. That is all. Not one word. Just a salute. Eh? Ah, well, good-bye."

And abruptly you are bundled out.



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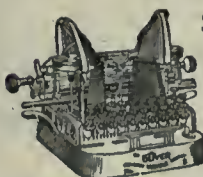
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Next time your representative is in this vicinity I will also be glad to have him call and explain how a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine could be profitably applied to my business. O.K.

MacL.

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Speeding Through Solid Rock



The moment of triumph—when the headings met in the Mount Royal tunnel.

THE happiest moment in the building of a tunnel is that moment when the last shot has been fired, and the two headings meet.

There is thrill in that moment, even for the most practised tunnel-builder, because calculate and plan as we will, correct our lines and check our calculations as we may, we are, up to that moment, always obsessed with the idea that we may have gone wrong, and that our two headings, one coming and the other going, may fail to meet with the accuracy that we desire.

Such things do not often happen, it is true, but there is plenty of precedent for them, nevertheless. Perhaps the earliest recorded incident—there must have been many unrecorded ones, because tunnel building dates right back to the cave men of prehistoric times—happened about the year 152 A. D. At that time Nonius Datus, a Roman en-

The Engineer's Story of Mount Royal Tunnel where 1,000 Men Traveling 1,100 feet per Month Met on a Perfect Centre

By S. P. BROWN

gineer, was sent to Algeria to drive a tunnel for an aqueduct into Saldæ. He carefully surveyed his lines and levels over the mountains, instructed the contractor how these were to be projected into the tunnel, and returned home.

Four years later he got a message from the Roman governor to come back to Algeria and explain why the headings did not meet.

Nonius Datus professed to find that the contractor had committed "blunder upon blunder."

The contractor indignantly denied the charge and said the fault was the engineer's.

"The usual excuse," said Nonius Datus, or words to that effect.

It was the same old quarrel between the maker of plans and the one who carries them out that we are familiar with even in these days—the same old kind of quarrel that we order official probes into.

As far as my reading goes, the quarrel over the Saldæan tunnel was never satisfactorily settled. But this much we do know, that Nonius Datus solved the problem by connecting the two parallel tunnels by a cross drift, and the tunnel became an aqueduct.

What we would have done if the same kind of thing had happened in our tunnel under Mount Royal at Montreal, I won't pretend to say. You think, perhaps, that in these days, when our science is so scientific, and our instruments so perfect, that two tunnel head-

ings leading away from one another would be impossible.

Well, I don't know. We had three sets of headings in this tunnel of just over three miles, and the greatest error in either of them was three-quarters of an inch in line and one-quarter of an inch in grade. Naturally, when the last heading was found to connect correctly, we lit up our cigars, looked wise, and began to make our plans for taking the first civic party to view the dim wonders of our hole through the mountain. For official purposes we treated this fortunate conjunction of our lines as a matter of course, but frankly we were as relieved and delighted as Dr. Koppe, the surveyor of the St. Gothard tunnel between Switzerland and Italy, must have been, when he found that the error in the junction of the headings in that tunnel, which is nine and a half miles long, was only eleven inches.

The popular idea is, I know, that nowadays we have instruments which indicate the direction of the headings so accurately that it is next to impossible to go wrong. This, however, is by no means the case. There is nothing automatic about tunnel surveying. Only by continuous measuring, and by the checking and re-checking of the lines by independent observers, is it

possible to keep the headings going in the correct direction. You would be astonished at the complex work involved in getting the right lines. In the case of the Mount Royal tunnel we had to locate and map all the topographic features in the immediate vicinity of the proposed line, and upon these maps decide the best position for the portals, shafts, and route of tunnel. This done, we had to make careful surface measurements in order to establish what is called the base line. We did this with tapes tested according to Government standard for tension and temperature, these tapes being kept during the work at a given strain, with thermometers to enable them to be corrected for temperature.

Having got in this way a very accurate "traverse," the next thing was to sink shafts, and extend the base line down these shafts by means of plumb lines, consisting of heavy weights, suspended on piano wires, the weights being suspended in tubs of water and oil to prevent oscillation. From these lines the engineer's lines were projected into the tunnel. The work was further complicated by the fact that the shafts had to be located on the company's property, while the tunnel itself ran under property that did not belong to the company. However, we hit it right in each case, and while it would be true to say that we were surprised, it is true to say that we were very glad.

Having got our lines, and having obtained, by means of diamond drills, a pretty fair knowledge of the kind of rocks we had to bore through, all we had to do was to drive ahead, and keep at it. This work requires the most constant

supervision, owing to the changing character of the geological formation, and we had to be constantly prepared for surprises.

The more one sees of actual tunnel work, the more one wonders at the success attained in it by the ancients. For instance, in a rock tunnel like that under Mount Royal, we are so dependent on steam drills, high explosives and scientific instruments and tools, that the great tunnels built by the Greeks and Romans fill us with feelings of profound respect and admiration. History shows that long before the birth of Christ really enormous works of this kind were carried out. The Romans seem to have developed rock tunneling to an extraordinary degree. They early learned the use of fire and water to expedite their work. They built fires in their headings, and after the rock had become well heated, threw water or acid such as vinegar upon it, causing the rock to shatter and loosen. Slaves, prisoners and criminals were used on this work, as the death rate was extremely high. The gigantic character of some of these ancient works may be judged from the Lake Fucinus drainage tunnel mentioned by Pliny. This tunnel, built around A.D. 50, was one-third larger than the preliminary heading of the Mount Royal Tunnel, 400 feet deep, and three and a half miles long. It took eleven years to build, and 30,000 men were employed.

The Mount Royal tunnel, by contrast, is three and one-tenth miles long, and 22 feet high by 30 feet wide. Progress has been made in the headings, 9 feet high by 13 feet wide, at the average rate of 420 feet per month in each heading, giving a gross average of 1,100 feet per month, and a monthly maximum of 810 feet in one heading. One thousand men have been usually employed on the work, and 2,000 pounds of 60 per cent. dynamite has been used per day.

The method in this tunnel has been to drill 18 to 24 holes, 5 to 8 feet deep in the heading, put dynamite in them, fire the blasts electrically from the lighting circuit, get the loose rock down from the roof and sides by means of iron bars, then shovel the debris into cars and haul it away.

So we go on, day after day. We have to be prepared all the time to meet hard and soft rock, water, and other things. In Mount Royal there has been considerable variation in the character of the rock, and once we struck a considerable volume of water. This proved, as is often the case, to be a "pocket" of water in the mountain, which gradually drained itself away. The water in the tunnel furnished a fairly good flow at the time of the water famine in Montreal; we were thus able to give the city some small fire protection in the vicinity of our shafts, that we are very glad to say was not required.

One of the great secrets of successful tunnel building is the saving of labor. We always aim, for instance, to get the maximum of

The force behind the work — S. P. Brown, head engineer, who carried through the big undertaking with marked success.





A view of the Mount Royal tunnel, showing the preliminary heading on which the tracks were laid, with the full excavation overhead.

assistance out of gravity. Thus in the Mount Royal tunnel we did not excavate to the full size of the tunnel, but drove headings of about nine by thirteen feet at the bottom of the tunnel. These headings were roofed in by "jumbo" timbers and in them tracks were laid for cars to take the "muck" away. The main body of excavation was above these headings, so that the loose rock could be shot down through openings into the cars beneath.

The rock is hauled out to crusher plants in the open, and after treatment there is sold for road-making, concrete work and so on—this again helping to offset the expense.

Although a tunnel through Mount Royal may seem a fairly straightforward piece of work, we have had some remarkable geological variations to deal with. For instance, at the city end, where there is much sand and clay, we have to use a steel roof shield, which eliminates the very heavy and expensive timberwork which would otherwise be necessary, as well as the chances of settlement and drainage in the ground above. This shield consists of a cutting edge, shaped to conform to the outline of the tunnel roof cross-section, which forms the front of a steel envelope extending over the platform on which the men work, and back far enough to lap over the last ring or section of the tunnel lining to be erected. It is forced forward into the earth by hydraulic jacks under a pressure of 5,000 pounds to the square inch. By this method the roof is never exposed, and the men are never endangered by falling material.

For the most part, however, on the mountain slopes the tunnel is through

good sound Trenton limestone, which was found in most places to be hard and crystalline and an excellent rock for tunneling. Occasionally we ran into large dykes of extremely hard rock, necessitating the use of two tempers of steel. On one occasion we ran into a difficult rock known as marmorized limestone. This marble was impregnated with quartz and a natural cementing material which made it hard to drill, and caused the muck to "set up" so rapidly that it was only with difficulty that it could be shoveled into the cars. In the mountain proper the rock is a very hard *essexite*, an igneous rock of an undoubtedly volcanic origin.

Gases Made Men Drunk

One of the most troublesome problems in connection with tunnel digging is the problem of ventilation. This is too complicated a subject to deal with in a popular way, but I may point out some curious problems which we were up against in this connection in the Mount Royal tunnel. The smoke from the blasts and the fumes from the gasoline engines and other gases had such an effect on the men that at times they became quite drunk. First we thought it must be the gasoline locomotives which affected the men. In the west heading we were using these locomotives right along, and it was only very occasionally that any men were affected in that heading. But, curiously enough, at the Dorchester street heading under apparently similar conditions, we had a great many men temporarily knocked out. For the life of us we could not tell whether it was the gasoline locomotive or a combination of these products of combus-

tion with something else which caused the trouble.

We tried experiments to ascertain the reason, and had analyses made of the air, but the more we experimented the more confused we became. We took white mice into the tunnel, thinking we would solve the problem with them. But the remarkable fact was that when the locomotives were not working the white mice were knocked out, while the men seemed unaffected. On the other hand, when the locomotives were working the mice showed every sign of health, while the men were knocked out. Then again, a test on the bodies of mice that died showed no trace of carbon monoxide in the air. We eventually altered the gasoline locomotives over to electric locomotives and have had no more trouble.

Having given, in a rough, general way, an idea of some of the work of digging the Mount Royal tunnel, it will be interesting, perhaps, to deal with other types of tunnels.

Probably the greatest and most difficult piece of sub-aqueous tunnel work ever carried out by means of a pneumatic shield, were the four Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels under the East River in New York. In this work, which was carried out under the direction of Alfred Noble, the cover was very thin, and the material through which the tunnel had to be driven was largely quicksand.

In this work compressed air had to be used as a supporting medium.

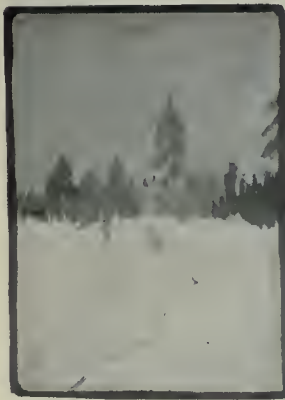
"Air a supporting medium?" you say. say.

Yes, that and nothing else. Anybody, by the pressure of the ordinary atmosphere. (Continued on page 142.)

Burned Out

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Author of "Print of the French Heel"



AS the middle of the winter approached Tom Grassetto admitted that his friends had been right, that a trapper's cabin, north of Lac Seul, was no place for a woman who had been accustomed only to the settlements far to the south. He saw it in the half wistful, half resigned air of his wife when he left each morning. He had it forced upon him in the long evenings when he, busy with his fur, the scraping and stretching, could offer little to fill the void of those weary, lonesome days.

But it was not until the big storm came that he made up his mind to take her out before the spring break-up. He had not told her that last night of stinging, biting, deadly fury that roared down upon them from the Arctic circle, that last night of their four-day imprisonment, when the door had been shaken by something a little heavier than the blasts, and Nellie had opened it to see a head with whitened face flop loosely across the sill and the dim outlines of a body half hidden in the snow beyond.

Her cry brought Grassetto, and the stranger was snatched in out of the storm and the door closed.

"Quick, Tom!" cried Nellie, the first to recover.

She was busy rubbing the frozen cheeks and chin and nose and tearing at the stiffened clothing at the man's throat.

"Get off his clothes, quick, Tom! Hurry up the fire. There is whiskey in the cupboard. And put on the tea kettle."

Together they got the man off the cold floor and onto a bunk. The white face, ghastly in its covering of dead skin, appeared more ghastly in the flickering flame of the moose-grease candle. The hair above it was black, and Nellie stopped to thrust a hand under the heavy shirt to feel for the heart-beats, so

deathlike did the face appear. She loosened the clothing, and, together, they rubbed the blood back to the skin, quickened the heart-beats and at last were rewarded by a feeble lifting of the eyelids.

"He's all right!" cried Nellie. "He'll live, Tom, but we were just in time."

The man on the bunk opened his eyes. "Sort of just about made it, I guess," he whispered. "It took me about two hours to get up from the river."

A little exclamation broke from Nellie's lips. Tom's eyes involuntarily narrowed in pity as he thought of what that struggle across two hundred yards of deeply drifted snow must have been.

"And we here by the warm stove all the time!" Nellie gasped.

"Couldn't have heard you holler in this wind," explained Tom.

Except for the loss of much skin on his face, the stranger was not badly frozen. The next morning, when the wind had ceased and the intense cold that follows a northern storm had descended upon the wilderness, he sat at the breakfast table with the others. He explained that his name was Andrew Moir, that he was on his way from the north to the Hudson's Bay Company post on Lac Seul when the storm struck him, and, being short of food, had pressed on, only to get off his course in the blinding snow whirl and finally, when nearly exhausted, strike one of Grassetto's trapping trails a mile from the cabin. He had crawled all afternoon and until long

"I'll walk into the brush here," said Grassetto. "You get in over there. When we are both hidden, we start."

A Stirring Tale of Strife for a Woman's Love

Illustrated By H. W. COOPER

after darkness fell.

Like a woodsman, he made little of the struggle, and, like a woodsman, Grassetto made only one comment:

"It's a little nasty for traveling."

Nellie, shut in, without social intercourse through the long, dreary months, leaped at once from depression even past her normally gay spirits. Grassetto looked up in wonder several times as she talked, her

words pressing hard upon each other as though bursting at last from a long-locked reservoir.

The cold was so bitter that Tom did not go out on his trap line that day. While Nellie washed the breakfast dishes he talked with the stranger. But, her work done, Nellie took the conversation into her own hands. By the middle of the afternoon Grassetto was a silent listener, while his wife and Moir laughed and told the gossip of the wilderness.

Grassetto's wooing of the prettiest girl in a district large as a state had been short. Each had capitulated almost on sight. He had come in the early summer from nine months of loneliness. He was big, strong, aggressive, a man of the woods, clean, sober, successful. When he left in the fall Nellie went with him as his wife.

There had been no rival in the little post to which her father had brought her. Grassetto had rarely seen his wife in the company of others, had only glimpsed her gaiety, only half-sensed her desire for companionship, for those things which mean so much to a woman and nothing to a woodsman. His love had been deep, but his vision had been narrowed by the hardships of his life. Naturally, there was much of the primitive in the woodsman, but the depth of his love, and the broadmindedness, characteristic of the man, but restricted by his training, had been shown in his decision to take Nellie out before the winter ended.

Taciturn always, he now dropped from the laughing conversation of his wife and Moir, and sat in a silence that at last became sullen. The next morning he went out on his trap lines and did not return until evening. The long day in the intense cold, the brooding of a man who loves, the silence of the great wilderness, joined forces, and he entered the cabin that night prepared to find things he did not wish to find.

And, because he was prepared, he found them in the intimacy which had grown between the stranger and Nellie. At supper and afterward there were references to things of which he knew nothing, topics of conversation from which his ignorance of persons and places excluded him.

That Moir was more than impressed by the pretty face constantly turned toward him, Grasset had no doubt. Admiration shone in the man's eyes when he looked at her, there was a deference in his manner when he spoke. For the first time Grasset knew jealousy. As with his love, its coming was sudden and overpowering.

The next morning a second storm had begun, and the three remained in the cabin. Grasset busied himself with stretcher boards, traps and fur, while Nellie and Moir continued to talk of the settlements and of the people they knew.

At the end of the second day the storm blew out. The following morning Grasset started early on his trap lines. It was deadly cold, and the work of forcing his way through the newly fallen snow and digging out and resetting traps was a real hardship. It was not the weather or the work which drove Grasset back to the cabin in the middle of the forenoon, however. Perhaps it was more easy for him to stand the physical pain because of the new pain in his heart. He thought again and again of how Nellie and the stranger had so suddenly leaped to a plane of intimacy, of the change in her manner, the new smile in her face, the eager light in her eyes. And with each new thought, with each rehearsal of what he had seen and heard, his bitterness grew, his suspicions were aroused, his jealousy became more intense.

At last, driven by his new emotions, and more by the uncertainty, he turned back toward the cabin. Walking swiftly over the new trail, he at last entered the little clearing. Outside the door stood Nellie, dressed for a journey. Beside her knelt Moir, fastening on her snowshoes. The man slipped his feet into his own, and they started down the trail toward the river.

Grasset had stopped, hidden by a small spruce. He strode on, furious, and the crunching and squeaking of his snowshoes was heard by the hurrying pair.

"Oh, Tom's come!" exclaimed Nellie as she turned and saw her husband. She started back toward the cabin.

"I must get you a lunch, Tom," she panted as she

came running up. "I didn't think you'd be back before night. It is terribly cold. You must be hungry."

Grasset was bending over his snowshoes, and his wife did not see his face as she slipped her feet from her own and hurried into the cabin. She followed, and soon afterward Moir came back.

The trapper was silent as his wife hurried from the stove to cupboard and set tea to boil. He watched Moir's face, but it was in Nellie's nervous chatter that he found confirmation of his suspicions. His wife and the stranger were running away!

"We were going down the trail to get Andrew's outfit," she had hastened to explain. "I've been shut up so long by the storms I wanted to get out and run over the drifts. I didn't know whether I had forgotten how to use snowshoes."

She laughed excitedly, and Grasset's suspicions became a certainty. He was not expected back until after dark. They would have had a long half-day's start, and, once out on wind-swept Lac Seul, their tracks would be covered up.

With the ending of the uncertainty all joy went from Grasset's heart. In its place was something big and black and rending, something that urged him to reach across the little room and tear with his fingers at the throat of the young fellow who was the cause.

Through the afternoon Grasset sat in a silence more sullen, a brooding silence habitual to a man whose life has been spent in the solitudes of North. His manner conveyed something of his thoughts to his wife and the stranger, for they talked with restraint and with many glances at the big figure by the stove.



It was Moir, lying huddled in a little ball, over which the snow was fast deepening.

Before supper Nellie went out to the little lean-to shed to saw off a piece of caribou for the evening meal. Grasset looked at Moir.

"You're fit for traveling?" he asked.

"Yes," was the careless answer. "I think I can bust on any day now."

"To-morrow?"

"Why, I hadn't thought," and Moir looked up quickly at the new tone in Grasset's voice.

"Your rifle and outfit are up the trail. I'll go with you in the morning to get them. I'll take my rifle along."

Moir straightened and looked at the other as though trying to read his face in the dim light.

"I'll give you your chance, and we'll settle it there," went on Grasset as though in explanation.

Moir stared intently for a moment, started to speak, and then relaxed into his former position by the stove.

"Oh, very well," he said carelessly.

The next morning it was fifty degrees below zero. After breakfast Grasset put on his cap and mittens. Moir did the same.

"You're not going?" Nellie cried.

Grasset saw the look in her eyes, saw that Moir was about to speak.

"Just up the trail a bit to get his stuff," the husband explained.

The men tramped through the forest without a word. Twice Grasset stopped to reset a trap covered by the drifting snow. In one he found the stiff little body of a weasel, stopped as though to remove it, and then turned on down the trail.

"When I come back," he muttered.

A mile from the cabin they found Moir's outfit. The young fellow pulled forth his rifle, shook out the snow, removed a cartridge, worked the lever, assured himself that the barrel was open, reloaded his weapon and turned to the waiting woodsman.

"I'll walk into the brush here," said Grasset, pointing to the spruce fifty yards away. "You get in over there. When we are both hidden, we start."

Moir turned and then stopped.

"You're wrong," he said. "I admit I love your wife. A man couldn't help it. But there's no need—"

Grasset turned, the rage he had repressed so long distorting every feature.

"Shut up," he cried. "Go on before I don't give you your chance."

Moir looked at him coolly and then went on. After a dozen steps he stopped again.

"It might be fair to say," he called, "that this rifle and I have a reputation down below."

"You'll need it," Gras-

sett growled without looking back.

The men walked toward the opposite fringes of brush. They were half way when both stopped to listen. Then Grasset walked on.

"Hush!" called Moir.

Through the still air came a shrill, low cry. Both heard it. Both knew what it was. Without a glance at each other they turned toward the cabin. Moir gained the easier going of the snowshoe trail first and began to leave the heavier and older man behind. When Grasset at last burst into the little clearing he saw the cabin completely enveloped in flames and Nellie lying in the snow near it. Moir was bending over her.

"She's all right," said the younger man as Grasset came up.

Nellie's eyes were closed, but her lips moved slightly, and a hand reached out and grasped one of Moir's. Grasset turned and looked at the burning building.

The cabin and all that was in it had been beyond saving long before they finished their mile run on snowshoes. Every bit of food, half the winter's catch of fur, their blankets, everything except the clothes they wore, were gone. And the nearest source of aid was one hundred miles away, through the forest and across a great, snow-driven lake.

Grasset, the greater loss uppermost in his mind, did not realize the situation until Moir went to him.

"You haven't any dogs?" he asked quietly.

Grasset shook his head.

"Her snowshoes and the toboggan were hanging in that spruce, and she can walk part of the time. Then we can pull her. We can get my blanket and axe on the way out. I was out of grub."

Grasset only nodded, and Moir turned again to Nellie, who was sitting up in the snow and looking at the burning building.

"It was my fault," she sobbed. "I had a big fire going in the stove, it was so cold, and then went down to the river for water. I was chopping a hole, and I heard a noise and turned and saw it, all fire inside. I hurried back, but I couldn't get anything out. The heat drove me away, and I guess I fainted."

"We got to get out as soon as we can, to grub and shelter," Grasset replied absently, still looking at the cabin. Somehow, the burning of the little building to which he had brought his bride was symbolic of the death of his happiness, wiped out as suddenly and as completely as the flames devoured the dry timbers.

And, as he stood there, stunned, it was Moir who took the leadership, who got Nellie's snowshoes, who gave her his coat. It was he who took down the toboggan, set the strap over his shoulders, and, with a cheery "mar-chons," started down the trail. Nellie was close behind him, and, when they were half way to the river, Grasset turned from the ruins of the cabin and followed.

Moir alone realized the true situation. Nellie, in her excitement and ignorance, was unaware of what the hundred miles

of deep snow, the lack of food and the intense cold would mean. Grasset, plodding along in the rear, was the most competent to meet and deal with what faced them. But the agony of his spirit precluded realization of possible physical suffering.

All that day they forced their way through the heavy drifts. Moir kept the lead, and, when Nellie began to rest every fifty yards, he made way for Grasset to go ahead and, Nellie on the toboggan, he toiled on until darkness. Then he was the first to see a good camping spot in the thick spruce, the first to gather wood for a fire and to hurry through the work of cutting boughs for the beds and fuel for the night blaze. Grasset helped him mechanically, and Nellie, so stiff from her ride in the cold she could not sit up, lay shivering beside the fire.

Despite their hunger, they were ready for sleep. Nellie, made drowsy by the cold, and Moir, near exhaustion from the heavy, straining pull at the toboggan traces, dropped off immediately. But for a long time Grasset sat before the blaze. It was nearly midnight, when, heaping on more fuel, he lay down.

Two hours before daylight the next morning they were on the trail. It was fifty below then, and the darkness just before dawn brought its still lower temperature. Moir, in the first light, turned the toboggan over to Grasset and went into the brush. They heard him shoot twice, and he came running after them with two snowshoe rabbits.

They built a fire and began to roast the meat on sticks. But twenty-four hours had passed since they had tasted food, a day of exposure, of intense cold and ceaseless exertion, a night of fitful sleep on the boughs beside an inconstant fire. Nellie, whose exhaustion and hunger were the greatest, only seared the outside of a rabbit leg and then began to chew off the burned meat. Half raw, the two rabbits were soon eaten.

The weary work was resumed. The grueling, grinding, monotonous labor of breaking trail on snowshoes depressed their spirits as it depleted their strength. By mid-day Nellie was too exhausted to walk farther and, wearing Moir's coat and with her husband's coat and the blanket wrapped about her, she lay full length on the toboggan. At the traces Moir again strained until long after darkness.

When a fire had been started Moir left the camp-making to Grasset and went into a cedar swamp. He returned empty-handed, but he had set rabbit snares with his moccasin lashings. Superfluous, trail-weary, drowsy from exhaustion and the cold, Nellie and Moir were asleep immediately.

Only Grasset sat looking into the flames and feeding the blaze. His thoughts were tumbling, struggling, writhing, twisting. He had known only the crises of the wilderness, situations in which his woodsmanship, his great experience and ingenuity, offered quick solutions. Other questions had never perplexed him, and, as he sat there in the

loneliness of the forest, his wife moaning in her sleep across the fire, the man who had stolen her stretched beside him, his muscles twitched in accord with his fierce desires and emotions. At one moment his arms were about to stretch pleadingly toward Nellie. The next his hands would open stiffly, the fingers crooked, each fiber and tendon aching to grasp the throat of the sleeping man. In one thought he became submissive to the blow, as his wilderness training had taught him to submit to the inevitable; the next he barely choked back a cry as he longed to battle for what was his.

At last, his face drawn and haggard, his eyes dulled, he went to sleep, his problem solved. The next morning, as the others lay moaning and twisting in the cold, he followed Moir's trail through the brush and returned with two rabbits. These he had partially roasted before the others awakened.

In the darkness they started, though Nellie begged the men to remain a day that they might hunt and she might rest. But they only shook their heads and fastened on their snowshoes and hers.

A little after daylight they turned a bend in a stream on which they had been traveling for fifteen miles and found themselves on Lac Seul. Instinctively both men stopped and looked at the sky, turned their cheeks for a breeze, and then looked at each other. There was doubt in Moir's eyes.

"It's the only chance," exclaimed Grasset, as if in answer to a spoken objection. "There is good going across the big stretch, and the storm may not strike before night. We've got to take it."

"And if it strikes sooner?"

"We may make it. If not, what's the use?"

Silently they placed Nellie on the toboggan and lashed the coats and blanket about her. Then, both in the traces, they started out across the great, white plain.

The sun rose, and its rays shone straight into their eyes and glanced dazzling from countless frost crystals on the snow. After one hundred yards they reached the hardened, wind-swept surface of the lake and sprang into a trot. For an hour they did not stop. Then, as they paused to breathe and to wipe the frost and ice from their faces, the sun became dim and a light breeze struck their right shoulders. Moir looked anxiously toward the southeast, but there was nothing except the lake in sight. He turned inquiringly to Grasset. The woodman's answer was a tug at the traces, and they were off again.

When they stopped to rest at the end of the second hour the storm struck them. They waited only a few minutes and then went on, each man taking careful bearings by the wind and their back trail as they struck out. Twice in that hour they stopped to ask Nellie if she were cold. Though wrapped in her own heavy garments, and with the mackinaw coats and blanket lashed about her, the wind crept in. She shivered but urged them on.

Continued on page 139.

Will Time Solve the Enigma of India?

A Glimpse Into the Future of the Storm Centre of the Empire

By THE BLACKSMITH

Does the average Canadian need a new viewpoint, a wider outlook? Is interest in matters pertaining to other parts of the British Empire as strong in Canada as it should be? Few Canadians, comparatively speaking, know much about Australia, South Africa, India. News from these isolated parts of the Empire appeals as information relating to foreign lands. MacLean's Magazine believes that there should be a closer relationship, a more intimate knowledge of all subjects of Imperial interest. Perhaps the present article will enable readers to gain a freer knowledge of India—the storm centre of the Empire.



The Brahmin type—The Brahmins consider themselves a higher caste than the others as intermediates between men and the Gods. They were the law-givers.



The Mahomedan type—The chief danger in India lies with the Mahomedan. He cannot forget that he was once the conqueror of India and that he was dispossessed by the British. He belongs to Islam.

Enigma, the one question mark that faces us when we think of the future.

Will time solve the Enigma of India? Does the status of India affect the solidarity of the Empire as a whole?

These are questions that every loyal British subject asks.

It might very naturally be supposed that India would bulk largely in the World's interest, because India is an ancient land. India, if not the actual cradle-land of our Aryan race, was the scene of our Aryan short-coating. The conquest of India has been the dream of every great conqueror since the days of Alexander the Great. And yet, how little the average man knows about India. All that the average man knows of India he receives from missionary reports, and the mendacious reports that sometimes come to us through the foreign press. To the average man India is a mere word, an abstract idea. Naught to him is the delicate tracery of the mosque where the imam prostrates himself five times each day in adoration of distant Mecca. He cannot picture the Hindu temple, where are gathered the priests of Siva, the sacred Bull, the swinging devotees, the sacred apes, and the idols on whose carved marble surface, there scintillates the ransom of a dozen kings. Strange indeed to him are the street scenes of India, the dark swarthy faces, the long beards, the splashes of yellow,

denoting the different sects, the ascetic Brahmin, the pious Buddhist, the haughty Mohammedan, the Bheestie-wallah, the punkah-coolie, the pompous Parsee and the lowly Sudra, the chatter and gossip of the native bazaars, and the stillness of the Towers of Silence.

To understand the present condition of affairs in India and the undoubted unrest which exists it is necessary to know something of the way the mixed races live, the creeds they hold to, the ideals they place before them.

Decidedly the outstanding feature of this mystical land is the caste system. We hear much of the breaking down of the caste system, but the end will not be in our day and generation. India has for centuries been closely narrowed down to the system of caste. Outside of his caste, the world does not exist for the twice-born Hindu. Caste is his fatherland; the unity of India has no place in his thoughts. To lose caste is to lose everything—parents, relatives, friends. Each of these turns his back upon the culprit and refuses to have any dealings with him. He must enter the casteless category, which is employed only for the most abject functions.

Broadly speaking, there are the caste and the casteless—the twice-born, and the once-born; those who wear the sacred thread, and those who are denied the sacred thread. The twice-born are divided into three classes, whose

THE race to maintain Britain's supremacy of the seas has been when all is said and done a grand thing for the Empire. Looking beyond the staggering array of figures that represent the cost of new armaments one sees that the naval crisis has awakened a new spirit of Imperial unity, that the bonds binding the colonies to the Mother Country have been immeasurably strengthened.

A new conception of Imperialism is being formed. The Canadian feels that his interests are identical with his Australian brother's. He has begun to realize that Australia is more to him than a mere Island continent on the other side of the globe; that he should know something of the Great Bight, the Barrier Reef and the Arafura Sea. The Australian reciprocates with a lively interest in the Rocky Mountains, the Great Lakes and the untold possibilities of the far north land. Problems of one part of the Empire are of vital import to all other parts. Sectionalism is on the wane.

To speak of torrid, turbulent India, therefore, is not to introduce a subject of foreign interest to the Canadian. India is a part of the Empire, the storm centre of the most pressing problems that confront John Bull, an Economic



Fakir lying on a bed of spikes. Fanaticism runs rampant in India and is a strong factor in the unrest.

members possess unequal privileges. These are the Brahmins, the Kehatryas, and the Vaisyas. The once-born are the lowly Sudras, the men to whom are relegated the meanest offices. The Brahmins consider themselves, and are considered, a higher caste than the others, for the Brahmins were the intermediates between men and the gods. They were the law-givers and to them was orally committed the whole of the Vedic hymns. The Kehatryas were the warriors. For a long period these struggled with the Brahmins for supremacy, but ultimately they were compelled to take a secondary position. The Brahmins wrote and recited the liturgies and conducted the sacrifices. The Kehatryas went out and fought the enemy at the gates. But a community must have something more substantial than the priest and the soldier to fall back upon. Thus we have the third estate—the Vaisyas, the agriculturists. Very soon the priestly caste drew itself away from the warrior caste, and the warrior caste drew itself away from the agriculturists. These three orders, the Brahmins, the Kehatryas and the Vaisyas, ultimately became totally separated by a cessation of intermarriage. The Sudras, the once-born, are the servile dregs of the population. From the cradle to the grave these cruel barriers still intervene between the social strata of Hindustan, relentless as Fate, and insurmountable as death.

It would be childish to deny that there is unrest in India. Such unrest is rather Asiatic and racial than Indian or national. Such unrest is the visible symptom of that resentment of prolonged European domination which is affecting the whole continent of Asia, and with which, one day, we shall have to reckon. Our rule may be disliked by a certain

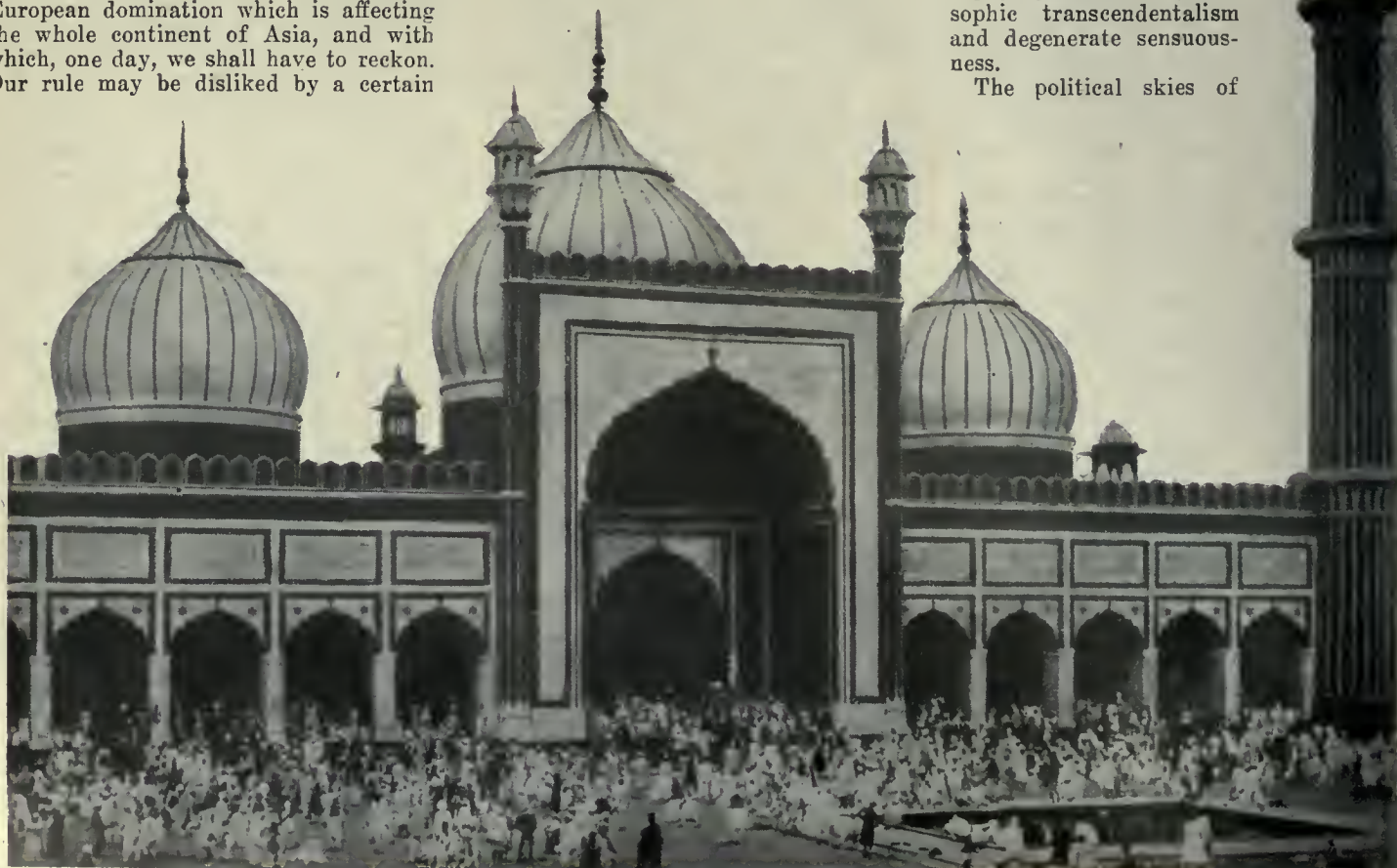
section, not because it is a bad rule, but because it is an alien rule. We are in the position of every conquering race that seeks to assuage the enmity of the conquered—we are handicapped by the racial instinct, and by the fact that we are conquerors. If our rule were that of angels and archangels, the result would be the same. We have done many good works in India, and, very foolishly, we desire to be loved for having done these good works, but we lose sight of the fact that a conquered people possessing any spirit, prefer to hate their conquerors because of their presence, rather than to love them for any good deeds they may have done in the land. The individual Briton is frequently loved and revered, but the collective alien rule is hated and resented by millions of natives.

The recent partition of Bengal is not the cause of this unrest, as many imagine. It swelled the stream, but it, by no means, furnishes the main current. There are many causes of unrest in India. First, the steady impact of alien ideas on an ancient and obsolescent civilization. Second, the more or less imperfect assimilation of these alien ideas by a small but active minority. Third, the hatred felt for these alien ideas by a privileged class which believes that its ancient ascendancy will be weakened by the introduction of such ideas. Fourth, the disintegration of old beliefs and the aggressive revival of those beliefs. Fifth, the careless diffusion of an artificial system of education which is not grounded on real intellectuality, and which is bereft of all

moral or religious sanction. Sixth, the application of western theories of administration and jurisprudence to a social formation that is stratified on lines of extreme rigidity. Seventh, the play of modern economic forces upon primitive conditions of industry and trade. Eighth, the inevitable friction between subject races and their alien rulers. Ninth, the echo, or rather, the reverberation of distant wars, and distant racial conflicts. Tenth, the recent exaltation of a great Eastern power (Japan) and the abasement of Asiatics in South Africa and British Columbia.

Will the West ever understand the East. We think our ideals are best and we desire to cram those ideals down the throats of all and sundry. We are divided from the Orient by an impassable gulf. We like sanitation. The Hindu doesn't. He prefers a short, easy, fearless and dignified death. He believes that Western strenuousness is but a sorry exchange for Eastern tranquility. Our activity he believes, is due to devils. Why should he make this a strenuous life when he believes that he has millions of incarnations ahead of him? His happiness is not a matter of food, or drink or clothing. All these things have culminated in the inchoate revolt of a small but intensely active minority which frequently disguises under an appeal to the sympathy of the Western democracy, a reversion to the old tyranny of caste, and the grossest superstitions of Hinduism, and which arms, with the murderous weapons of European anarchy, the fervor of that Oriental mysticism which is compounded in varying proportions of philosophic transcendentalism and degenerate sensuousness.

The political skies of



In the City of Delhi—Typical of the architectural wonders of the land.

India are frequently overcast, but there are no signs of any approaching exodus of the British from India. There is no need to disguise the

partly by that British justice which is engendered by the teachings of the lowly Nazarene, and which is accentuated by the larger civilization of the twen-



Under British rule civilization has advanced more rapidly in India than in any other part of the East.

fact that we are secretly and publicly hated by the Bengali, to whom we have given a college education, and he, like Jeshurun of old, has waxed fat and has kicked. He represents 95 per cent. of the so-called unrest in India. He is not a fighting man in the military sense of the term, for he has long since learned that under British rule the tongue and the pen are mightier than the sword, and governs himself accordingly. He does not desire the withdrawal of British troops from India. That is his last thought because he knows that within six months after the passing of the British raj the Nepalese would have a strangle-hold on Bengal, the ancient fends of the Mohammedans and Mah-rattas would be rekindled, and Russia would sweep the land from the Himalayas to the southernmost verge of the Carnatic. Therefore, the Bengali desires the presence of British troops to police-patrol the country whilst he and his brother Bengalis fill all the fat offices going. His political unrest is neither national, provincial, nor parochial, it springs from gross personal selfishness and the natural antipathy of the conquered against his conquerors.

The chief danger in India lies with the Mahommedan. He cannot forget that he was once the conqueror of India, and that he was dispossessed by the British. He belongs to Islam and his eyes are always turned towards Constantinople, and were the Sheik al Islam to raise the green flag and proclaim a Jihad against us, our position in India might, indeed, become precarious.

We have done great things for India, and our intentions have been even nobler than our deeds. Judged by the standard of other conquerors our attitude towards India has been humane and beneficent. We won India by the sword, and we hold India partly by the sword, partly by the grace that is born of the racial and religious hatreds of its own people, and

tieth century. Since the days of Lord Cornwallis we have held that obscurantism shall have no place in our government of the people of India. We have sent out the educationist and the missionary. We have generously supported the native school, the native college, the native university, and the native church, and we have been warned by the military party that the education of the native in the present means trouble to us in the future. But what could a great Christian empire do in the matter? We were face to face with a problem of stupendous gravity. If it was our intention to treat India merely as a conquered country, our manifest policy was to keep the people in their initial state of ignorance, playing off their racial and religious hatred against each other, with

not be treated as a child of the sword, but as the helpless ward of a great Christian empire. If it is our intention to treat India as the former we should recall the missionary, and the educationist, close down the native church, the native school, the native college, the native university, and make another Warsaw of Calcutta. Ours is a nobler and more enduring work than this. The White Man's Burden has been imposed upon us and the redemption of India must be worked out by us and her own people. We must expect ingratitude, hatred and calumny, but our hand has been put to the plow and we must not look backward. Britain must help, but in the last analysis India must save herself. We may guide, instruct, and inspire, but no nation was ever redeemed in spite of itself. India needs a strong and flexible bond, one that will unite her numerous states into one nation, her numerous races into one people, her numerous castes into one society, her numerous religions into one faith, and India itself must furnish that bond. India needs a type of high moral character, not the noisy, irresponsible, political demagogue, but the broad, pure, dominating character—the Hero-prophet of India. And he must be one who has made his first journey in life astride the hip of a brown-skinned mother.

The present period may be dark, but India's future is far from being hopeless. In political and social reform the national movement is drawing together men of different sections, creeds and castes. The success of the Arya-Brahma Samajis furnishes abundant evidence of the new movement. These men are the descendants of great forefathers, who founded great philosophies, who discovered great truths, who built great temples, palaces and tombs, which, today, are the glory of India, and the won-



The greatest reason for Britain's continued rule is found in the lack of progressiveness in the people.

Great Britain posted as eternal referee. But our great pro-consuls of Empire have advocated a nobler policy than that. These men have told us that India must

der of the world. It is from the ranks of these men the sleeping genius of India will awake, and in that awakening India will be redeemed.

The Doubling of Heyward West

A Mystery Story Arising Out of the Murder of a Famous Railroad Engineer

By T. B. COSTAIN

Illustrated By D. A. KEMP

THE Newton avenue tragedy occurred on the stormiest night that Ottawa had known in a decade: It had snowed all day and at eight p.m. the north-west wind began to sweep through the streets with the relentless fury and driving force of a gale, turning the falling snow into crystals of ice and whirling them into the faces of the hardy few who ventured forth like a storm of miniature shot from the artillery of Aeolus. The wind howled about the eaves of the houses with a note of droning ill-will, rising with the more piercing blasts to outbursts of elemental malignancy; and it heaped up the drifting snow on street corners and before doorsteps, depositing the deepest drifts, with seemingly unerring judgment, where they would cause the most discomfort to plodding wayfarers.

At 12.15 the sleepy desk sergeant at the police station was galvanized into feverish action by a telephone message from 115 Newton avenue, to the effect that a murder had been committed there. Heyward West, acknowledged to be the leading authority on railroad engineering on the continent, had been found dead on the floor of his library, his skull fractured and his face beaten beyond recognition. Detective Tooley, who was on duty that night, pressed a patrolman into service and plunged out into the storm, cursing and blessing it in the same breath; for, while the condition of the weather would hamper him in his work, it would serve the murderer still harder. The railroads were completely tied up. Trains were stalled, wires were down, country roads had been rendered strictly impassable. The murderer would be imprisoned in the city by fetters of ice and snow, and Toomey was confident that, before the storm king raised the barriers, he would have time to track down his man.

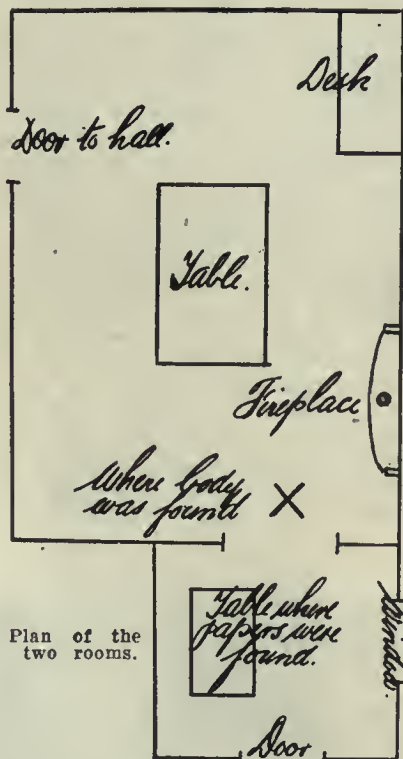
Arriving at the large house, which Heyward West had occupied during the nine months of his residence in the Capital, they were admitted by a white-faced serving man whose fumbling hands could scarcely turn the knob of the door and whose close-set eyes were round with horror.

"Was it you telephoned?" asked Tooley, in low tones, but with business-like briskness.

"Yes," whispered the man, as though afraid of the sound of his own voice. "It's—in there."

He indicated the doorway to the left of the hall, hung with curtains, through which an intermittent flicker of light

showed from a dying grate-fire in the room within. Tooley and the policeman shoved through, finding themselves in a spacious and well-appointed library. Bookcases lined the walls to a height of seven feet, the space above being used for the display of a wonderful collection of curios and relics. A large table stood in the centre of the room, heaped up with magazines and books. A partly curtained archway joined the library with a room beyond. And on the floor just beneath this arch with the head



reaching to the edge of a leopard skin in front of the library grate lay the body of Heyward West.

"Who found him?" asked Tooley, after a hasty examination.

"I did," said the man, who had come only part of the way into the room. "I was down the cellar when I heard a sort of scuffle and then a heavy fall. When I got up, I found—this. There was no one in the room."

"Who saw him last?"

"Mrs. West. She came in half an hour ago and spoke to him from the doorway. He called to her that he was busy."

"Where had she been?"

"Out with some friends for the evening."

"Did she return alone?"

The man appeared to hesitate. "No, sir. Mr. Trevelyan was with her."

"And when did he leave?"

"I don't know. After letting them in I walked to the back of the house. It must have been within ten minutes for I heard Mrs. West go upstairs then."

"Do you mean Mr. Harvey Trevelyan?" asked the detective, sharply.

"Yes, he's quite a friend of Mrs. West's."

"And do you mean to say that you didn't hear anyone enter or leave the house?" demanded Tooley, giving him the benefit of a close scrutiny.

The man appeared to shrink from the detective's glance, but answered with apparent sincerity.

"Not a sound. He'd been in this room all the evening, walking up and down as he always did when he was thinking out anything. From eight o'clock until when the missus came in I could hear him. Eight steps to one end of the room and eight back as sure as clockwork. He was muttering to himself and several times he kind of laughed out gruff and sudden."

"Sure he wasn't talking to some one in the room?"

"No, sir. He was a great one to talk to himself. Many's the night I've heard him talking away as though the room was full of people. I passed down the hall about nine o'clock to-night and caught a glimpse of his back. He was in his old dressing gown, and had his arms folded behind his back—just as he always done. No one was allowed to go in when he got into his walking fits, not even the missus."

"Who has been in the house to-night?"

"Just me and the two maids. Not another soul, sir. Mr. Morley, his secretary, went to Montreal on the evening train."

"And no one heard a sound?"

"No, sir, not a sound."

Tooley examined the second room, finding it to be an alcove containing but one chair and a table littered with papers and maps. A door opened from it on to a back verandah. He tried this and found it to be locked. On a later search the key was found in a pocket of the dressing gown on the murdered man. There was a window also which refused to raise when the detective tried it. Thomas, the serving man, assured the detective that it had never been opened during the time that the Wests had been in possession of the house.

Tooley then saw Mrs. West. She was in a state of hysterical grief, a mingling of horror and incredulity, and quite unable to tell him anything of the happenings of the evening. He left without getting any further light on the mystery.

"Clint" Smith, an aggressive police reporter left his boarding house at 7.20 next morning and walked over to Bank street with an air of jaunty confidence. He purchased a morning paper and boarded a downtown car. Next minute the hurried pedestrians on the street were startled to see a body hurl itself

papers and magazines, needed no second bidding to follow in the wake of the breathless Smith. They arrived at the scene of the tragedy in a few minutes' time.

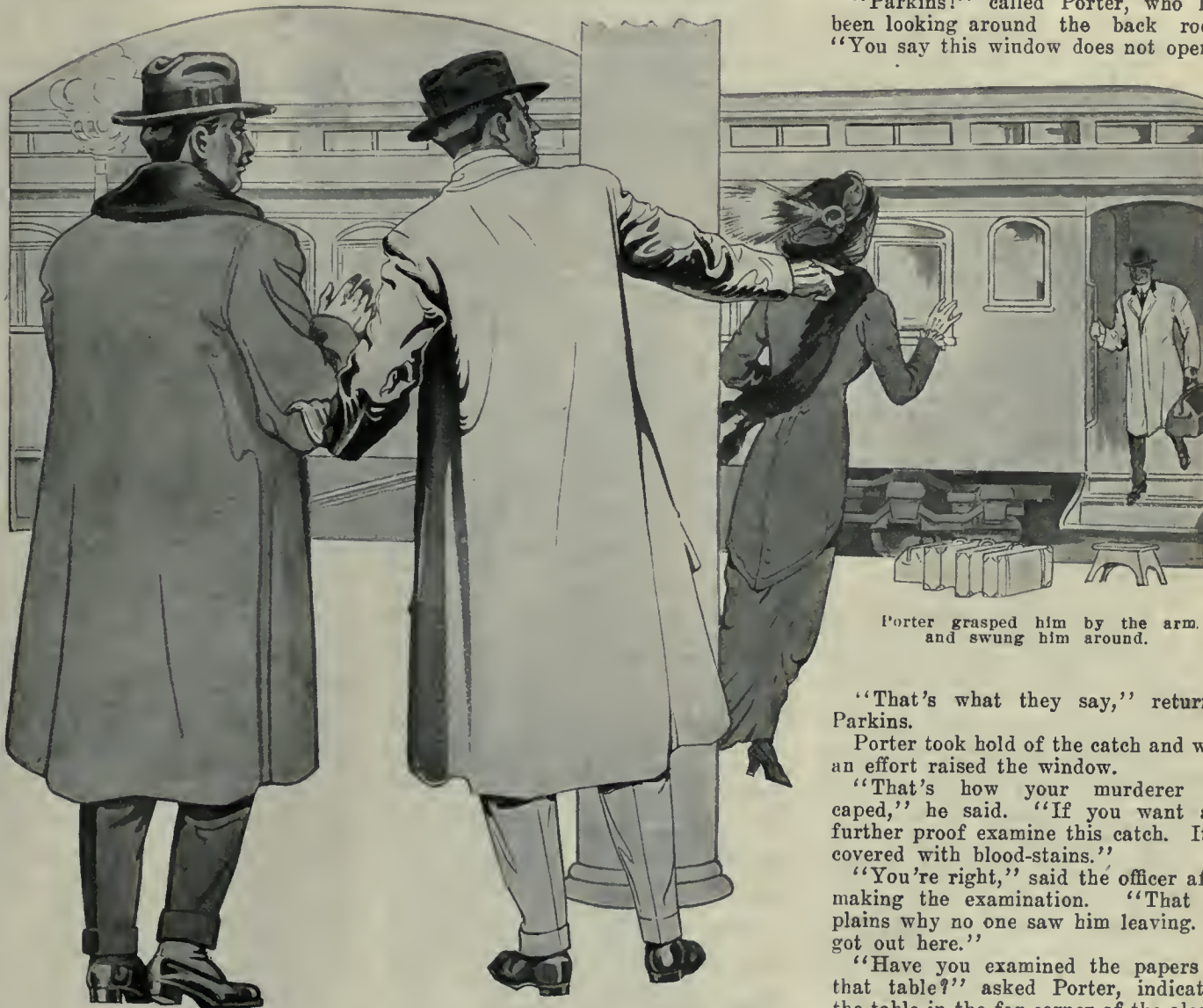
"You're the first on the job this morning," said the policeman who opened the door. "I haven't got orders to keep you out so I guess you can look around. Better hurry. The rest of the afternoon paper boys will be over here in droves in no time."

He showed them into the library and loquaciously proceeded to explain the meagre details. Everything had been

ally protuberant eyes threatening to pop out of his head. "Do you mean Harvey Trevelyan, the society willy boy?"

"Exactly," said the officer. "Servants tell me he's been rushing Mrs. West strong. She's a fine spirited woman and mighty handsome they say. West thought of nothing, but his work and wouldn't go out with her anywhere I learned something this morning from old rattlebones, the butler," here he sunk his voice again to a whisper. "They've had words about this chap Trevelyan. He brought Mrs. West home last night and no one saw him leave!"

"Parkins!" called Porter, who had been looking around the back room. "You say this window does not open."



Porter grasped him by the arm and swung him around.

precipitously from the platform of the moving car and land head first in a deep snowdrift.

"Well, Clint," said a comfortable-looking young man in a fur-lined overcoat, whose well-filled cheeks were ruddy with the invigorating cold and whose bright eyes rested with amusement on the reporter hurriedly picking himself up. "A cold morning for acrobatic stunts of this kind."

"Shut up, Porter," panted Smith. "Come along with me. There's a story to be turned loose on the old town today. Heyward West—murdered!"

Porter, who was a journalist of sorts, contributing occasionally to the news-

left untouched since the previous night.

"Done with that war-club on the floor," explained the officer in a hoarse whisper. "Got it off the wall. A thorough job, too. Nothing much left to recognize him by."

"Any clues?" asked Smith, whose eyes were scanning the room eagerly for the details necessary to clothe his story in the most lurid light.

"Not a clue," said the policeman. "But there's no doubt as to who done it." He glanced into the hall cautiously before continuing. "I guess Mr. Harvey Trevelyan could tell who was at the business end of that club all right."

"No!" exclaimed Smith, his natur-

"That's what they say," returned Parkins.

Porter took hold of the catch and with an effort raised the window.

"That's how your murderer escaped," he said. "If you want any further proof examine this catch. It is covered with blood-stains."

"You're right," said the officer after making the examination. "That explains why no one saw him leaving. He got out here."

"Have you examined the papers on that table?" asked Porter, indicating the table in the far corner of the alcove.

"Don't think they've been looked over. What have they got to do with it?"

"Probably nothing. Could you get the man Thomas up to answer some questions? In the meantime I'll just make a plan of these rooms, if you've no objections, Parkins."

Thomas came and gave them what information he could. Nothing of a valuable nature was brought out, during the cross-examination, however, as far as Smith and Parkins could see. A request to see Mrs. West met with a refusal. She had not left her room since hearing the news of her husband's terrible end and absolutely refused to talk to anyone.

"Looks black for Trevelyan," said Smith, as they left the house. "He was the only man in the house except old Thomas, and no one is likely to suspect him. And the motive is not hard to find."

"West's papers were on that table in the hack room," said Porter in a ruminative tone. "His desk is in the front room."

"I've seen Trevelyan out with Mrs. West," went on Smith, ignoring his companion's remark. "I tell you, she's a stunner. A tall, willowy brunette with a melting eye. Beautiful enough to drive a man to anything to get her."

"There was a cigar on that table, too," said Porter abstractedly, "Did West smoke? I've heard not."

"Now to see Tooley and then I'll hustle round and buttonhole Mr. Harvey Trevelyan," said Smith briskly. "Guess I had better call up the city ed. first and let him know I'm on the job. He'll be having a conniption fit by this time."

They parted at this point, Smith to begin a day of feverish activity, of countless interviews and of much overuse of lurid adjectives and exclamation marks, Porter to slowly wend his way towards a small hotel in lower town a few blocks beyond the Byward Market.

"So West got a telegram to go to Montreal last evening, but sent Morley, his secretary, instead," he said to himself, repeating a piece of information that P. C. Parkins had imparted to them. "I would like to see that telegram. It wasn't in the room. Of course, it might have been thrown into the grate fire."

"French Andy been around this morning?" he asked the proprietor, when he had reached his destination. "Oh, there he is. Look here, Andy, how long since you've been up in the Hudson's Bay country?"

"Two years," said French Andy, a stoop-shouldered old man, with a limp and a whimsically weakened face. "I'm going to strike north again soon as the Guvment gets railroad route fixed."

A bottle was produced and as soon as his companion had swallowed his first glass, Porter asked. "Ever meet a fellow named Morley—Jim Morley?"

"Tall fellow, sandy hair, big nose with scar, big talk all time?" asked Andy. "Sure, I know him. Stay Fort Nelson. Trade a little, gamble a whole lot."

"Did he have any pals that you knew?"

"Bart Bryce," replied the Frenchman. "Bad lot, Bart. Partners with Jim Morley. Knew them both. Bart big man, red hair, strong like bull. Crush you, me ver' easy, one hand."

Porter continued to pump the old man until he had secured a thorough record of the doings of Jim Morley and Bart Bryce in the country around Hudson's Bay, through which the projected Government railway was to pass. Morley, he found, had been engaged in various enterprises and had only been in Ottawa for the past two months. His knowledge of the North land had been instrumental in getting him the position of

secretary to Heyward West, a post he had held about one month.

The storm continued all morning. Information coming in over such wires as were not down, showed that none of the trains starting out the previous evening had reached their destinations. The Montreal train out had been stalled within the first ten miles, it was believed. In the meantime the city seethed with excitement over the West murder. The newspapers ran extras off the press every few hours, but without giving any startling developments in the case. Absolutely nothing new had been uncovered. The public agreed with the newspapers, however, that the motive for the deed was clear, even if the details of its carrying out were shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery. Suspicion pointed to young Trevelyan. The fact that he had visited a club at midnight showing visible signs of excitement was accepted as strong corroborative evidence.

Peregrine Porter read every special issue that he could secure. He found that the newspapers had not hesitated to speak openly of the intimacy between Mrs. West and Trevelyan. One paper gave an interview with Thomas, the butler, in which details of a recent altercation between Mr. and Mrs. West on the score of this friendship were given. The departure of Morley, the secretary, was mentioned incidentally. "He (West) had received a telegram calling him to Montreal and had at first intended to go but later had changed his mind and sent his secretary instead," read the account in one paper. There was an obvious inference to be drawn; that Mrs. West, expecting her husband to be away had permitted Trevelyan to escort her home. It might even have been that West had laid a trap to catch them. That the murder was the result of the stormy scene which ensued was not an unnatural assumption. The police seemed content with this explanation of the tragic event. At any rate, they were not following up other lines of investigation or considering other possible motives.

At a busy corner on Sparks street, late that afternoon after a hard day's work, Porter again encountered the voluble "Clint" Smith. The latter had extras sticking out of every pocket and wore the gratified smile which comes from knowledge of a hard task well done.

"Hello, Porter!" he hailed. "What do you think of my stuff?"

"You are to be congratulated," said Porter, "on the thoroughness with which you have supplied the kind of matter to appeal to the morbid mind. From that viewpoint your story is a masterpiece. You have written a real Homeric of horror, a classic of clammy detail, friend Clint, but you're just as far away from the facts as our obtuse friends, the police."

"What are you driving at?" demanded Smith, indignantly. "There's nothing to this story now. It's as clear as daylight."

Peregrine Porter laughed and proceeded to refill his pipe with exasperating slowness.

"There is more in this case than is dreamed of in the philosophy of Mike Tooley, sleuth, and Clint Smith, scoop merchant," he said. "Come along, Smith. I'm going to let you in on a real story."

They visited a small hotel on a side street, the Hanlon House. To the proprietor Porter gave a detailed description of the man, Bart Bryce, as he had received it from French Andy, without mentioning any names.

"The very man," said the hotel-keeper. "Been here for a week now. Here's where he registered. H. W. Barton, Room 26. He intended to get away to-day, but the storm's holding him. Want to see him?"

"I'll drop in later," said Porter. "Unless I'm mistaken this case is going to take a very sudden and unexpected turn," he told the reporter, when they had regained the street. "A queer idea came to me this morning when we were in the house. It was suggested by certain details which the police have so far overlooked. I'm on the right track, I know. You help me out and you'll get the biggest story of your life."

"What can I do?" asked Smith, all eagerness now.

"Stick to the police as close as a miser to his hoard. Let me know anything that comes up as soon as you get wind of it. By the way, Smith, you know, of course, that West was commissioned a year ago by the Government to make an investigation of the proposed routes of the Northern Bay Railway. His report was to cover every point, including the selection of a northern terminus, and it is highly probable that it would have been accepted by the department of railways. What you probably did not know was that West was completing his report and would have turned it in at the end of the present week. No one had any idea what town he was suggesting for the terminus. I don't suppose that Morley, his secretary, had any inkling. There were the best grounds possible for maintaining secrecy. If advance information got out as to the route, look at the opportunity for land-grafting there would be! Property in the town selected as the terminus would go sky-high. Is any suggestion of a new motive for this crime beginning to dawn on you?"

"You mean that someone tried to get at his papers—" began Smith.

"Exactly," said Porter. "This phase of the case has never occurred to the police apparently and not a newspaper has even hinted at it yet!"

"How did we ever miss it!" said Smith, despondently. "It puts an entirely new complexion on the whole thing. Look here, Porter, can't I help you out—"

"By sticking to headquarters," said Porter. "Better get around there now."

Late that afternoon Porter called at the West home and asked again for an interview with Mrs. West. "Tell her I believe I can be of assistance to her," he told Thomas. "I'm neither a newspaper man nor a detective."

(Continued on page 135.)

The Romance of the Taschereaus

A Remarkable French-Canadian Family, whose Members have been Conspicuous in the Public Life of the Country for Nearly Two Centuries

By W. A. CRAICK



"Civilization on this continent is founded on work and foresight; on work which produces and on foresight which accumulates what is produced. I am not given to flattery. I love my fellow-countrymen too well to conceal from them the truth. I would wish that my tongue should be tied to the roof of my mouth if I should ever hide from them the conviction of my heart. Yet it must be confessed that up to now we have been lacking in these two attributes of greatness. It is seldom that we can find here two generations of workers. It is rare that the patrimony gained by the father is not squandered by the son. Look at our ancient noblesse; behold the splendid part that they might have played with their knowledge and wealth. To-day, extinct! Almost entirely vanished.

"There are doubtless some exceptions. There is at least one famous exception among us. Which, in your opinion, is the finest name among the French race in Canada? Is it Papineau? Is it Lafontaine? Papineau and Lafontaine have been like meteors in the night. But there is among us a lasting illustration, which has for me an ever-increasing glory.

"The finest name of the French race in Canada is that of that distinguished family, in which talent, character, honor, strength and labor have been hereditary; which through every generation for a hundred years has furnished patriots and workers, whose impression has been set on the people and the affairs of their time; which at the opening of the century had the honor to count in its number a martyr to the cause of liberty in the prisons of Governor Craig; which has given five judges to the bench, an archbishop to the Church in Canada and a cardinal to the church universal. Let us salute the glorious name of Taschereau! Let us salute it with respect, because it is the symbol of those manly virtues which alone make great races and great nations."

—Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Sacerdotal Jubilee of late Cardinal Taschereau.

IT was in the year 1726, during one of the short spells of peace the war-racked French colony enjoyed, that the first Taschereau landed in Canada. Thomas Jacques Taschereau, Sieur de Sapaille, came to the colony as secretary to Claude Dupuy, the Intendant of New France at that time. The Sieur was forty-six years of age, having been born in 1680 in the city of Tours. Dupuy only remained a couple of years in New France, when he was recalled and returned home. Taschereau might well have followed his master back to his native land, but he had become interested in Canada and elected to remain. His reward came four years later, when he was offered and accepted the post of treasurer of the marine and troops or deputy treasurer-general. Shortly afterwards he was raised to the dignity of membership in the Superior Council.

M. Taschereau had meanwhile fallen in love with and married one of the belles of New France, Marie Claire Fleury de la Gorgendiere, a daughter of the Seigneur de Deschambault and a granddaughter of that enterprising Frenchman, Louis Joliet, the discoverer of the Mississippi River. There is a legend to the effect that Marie Claire was one of a family of thirty-two children, consisting principally of girls, and that she and her sisters married all the leading men of the colony. One brother-in-law at least was a man of considerable prom-



Cardinal Taschereau, the first Canadian to receive the red hat.

inence, being Rigaud de Vaudreuil, the last governor of New France.

All the circumstances in the life of the first Canadian Taschereau, common-place though they may seem,

carry the mind far back to the years before the conquest, when the French ruled Quebec and the old city was the scene of many a romantic occurrence. Probably no other family in Canada to-day can bridge the gap so perfectly, nor show an uninterrupted descent through all the intervening years.

From the year 1732 down to the present day, when one of Thomas Jacques Taschereau's descendants holds office as minister of public works in the Province of Quebec, there has not been a time when a member of this remarkable family has not occupied some position of authority in church or state in Canada. It has given at least half a dozen judges to the Bench, numerous legislators to Parliament and a succession of dignitaries to the ecclesiastical life of the country. The passing years do not seem to have sapped its strength or lessened its mentality and, while other distinguished families have sunk into insignificance, there are still enough representatives of the Taschereaus in positions of prominence to render the family name one of continued importance.

To deal adequately with the family achievements would be to write the history of Lower Canada. So intimately have the lives of the Taschereaus been interwoven with those of all the leading families of Quebec that no event of any moment has occurred in that part of the country without some member of the

connection being concerned in its outcome. They have been leaders in the work of colonization and development; they have fought and bled for their country and their principles; they have contested many momentous elections and engaged in political struggles; above all they have dispensed justice with an equal hand, alike in their own native county, in the provincial courts and at Ottawa.

So numerous has been the progeny of the Taschereaus from generation to generation and so widespread the ramifications of the family tree, that only an enthusiast in the pursuit of genealogies would derive any satisfaction from tracing out in detail all the branches of the parent stem. As with most French-Canadian families, the number of their children has been large and, while many died in early youth, enough grew to manhood and womanhood to make each succeeding generation more extensive than the last. Through marriages with other families, connections were established with practically all the best French-Canadian houses in Quebec, and to-day the number of the descendants of the originator of the family is almost beyond computation.

The long association of the Taschereaus with the seigneurie of Ste. Marie de la Beauce dates back to the time of Thomas Jacques Taschereau. In 1736, along with his father-in-law, Joseph Fleury de la Gorgendiere, and his brother-in-law, Rigaud de Vaudreuil, he petitioned for a concession in fief of three leagues of front and two of depth on both sides of the Chaudiere River, commencing where the grants of land already made left off. In return he and his associates agreed to build roads along the St. Lawrence to Point Levy. The petition was granted and M. Taschereau was placed in possession of three leagues on both sides of the Chaudiere, beginning at the Islet aux Sapins. The grant contained the present parish of Ste. Marie and parts of five other parishes.

Nor was the first Taschereau without enterprise of another sort. He was well in the van of the men of his day in the matter of industrial development. One finds that the year after he obtained his seigneurie, he formed a society or company to operate the forges of St. Maurice, the first iron works in Canada. He was granted a royal charter for the purpose and for three or four years he and his associates carried on the enterprise. Then they found it was an unprofitable venture and returned the charter to the king, thereby restoring the property to the sovereign.

Thomas Jacques Taschereau had a family of fourteen children, of whom, strange to say, the thirteenth proved to be his heir. Seven of them died in infancy or early childhood. Of those who reached maturity Charles Antoine was the most distinguished. He was a youth of eighteen when Wolfe captured Quebec and in the campaign which preceded and followed this event, he took a prom-

inent part under Montcalm and Levis, being commander of the artillery at Three Rivers. On the conclusion of peace he was sent to France as a prisoner of war and never returned to his native land.

Charles Taschereau thereupon took up soldiering as a profession and engaged in various military expeditions, including one to America during the Revolutionary War, when he fought under de Grasse against the British. Later in life he was raised to the rank of a Chevalier of Saint Louis and received a pension in recognition of his services. He died in France in his eightieth year, but leaving no children, his line became extinct.

Another son of Thomas Jacques Taschereau also participated in the defence of New France in 1759. This was Pierre Francois, then but a lad of seventeen. Fortunately the fate of his brother did not befall him and he was not transported. He took up a mercantile career as soon as peace had been concluded and was doing well when he suddenly con-



Gabriel Elzear Taschereau.

tracted an illness within four months of his marriage and died.

In this way the continuance of the Taschereau line narrowed down to Gabriel Elzear, the thirteenth child. He had been born in 1745 and, when Wolfe landed at Quebec, was just fourteen years of age. Notwithstanding his tender youth he was called upon to bear arms in his country's defence, a circumstance which surely illustrated to what straits the beleaguered garrison were. At the conclusion of peace he swore fidelity to the English government and later on showed that his loyalty to the British crown was genuine by joining in resistance to the invasion of the Americans.

That Gabriel Elzear Taschereau commanded the esteem of the British rulers of Quebec and was regarded as a man of ability, was proved by several distinctions which were conferred upon him. Governor Carleton made him paymaster of the forces and, under the provisions of the Quebec Act of 1774, ap-

pointed him judge of common pleas for the district of Montreal. When in 1791, the first Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada was elected, M. Taschereau was returned for Dorchester. He became shortly afterwards overseer of the district of Quebec and, being elevated to the rank of legislative councillor, was made superintendent of post offices, a position he held until his death.

The Taschereau genealogy begins to become somewhat complicated when the third generation is reached. Gabriel Elzear Taschereau was the progenitor of four branches of the family, all of which are extensively represented at the present day. He had, as a matter of fact, eleven sons and daughters, eight being children of his first wife, Marie Louise Bazin, and three of his second wife, Louise Francoise, daughter of the Seigneur de Beauport. Four children died young. His eldest son entered the church and became a cure. His eldest daughter married Jean Perrault, the son of a Quebec merchant, who became a lawyer, was raised to the Bench and achieved great distinction as a public man in Lower Canada.

The heir to the seigneuries of Sainte Marie de la Beauce and Joliet and the founder of the elder branch of the family was Thomas Pierre Joseph Taschereau, second son of Gabriel Taschereau. Like his father he became early interested in the militia and during his lifetime saw some active service. When the British troops were removed from Quebec to take part in the Napoleonic wars, young Taschereau volunteered to join the forces which were raised on that occasion to take their place. He was stationed for some time at Niagara. Later on, when the War of 1812 broke out, one finds him serving as commanding officer of the 4th Battalion of Canadian militia and doing good work in the defence of the frontier. He was made a legislative councillor of Lower Canada in 1818 and given the position of inspector of roads and streets in the district of Quebec.

His three brothers, founders respectively of the second, third and fourth branches of the family, were also men who took a very prominent part in the public life of Quebec. Particularly was this true of Jean Thomas Taschereau, head of the second branch. When only twenty-two years of age he was elected to the Assembly for Dorchester, practically succeeding his father in the representation of this constituency. He became interested in journalism to the extent of helping to establish *Le Canadien*, a radical organ which proposed to fight vigorously for popular rights. But the paper and the man back of it ran counter to Governor Craig, who bitterly resented their attacks on his administration, and in 1810 their arrest was ordered. Soldiers took possession of *Le Canadien* office and Taschereau and his friends were seized and imprisoned. However, it being impossible to convict the agitators of any crime, the Governor was persuaded to take the part of wisdom and release them.

Soon after, the War of 1812 intro-

duced another and more serious topic for consideration and in military service young Taschereau forgot his troubles. He was invested with the office of deputy adjutant-general of the militia of Lower Canada and did effective work in this capacity. Like his brother, he later rose to the dignity of a seat in the Legislative Council of the province and was ultimately made a judge of the Court of King's Bench for Quebec. He died at the comparatively early age of 54 years.

In the history of Canada the memory of at least two men of the Taschereau name will be long preserved.

One is the late Chief Justice Sir Henri Elzear Taschereau; the other is the late Cardinal Taschereau. In a family which has produced many famous sons, these two stand out with special prominence. The former is a descendant of the first branch of the family and the latter of the second branch.

The late Chief Justice was a grandson of that Thomas Pierre Joseph Taschereau, who has already been described as having commanded the 4th Battalion of Quebec militia in the War of 1812. He was born in 1836 and at the age of twenty-one years was called to the bar. Again the desire for public life early manifested itself, and at twenty-five one finds that he was sitting in the Parliament of Canada as member for Beauce. He took an active part in the negotiations leading up to Confederation, but on seeking election to the House of Commons afterwards was defeated. He was soon after made a judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, a position he held for seven years, when he was transferred to the Supreme Court bench at Ottawa, succeeding his cousin Jean Thomas Taschereau, as a puisne judge. He became Chief Justice in 1902, following the death of Sir Henry Strong, and was knighted and made a member of the Privy Council the same year.

The Chief Justice was twice married and had a family of ten children. His eldest son, Adolphe Robert Elzear Taschereau, who is now head of the Taschereau family in Canada, is joint librarian and French librarian of the Supreme Court. His second son, Antoine, entered the Church and is now cure of Cap St. Ignace, County Montmagny. His eldest daughter married M. Tache, a lawyer, while his second daughter became the wife of Frank Beard, chief clerk in the adjutant-general's department. Another daughter married Major Alphonse Eugene Panet of the Royal Engineers and has been living in India for many years. Incidentally it might be mentioned that their son, Henri, who is now attending the Royal Military College at Kingston, obtained the highest total of marks on entering that institution yet recorded.

The elder branch of the Taschereaus has contained other names of scarcely less prominence than that of the Chief Justice. Two uncles at least of Sir

officer in B Battery, Kingston, rising to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Yet another son, Thomas Liviere, became a lawyer in Quebec, where he was highly esteemed; he was a conservative in politics, therein differing from the rest of the family, and for a time represented Beauce at Ottawa.

Of the Chief Justice's brothers, the most distinguished was Eugene Arthur. He, too, started out in life as a lawyer but became enamoured of the military profession. Going to Mexico in 1867 he there served under the Emperor Maximilian. On his return to Canada he was appointed aide to Sir N. Belleau, lieutenant governor of Quebec,

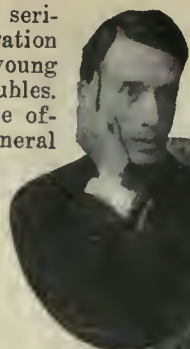
and when the present governor-general, then Prince Arthur of Connaught, visited Canada in 1869, he acted as his aide as well. He died in 1871, when only thirty years of age.

Passing now to Cardinal Taschereau and the second branch of the family, it may be noted that this distinguished prelate was the younger of the two sons of Jean Thomas Taschereau, grand-uncle of the late Chief Justice. The Cardinal was born in 1820 and at eight years of age entered the Seminary at Quebec, where he soon distinguished himself as a student. He visited Rome as a youth, where he was almost persuaded to enter a Benedictine monastery, but other counsels prevailed and he returned to Quebec, there to continue his studies. He was ordained a priest in 1842 at the parish church of Ste. Marie de la Beauce and from then on until he was raised to the archbishopric, his interests were mainly centred in educational work. He was for many years a professor in the Seminary, later becoming rector of Laval University, and a member of the Council of Public Education.

The Cardinal's Heroism

The deed for which Cardinal Taschereau will be most favorably remembered was his fearless service as assistant to Father Moylan, the Grosse Isle chaplain, during the plague year of 1847. When others shunned the dreadful spot and the poor Irish immigrants were dying there by the hundred, Father Taschereau, then a young priest of twenty-seven, volunteered to go to the Island to aid the resident chaplain. He labored on until he himself was stricken down with the plague, escaping death by only a hair's breadth. This fine work for humanity was never forgotten by the Irish Roman Catholics in Canada, who continued to hold a warm spot in their breast for the future cardinal.

Father Taschereau, who had acted for some time as secretary and theologian to Archbishop Baillargeon and had accompanied him on various occasions to Rome succeeded him in the archiepiscopal



Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Minister of Public Works for Quebec, best-known living member of the family.



The old manor house at Ste. Marie Beauce, the home of the Taschereau family.

Jean Thomas Taschereau, Sr.



Henri Taschereau were men of rank in Lower Canada. A particularly interesting character was the Hon. Joseph Andre Taschereau, at one time solicitor-general. He became eventually a judge of the Superior Court of the province, but, while as a young man he was quite active politically, in his later years he became a recluse, shutting himself up in the library of the old manor house at Beauce, shunning all society and devoting himself to his books. He never married and died in 1867 in his sixty-first year.

Another uncle, Thomas Jacques, had the distinction of being the father of eighteen children. He too was a lawyer and for many years was collector of customs and sheriff of Beauce. The extent of his family is to-day almost beyond computation. His eldest son, who succeeded him as sheriff of the county, had twelve children and his second son was similarly blessed. A third son, who went to Manitoba and settled there, had a family of seven. Another son took up soldiering as a profession and became an



Sir Henri Thomas Taschereau.

see of Quebec in 1871. He was made a cardinal in 1887, the first and only Canadian to receive this dignity. It was a mark which was carried with becoming grace, and Canadians in general appreciated the honor which had been done to one of their foremost churchmen.

The cardinal's elder brother was almost as distinguished in civil affairs as was the prelate in the church. Jean Thomas Taschereau was six years his brother's senior. He pursued the study of the law and after practising with great success for several years was created an assistant judge of the Superior Court of Quebec at an unusually early age. He was eventually made a regular judge of the Court, and in 1873 was transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench. A signal honor was done him in 1875. In that year the Supreme Court of Canada was established. It became necessary by the provisions of the Act creating the Court to name two judges from the Province of Quebec. Without any hesitation one of these judgeships was offered by the Government to Judge Taschereau. He accepted and for two years served at Ottawa. Ill-health, however, compelled him to resign and he retired from the bench in 1878.

Judge Taschereau married twice. His first wife, by whom he had five children, was a daughter of the Hon. Annable Dionne. His second wife, who was the mother of seven children, was a daughter of the Hon. R. E. Caron, lieutenant-governor of Quebec, and a sister of the Hon. Adolphe Caron and of Lady Fitzpatrick, wife of the present Chief Justice of Canada, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. The eldest son, Henri Thomas Taschereau, was almost as brilliant a jurist as his father. He, too, became a judge of the Superior Court and later Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal. In his earlier years he cherished political ambitions, and when only twenty-two years of age ran against Hector Langevin in Dorchester but without success. He was returned to the House of Commons for Montmagny in 1872 and sat for that constituency until he was made a judge.

The family of the last-mentioned Judge Taschereau consisted principally of daughters who made some good matches. His eldest daughter is Lady Pope, wife of Sir Joseph Pope. His second daughter married a son of the late John Carling, of London. A third daughter was the wife of the late Colonel Vidal, inspector-general of the Canadian militia. Of the sons, Marie Robert Andre Panet Taschereau, who is now one of the most prominent of the younger generation of lawyers in Montreal, is the eldest survivor.

Gains Seat in Cabinet

Cardinal Taschereau had several other nephews and nieces besides Henri Thomas Taschereau. Of these, special reference should be made to the Hon. Louis Alexandre Taschereau, who is unquestionably the most distinguished member of the family alive at the present time. Like his father, he began to

study law at an early age and was soon practising his profession in Quebec in partnership with Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and the Hon. S. N. Parent. He came to the front rapidly and to-day is the possessor of what is probably the largest legal practice in Quebec, as head of the firm of Taschereau, Roy, Cannon, Parent and Fitzpatrick. He appears in most of the big Quebec cases and is heard frequently before the Supreme Court.

When he was just twenty-five years of age, Mr. Taschereau entered politics, running in the County of Dorchester against the present postmaster-general, the Hon. L. P. Pelletier. On this occasion he suffered defeat, but making a second attempt in 1900 in the County of Montmorency he was returned to the Legislature. So gifted a young man could not long remain without notice from the ministry and in 1907 he was



Jean Thomas Taschereau, Jr.

offered and accepted the portfolio of public works, which he still holds. He is an eloquent speaker and, when he addresses the House, is sure of an attentive house and a full gallery.

The Hon. Mr. Taschereau had a brother, Joseph Edouard Taschereau, his senior by four years, who gave promise of enjoying a brilliant career as a lawyer, but his untimely death before he had reached his thirtieth year, cut short this prospect. There are at least two other brothers, who are doing good work in the legal profession, the whole family showing a special aptitude for this vocation.

Why India Hoards Gold

"What does India do with all her gold?" A partial answer to this question which has been puzzling students of finance was given recently by Mr. M. R. Sundaram Aiyar, of Madras, tes-

tifying before the Royal Commission on Indian currency and finance.

It is well known that in the past year India has taken almost one-tenth of all the gold production in the world (\$475,000,000), and still the discount rate of the big Indian banks has been raised, and smaller banks are failing to such an extent that the Government is seeking to put into operation a new banking and currency bill, analogous in many respects to the bill now before Congress in Washington.

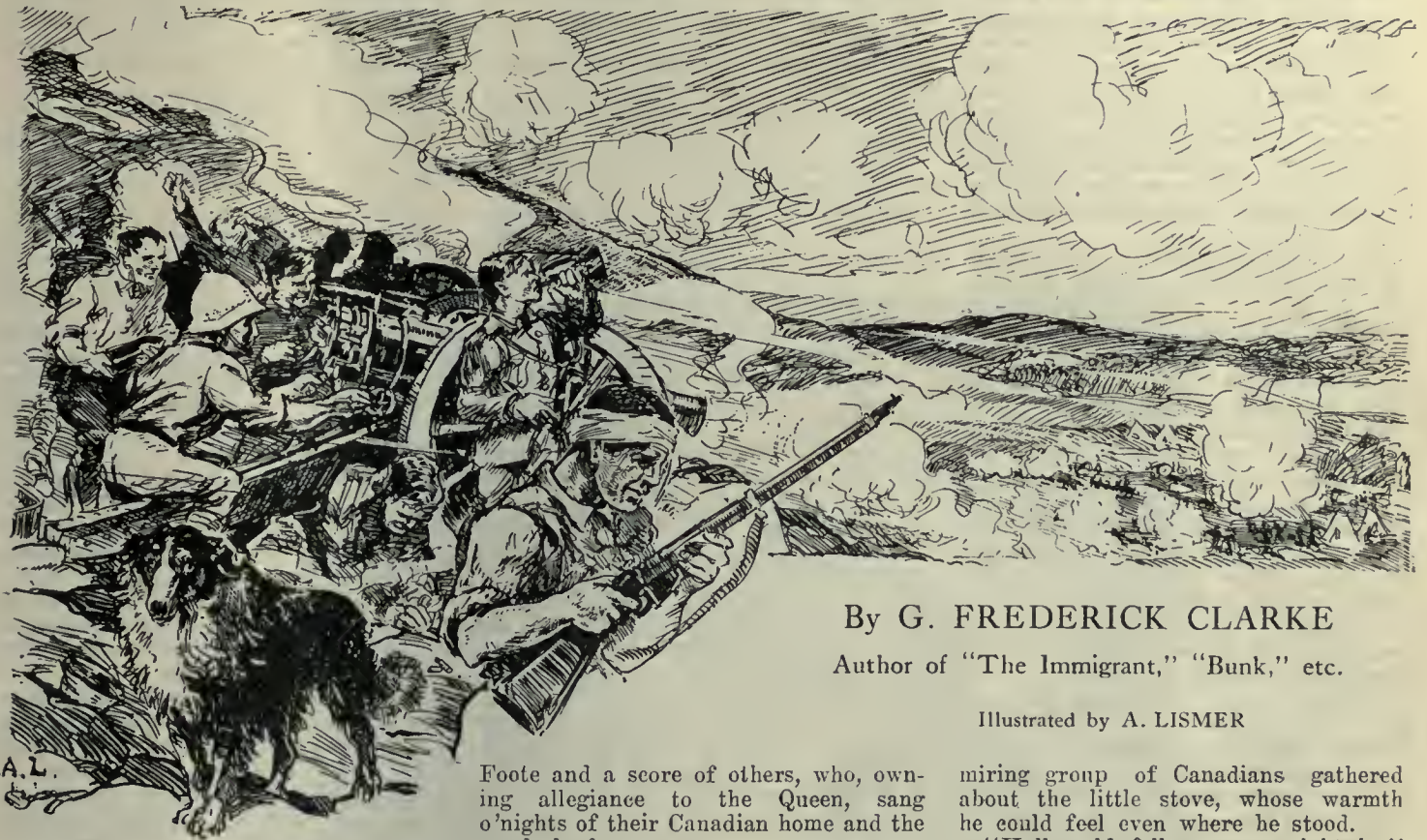
"Hoarding in India," Mr. Aiyar said, "is to be traced to the peculiar social conditions and the laws that govern the people, and not merely to a barbarous instinct to hoard. Under Hindoo law and under existing conditions it is not possible to make any provision for the female members of one's family, either wife, daughters, or sisters.

The wife, who enjoys all the privileges of the house so long as her husband is alive, is as a widow entitled to only 7½ rupees per month or to her board and residence in the family house. Were she to claim a greater sum the members of her husband's family would object, and the court would not allow more. She is entitled to live in the house or to receive ten shillings per month. Then, if one wants to make provision for one's daughter during her married life one cannot bequeath to her any landed property for her use. Any alienation made by the father to his wife or to his daughter can be impeached in a court of law even 20 or 30 years after the alienation. This rule applies only to ancestral property, but the distinction between ancestral and self-acquired property is very delicate. One hundred sovereigns strung on a gold thread become the personal property of the wife, over which the son has no control, while 100 sovereigns presented in pieces or its worth of immovable property will be impeached as a void alienation. So that in every household, poor or rich, the girls

of the family are being presented with sovereigns, and they store them up until a sufficient quantity is collected for making them into ornaments. The jewels cannot be sold for the husband's debts. When the husband dies the Hindoo widow can neither remarry nor wear any kind of ornament, and the jewels are then sold and invested for her use.

Personal credit is almost unknown in India. Borrowing is either by mortgage of immovable property, or by the pledge of jewels. Eighty per cent. of the population are agriculturalists, and the land revenue is collected before the harvest is over, and every agriculturist to pay his land revenue has to borrow until his grain is sold. The mortgage of immovable property for raising a loan is rather cumbersome, so that the only way that is open to the agriculturist is to go secretly to the next village and pledge his wife's or daughter's jewels to raise the necessary sum, which can be returned in a month.

STUFF of EMPIRE



By G. FREDERICK CLARKE

Author of "The Immigrant," "Bunk," etc.

Illustrated by A. LISMER

FASTENED securely to the ammunition wagon at Durban by Private Jones, of the Royal Canadian Field Artillery, the stove had been the jest of the whole battery and its six-foot-one and-broad-in-proportion owner, the recipient of a great deal of good-natured banter.

Jones smiled and patted the tiny collapsible thing affectionately. He knew, bless you, how soon the scoffers would change their tune, and, as the months went by, there was not a man in the battery, but sang its praises as though it were a deity.

Nights on the veldt they gathered about Jones' tent, and, as he fed the insatiable thing bits of stick and dung from time to time, and the smoke curled bravely from its three-inch, two-jointed pipe, they recited the day's happenings or told tales of the homeland to men of other regiments.

Stories there were of the backwoods of Canada, of caribou and moose hunt, and long trails in the Hudson Bay region. There was Scott, who had served in the Royal North-West Mounted in the Yukon district; MacDonald, who, born in Glengarry on the Ottawa, had roughed it in the woods and on the spring drives; and little Billy Simmons, the bugler, an English emigrant, as homely and good-natured a lad as ever played about the wharves at St. John and drank of adventure from the lips of the old sea-dogs who filled the port. Then there was O'Brien and Jarvis and

Foote and a score of others, who, owning allegiance to the Queen, sang o' nights of their Canadian home and the maple leaf.

Over kopje and veldt, therefore, the stove and its diminutive pipe accompanied the battery, and the battery loved it. Taking the utmost pride in its appearance, Billy Simmons and Private Jones gave it a coat of khaki paint, which though it soon burned off and gave forth an evil smell, was religiously replenished.

And all went well until the —st Highlanders joined that section of the army which was endeavoring to round up the wily and ubiquitous Cronje. It was Robin who started the mischief—a collie dog which had accompanied its master, Angus Mackay, across the seas, and over the greater part of South Africa. A great, beautiful beast, it had followed the regiment into more than one conflict and returned unscathed, and, as all men love a hero, and perhaps because the dog reminded the Scots of their own hills and dales, they loved him.

One cold rainy night Robin, returning from some pilgrimage into the open, passed through the Canadian lines. The sound of some musical instrument which pleased caused him to stop and listen. The accordion which Private Jones was playing wasn't as inspiring as the pibroch of his own Highlanders, but it was soothing, and, there was a fire inside the tent, he could tell by the smoke that stung his nostrils.

He nosed his way nearer, and, confident of himself, pushed open the flap and stood blinking, the centre of an ad-

miring group of Canadians gathered about the little stove, whose warmth he could feel even where he stood.

"Hullo, old fellow; come right in," cried Jones. "My he's wet! Move over there, Jarvis, and give him a chance. Come up, doggie, and get warmed. Simmons, some of that corned beef there, and a hardtack."

Nobody knew to whom the dog belonged until MacDonald, allowing the others to exhaust their speculations, dryly volunteered the information that the beast was the "bit mascot of the Highlanders," but lately attached to the section.

"I wouldn't mind owning him myself," quoth Jones, which sentiment was expressed by every one but the Scots-Canadian. Scott, once of the Royal Mounted, having driven a team of dogs in the Canadian North-West, began a panegyric on the merits and demerits of canines from Malamutes and pure Huskies to Newfoundland and Collies. Suddenly, above the stamping of horses a few yards away, above the rain and the wind came the distant skirl of the bagpipes. Robin lifted his head, half rose to his feet, then sank back beside the cozy stove. It was too good to leave; the night outside was bad. Here was warmth and good comradeship also.

"A wise mon will na harbor anither's beastie," suggested MacDonald, and opening the tent flap invited Robin to depart. But Robin was too well contented to move; the heat had gotten into his bones; he closed one eye and shifted more comfortably against Billy Simmons' leg.

"Ah, let him stay," the others chor-

used. "He'll be all right for to-night," added Jones, "You wouldn't turn even a dog into this storm, MacDonald."

The big Scot let the tent flap fall into place, but, as he drew the blankets about him grumbled, "A wise mon doesna harbour anither's beastie when the owner's door isna closed on him," and immediately dropped into a sound sleep.

Once, a half hour later, Robin opened his eyes with a start and jumped to his feet. Did he dream, or was it in reality his master's shrill whistle calling him? He stood a moment irresolute. Then, for the heat from the little stove was not yet exhausted, he snuggled up closer to poor, stunted Billy Simmons and snored peacefully.

"I would na give him a bite ta eat," suggested MacDonald the next morning. "It is na wise. We have trouble enough with the Boers without bringin' doon the enmity of a Hieland regiment." But the others laughed him to scorn. If the collie wanted to stay he should do so they declared, and as for a few scraps of food, even a dog musn't go hungry before their door.

After the meal Robin took himself off, and was not seen until the next night when he again sought his new friends. This time it was bright and clear, but cold—the stars winking big in the South African sky. The little tin stove was set up outside Jones' tent, exuding its intoxicating warmth.

"Here's that damn dog again," growled MacDonald under his breath. He had sounded his warning twice, and never again would he open his mouth on the subject, though he knew well there would harm come of it.

It did. A Scotsman dearly loves his dog. Some one told big Angus Mackay that his "beastie" was hanging about the Canadian lines, and he immediately went to investigate. He found him couched in huge contentment beside Jones' stove, within a circle of neighborly Canucks, who at once invited Angus to partake of their cheer. He brusquely declined and went off with the collie following dejectedly at his heels.

After that, as Angus Mackay himself said, it seemed that the dog was bewitched, or "filled with the very deil," for night after night he would steal away to the Canadian lines, and now, despite the well-meant rebuffs of Jones and his friends, persisted in staying until called for by the irate Angus or one of his companions. Even in the daytime, too, he would be found trotting contentedly beneath the ammunition wagon on which Bugler Simmons rode, and for whom all the men declared he had formed an undying attachment.

Or again, later, when the men saw it was no use to send him away, he would sit perched on the ammunition wagon betwixt Jones and Billy Simmons, his magnificent head in the air, his eyes fixed straight ahead of the column, balancing himself to the jerks of the cumbersome thing like any old campaigner.

In action, when the khaki-clad men fed the brown guns, he would plant himself stolidly between the wheels and give vent to deep grumblings.

"I'll buy him of you," suggested Jones one day to Angus Mackay when the latter had marched forward and angrily called Robin to him. "We've done our best to get rid of him, old man, but it's no go." It was the only money Jones possessed in the world, but he drew the two pound six from his tunic and offered it to the Highlander.

Angus Mackay turned on his heel without a word. His big hand fumbled at his sporran and brought forth his pipe, and his strong teeth closed on the stem, grinding it to atoms.

After that there was intense ill-feeling between the regiment and the battery, and one day it almost reached a climax when Angus Mackay, seeing Billy Simmons rushing up and down the lines with Robin clamoring at his heels, caught the lad by the scruff of the neck and was about to administer a thrashing when Jones appeared on the scene.

"Better take one of your own size, Mackay," he said quietly.

The big Scot's face grew crimson at the implied cowardice, and, letting go the boy, advanced on Jones, who, nowise afraid, put himself in a posture of defence. Just then, by good fortune, an officer rode past and the men saluted. Angus Mackay swore under his breath and added loud enough for Jones to hear, that "the damn colonials were na good to fight, only to pilfer." Jones retorted as he threw his arm about Billy Simmons' shoulder, that the word pilfer had ever been a most important and necessary one in the vocabulary of all Highlanders, and the men parted the very best of enemies.

One evening, to the intense chagrin of the battery, they lost two of the guns. They had just entered a defile when, from the surrounding hills, a bewildering rifle fire was poured in on them, killing men and horses, and throwing for a few minutes, trained minds into confusion. Chaos reigned. Amid the squealing of the horses and the groans of dying and wounded men, the shrill bugle commands—the order sent back for the rest of the battery to draw off—Private Jones was aware of a thousand gaunt forms scrambling down the rocks and that he was a prisoner with a dozen of his companions.

That night a cold, drizzly rain soaked kopje and veldt, and the Boers, camped among the hills, had long since ceased shivering about their tiny camp-fires and were enjoying a few hours' rest. All was quiet, save for a half-dozen sentries posted here and there over the hill.

Perched on the highest kop, their brown muzzles tilted downward, were the two guns of the R.C.A., and thrown together in one tent were Private Jones and his companions, sore in body and spirit.

Jones tried to sleep, and was fairly succeeding when a wet muzzle was pushed into his hand and the shaggy body of Angus Mackay's collie panted beside him. He patted the dog for a moment and was about to lie down again when a thought struck him, and his big form trembled for very eagerness. Here they were, unarmed it is true, but up there on the hill were the guns they

loved and took such pride in. Back on the veldt a couple of miles was the rest of the army. Jones thought of the Highlanders and of Angus Mackay's scorn should they ever have the good fortune to be exchanged and rejoin the battery. He reached over and touched MacDonald and whispered a few moments; then the others were awakened and told of the plan which the two had formulated, namely, to try and escape and recapture the guns.

It was an admirable night for just such a mad venture. The wind sent the rain against the tents and was disagreeable enough to slacken the watch of their captors.

So Private Jones opened the tent flap and looked out through the wet murk. The lines of tents showed grey and ghostly. A sentry stood, leaning on his Mauser not a dozen feet away. Perhaps he dozed. They never knew. He was overpowered and gagged by the gigantic MacDonald before he had time to give an outcry, bundled into the tent and ordered to lie quiet.

It was Scott who led the way, creeping on his hands and knees, the others following—Scott, who had followed many a long trail in the Northland without compass or star or sun. Unerringly, making wide detours, they crept among the rocks until they had reached the other side of the kopje and were without the lines of tents.

An hour later the twelve men lay panting by the first gun, with Robin, the collie beside them, and not a dozen paces away, two of the enemy standing guard. The hearts of the Canadians thumped against their khaki tunics. Once, out of the night behind them came the shrill cry of some animal, dog or horse, they knew not, but Jones threw his arm about the collie's neck and pressed his muzzle close to his side. For a few minutes they waited for a recurrence of the cry, but nothing happened, and releasing Robin, and giving the word, the Canadians sprang on the unsuspecting sentries. There was a grim struggle, but the odds were too great, and the brave Dutchmen were soon overpowered and their arms appropriated by the victors.

In five minutes the guns were swung into position, and the ammunition piled about the wheels. Then Jones took Billy Simmons to one side. "Over there, Billy," he said, pointing through the dusk, "is the army. If he wants to go to the colonel. Tell him we have the guns and won't leave them. If he wants to, he can, make a night attack and we can capture the enemy. Can you find the way, boy?"

Bugler Simmons—for he was a bugler in truth now—having found his spare trumpet in one of the ammunition wagons—looked his disappointment. "I—I thought I might stay and see the bloomin' thing through with you," he said, but smothering his chagrin, he called the collie to him and obediently scrambled down the hillside to the plain.

An hour went by, and the men on the kopje waited in grim suspense. Suddenly, footsteps were heard and voices in Dutch declaiming the night. It was

the relief guard coming. Again there was a sharp struggle, and two more Mausers and the requisite ammunition were added and the armament of the hill. Four rifles and two eighteen-pounders and a German automatic revolver to withstand an army! Two more hours passed, while the men walked up and down to keep warm and strained their ears into the night for the approach of the British, and wondered why they didn't come.

Dawn broke slowly, and the little company, some of them wet and wounded, but determined, stood to the guns. There was a clamoring in the Boer encampment as the men awoke to the new day. Presently, a detachment was seen coming towards the kop at a run. Scott sighted his piece, and the shell, striking the middle of the camp, threw it into confusion. Utterly surprised and unable to comprehend the assault from the hill, the Boers were some time realizing the truth; then the bullets began to bite against the rocks about the brave defenders. Big Alec MacDonald swore in his harsh Gaelic as a Mauser bullet ploughed through his left arm, leaving it limp and useless. A piece of flying rock cut a deep gash in Scott's face; he laughed and aimed his gun again where the shell would do the most execution, then he began to sing in the dialect some old folk song of the Cree Indians he had learned in the North. The guns grew hot, but they were fed nevertheless, and roared and screeched on their death dealing mission.

Suddenly, up the hillside to the rear, came the sound of a bugle playing the British Grenadiers. A cheer broke from the smoke-parched throats of the little garrison. Help was come at last. Again the bugle notes, and this time, sweet and clear, drifted up the notes of the Maple Leaf. It could be none but Billy Simmons playing like that. Presently over the hill he staggered, his face and clothes cut, the tears running down his homely, unwashed face. He was alone, save for the collie, who set up a glad howl of welcome. "I—I couldn't find—the bloomin' army," the lad cried, "I—I

got all turned 'round, so—so I come back to help." His voice was drowned in the roar of the eighteen-pounders. Through the smoke and misty rain that hung thick over the hill he saw his comrades, powder-grimed and desperate, fighting like berserkers of old. The blood in him bounded—he was of the stuff that builds empires—and once again there drifted down to the enemy, who were in ignorance of the strength of those who topped the hill, the inspiring notes of Rule Britannia.

The defenders of the guns fought on in grim silence. It was certain death—each man was conscious of that—but each was drunk with the love of battle.



He declined and went off with the collie following dejectedly at his heels.

They would never give in, never, while God gave them power to work the guns. Didn't they remember Angus Mackay's scornful remark that "the damn Colonials were na good ta fight, only ta pilfer?" The cause of the ill-feeling between the men, Angus' collie, was standing on a rock a few feet away, body rigid, a picture of a canine Mars, joyously scenting the smoke of battle.

The men had had nothing to eat since their coarse prison fare of the night before; unfed, wounded, powder-blackened, they worked the guns until they were almost too hot to handle, while the enemy crept ever closer. One by one the defenders were picked off. Scott, shot

through the head as he was swabbing out his gun, fell without a word. The great uncharted Canadian North would never more feel his footsteps. He had taken the last long trail. Two of the others soon followed, and Alec MacDonald, again shot through the thighs, and weak from loss of blood, sat heavily down on a rock, and, grim stoic that he was, tried to staunch his wounds. Billy Simmons, his face almost unrecognizable with burnt powder, his eyes wild, staggered with a shell to Private Jones. "I s'y, Jones," he cried joyously, "the bloomin' blighters have got us, but we'll show 'em we aren't croakers, eh?" Defiantly he grasped his hughle cord and swung the instrument to his lips, and "Britains Never Shall Be 'Slaves'" blared over the hillside and drifted down to the—st Highlanders, who were making all speed to the scene of action.

Suddenly, a surprised expression filled the lad's eyes, and his diminutive form crumpled up at Jones' feet. The collie bounded forward and began nosing with his wet muzzle the poor, pinched little face. The little hero opened his eyes. "I—I s'y," he began bravely—then his voice trailed off, "I s'y, if it—ain't the bloomin' dorg. I—I thought it was—mother—you know."

A volley was poured in at close quarters and every man fell, dead or wounded. A cry, almost human, was wrenched from the col-

lie as he, too, fell with his body across that of Bugler Simmons.

But now, sweet and clear came the brave skirl of the bagpipes, and up the hill, leaping from crag to crag, the Highlanders. For a while there was desperate resistance; then the enemy broke and fled.

A quarter of an hour later a group of Scots and Canadians stood with bared heads about the guns and the recumbent dead. They all admired brav- cry, and here it was typified in its highest sense. The two cannon stood with drooping muzzles as though in lament; a

(Continued on page 113.)

Schultz and Strathcona: *Empire Builders*

The Parts Played by Two Strong Men in the Early History of the West

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, M.A.

Author of "The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life," "The Making of the Canadian West," "Our Task in Canada," etc.

A LAND of impossibilities where men were fighting through the barriers that nature had erected against them; a land where racial passions ran high and where, unknown perhaps to them, strong men fought for the possession of a mighty empire. Such is my recollection of the North-West during the early days of Confederation; and against the horizon of

memory two figures stand out strong, rugged, great in personality and achievement. One had been dead many years; the other passed beyond but a few days ago.

I remember well the coming of Dr. John Schultz. His earlier career in the East it is not my intention to sketch and accordingly I begin with the time when he arrived at Fort Garry to practise medicine. This was a few years before the outbreak of the storm which led to the Riel Rebellion. Schultz was a picturesque figure—impulsive, impatient of restraint, big in his ideas, fearless in what he said and did—the true type of pioneer. Physically he was of giant stature, and of almost incredible strength. I remember, as a boy, having to run beside him as with powerful stride he walked from our home to the Red River on an occasion when I was sent to direct him to a house he was to visit on a medical consultation. I can yet see the oars bending like willows in his hands as he propelled the rough boat against the waves. I recall, too, hearing how once at a meeting where a riot was threatened, Schultz, who was seated on a great home-made oaken chair, rose and putting his foot on a bar, wrenched the chair asunder as if it had been made of pipe stems, on which the



A view of Fort Garry during the stormy days of the Riel rebellion.

The inset shows Hon. A. G. Archibald, one of the early Governors of the West.

The Selkirk settlers and the rest of that class, though perplexed at the procedure, were confident that the Canadian authorities would ultimately do substantial justice in the recognition of all just and lawful rights and privileges enjoyed by the inhabitants of the territory to be annexed to Canada. They therefore awaited patiently but somewhat anxiously the developments of time. This

position of neutrality they maintained throughout. But the French half-breeds, more easily excited, more turbulent of spirit, accustomed to passages at arms in their hunting expeditions, and withal comparatively uneducated and less well-informed on current events than their white brethren, rose in revolt under the fiery and erratic Louis Riel. Having stopped McDougall at the boundary line, Riel wheeled his roughriders of the plains and took possession of Fort Garry with all its wealth of Hudson Bay stores, and Col. Dennis, chief of surveyors, gathered a small force of some fifty men in the house of Dr. Schultz nearby to protect some surveyors' supplies.

The little garrison of fifty, poorly armed, found themselves at a dangerous pass when Riel sent some three hundred of his men with two nine-pounder guns to open siege. Realizing the futility of resistance against hopeless odds, the party surrendered themselves and were taken to Fort Garry. It was apparent from the start that Riel feared Schultz. The latter had been most outspoken in his condemnation of the half-breed leader, denouncing him with characteristic vigor and fearlessness. Accordingly Riel had him immured in an upper room in a stone

rioters decided to leave him, at least, unmolested. Space does not permit an extended review of the conditions which existed in the West when Dr. John Schultz appeared on the scene. There was a strong sentiment among the settlers in the Red River district that the West should join the new Dominion. Dr. Schultz became one of the strongest advocates of union. Accordingly negotiations were begun to that end, and for a cash payment and certain lands the Hudson's Bay Company relinquished its rights and Canada became the owner of the West. Governor William McDougall was dispatched to take possession, but no one was found able to deliver the goods. Discontent was rife in the West. Communication was slow, and, without railways or telegraph people out there were in great uncertainty. Surveyors had entered the country and the rumor spread that the people who had been all their days on the ground were to lose their land and other rights they had enjoyed under the Hudson's Bay Company. No one seemed to know what the real situation was and the people naturally resented the intrusion of the new element unless they had some guarantee as to their lands and other rights being unmolested by the incomers.

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bastion of the fort. There is hardly a doubt that Dr. Schultz had been singled out as one whose career ought to be ended. But he was not the man to passively await the fate that might be meted out to him.

A few nights after his incarceration, Schultz tore in strips the buffalo robe which had served as his bed, and, letting himself out through the window, slid down as far as this rope would allow and then dropped some ten feet to the snow outside the fort. Injured somewhat from the fall and thinly clad, he was not equipped to face the blizzard, but, getting his bearings, he ran four miles to my father's house in Kildonan for shelter. Why he came there especially, no one knew. He was aware, of course, that my father, who was a Crown magistrate, had openly repudiated Riel. My father was a very ardent Hudson Bay Company man and Schultz was the very opposite, but Schultz with his shrewd reading of human nature knew that an old Highlander with soldier blood in his veins, would not refuse shelter to a hunted man. And so the refugee was taken into the house and all that day (for he came at daybreak) Schultz and my father sat armed in an upstairs room. Backward and forward all day rode Riel's scouts on their red-blanketed horses, looking for the escaped prisoner. Many times they passed the house and I remember the strain under which we all labored. What the fate of Dr. Schultz would have been had he again fallen into the hands of the rebels is not a matter of which there could be any doubt. Riel said to Rev. George Young, "They are looking for him and have orders to shoot him on sight."

During the dark hours of the night, my brother Alexander (now of Prince Albert) hitched up a cutter and drove Dr. Schultz twenty miles to the Indian settlement. Here the fugitive secured a guide in Joseph Monkman and made the overland trip by snowshoes to Duluth and thence to Toronto by rail. For the time being he passed off the stage.

As the winter waned, Mr. Donald A. Smith (afterwards Lord Stratheona) came on the scene. Fourteen years in the Labrador and as many in the North-West in the Hudson's Bay Company service had prepared him for promotion to the leadership of the company in Montreal the year before Riel began his revolt. Mr. Smith, with his knowledge of the country and his unique position as head of the great company, was an ideal man for a commissioner to execute an errand and find out what was wrong, and what was needed to secure peace. So the Dominion Government appointed him to go to Fort Garry.

Riel, who never had any particular love for British institutions, and who

was becoming vain with his success, did not welcome Mr. Smith very warmly. In fact, during all his stay the chief of the Hudson's Bay Company was practically a prisoner within the walls of his own Western headquarters. But he got the whole question at issue before the tribunal of the people at a general convention and thus broke the power of the rebel leader. He got Riel to summon the people together to hear his commission read and the courtyard of the fort was crowded, the meeting being held in the open air at thirty below zero. But the gathering was warm. First of all Mr. Smith refused to read his commission under the rebel ensign and requested the Union Jack to be hoisted. This was done and then Riel became belligerent and wished to prevent the reading, on which Colin Inkster (now sheriff of Winnipeg) whose Orkney blood was up, caught the rebel by the back of the collar and pulled him down the outside steps. Riel, in a fury, threw off his coat, ordered the gates closed and called out the guard.

It looked for a time as though bloodshed would ensue, but some men,

Wolseley came and Riel vanished. There was an interregnum and some confusion, but Wolseley, declining a military dictatorship, called on Donald Smith to take charge in civil affairs till the arrival of Governor Archibald. This, Mr. Smith did, and, organizing a temporary council of prominent men, he had regulations adopted, including the organization of a police force, for the preservation of law and order.

On the arrival of Governor Archibald a rough census of the province was taken showing a population of about 12,000, all told, only about 1,600 being pure whites, principally in Kildonan. A distribution was made by the Governor, and a Legislative election held. Donald A. Smith became a candidate for the hamlet of Winnipeg. The election day was a day of riot, and a wagon-shop being plundered, the crowd threw spokes at all and sundry. But spectators recall that when spokes were hurled at his carriage, Donald A. Smith lifted his hat and with perfect courtliness acknowledged with bows every missile that came his way. This new method of receiving assault by assuming that the

gentleman who threw spokes intended thereby to be polite disarmed his antagonists completely. And from that scene Mr. Smith entered the primitive, but picturesque, Legislature in which men of culture and faultless dress rubbed shoulders with the moecasined and somewhat unlettered buffalo hunters and frontiersmen of the great plains. A little while later Mr. Smith was elected to the House of Commons.

Dr. Schultz had come back from his exile at the earliest possible hour after Riel's exodus and immediately took a prominent place in the business and public life of that day. The old antagonism between the new Canadian element and the

Hudson's Bay Company (largely the result of mutual misunderstanding) found expression in the fact that Dr. Schultz and Mr. Smith were generally found on opposite sides in open discussion at meetings. All the amenities and the courtesies of debate were observed but the slumbering antipodal possibilities were there. I recall hearing them on several occasions. Schultz was the abler and more fluent speaker. His commanding stature and fine voice were great assets on the platform, while his emotional nature, held in hand by a strong will, gave impressiveness to his every utterance. Mr. Smith, lithe and active in figure, had not such a mastery of language, but was exceedingly happy and particular in his use of words. His voice was not musical, being rather broken, but the perfection of courtliness gave charm to his public, as well as private address.



The home of Mr. MacBeth's father, at Kildonan, where Schultz hid on escaping from the rebels. The insert shows Sir John Schultz in his prime. Below is shown Hon. Alex. Morris, one of the early Governors of the West.

amongst them my father, took Riel aside and spoke to him earnestly, succeeding in getting him cooled down. Smith then read the commission, which assured the people that the Government would regard all their rights if they would state them. At the close of the reading Riel himself moved that each district should send representatives to a convention to frame a bill of rights and submit it to Mr. Smith. This was accordingly done and Mr. Smith gave all the assurance he could on behalf of the Government. Three men were sent to Ottawa to present the Bill of Rights at headquarters.

This was Donald Smith's triumph. In getting past the rebel leader to the people with the assurance from the Government of Canada that their rights would be respected. From that time the prestige of Riel began to wane and his efforts to terrorize the people by the shooting of Thomas Scott on March 4th, 1870, only drove them further away from him. Then in August, 1870,



The Late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, formerly Donald Smith,
Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Schultz also entered the House of Commons and despite breaking health did fine service. To him more than to any other man is due the discovery of the great possibilities of the Peace River district—the hinterland beyond Edmonton. For some years he kept the subject before the House and the Senate until investigation was made and the Peace River came to its own as a field for immigration.

Later on Schultz was appointed Governor of Manitoba, receiving knighthood as recognition of his services to the country. In the office of Governor he exercised marked influence by the encouragement of patriotism, especially in the schools of the province, and threw the weight of his personality and position in favor of temperance and other moral reforms. His health was poor, but his indomitable will enabled him to fulfill in a wonderful way the social and other duties of his office. I have in my study a fine engraving of old Fort Garry made after his own plan. This was sent to me a few days before he left on a trip to the South in the hope of health improvement. Under the engraving is this inscription, traced in the trembling hand

that had once been so strong, "For my esteemed friend of many years, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, of Augustine Church, from Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, Government House, Winnipeg, in grateful memory of my brave old friend Honorable Robert MacBeth, and as a souvenir of stirring events in other days." From that journey then undertaken Schultz did not return, but on the way back died in Monterey, Mexico. His body was brought to Winnipeg and after a state funeral, was interred in the old cemetery of the province he had loved so well. To this day one can find different estimates of his life and work, but no one denies the remarkable force and ability and patriotism of Sir John Schultz, whose figure stands out so clearly against the storm of his day.

The recent death of Lord Strathcona (Donald A. Smith) has led to every one being made familiar with the main points of his later life so they need not be recalled here. His career in the House of Commons, his astonishing foresight as to the future greatness of Canada, his place as a persistent, unconquerable railroad builder, his knighthood and peerage, his unique contri-

bution to the empire during the Boer war, his splendid High Commissioner-ship and royal hospitality, his personal integrity and high devotion to lofty ideals in morality and education—all these are now an open page of our history. His dust rests in the heart city of the empire to which he gave such unstinted and prolonged service.

Some comment has been heard since the publication of his will on the fact that he did not leave anything to the West. When it is considered that his personal destiny was so closely linked up with the growth of the West, it may seem passing strange that his donations should have gone to Montreal and elsewhere. It is quite well known to many that his being defeated in the Winnipeg Federal election in 1880 was a severe blow to his sensitive nature. That defeat, along with the fact that his chief business connections were with concerns, whose headquarters were in Montreal, undoubtedly led to the shifting of his interests to the Eastern metropolis. But it ought also to be borne in mind that it was in Montreal the Canadian Government found him at the outset when a man was needed to go West as a diplomat and peacemaker in a time of stress. I know that he was, to the end, deeply attached to Western friends, and to Western memories, but, next to Scotland, I think he loved the city under the shadow of Mount Royal.

Olden Ways

You who loved the ways of sunset,
Heard the symphony of pines—
Dreamily through the haze of autumn
Searched the far hills' purple lines;

You who loved the lazy drifting
Of the great white snowflakes, fall;
Traced the bare trees' dainty network
'Gainst the blue sky over all;

You who tripped your way through
springtime
With such wonder in your eyes;
Knew the first grey pussy-willows,
Knelt where purple violets rise;

You who knew those lovely secrets
Nature told with lips dew-wet—
Can your eyes look unrememb'ring?
Does your heart let you forget?

I can fare me forth alone, dear,
Down some little humble street—
Lo, some flower or bird, or wind-song—
And the thought of you I greet!

Thus I know that you are meeting
Memories, in the same sweet way,
And a song we sung together
Sings within my heart all day!

—Amy E. Campbell.

The Five Hundred to One Shot

How the Prodigal Son Regained Favor by Cracking a Safe

By CLEMENT BANCROFT and MADGE MacBETH

Illustrated by W. H. COOPER

WHEN James Woodside Langdon struck the Monte Cristo saloon in Dawson on that memorable December night in '98, everything was 'wide open.' The kaleidoscopic scene brought a pleasurable thrill to the jaded globe-trotter of twenty-six, and he stood just inside the doorway a long time, merely an onlooker, without making any attempt to join in the hilarity. The hour was slightly past midnight and the bar was hidden by a motley, surging crowd; the large dance hall, adjoining, was filled too full to make dancing comfortable; roulette wheels were running briskly, and against the monotonous voice of the faro dealer, the shrill cries of the 'spieler' struck a sharp note of contrast.

Woodie Langdon thought he had seen life in all its phases; he had run the gamut of Monte Carlo and Ostend, he was familiar with the 'life' of Paris, London and New York, he had seen the Mardi Gras and the old Absinthe House in New Orleans, and had traversed the Barbary Coast in San Francisco. An only son of a wealthy father, he had had all the advantages of foreign travel. But this Yukon dance-hall was a new one on Woodside! A gold camp at its zenith—can its like be found in history?

Although the somewhat familiar condition of being dead broke was responsible for Langdon's being in Dawson, he did not regret it as he watched the fascinating scene before him. The spirit of adventure is strong even in jaded globe-trotters of twenty-six, and the Monte Cristo seemed to offer a good setting for one.

Langdon senior was the principal owner of the largest manufactory of safes in Canada and having risen bolt by bolt and plate by plate so to speak, in strength and riches, he saw no reason why his son's ambitions should not be compassed by vaults and combinations, wall plates and time locks. Woodie was sent to the University to take a mechanical course, and between terms, when he could spare the time from traveling, he went into the foundry and work shop to learn the practical end of the business—the only end which held a spark of interest for him. The boy really did show the greatest aptitude for details. But there was a strain of the farmer in his make-up, as well; the sort of farmer who has a fondness for wild oats, growing in lawless places. And Father sitting at his desk, one hand on the business and the other on his cheque book, grew everlastingly tired of paying for crops which

brought in no returns. He said to himself that it was high time his son was brought to terms.

Bringing to terms meant sitting in the office all day and dragging out a miserable drab existence.

Woodside would have let unprofitable farming alone had his parent allowed him to wear overalls and 'tinker with the works,' as he expressed it. He would have found unending interest in setting up safes and vaults, in opening time locks before their time and doing other spectacular things. But the business end did not, and never could, hold him, and after a stormy and uncomfortable scene in which the cheque book played but a sadly negative part, father and son separated. All across the Continent Woodie could hear his father's ironical words ringing in his ears:

"If ever you turn an honest dollar by safe cracking, let me know, and I'll give you five hundred to one!"

With the supreme egotism of youth and health, he did not doubt his ability to call the Governor's bluff and make good, but in the meantime a living had to be negotiated, for thirty dollars would not go far in Dawson, in those days!

Langdon passed further into the room and watched, curiously, Bill Brice, the proprietor's assistant handing out tickets to a line of women who filed by.

"What is he giving them?" he asked a man who stood close at hand.

"Percentage coupons," was the answer. "Each girl is entitled to fifty cents for each dance that finds her on the floor. You see, we guys have to pay a dollar for the privilege. So when you get ready to trip the light fantastic, Stranger, pick a winner, 'cause it'll cost you one plunk and she gets fifty of it."

"The dances seem to be pretty short," Woodie remarked.

"Sure! That's where Gus Nelson gets the drop on us boobs! When business is



He ducked nimbly and delivered a clean blow on his own account.

good and the 'dust' is thick, they don't give you more'n chanet to put your arm around a lady! Gus, or Bill Brice, there, he gives the leader a signal, and wop goes the music!"

Woodie laughed.

"And see the boxes, up there?" the old stager continued. "They're another way of separatin' yourself from the dust. Take a lady in there with you, and your drinks'll cost double what they do at the bar."

"She still gets half?"

"Course! Lord, don't I remember the first night I blew in here, after doublin' myself up over a pick and shovel for two months—don't I remember how good it all looked, how crazy I was to get hold of somethin' that wore a skirt and how tarnation thirsty! Why, Stranger, I turned over just two hundred and thirty dollars worth of dust to Gus that night, and I didn't look in at cards or roulette, either! That was just fer the pleasure of dancing with a little yellow-haired girl and feedin' her the fizzy. It was to the tune of fifteen per bot. Some evenin' fer a hard workin' miner, eh?"

A young and good-looking stranger could not remain long in Gus Nelson's establishment without attracting some of the 'rustlers' attention. Three girls spied Langdon at the same time and made a big bid for him. "I'm the best dancer of the bunch," boasted the Ping-pong Kid. False modesty was not one of her drawbacks.

"I stand in with Bill Brice," con-

fessed Dutch Lena," and he won't ring the changes on us till I give him the eye. So, you'll get your money's worth, if you dance with me. Come on!" she urged tugging at his sleeve.

A dark, sensuous-looking girl of the Spanish type, lifted provocative eyebrows, as she broke into the arena.

"Try de waltz of Castile," she invited. "I will show you, how we do de dance in Spain. Come wiz me!"

A fat gambler stood near watching the scene with cynical amusement. This, however, was too much.

"Back to the woods, Jane," he called. "Fade completely away! Market street, 'Friseo, is about as near as you'll ever get to Castile. Don't try to put it all over the tenderfoot!"

Langdon pushed them from him, laughing. He was not quite as tender as he looked.

"Yes, run away and play—all of you," he advised. "When I want to dance, I'll come back and take you each in turn, my dears!"

And he pushed his way to the bar.

Bill Brice looked around for the proprietor to relieve him. He had no intention of handing out coupons all night. A coarse bully, afraid of neither man nor beast, he was useful to Nelson, but a fearsome appurtenance to the Monte Cristo. His fists were too ready—his temper too short. He had been promised arrest if more control was not evidenced during his little differences, and there was no one but would say that the Mounted Police had been exceptionally lenient, at that!

As soon as Nelson took his place, the assistant went in search of liquid refreshment after which he stalked Belle Allen, the most popular dancer in Dawson. That she was not the common type of girl to be seen in the halls, does not concern us, greatly; that she was desperately afraid of Bill Brice has to be understood; otherwise the impression will be strong that he had tigher hold upon her than was held. No! There never was a breath of scandal against Belle Allen. She was sickeningly afraid of the great bully, realizing too, with a rather pitiful combination of shrewdness and innocence that Bill Brice had it in his power to help or hinder her from making money. In the halcyon days between '98 and '01 when gold was plentiful, a good 'rustler' in a dance hall could make three hundred dollars a week without compromising herself in the least.

Belle Allen sent most of hers to the Outside, but that does not concern the story either.

When Bill found her, she was just about to dance with a tall young Swede. In taking her away from him Brice was not simply exercising his right as assistant; he gave the girl her share, just as though he had been an outsider. But she resented his manner of appropriating her for it carried in it, that which created a false impression. At the same time, she was afraid to refuse.

"Get out!" commanded Bill shortly.

"This is my dancee."

"Belle has joos promise it to me," protested Ole.

"Get out, before I make you!" Bill's drinks were beginning to tell.

"Wait till the next one, Bill," said the girl, pleadingly. "I did promise Ole, honest."

Brice stepped forward and seized her roughly by the wrist. And at this moment Woodie took a hand in the affair.

"Have it out with the gentleman, Bill," he advised, suavely. "I'll see that the lady does not lack a partner!"

He pushed Belle very gently behind him; from simple astonishment Brice had dropped his hold upon her. He turned fiercely on the newer element and told him in positive language what he thought of his forbears. Langdon backed slowly away still pushing the girl.

"Hold your tongue;" he snapped, suddenly. "If you really want to dancee, learn how to ask a lady to honor you. Will you allow me?" and he swung Belle out

into the whirling couples on the floor.

She was trembling.

"You ought not to have done that," she whispered, raising grateful but terrified eyes to Langdon. "Bill's bad, to-night, and there's no telling what he'll do."

"Is he anything to you?" asked Woodie bluntly, but with a surprising amount of interest.

For an instant red glowed under the girl's clear skin. But her eyes were brave and fearless as she looked up and shook her head.

"Well, don't you worry, then! I will look after myself and you, too—if you say so," he added, softly.

"The music is stopping," she murmured, ignoring the last remark. "Now, keep your eyes open."

The warning was well timed. Brice stood blocking their passage with glowering eyes and tight set jaw. Just as Langdon came within reach, he drew back his enormous fist and swung it where the point of the young man's jaw should have been. But it was not there. If there was one thing Woodie could do better than tinkering with the works of a safe, it was box. He ducked nimbly and delivered a clean blow on his own account—or on Brice's nose, to be more exact. Without a sound, Brice went down.

The crowd cheered.

"I never seen but two blows struck," said Woodie's informant of the early part of the evening. "One on the nose and the other when he hit the floor! That was some tap, Stranger!"

"It's the coop fer Bill," muttered some one else, as a Mounted Policeman drew near. "They said they'd land him, if he started anything more."

"Well, what he'll do to the cheechao when he gets out will be good and plenty," remarked Pingpong Kid to her pal, Dutch Lena.

"Better get Mama's white-haired boy out of the way before then," said the other, with rather an envious look at Belle Allen.

Woodie found himself in the somewhat embarrassing position of hero; he had done what a good many men even in that rough existence had hesitated to do—he had stood up to Bill Brice! But even the hero is a poor sort of jest when he has no funds, and Langdon sat far into the morning, wondering how to secure a



Continued on page 113

Spanish Gold

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

The Story of a Search for Treasure on the Coast of Ireland, and the Amusing Situations which Arose

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

The Rev. J. J. Meldon, curate, of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, while visiting his friend, Major Kent, comes across an old pocket-book of the Major's grandfather, in which he finds an account of some treasure, supposed to have been hidden by the Spaniards of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, on the Island of Inishgowlan. The Major possesses an excellent yacht, The Spindrift, and they decide to take a trip to the island to search for the treasure, which Meldon is very confident of finding, but of the existence of which the Major is very skeptical. Meldon also owns a yacht, The Aureole, a worthless tub, which he lets to a Mr. Langton, who, with a friend, wishes to take a trip round the coast. On arriving at the island Meldon and the Major find Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's, engaged in surveying the island for the Government, and dividing it up into allotments. He informs them he is prevented from completing his work by the obstinacy of one old man, named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, who owns a piece of land in the very centre of the island, entirely surrounded by other people's land, but with which he will not part at any price. Meldon, not wishing to divulge the real reason of his visit, tells Higginbotham the Major is a Government mineralogical expert who has been sent to examine and report on the island's mineral resources. Meldon and the Major start to explore the island and discover they are being followed everywhere by an old man, who turns out to be Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, and who declares he cannot understand a word of English. Meldon tells him they are naturalists looking for sea beetles, and manages to get rid of him; continuing their search, they find an inlet with a hole, which is only visible at low tide, and here Meldon decides the hidden treasure must lie. On returning to the yacht they notice the arrival in the harbor of the Aureole. The following day Meldon starts for the inlet and the cave, and on his arrival discovers a man, who is being lowered over the cliff to the entrance of the cave. This turns out to be a Sir Giles Buckley, the friend who is with Langton, on the Aureole, and son of a neighbor of the Major's, who had lately died. Sir Giles would also have heard of the treasure, as his grandfather was a friend of the Major's grandfather, and had visited the island with him. After some discussion, Sir Giles calls out to Langton to haul him up, and both he and Meldon depart, as the tide has nearly covered the hole in the rocks. In order to have the coast clear for the next day, Meldon plans to get rid of Higginbotham and Thomas O'Flaherty Pat by sending them on some bogus mission to the mainland, and he also plans to keep Langton and Buckley on the Aureole by stealing their small boat, O'Flaherty Pat's boat, the only other one on the island being away. We now find him just as he has started to work his plan on Higginbotham by telling him Sir Giles is an important Government official who requires him to start early the next day to Inishmore to gather particulars of all cases of consumption there. Higginbotham expresses his surprise and asks why Sir Giles should not make the request himself.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

“WELL, he wasn't. He was simply looking for you. Now Higginbotham, the question is simply this: will you go or will you not? I'd go myself in a minute, only I thought you'd like to get the chance. I've nothing to gain by being civil to Sir Giles, but you have. Why, man, your whole future depends upon the kind of impression you make upon these big officials. You know the way they talk to each other in their clubs after luncheon. I tell you there's very little they don't know about every inspector and engineer in the country. If you've any sense you'll make yourself as pleasant and obliging to Sir Giles as you possibly can. I hope you don't mind my speaking plainly. It's for your own good.”

“I think,” said Higginbotham, “that I'll row over now and see Sir Giles myself.”

“You'd much better not.”

“Why?”

“Oh well, I don't like repeating these things. But of course it's pretty well public property. The fact is—”

Meldon took a cup from the table, put it to his lips, slowly raised his elbow and threw back his head.

“Only in the evenings,” he continued, “after he's left the office. He never allows it to interfere with his work in the slightest.”

Higginbotham gasped. Meldon nodded solemnly.

“Naturally,” he went on, “the poor fellow doesn't care about having unexpected visitors dropping in on him during the evening.”

“Good God!” said Higginbotham.

“Yes, it's frightfully sad. In every other respect he's a splendid fellow, one of the very best. We keep it as quiet as we can, but you can see it for yourself. You've only got to look at Langton's face to see it. You told me yourself that he'd got sacked out of his College Library for drink.”

“But Sir Giles!”

“Oh, tarred with the same brush. Birds of a feather, you know. You see now why it wouldn't do for you to be going over there this evening. You're an official yourself, and I need scarcely say that a subordinate official is the very last kind of man who should mix himself up in a business of this kind.”

“I see that, of course.”

“I needn't say, Higginbotham, that it's no pleasure to me to repeat stories of this kind. I wouldn't have said a word if you hadn't forced me. I'm extremely sorry for Sir Giles and for poor Langton. What a promising career that man had before him! With his taste for manuscripts and the whole College Library at his disposal, he might have made a European reputation. Drink's an awful curse.”

“But I thought you said he wasn't the same man.”

“I may have said that at the time. I naturally wanted to shield Sir Giles as

long as I could. But he is the exact same man. Poor old Euseby Langton! But we'll drop the subject now. I don't care to spend the whole evening gloating over other men's infirmities. The point I want to get at is this: Will you go to Inishmore to-morrow morning?”

“I suppose I'd better.”

“Quite right. Take my word for it you'll be glad afterwards you did. And now, as you've got to make an early start I daresay you'd like to be getting home. Don't let Jamesy O'Flaherty oversleep himself in the morning.”

“Major,” said Meldon, when Higginbotham had departed, “I've settled that all right. Higginbotham and the curragh go to Inishmore to-morrow. They start at six a.m.”

“How did you arrange it?”

“Don't ask me. I had a tough job.”

Meldon lit his pipe and puffed great clouds of smoke. His nerves required steadying after the conversation with Higginbotham. For a time he remained silent.

The Major was filled with curiosity—the morbid curiosity which makes some men eager to gaze on sights which fill them with horror. He pressed Meldon to tell him how the expedition to Inishmore had been arranged.

“I'm glad we'll get that treasure to-morrow,” said Meldon. “I don't believe it will be possible to keep Higginbotham going much longer without his suspecting that there is something up. He's becoming extraordinarily sceptical about

the things I tell him. I give you my word, Major, that at times to-night it took me all I knew to persuade him that I was telling the truth."

priest to help him. By the way, what sort of a fellow is the parish priest of Inishmore?"

"He's a man called Mulerone."



He dangled in mid-air, hands and feet hanging down.

"I shouldn't wonder."

"I've made up my mind," said Meldon, after another pause, "that, if we get anything like the haul I expect to-morrow out of the Spanish captain's hoard, we'll give Higginbotham a good bagful of doubloons for himself. We owe it to him to do him a good turn of some sort. I don't feel that we've treated him quite fairly. It's rough on a man to set him searching for tubercle bacilli all day long on an island by himself. It's not in Higginbotham's regular line of work and I'm afraid he won't like it at all. I'm sorry I had to do it."

"What have you done?"

"I've just told you. I've sent him off to Inishmore to make a kind of census of all the consumptive people on the island. I told him he'd better get the parish

"Has he a sense of humor? I mean, will he see the joke afterwards, or is he the kind who'll make a row?"

"He can see ordinary jokes. At least he has something of a reputation for making them, but whether he'll see your kind of joke, of course I can't say."

"Oh, well, it won't much matter what he does once we have the treasure, and there's very little between us and it now. I think I'll turn in, Major. I'm a bit fagged. Michael Pat took more out of me this afternoon than I suspected at the time. I advise you to turn in too. We've a long day before us to-morrow. Good-night."

Half an hour later Meldon from his bunk addressed Major Kent, who had been on deck to wash his teeth.

"Major, Higginbotham's not nearly

such a fool as you appear to think. If I were you I'd slide off that geological survey story of yours quietly and unobtrusively. Don't try and keep the thing up. I doubt very much whether you'll be believed if you do. Any disguise you assume in future when dealing with Higginbotham had better be very carefully tested beforehand. Good-night."

CHAPTER XII.

Next morning Meldon awoke earlier than usual. He turned out of his bunk at half-past five, and, as yachtsmen often do, began the day by tapping the barometer. It had fallen during the night and was still falling. He went on deck and looked round him. There no sign visible as yet of a change in the weather. Everything pointed to the certainty of at least one more hot day. He returned to the cabin and shook Major Kent.

"It's not time for you to get up yet," he said. "But I thought I might as well warn you that you'll have to be dressed and ready to start by half-past six."

"I'm not going on a fool's errand at any such hour in the morning," growled the Major.

"I thought you'd very likely say that when you woke. That's the reason I shook you up a bit before it was absolutely necessary. Some people are at their best when they first wake. All really great men are. I am, myself. Other people wake slowly and are uncommonly short in their temper for an hour or so after they get up. That's the sort you are. If you had a wife I'd pity her at breakfast-time."

Meldon went on deck again and surveyed first the Aureole, then Higginbotham's hut. At the end of a quarter of an hour he returned to the Major.

"It's all right," he said. "Higginbotham is stirring and I see Jamesy O'Flaherty fiddling about at the curragh. They'll be off in a few minutes. You'd better be getting up if you want half an hour to dress yourself. We'll breakfast on shore."

"I won't."

Meldon made no answer to this flat refusal. He went on deck again and stared through the glasses at the beach beside the pier. He saw Higginbotham embark in the curragh, watched Jamesy O'Flaherty take the oars, shove off and begin to row steadily. He returned to Major Kent.

"He's gone," he reported. "I hardly dared to hope he would, but he has. In a few minutes he'll be out of the bay. Then I'll swim across to the Aureole at once."

"What for?"

"To deal with the punt, of course. There's a nice little westerly breeze, and when I cast loose the painter she'll drift quietly out to sea."

"J. J., I've stood a lot of your foolery, but I'm not going to allow you to commit theft before my eyes and I'm not going ashore without my breakfast."

"I'll take your two points separately," said Meldon. "There doesn't seem to be any connection between them. First, there's no theft in taking my own

punt and sending her out to sea. Second, you must come on shore at once or else the other fellows will wake. They can't get off the Aureole when they do, of course. But I'd rather not have them howling after us. It wouldn't look well if we refused to go back for them. People might say afterwards that we'd taken their punt from them. Whereas if we're well out of the way before they wake we can't be blamed for their being stuck all day on the Aureole."

"It's ten to one they see you setting the punt adrift, and then there'll be a nice row."

"They won't. What would have them up at this hour of the day? They know jolly well that the tide won't be low enough to get into that hole at the bottom of the cliff till about ten o'clock. They won't expect us to stir till after eight, anyhow. But I can't stop here arguing with you. You get a few bits of bread and some butter and sardines and things together, and I'll be off."

Meldon dropped over the side of the Spindrifft and struck out for the Aureole. He watched her keenly as he swam, and saw no signs of life on board her. The morning breeze ruffled the surface of the water slightly. The tiny ripples beat against his chin and cheek. The sun shone red through a faint haze. Meldon swam joyously. He was filled with the spirit of adventure and with delightful anticipations of success. The Aureole lay with her bow pointing to the shore. The punt was astern of her. Now and then she pulled at her painter just sufficiently strongly to lift it from the water and haul it taut. Then, while the drops still fell from it, the rope grew slack again and the punt ran up a little towards the yacht. The gurgling wash of the ripples against her side was pleasant to hear. Meldon gripped her by the stern, steadied himself, and lay almost flat on the water with his legs near the surface to avoid the suction of the punt. Then with a sharp jerk of his arms he raised himself till his chest touched the gunwale. He climbed cautiously on board, loosed the painter from the ring in the bow and lay still for a minute or two, watching the distance between him and the Aureole widen slowly. The breeze was light, and the punt did not drift very fast. Still, she moved towards the mouth of the bay. Sir Giles and Langton were apparently sound asleep. Meldon slid quietly into the water again and started on his return journey to the Spindrifft. Now and then he turned over on his back and swam for a few ards with his eyes fixed on the Aureole. There was no sign of awakening on board of her.

He climbed into the Spindrifft by the bight of rope he had left hanging over the side for his accommodation.

"Major," he said in a delighted whisper, "the coup has come off. Where's my shirt? Isn't it extraordinary the way things move about during the night? I could have

sworn I left it on the end of my bunk. Ah! I have it. Now the sooner we're off the better. Slip the breakfast into the punt and get in yourself. Go on, man. If you want to argue when we're on shore. We haven't a minute to lose. I wouldn't trust that beast Langton not to sneak up in his pyjamas to have a look at us. He did yesterday."

Major Kent, grumbling and protesting, was hustled into the punt. Meldon followed him and paddled briskly to the shore. There was no one, not even Mary Kate, on the pier when they reached it.

"Now," said Meldon, "get the punt ashore and fold her up. We're going to take her with us."

"Why should we drag the punt? We'll only be cutting her to pieces on the rocks."

"Why? Because in the first place, as you'd see if you troubled yourself to think for a single instant, if we leave her here some fool will go off to the Aureole in her when those fellows begin to shout for help. In the next place, be-

cause you can't swim, and we'll want her to carry you up the channel to the bottom of the cliff. I must say that these collapsible punts, beastly as they are to row in, have certain good points. We couldn't have carried the ordinary wooden boat all round the island. Just you fold her up while I go over to the curragh there on the shore."

Major Kent lifted the punt out of the water and folded her flat. Then he looked up and saw Meldon, with four oars on his shoulders, going up the hill towards Higginbotham's house.

"What are you doing?" he called.

"I found four oars," said Meldon, "and I'm going to put them in through one of the windows of Higginbotham's house. Nobody will think of looking for them there. I wish to goodness you wouldn't shout at me like that. You'll waken every man on the island before you've done, to say nothing of Sir Giles and Langton."

The Major pursued Meldon up the hill and seized him by the arm.



Before him, laid on a slab of rock at the side of the cave, were two iron chests. Their lids stood wide open. They were perfectly empty.

"J. J.," he said earnestly, "I call this theft."

He had the true English respect for law in spite of the fact that both him and his father had spent their lives in Ireland. The very thought of an unhallowed interference with property shocked him inexpressibly.

"You may call it arson if you like," said Meldon, who had nothing but Irish blood in his veins, "or malicious injury, or agrarian outrage, or intimidation I don't care if you call it cattle-driving or even boycotting. I'm going to stow the oars away all the same. I can't have the owners of the curragh rowing off to the Aureole and putting Sir Giles on shore as soon as our backs are turned."

Meldon breasted the hill and reached the iron hut. He tried each of the four windows in turn. They were all bolted. With the end of one of the oars he deliberately smashed a pane of glass.

"For Heaven's sake, don't," said the Major.

"I must; Higginbotham will probably grumble, but that can't be helped. He'd no right to go away and leave his house barred and bolted as if he was afraid of burglars."

"He very well might be afraid of burglars when you're about."

"Now look here," said Meldon as he shoved the oars through the broken pane, "I don't mind your being abusive, not the least bit. You've been calling me a liar and a burglar and other bad names since ever I brought you to this island. I haven't resented it a bit and I don't. But I tell you what I do dislike, and that's your abominable unreasonableness. I can't bear men who are carried away by mere words and don't stop to think about the meaning of what they say. What is burglary? Isn't it taking a man's own things out of his house when he's not looking? You agree to that definition, I suppose. Very well. What am I doing? I'm putting other people's things into a man's house when he's not looking. Now that's just the exact, bang opposite to what burgling is. Therefore, I'm not a burglar. In fact, I'm the very antithesis of a burglar. You may not know what an antithesis is, but——"

"I do know, so you need not trouble to explain."

"Very well, I'll pursue my line of reasoning. Burglary is wrong. You hinted that yourself a minute ago. But the antithesis of wrong is right. What I'm doing is the antithesis of burglary. Therefore——"

"There's no need to go on talking that rot," said the Major. "It doesn't impress me in the least."

"I feared it wouldn't. Never mind, Major, even if you don't pocket a single doubloon—and I'll be greatly surprised if you're not weighed down with them before morning, but even if you don't pocket one, you're getting a liberal education. The things I've told you about geology, entomology, theology, ethics, and philosophy in general, since we came to this island would set up an ordinary professor handsomely."

Meldon slung the folded punt across his shoulders, took a last look at the Aureole and started to tramp up to the head of the path which led down the cliff to the western beach of the island. Major Kent, with the paddles, the rowlocks, and the basket which contained the breakfast, followed him. The inhabitants of Inishgowan are not early risers. A few women peered out through the doors of the cabins. Nobody attempted to speak to them or follow them. Neither Thomas O'Flaherty Pat nor Mary Kate appeared at all. Meldon and the Major walked rapidly. At the top of the cliff they paused.

"We're pretty safe now," said Meldon, "and we'll take a few minutes' rest, but we won't breakfast till we're down among the rocks."

He swung the punt off his shoulders as he spoke, sat down and wiped his brow.

"If I'm not mistaken," said the Major, "there's some one on the deck of the Aureole now."

Meldon stood up and looked eagerly.

"There is," he said. "You're quite right. See now, they're both on deck. Well, they can stay there."

"What'll they do now?"

"Shout, I should think. I can't myself see what else there is for them to do. Sir Giles might swim, but it's not likely the other fellow can. That sort of man never does anything really useful. Anyway, if they do swim, they can't carry all their tackle with them for getting down the cliff. All the same, I think we'll move on a bit."

"I'm inclined to go back to them," said the Major. "I don't like—— After all, they've not done anything to us."

"It's not what they've done so much as what they want to do which makes me determine to keep them there. Recollect, Major, they're after the treasure."

"Well, haven't they as good a right to it as we have? I like to play fair."

"They have not as good a right as we have. I deny that entirely. Think of the use those fellows would make of the treasure if they got it. You told me yourself that Sir Giles was a bat hat—so bad that his own father left the family property away from him, as much of it as he could. Langton's no better. You heard what Higginbotham said about his drinking, and he must have a hideously corrupted mind after poking about for years among those manuscripts in the College Library. You don't know how bad most manuscripts are. That's the reason they remain manuscripts. No decent printer would set them up in type. I tell you, if those two fellows get a hold of the treasure, they'll spend it in ways that will make the Spanish captain shiver in his grave, and I don't expect he was exactly a squeamish man. It's nothing but a public duty to prevent their getting a hold of the money, even if we never touch a penny of it ourselves."

"I don't see what all that, even if it's true, has to do with their right to take the treasure if they can, always supposing there is any treasure to take."

"I wish you wouldn't qualify everything you say with a whole string of 'ifs.' It robs your conversation of piquancy. But come on now. We must get out of this. They might see us with their glasses. When we've had our breakfast, I'll explain to you why Sir Giles has no right to the treasure."

They made their way down the steep path and reached the rocks at the foot of the cliff. Meldon laid the punt down carefully. The basket was unpacked and a sufficient supply of bread, butter, sardines, potted meat, and jam were spread out on a flat stone. For a while Meldon ate without speaking. An early swim, a long walk, and an hour or two of anxious excitement, whet a man's appetite for breakfast. Major Kent began to hope that he would escape an explanation of his own moral right to the treasure. He was disappointed. Meldon, his appetite sated, lit a pipe and leaned back comfortably against a rock.

"We may as well take it easy for a bit," he said. "The tide won't be out far enough to let us get into that hole for another two hours, and it won't take us more than one to get there."

He smoked contentedly for a few minutes and then began to speak again—

"You read the Times, Major, so I suppose you take some interest in politics."

"I know that the Nationalists are blackguards, if that's what you mean."

"I'm not talking now of these petty little local squabbles. When I say politics, I refer to the great stream of European thought, to the wide movements discernible among all civilized peoples."

He waved his hand towards the ocean to indicate the immensity of his subject.

"I don't know anything about that," said the Major.

"I thought you wouldn't, but you ought to. Are you aware that our modern civilization is on the very verge of a bust-up? No? Well, it is. The Governments of the various countries are, generally speaking, unaware of the catastrophe which threatens them; or, if they guess anything, are foolish enough to think that they can stifle an explosion by sitting on the safety-valve. You catch my meaning, I suppose?"

"You appear to mean," said the Major, "that all Kings, Princes, Presidents, Prime Ministers, and Parliaments are fools."

"Precisely. They all are."

"It's a pity you don't tell them so."

"I will. I've always intended to tell the first one I met. Look at Russia. Chock full of anarchists and nihilists. Look at Portugal. They're murdering kings and rioting in churches. Look at Finland, admitting women to their Parliament; not that I object to women in the way you do, Major. I think they're all right in their proper place. I only quote Finland as an instance of the general tendency I'm speaking of. Look at New York, with its Socialist riots. Look at Austria-Hungary, or Italy, or any other country you choose to name. Look at the Labor Members in the English

(Continued on page 115.)

What Canada has Done for the Stage

No. 1—Margaret Anglin

By MARGARET BELL

SOMEONE was dodging the photographers. Someone in a prosperity coat and luxury furs.

The place of dodging was the Toronto Horse Show. The photographers paid their respective rents by salary envelopes extracted from six daily papers.

From which it may be judged that the someone was Someone, with a great S.

Otherwise, Margaret Anglin.

She had arrived. Which is to say that there were scores of people under the roof of the Armories, that very afternoon, who were proud to allude to her as "Mary Anglin, who used to go to school with me," or "The girl who was chosen to read the address at the annual distribution of prizes. Ahead of all the graduates, too, mind!"

There are always plenty of people who are anxious to call themselves early associates of Great Achievement. Which characteristic is most commendable. For it may be the nearest approach they will ever make to the goal of Having - Done - Something.

Consequently, Margaret Anglin was mayonnaised and saladed and wined and teaded, as no one else had ever been.

The beginning of it all was this. A brain was put into the head of a child, who first saw the light of day in the Speaker's Chambers of the Dominion Parliament Buildings.

Evidences of it began to be noticed when the child was quite young. She would write playlets and rehearse them, and all that sort of thing. She would deliver the mercy speech to the trees and stones and babbling brooks. And to babbling boys and girls, too.

And then, when her mother and father went to Toronto to live, her audiences grew. The whole of Loretto Abbey listened to her, and listening, wondered.

Which fact alone showed that Mary Anglin was making an impression. For, in this age of progression and doubt, it



Canada has contributed her share of stars to the mimic world. Many of the most illustrious names on the American stage to-day belong to sons and daughters of the Dominion. To sketch the careers of the best known of Canadian theatrical stars will be the object of the series starting with the accompanying article and which will be continued in subsequent issues of MacLean's Magazine. That Margaret Anglin should be selected for the first article of the series was logical and inevitable.

is a compliment for one's actions to be noticed by others. The poor, old world is so busy focusing the rays of public opinion on itself, that there is no room in the spotlight for anyone else.

One day, there was a slight upheaval in the Anglin household. Mary decided to go to New York, to study singing. She had graduated from Loretto Abbey, with flying colors, and there seemed nothing more for her to do than continue her studies. Of course, she might have remained in Toronto, for she had been received into Toronto society, with all the pomp and ceremony which usually announces that another bud has opened to the world. But this life did not appeal particularly to Mary Anglin. She had

other ambitions. A perpetual round of tea-drinking is bound to produce a sort of social nausea, providing the partaker thereof has other ambitions. Needless to say, Mary Anglin had other ambitions. She left Toronto. She registered at a school in New York. Her friends looked for a musical paragon to emerge, in the course of a few months. For it's the way of human nature, to expect a genius to blossom forth without a moment's warning. Music takes longer than that.

But Mary Anglin smiled to herself, and went her way. And the school she registered at was not a school of music.

Canadians have every reason to be proud of Margaret Anglin. Her unusual versatility and great personal beauty have placed her in the forefront of stageland's stars.

Probably the happiest moment in her life was when she registered in the Nelson Wheatcroft School of Dramatic Art in New York. Next to that, perhaps, came the day she moved her trunk into her first hall bedroom.

Hall bedrooms all have the same characteristics. Plenty of heat in summer, and a great deal of unnecessary cold in winter. Mary Anglin's boasted more: a cracked pitcher and springless bed. Oh, what a coming off was this! But a welcome one, nevertheless. For a hall bedroom of independence must needs be more desirable than a palace of conventional suffocation.

Whoever has stood outside the door of an eloquentary hall, knows how Mary Anglin's days were

spent. In the shouting of lines, and breaking of sentences; in deep breathing and fencing and the waving of Indian clubs; in declaiming and imploring, in denouncing and coquetting; in short, learning how to put the etceteras on natural "play actin'."

But she never forgot her Toronto training. The foundation had been laid by Jessie Alexander. And the foundation stood the test.

And, one day, her opportunity came. It was during an amateur performance, given by the pupils of the school.

Out in the audience sat a lion. A lion of Thespianism, ready to pounce on any talent which might be lurking in that jungle of elocution.

That lion was Charles Frohman! He came into the jungle, frankly bored. And soon, he forgot the plans which were going through his head. He had chosen that hour to work out some scheme, just the same as many business men use the sermon hour in church.

He looked up, he listened. He became interested. There was a girl with a voice, a brain, a personality!

The result of it all was that Mary Anglin, the amateur, passed beyond the gates. And there evolved Margaret Anglin, the professional. In the theatre programmes of the Academy of Music, New York, in 1894, opposite the name Madeline West appeared the name Margaret Anglin.

A new name in theatricalism!

Soon, the broken pitcher and springless mattress, likewise, passed beyond the pale. And the second floor front became the recipient of Margaret Anglin's secrets. An evolution of abodes was taking place.

And the first rung of the theatrical ladder was about to be followed by others. The "Shenandoah" rung in which Miss Anglin played Madeline West, was followed by one on which perched an engagement with James O'Neill. Miss Anglin appeared as Ophelia and Virginia in "Virginus."

One morning, conventional Toronto, who sat sipping French chocolate from Dresden cups, received a shock. The prattlesome, little bird which whispers Grundyisms into the ears of its listeners, brought a choice morsel of news. Mary Anglin was on the stage! No doubt about it. Someone had seen her picture in a group outside the Academy of Music, illustrating the scenes from "Shenandoah." To make sure that she had not been mistaken, the someone went to the theatre that very night. It was true! Mary Anglin had played a joke on conventional Toronto. She had not been studying music at all. She had been studying for the stage! And now she was a full-fledged actress!

And conventional society let fall a Dresden cup, or two, and dismissed the prattlesome, little bird without crumb or comment.

In short, conventional society was shocked!

As a matter of fact, Mary Anglin had been studying, for some time, with Jessie Alexander, the clever Toronto reader and teacher of elocution. She knew the young girl's ambition, even before the little newsbird had hopped up to the window to listen. And she knew, that, eventually, the decision would come.

So what was conventional Toronto to do, but sit quietly by and watch?

After the engagement with James O'Neill, E. H. Sothorn engaged Miss Anglin to appear with him in Lord Cholmondely.

The evolution in living apartments was on the way. The second floor front was followed by a season in a first floor front. This boasted a bow window and Brussels rug. Also a fireplace, for the sustenance of which the tenant was obliged to pay extra.

And then, the bliss of October the third, 1898!

She appeared with Richard Mansfield, as Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac." That was a sudden leap, up three or four rungs. Then, came a long list of parts, including Constance in "The Musketeers," Heloise Tison in "Citizen Pierre," and Mimi in "The Only Way."

At that time Charles Frohman had a company playing at the Empire Theatre. This, Miss Anglin joined, to play leading parts. Probably this engagement did more than any other heretofore, to remove any defects which might have been noticed in her performances. For there was a long list jotted down opposite her name in the book of Achievements.

Most important of all, perhaps, was the part of Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Blase New York woke up, at this performance, and New York's sheets of black and white announced the news that Margaret Anglin had made a tremendous hit.

But all engagements must come to an end, even theatrical ones. Miss Anglin

next joined forces with Henry Miller, and in the autumn of 1903, toured in a repertoire including "Camille," "The Taming of Helena," "The Aftermath," and "Cynthia." Two years later, the board above the Garrick Theatre in Chicago glittered and scintillated with a new announcement. An important announcement, too. The finding of a new satellite. The discovery of a new astronomical body, the bursting forth of a brilliant star. Anything you will.

Crowds thronged to the Garrick Theatre. The new star was Margaret Anglin. The canopy which mirrored the star was "Zira," a play of the South African war.

New laurels. Long press notices. Much to-do.

The hall bedroom had disappeared. Likewise the first floor front, fireplace and all. The one-time Loretto girl, who used to recite the mercy speech to babbling brooks, boys and girls, was mistress of a seven-room apartment, which froze its own ice!

But the lengthy press notices of praise did not have the usual effect. Miss Anglin did not shut herself up in a monument of awe, away from all future learning. She entered the great training school of stock.

That was in San Francisco. She played a variety of parts, light and heavy. The "Marriage of Kitty," "Frou Frou," "Mariana," "The Crossways," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

It was while she was appearing in Chicago in "Zira," that she found "The Great Divide." William Vaughan Moody brought it to her under the title of "The Sabine Woman."

The world knows the result. In October, 1906, just eight years after her appearance with Mansfield, Miss Anglin astounded New York for the third time.

Her acting of Ruth Jordan was the cause of this shock. And once more, blase New York chalked her name on the big board of greatness. This production ran for two straight seasons and showed a fickle public that the trump card in theatricalism is ingenuity.

Then to the conquering of other lands. Miss Anglin returned to her old love. To the heroines of Shakespeare. She took a run over to Australia, appearing in Shakespearean plays and one other, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie."

Her success in Australia was equaled only by the fuore caused by her "Zira," in Chicago, and her "Ruth Jordan" in New York and all over America.

About the time for her return, there was a rustle of anticipation going on in California. That State felt particularly friendly toward her, for it was there that



Margaret Anglin as "Viola" in "Twelfth Night"

she gained her stock experience.

She arrived in New York. A wire awaited her from the West. Would she open their Greek Theatre for them?

That meant work. But Margaret Anglin was on the best terms with it. She wired "Yes."

Under the California skies, with the stars for lights and the Southern trees for a setting, she played "Electra" to five thousand people.

Five thousand people rose in a body at the end of the performance and cheered till the leaves on the trees shivered and the night birds shrieked an echo.

But their beloved Anglin had to leave them. Back to the seething turmoil of Broadway. For she had made arrangements for a season in "Green Stockings," in which she toured during the season of 1910-11.

That was when she was obliged to dodge the Toronto photographers. The little news-bird announced that she was at the Horse Show, and the news-records set their machines.

And Miss Anglin hid her head, and ran for her motor car!

Extraordinary that real genius should cloth itself in such modesty!

Her next invasion of Canada lasted for two months, and is still lasting. It was prefaced by a second performance at the Greek Theatre, at Berkley, California, more brilliant than the first. This time, ten thousand people assembled to look on and listen to the most consummate art in the history of the modern stage. Margaret Anglin's performance of Sophocles' "Electra."

Then all through the Canadian West she went, as Viola, Rosalind, Katharina, and Cleopatra. And the people of the Western provinces, usually bored by a Shakespearean production, flocked to the



Under the California skies, with the stars for light, she played "Electra" to five thousand people.

theatres to see her. For here were Shakespearean comedies played as comedies, with all the joy and merriment the ancient bard intended them to have.

Here was the regal Cleopatra, in all her splendor and majesty, all her petulance and intellectuality, the acting of which showed how mean had been all previous performances. It remained for Margaret Anglin to show the theatre-going public that the great courtesan could be portrayed.

If prophecies are safe—and even if they are not, they are pleasant, and quite universally indulged—next year and the succeeding years will find Margaret Anglin adding new plays to her Shakespearean repertoire. The next is likely to be "Much Ado About Nothing."

The King and the Laborer

The King has set an admirable example in endeavoring to improve the conditions of the laborers on his Norfolk estate, and men of all parties will applaud. On the Royal farm itself the terms of employment have always been generous; but what has now been done is to fix certain relatively generous minima, and to arrange that these shall be observed not only on the King's farm, but on all those of which he is the landlord. His tenants, it appears, have readily co-operated in this reform, and its establishment is now settled. It secures for every laborer on the estate a Saturday half-holiday, continuity of employment, rain or shine, and a minimum wage about fifty cents above what is a common wage in the neighborhood.

In this matter the King continues the policy of his father, who was never tired of trying to make Sandringham in all respects a model estate.

Courtship Incog

How John Terris Competed Against Himself for the Girl he Loved—and Won

By QUENTIN QUARREN

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

FOR five years John Robinson Terris had given every waking moment to the building of railroads, the development of mines, and the financing of a succession of huge enterprises. His complete absorption had brought two results: the accumulation of a large fortune and a decidedly serious breakdown in health.

It was partly on his physician's advice that he accepted the invitation of Purvis to spend a couple of weeks at the country home of the latter, near Mont-

real. Purvis was an inveterate lion-hunter. His sole object in life apparently was to keep his house peopled with personages of note. Fame never sought out an individual in any walk of life without bringing along Percival Purvis in its wake with an invitation in his outstretched palm. He had camped on the trail of Terris for three years, much to the annoyance of that hard-working, society-shunning young man. It is doubtful, therefore, if Terris would have allowed himself to be booked for two

weeks with Purvis but for one circumstance. The latter made it very clear that Alice Renfrew would be one of the party.

Several days had passed since Terris' arrival and each succeeding hour brought him an increasing sense of discomfort. He felt out of place with the group of notabilities that the persistent Purvis had gathered about him. Their talk was all of art, sports, society, and bridge. There was not one of the party with whom he could discuss money, rates, or

the complex problems of railroad building. Whenever he sought the society of Alice Renfrew, he would be straightway dragged into a strenuous game of tennis or a monotonous round of auction, both of which forms a recreation he detested heartily.

On the morning of the fourth day, he elected to go for a solitary stroll. He felt that he needed a rest from the sharp intellectual pace maintained by the rest of the party. In addition, he wanted an opportunity of debating with himself a very important matter, viz., whether he should offer to share the rest of his life with a person whose tastes apparently stopped with the recreations of polite society. Returning with the momentous question still undecided, he was striding along the wooded edge of a steep slope surrounding the tennis court when he came upon a girl seated on horseback and intently studying the party on the court below through opera glasses. She turned as he approached and in her

haste to conceal the glasses allowed them to slip from her hand. Terris politely stooped to recover them.

"I feel very guilty at being caught trespassing," said the girl. And a decidedly pretty girl she was. Even with his mind filled with the "perfections" of Alice Renfrew, Terris could appreciate that fact. "I was riding by and the temptation to see all the great people down there proved too much for me."

"It was lucky you had your opera glasses with you," said Terris, returning them. There was a suspicious twinkle in his eyes as he added: "I suppose you always carry them with you in the mornings?"

The girl responded with a laugh in which Terris joined. "I might as well own up," she said, "that I rode here with the express purpose of seeing what I could. I am a very curious person."

"They are rather an interesting lot," said Terris, indicating the gaily attired group on the tennis court, echoes of whose laughter and conversation reached the top of the slope. "Some of them are so clever that it's a relief for slower-witted people to get away from them. I'm just returning from a short respite."

"Then you are one of the party and know them all?" said the girl eagerly. "I do wish you would tell me who each one is."

She had the most elusive dimples which came and went with each change of expression. Terris found it a pleasure to watch her.

"I'll be only too pleased to tell you all about them," he said. "Do you see the tall young fellow with the red hair? That's Jimmy Grissold. He had an industrious father who left him more millions than he knows what to do with; and Jimmy is pretty knowing when it comes to spending money. The stout old party with the beard and grey fedora is Mr. Elmer

Symons, husband of Mrs. Elmer Symons. You've probably heard of her. The man with the panama beside Symons is Vaughan-Tipton, the novelist. That tall chap walking over to the far side is Arthur Trevanook, the Arctic explorer—between ourselves, the most interesting man of the lot. Right behind him is Captain Carscadden, hero of the affair at Tawajii—," and so on through a lengthy list.

"But where," asked the girl at the finish, "where is Mr. Terris?"

Terris scanned the court with a creditable show of thoroughness.

"I don't see him there," he said, finally.

The girl was apparently quite disappointed.

"I wanted to see him more than any of the others," she announced. "My father knows him well. He worked under father on a little railway quite a number of years ago. Father is president of the road now, but I guess Mr. Terris has forgotten that it even exists. He and I were great friends when I was a very, very small girl. That is why I have been so curious about him."

Terris surveyed the girl with a new interest.

"This must be little Ida Randolph," he said to himself. "And she doesn't remember me any more than I remember her. And, by George, what a little beauty she has become!"

Aloud, he asked: "Is your father by any chance Frederick Randolph?"

"Yes," replied the girl.

Terris' mind harked back twelve years to the time when, as a promising lad of twenty-one, he had worked under Frederick Randolph, then general freight agent for the C.L.O., a railway with limited mileage and equally limited prospects of growth. He remembered his frequent visits to the Randolph home where he had been first favorite with the flaxen-haired six-year-old daughter. On glancing back it seemed but a few months, so rapidly had the time passed during his steady climb upward. It was almost inconceivable that she should have developed in so short a space of time into this very attractive and modish young person. An old inclination to tease prompted him to say:

"I know your father but it is doubtful if he would remember me. I've had something to do with railroads at one time and another. I'm a mining engineer, you see. My name is—John Robinson."

"You must come and see father then," said the girl. "We have the next place along the road and father is running down for the week-end. He will be glad to see you."

"If you will add your welcome to Mr. Randolph's," said Terris, watching her with appraising eyes, "I'll be only too too delighted to run over."

"I'll be glad to see you, too," said



T. W. MITCHELL

the girl with the frank sincerity of eighteen. "I hope you won't think too hardly of me for my quite highly improper conduct to-day. I'm really a very proper person ordinarily, and this is the first time I've ever talked to a stranger without being introduced. As you are an old friend of father's, perhaps it is not so great an offence after all."

"I don't exactly like the emphasis you put on the 'old' part of it," said Terris, feeling somewhat cast down.

The girl laughed and gave him a look which candidly disclaimed any intention of putting him into the old-friend-of-the-family class. Despite his strenuous activities of the past ten years, Terris did not look a day older than thirty. He was perhaps more distinguished and masterful in appearance than handsome, but, there was something distinctly attractive about his square, clear-cut features, discerning dark eyes, and abundant brown hair. In her own mind the girl had already classed him as "thrillingly interesting"; which by the way, is the basis of strongest appeal for eager eighteen.

"They say that Mr. Terris is going to marry that beautiful Miss Renfrew," she went on, "Do you by any chance know if it is true?"

Terris suddenly came to a realization that the decision he had been grappling with all morning had been subconsciously made; how or why he did not know.

"He is not going to marry Miss Renfrew," he announced. "I happen to know that."

The John Terris, who sprang up the steps of the broad piazza of the Purvis country home a good half hour afterward, was an entirely different person from the jaded John Terris, who had started out for a tramp earlier in the morning. Renewed interest showed in his brisk step and his erect carriage. He was actually whistling.

"I'm going to start to ride a little, Purvis," he informed his host. "Can you loan me a mount?"

From that time on Terris fairly lived on horseback, patrolling the neighborhood in the hope of encountering his new acquaintance again. His persistence was not rewarded until the second day when he met her on a secluded side-road which skirted the Purvis estate. She reined up until he drew even.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Robinson," she greeted him, with a smile of welcome. "I have been wondering if you rode."

"I don't," said Terris. "The depth of my desire to meet you again will be apparent when I tell you that I am the worst kind of rider and that I've hardly been out of the saddle for two days."

During the conversation which ensued and for several days succeeding, on all of which he saw Ida Randolph at least once, Terris continued to travel under his fictitious name. Just why he did so he could not explain. Perhaps it was because he felt that knowledge of his real identity would tend to destroy the intimacy that was springing up between them. The possession of

millions he had found to be a distinct barrier to friendship.

As it was their acquaintance ripened rapidly, and conversation soon rose from the plane of small talk to the more intimate basis of personal topics. Finally the stage was reached when the most interesting topic of all between a man and a maid was broached—matrimony.

"I must marry for money myself," she confessed. "We're poor as church mice at home. Dad's income just barely keeps us going now, and what's going to happen to us when my three younger sisters get a little older and need expensive frocks and things? No, I must come to the rescue myself. And there's only one way to do it. I'm going to pick out some man with perfect heaps of money and make desperate love to him."

"Why not try it on Terris?" he suggested dryly.

She glanced at him with half amused petulance. "I'm going to tell you something that you will probably think very ridiculous," she said. "Mother has suggested Mr. Terris. She talks the rich Mr. Terris to me all the time, and as soon as dad comes down he will be sent out post haste to capture the man and bring him over to meet me. Oh, there is a regular conspiracy on foot."

"Lucky Terris," said John. "But really it is kind of rough on you, Miss Randolph. Isn't he rather old?"

"I am not so sure," said the girl, brushing away a waving tendril of hair, which the wind had blown across her cheek. "I don't think I care for mere boys very much."

"Terris, by the way, is just about my own age, I should judge," said John. "If you concede eligibility to him, you cannot deny it to me."

"Are you eligible in the other respect?" she asked, lightly, but with a suspicion of a more serious strain behind the question.

"In regard to money: Did you ever hear of an engineer who had enough to make him the prey of worldly-minded young ladies?" he parried.

"No. I suppose not," said the girl. John thought he detected a trace of regret in her tone.

They met again next day and Ida felt an unexpected and wholly incomprehensible thrill as he rode up.

She had come to look forward to their rides with a sense of pleasurable anticipation. The stories he had told her, drawn from his wide experience, had enhanced her fancy and had served to make him quite a romantic figure in her eyes. Her interest was fanned by the knowledge that her mother, if she knew, would sternly disapprove of any such acquaintance. Mrs. Randolph was frankly determined that her daughter should make a brilliant alliance from a purely worldly point of view. Ida knew full well what she would say on the score of one John Robinson, in whose defence neither Burke nor Bradstreet could be summoned as witnesses. The name would ring hopelessly plebeian in the ears of the ambitious Mrs. Randolph.

"Daddy comes down to-morrow," she informed him. "So I suppose now the plot to entrap poor Mr. Terris will develop."

"Now, I wonder," said John to himself, "I wonder if she found she could have John Terris, would she ever think again of John Robinson? It is worth finding out."

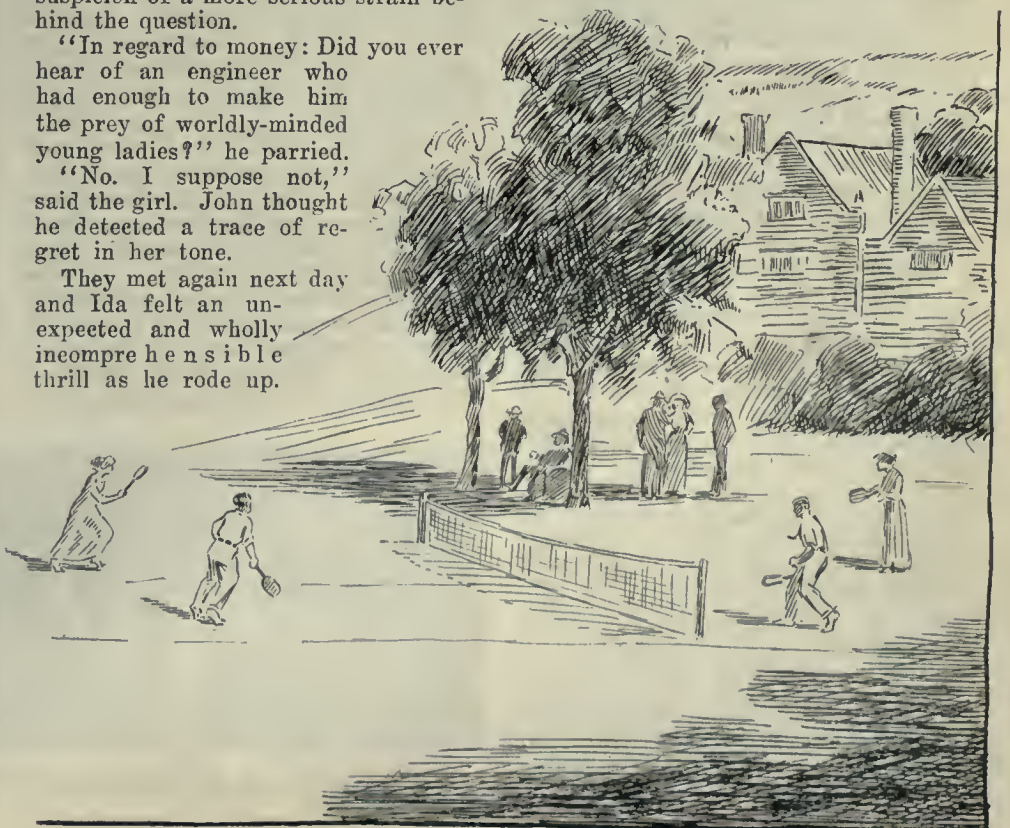
"I am going away to-morrow," he announced aloud.

That night he requisitioned one of Purvis' ears and drove in to Montreal where he hunted up his old superior, Frederick Randolph. The latter emerged from the ensuing interview in a state of mingled elation and perplexity.

"I wish you every luck," he said, shaking Terris' hand cordially at parting. "But it is so very unexpected that I can't make it out at all."

The next afternoon Purvis strolled out of the house and joined a group of his guests.

"Somebody called up on the 'Phone (Continued on page 105.)"





Ceremonial drill at the R.M.C. Inset to the left is Colonel L. R. Carleton, D.S.O., Staff Adjutant



Where Sturdy Canadianism

A Review of the Work that is being done at the Royal Military College of Canada

The Royal Military College at Kingston is performing a service to Canada that is perhaps not fully appreciated and which is decidedly unique. In the public mind it ranks as a training school for the army and it will probably be a surprise to many to learn that the large majority of the R. M. C. graduates enter civil employment, only a comparatively small number following a military career. The course fits a young man for military service and turns him out strong and fit physically. But it does more than that. It instils into him the sense of responsibility, the "esprit de corps," the rugged manliness that fits him in after life to grapple with the problems that arise in a manly way. Military discipline is the best possible training for service in a civil capacity. This

IN days which have seen the establishment of The Hague Tribunal and the start of a world-wide peace propaganda, it may seem paradoxical to assert that a military training is the best foundation for a business career.

As proof of the statement, however, the remarkable record of the Royal Military College of Canada can be cited. This institution is perhaps unique in the purpose it serves. Its graduates are qualified to receive commissions in the British Army, but the great majority of them take up civil professions or enter business life.

The value of the training they have received is attested by the fact that the graduates of R.M.C. have been uniformly and often spectacularly successful in all walks of life. So large a percentage of them have won their way to positions of high trust and national responsibility that the question naturally arises: Is there not something in the training they have received which guarantees success?

There are several advantages to be derived from a military element in education. Perhaps the greatest is the moral training which comes from the observance of military discipline, and living under strictest rules. Obedience and duty are words with a broad interpretation in the vocabulary of the military man. He does not chafe at necessary restraint, and he has learned that greatest of lessons—to take orders and carry them out to the letter. Another advantage is a practical familiarity with the principles of organization, more especially as shown in the system of graduated responsibility and equitable

distribution of duties which is a feature of military life. A third advantage may be defined as a correct appreciation of the proper place of armed force in national life and more especially in international relations. Lastly, the young man leaves the College physically fit and as hard as nails. He has learned to take care of himself.

In the early part of the present year, Major R. W. Leonard, chairman of the National Transcontinental Railway Commission, announced his intention of making a gift which will introduce a new element into university life in Canada. Up to the present time no means have existed at the universities to give to the future professional men and leaders in business the advantages of a military training, and the plan that Major Leon-

ard contemplates is the establishment in a university of a contingent of one or more companies to be known as the Canadian Officers' Training Corps. This plan he proposes to apply to Queen's University at Kingston. He has bought a good site close to the university, and upon it he will erect a residence for the contingent which Queen's is to furnish. To their studies of the older type the undergraduates, who desire to do so, will add a measure of military training, which it is expected the university authorities will recognize as conducing to their education. They will put in a specified number of drills; they will undergo instruction in musketry; they will receive certain theoretical teaching of the sort needed by regimental officers, and they will be taught how to train



The Royal Military College as seen from Fort Henry, across Navy Bay. On the left is Point Frederick and its Martello tower. In the background is the City of Kingston.



the Commandant, and to the right Major C. N. Perreau, Royal Dublin Fusiliers. of the College

is Built on Military Training

By
C. J. MORRIS

fact is amply attested by the mark which the R. M. C. graduate makes for himself. It is a significant fact that few R. M. C. men have failed to attain to the highest level in the lines they have chosen to follow.

The College has done a great deal toward the improvement of the standard of Canadian citizenship. Can not the scope of its influence be widened? Should not the course be open to a larger number of students? With the growth of Canada, the number who seek to enroll themselves at the College becomes larger each year; but the accommodation at the College, and therefore the number of possible entrants, has remained a fixed quantity. In the accompanying article the point is strongly made that the College should be added to in order to make a larger enrollment possible.

others. In time each member will have an opportunity of passing examinations which will qualify him to be an officer in any arm of the Canadian militia, and he will leave the university able to join on advantageous terms the local regiment of his future abode. The plan is that there shall be sufficient dormitory accommodation for four companies each fifty or sixty strong, and an administration building to contain a dining hall, offices, adjutant's quarters, class rooms, and the other equipment necessary. The Militia Department will erect a drill hall on a part of the site. Those students who become members of the corps will live in these quarters, not free, but at rates substantially cheaper than those charged by the boarding houses of the town.

The reason for this munificent offer is not hard to find: Major Leonard is himself a graduate of the R.M.C., and as such he appreciates the important part his early training has played in his subsequent brilliant success.

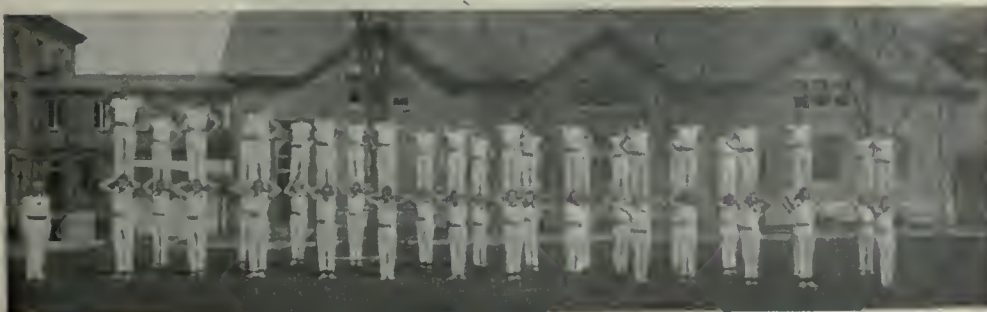
The Royal Military College is acknowledged to be one of the best educational institutions in Canada. It gives a thorough education in addition to an admirable military training; it supplies a number of officers to the Imperial Army each year and a large proportion of militia officers are drawn from its graduates; it reinforces our engineering professions with a stream of well-qualified men. In fact, owing to the excellence of the type of men produced, its beneficial effect upon the national life of Canada must increase in direct ratio

with the number of men its limited accommodation and equipment enable it to turn out.

Kingston was selected for the position of the College for various reasons, chief of which were the possession by the Government of the site of the old naval yard on which there existed certain buildings which could be converted into barracks for the cadets; its proximity to Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto—and its exceptionally healthy location.

The College has not always enjoyed its present popularity, in fact, at one time the desirability of closing it was seriously considered, but of late years, the number of graduates has been limited by the accommodation available, and the examination for admission has consequently become competitive. In 1913 the number of candidates for admission who possessed the necessary qualifications was 115, of whom only 40 could be admitted owing to lack of accommodation. The interest which H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, the present Governor-General, has taken in the College has undoubtedly done much to bring it prominently before the eyes of the public and to add to its general popularity. This lack of accommodation, therefore, resulting in the turning away of two-thirds of those who wish, and are fully qualified, to enter is a matter which is worthy of the immediate attention on the part of the military authorities.

It is a matter of national importance that as far as possible every young Canadian, who is prepared to equip himself with a training, which, while beneficial to himself, provides one more unit to the



Gymnastic drill at the R.M.C. This demonstrates the strength which the cadet obtains.

sum of our national assets, should be enabled and encouraged to do so.

The machinery being already in good working order, the extra cost of its carrying an increased load would be comparatively small. The erection of another dormitory and increased class and mess room accommodation would be insignificant in comparison with the benefit to the nation of an annual influx into its business life of an additional eighty or more men of the class and standing turned out by the college.

A Description of the College

The buildings consist of what is known as the Educational Building, in which are the offices, class rooms, dining, billiard, and recreation rooms; the original Dormitory Building (known as the "Stone Frigate," which existed when it was a naval yard, and derives its name from the fact that the cost of its erection was defrayed from money sent out from England in 1812 to build a man-of-war) a gymnasium, gun shed, model shed, stable, hospital, and quarters for a limited number of the staff and College servants. A new dormitory building which is now on the point of completion, will provide for an increase in the number of cadets as far as sleeping quarters are concerned, but further class room accommodation will be required before full advantage can be taken of this addition. There is a rifle range in the grounds and well-lighted miniature ranges for use in the winter months.

In the summer there is good boating and bathing, and in the winter a certain amount of ice-boating. There is at present no covered riding school. This is a pressing need of the institution, not only for riding instruction, but for use in the winter season as a drill-hall. From December till April, that is for the greater part of the college year the instruction in riding is carried out under great difficulties on frozen ground or ice with the thermometer frequently below zero, and the course must necessarily be delayed in consequence.

A drafting room, a laboratory, a library and reading room, and a general lecture room are also urgently required to put the college in condition to meet the increased and ever-increasing demands upon it.

The course of studies comprises civil and military engineering, reconnaissance, topography, survey, military history,

tactics, physics, riding, etc. Swimming and gymnastics also form part of the daily routine. From this it will be seen that physical training occupies a prominent place in the curriculum of the College. The result of this was seen in the excellent gymnastic display given by the whole body of cadets, which was pronounced to be much above the average both by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and Sir John French, both of whom have inspected the College during the past two years.

On the whole, the cadet's life may be described as strenuous. He is well-developed physically, and puts his back into everything he does. The cadets have as a rule had a certain amount of camping experience and are very "handy."

During the summer leave, the greater number are attached to the staff or units at one of the training camps, for which they receive good pay, and a number will subsequently go out on some survey or

training be obtained for so small a sum.

It is true that owing to the large increase in the number of cadets, the instructional staff is at present somewhat small when compared with that of similar institutions elsewhere, but this will, no doubt, soon be remedied.

The Cadet after Graduation

As stated above a certain number of the graduates take up soldiering as a profession. Seven commissions in the Imperial service are offered annually, but there are not always candidates for these. Possibly the young Canadian has an objection to accepting an allowance from his parents, which would be necessitated, owing to the British officer's pay being insufficient to enable him to keep up his position. Another reason may be that many of the graduates do not like the idea of spending their lives out of Canada. The commissions in the Canadian Permanent Force are, of course, open to graduates of the Col-

lege. The Canadian artillery and engineers are officered almost entirely by ex-cadets, the cavalry and infantry have four or five commissions each, and the Army Service Corps and Ordnance Corps have five between them. The Canadian, however, as a general rule does not appear to be attracted by military life, though when there has been any call for their services the ex-cadets have responded promptly. During the North-West Rebellion in 1885 there were thirty-three employed, including seven on the staff. In the South African War there were eighty-two ex-cadets serving, of whom five lost their lives in their country's service, as is testified by five memorial tablets erected to their memory in the entrance hall of the Educational Building. Within the last three years the regulations provide that every cadet not entering the regular forces shall be gazetted to the active militia for three years. Prior to that time there was no compulsion except that the ex-cadet had to join the reserve of officers.

By far the greater number of graduates, however, enter civil life, and the Canadian Government offers annually a certain number of appointments in the Public Works and Survey. The "esprit-de-corps" which exists among the graduates is particularly strong. There is an R.M.C. Club, to which practically all the ex-cadets be-

(Continued on page 108.)



Cadets at work constructing a bridge. This demonstrates the practical nature of the training.

railway job, from which they earn quite a comfortable little sum, in addition to gaining valuable experience.

The staff of the College consists of the commandant and adjutant, assisted by several professors and instructors.

The cadets are ranged in four classes or divisions, at the head of each of which is a sergeant-major selected from among the cadets themselves. At the head of these four sergeants-major is the battalion sergeant-major, also a senior cadet, and he occupies the position of intermediary between the cadets and the staff.

The length of the College course is three years, and the fees for the whole course amount to \$800, which includes the cost of uniform and educational material, and which for an institution possessing such educational advantages, can only be regarded as nominal. Probably at no other institution in the British Empire can such excellent instruction and

Wealth of the Blackfoot Brave

A Tribe of Red Men Controlling More Wealth
per Capita than any other Race

By W. McD. TAIT

Rich, though no fault of their own, is the verdict the casual reader will give to this story of Indian wealth. The fact that the individuals have decreased with civilization in certain tribes, and that property has increased in value will account for the high per capita standing of these Blackfeet, Blood and Sarcee Indian tribes. That they have not advanced higher in the scale of civilization reflects no credit on the parental wardship of the governments of the day. A little of modern efficiency-planning that would fit the man to the job, might have developed in Canada a race of fire rangers, game wardens and fur farmers extremely serviceable in developing our wide-flung country of Canada.—EDITOR.

DOTTED all over the prairies of Western Canada are lands set apart for the use of the aboriginal inhabitants of this Dominion when treaty was made with the Indians after the North-West Rebellion. On most of these reserves agricultural enterprises have been inaugurated by the Department of Indian Affairs through their agents resident with the Indians. But apart from any improvements that have been made to Indian lands and property, the holdings have increased immensely in value, and the inhabitants have in many cases become very wealthy.

This has been the case with the Blackfeet tribe in Southern Alberta. This nation consists of the Blood, Blackfeet, and Piegan bands, and are the principal branch of the great Algonquin linguistic stock. These three bands with their allies, the Gros Ventres, and the Sarcees, formed the Blackfeet confederacy, a powerful combination which, for a century, held by force of arms against all comers, an extensive territory reaching from the Missouri River north to the Red Deer, and from the Rockies east to the Cypress Hills. The protection of their vast territory against invasion imposed upon these Indians a life of almost constant warfare with the numerous enemies who surrounded them on all sides, and developed in the people a proud imperious spirit, which after thirty years of reservation life, is still the prominent characteristic of the Blackfeet.

Blackfeet Worth \$11,000,000

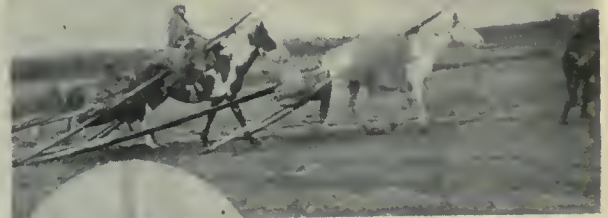
The reserves of this tribe are not far apart, but each has its own working equipment and staff of Government officials. Moreover, each band has its own tribal government and manages its private affairs by meetings called by the chiefs of each band. The Blood reserve is situated between the Belly and St. Mary's Rivers, between Macleod and Lethbridge; the Blackfeet is between Gleichen and Calgary; and the Piegan between Macleod and Pincher Creek.

The three reserves comprise some 622,970 acres, which, valued at \$16,

a moderate estimate per acre, would make a total value of land alone, \$10,000,000. But in addition to land the Blackfeet Indians have live stock amounting to half a million dollars; public properties worth \$87,250; implements totaling nearly \$100,000; private fencing and buildings costing \$150,000; and an average yearly income from several sources of \$150,000. These figures totaled make \$10,987,250, which represents the wealth of the Blackfeet Indians in Canada.

Near Gleichen, there is a large Reserve in which the characteristic Blackfeet Indian, in almost his former simplicity of life can be seen. Although a million dollars' worth of their land, lying on the south side of the Saskatchewan river, was sold by the Dominion Government less than three years ago, and the money received applied to the building of cottages and farm buildings, yet these proud scions of a warlike race do not take readily to the pastoral and quiet life of the mixed farmer.

The cottages on this Reserve are built in groups of four, at the adjacent corners of four quarter-sections so as to form a sort of small village community. These were neat four-roomed cottages of attractive design. The idea behind this movement was to induce the Blackfeet



Typical scenes on the Blackfoot Reservations.



braves to settle down to individual farming of 160 acres each, along mixed farming lines. The school and the residence of the chief agent and the farm instructor were situated quite near to the town of Gleichen, about the centre of the north side of the

Reserve, and while a few hundred acres were tilled at this part of the reserve, the great bulk of the reserve grew wild. It is all first-class farming land and could produce thousands of bushels of No. 1 Hard, if the same instincts of home life dominated the Indians as those which dominate his Anglo-Saxon supplanters. A Blackfeet may make a farmer some day, but it will follow a more paternal care of the young Indians from birth to manhood.

The population of all these reserves has not changed very materially since the Blackfeet were first put on them. Last year there was an increase of 4, making the total population 2,329. This

is divided as follows: Bloods, 1,140; Blackfeet, 752; Piegans, 437.

Dividing the wealth of the reserves among the people would give each buck, squaw and papoose \$4,675, and this would represent the per capita wealth of the nation. But it is well known to all students of Indian life and customs that females of the tribe have no say in the holdings of the tribe. That is, so far as the wealth of the Blackfeet is concerned, the women might be left out of the reckoning of the (Continued on page 106.)



Blackfoot Indians inlating members into the Society of Horns on the Blood Reserve.

The Stormy Petrel of the German Press

A Literary Futurist, an Incurable Iconoclast, is
Maximilian Harden

By FREDERIC W. WILE

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S reign has been singularly devoid of scandal. The private lives of himself and his large family are an unblemished record of exemplary living. The tongue of gossip has never busied itself with the Kaiser in an unworthy connection. In one momentous instance he proved unfortunate in the choice of his friends. That is as near as William II.'s name has ever come to being dragged in the mire. It emerged from the unlovely affair untarnished.

To discuss Maximilian Harden's crusade against Prince Eulenburg is a thankless task in the review of the men who have made the Kaiser's reign notable, but the view would be incomplete without it. The upheaval caused by Harden's revelation was the most striking victory wrought in the name of public opinion which modern Germany has yet witnessed. Journalism, which has still to conquer in the Fatherland a position commensurate with the one it has long commanded abroad, was a power when the Moltke-Harden-Eulenburg trials were ended. How much of a power was not recognized at the time, nor is fully realized even now, though the "November crisis" a year later was designed to bring it vividly home to the most reluctant circles of German society.

Vilified and ostracized by super-patriots as an outcast, traitor and slanderer, stoned by a large section of his own colleagues in sheer envy or myopic conception of his epoch-making achievement, Maximilian Harden is today indisputably the commanding figure in the field of German polemics. No man now writing in the language of Goethe and Schiller has so large a personal following, or so influential a voice. An incurable iconoclast, affecter of stylistic flourishes far above the head of the average reader, a literary futurist who revels in the staccato and the cryptic, the editor of the *Zukunft* whether writing or talking—he does both equally well—is assured attentive hearing from countless and sympathetic ears. He has the fascination of Horace Walpole and



the sledge-hammer incisiveness of Cobden. He believes heads were made to be hit. If they bear a crown, or wobble on the shoulders of pedantic Chancellors, he hits them all the harder. He is a fierce patriot but not a jingo. No publicist, past or present, ever dipped his pen into the vitriol more fearlessly. Shining marks are the targets at which he tilts most gleefully. He has served two terms of imprisonment for what he describes as "alleged lese-majeste," and spent the periods of his incarceration at Fortress Weichselmunde—six months each—sharpening his lance for fresh jousts.

For the purposes of this sketch I asked Harden to supply his own version of the episode with which history will chiefly identify him. He summarizes it with characteristic lucidity. "In the affair of Eulenburg and Company," he says, "the gentlemen whom I had fought openly, and from pure-

ly political motives, tried to hold me to the indefinite and casual intimations I had made, and which were then intelligible only to themselves. They thought my insinuations incapable of substantiation before a court of law. This finally compelled me, after sparing them more than enough, to come forward with the proofs. I did it reluctantly, having warned them often. The rest you know."

It was a distressing concatenation of events which were to ensue; the incriminating articles in the *Zukunft*, hinted vaguely at unspeakable conditions in the entourage of the Kaiser; the boldness of the Crown Prince in bringing them to his father's attention; the summary disappearance of Prince Philip zu Eulenburg—poet, musician, diplomat and wire-puller—from the circle of the Emperor's intimates; the enforced resignation of General Count Kuno von Moltke, commandant of Berlin, and Count Wilhelm von Hohenau, cousin and aide-de-camp of his Majesty; Moltke's private action against Harden for libel, with its painful disclosure of moral laxity in the aristocracy and the army;

Harden's acquittal; the succeeding action against him, this time a Crown prosecution, with Harden in the dock, which was to "vindicate" Moltke and ended in a gaol sentence for the editor, which he has never served; Harden's merciless revenge in the form of proceedings for perjury against Eulenburg, already a social vagrant and physical wreck; the broken favorite's tragic appearances as a prisoner on a stretcher, who is still under indictment and surveillance as an invalid awaiting trial. Such was the apparent endless reign of terror in which Harden's campaign against the Inner Round Table of the Supreme War Lord engulfed the country. Germans eradicated its nauseous memories from their nostrils as speedily as possible. Moltke and Hohenau vanished as if obliterated. Where they are even at this hour nobody knows or cares. Eulenburg, ruined and disgraced, was permitted to retire to his feudal castle

at Liebenberg, formerly the scene of annual sojourns by the Kaiser. Count Johannes Lynar, another of the clique, was cashiered from the army and sent to gaol for a year and a half. France removed from her embassy in Berlin a Charge d'affaires, who had been Eulenburg's friend. The camarilla, which had for a generation been one of the dominating forces in political and court life, which had helped to overthrow Bismarck, and was plotting for the downfall of Prince Bulow, was annihilated beyond resurrection. Germany had been made to blush before the world, but Harden's work was done.

Harden had opportunity to ring all the changes of his versatile personality during his first trial. An actor for a brief period in his callow days, he played the part again in those fateful days at Old Moabit in the autumn of 1907. Trim, unafraid, alert and relentless, he practically conducted his own defence. German legal practice permits a litigant wide declamatory latitude. Harden smiles and bows to acquaintances, betokening confidence and eagerness for the fray. Before the trial is an hour old he has manoeuvred its course so that the pale Count von Moltke seems the real defendant, cowering under the lash of some merciless public prosecutor. Harden enters his plea of justification. He staggers the court with a forecast of the damning evidence in his ammunition-chest. The judge intervenes, as is his duty under the Prussian code, to propose a compromise. "In the interests of our whole country," he beseeches the editor to consent to a settlement out of court. Tense, defiant, Harden rises. In accents of splendid disdain he snarls he would rather go to prison than recede or compound. "Between me and that man," he thunders, leveling an accusing finger at Moltke, "there is no possibility of compromise on this earth!" The trial must proceed.

Four days it continues, a forensic struggle of surpassing bitterness, with no quarter the slogan of both prosecution and defence. No court scene ever staged by Booth or Irving rivals it in dramatic grimness. Moltke's attempts at rehabilitation crumble pitifully. Theatrical to the tips of his fingers, Harden, who has thrown court and nation into hourly consternation with revelations of state secrets come straight to him "from above," plays his trump card last—the Kaiser's own indictment of the three figures whose names have been bandied all the week. "Away with Eulenburg, away with Hohenau for ever! There is nothing definite against Moltke, but he must remain on half-pay. Let him prove his integrity! Purified or atoned!" An impassioned plea of self-defence by the defendant, and the curtain falls on the first act of the most harrowing tragedy New Germany has yet faced. Then, two days later, proclamation of Harden's acquittal, and a welcome by the populace such as a conqueror might envy.

Harden, who was born and educated in Berlin, is approaching his fifty-second birthday. Thirst for freedom and family bickerings drove him from home when a mere lad, to pursue for a spell the career of an itinerant actor. Though he decided that histrionics were not his forte, his early courting of the Muse saturated his whole being, for his bearing and tactics always smack of the footlights. After a more or less breadless season as literary and dramatic critic, he wrote his first book, a series of political satires, under his first pseudonym of "Apostata." In October, 1892, he issued the first number of *Zukunft*.

Harden's talents as a pungent commentator on current events attracted the attention of Bismarck about the year after the Iron Chancellor's dismissal. The dropped pilot invited the young editor to visit him, and until Bismarck's death he was a frequent and welcome guest at Friedrichsruh. No living man knows as much of Bismarck's unpublished history as Harden. Diagnosticians of the pathology of his uncompromising warfare on most of the events and institutions of the present reign ascribe it to Harden's veneration for Bismarck and a vow to avenge the ignominious manner of the empire-maker's retirement.

Zukunft, the little weekly in which Harden pours out his heart, has come to be the megaphone through which discontented Germany roars. People look upon it as an unfrightened tribune which will expose shams and air grievances plausibly and forcibly. Information drifts to Harden in the most miraculous fashion, from the lowest and highest in the land. Cabinet Ministers, men of affairs and plain sons of the people come to him with their woes and wrongs, often with their intrigues, confident that his trenchant pen is the surest means of ventilating the one and righting the other. *Zukunft* has an immense circulation, and produces Harden a handsome income. He is in as great demand as a public speaker as his writings. During the winter he lectures occasionally in Berlin and outside, and sometimes responds to calls from abroad. His theme is always political. A natural orator, his style suffers only from staginess. He is fond of breaking off in the middle of a sentence, to accentuate the effect of a statement or idea. His lecture public is so large that a mere announcement of his appearance means a sold-out house within twenty-four hours. He minces words on his feet even less than at his writing desk.

Harden closely resembles Josef Kainz, the late Viennese tragedian, in looks, mannerisms and stature. Slight, though muscular of build, ascetic and stern, his external appearance is not found prepossessing by people who meet him for the first time. Their initial impression is that of a crabbed figure with an oblong head, crowned by a wealth of curly dark hair fringing an intensely intellectual face. Out of it flash two deeply

penetrating eyes. But Harden captivates on five minutes' acquaintance. He proves to possess a winning smile, a wonderfully receptive mind, a temperament which is both modest and fiery, and an arsenal of information about the great events, the big men and the undercurrents of German life. You come away from his picturesque villa in the sylvan Grunewald, understanding why his enemies fear him, and no longer wondering how he counts powerful friends by the score. You hear him called a common scold in Berlin, but Germany would be the poorer without him.

How Prince Arthur Declined the Duchy of Coburg

THE recent marriage of Prince Arthur of Connaught, and his present nearness to the people of Canada, through his distinguished father, the present Governor-General of Canada, make it appropriate to record a delightful "impression," in the ipssimi verba of a youthful Etonian of the time, of how H.R.H. kicked away the prospective crown of Coburg, and, like the Jack Tar of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, elected to "remain an Englishman."

The Prince and his cousin, the young Duke of Albany, were, it will be remembered, both at Eton at the date of the death of the late Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg, heir-apparent to the German Duchy.

"Well," said the Eton boy of the period, "what happened was simply this. Connaught met Albany (who was a jolly decent chap, a bit younger than Connaught) one day after twelve, and said: 'I say, you've heard, I suppose, that they want me to go off to Germany and be Duke of Coburg?'"

"Yes," said Albany.

"Well, I am going into the British Army, and I am not going to turn German. You can go and be Duke of Coburg, it will just suit you."

"But," said Albany, "I don't want to go to Germany either, and I don't want to leave Eton."

"Look here, young chap," said Connaught, "you've got to be Duke of Coburg, and it's no use talking rot. Next Sunday you're going up to Windsor to lunch with Grand-mamma, and mind you tell her it's all right and you agree. If you don't, look out for squalls, and take care I don't kick you jolly well all round the school yard."

"So of course Albany had to give in after that, because he was supposed to be rather a delicate sort of chap, and Connaught could easily have kicked him if he wanted to."

This story is perfectly genuine, though whether it describes what actually happened is open to doubt. It will hardly pass into history.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

THE
FIRST
PARCELS
POST
IN THE STONE AGE



DUDLEY WARD 14

The above is the first of a series of comic business cartoons which Dudley Ward has prepared for MacLean's Magazine. There is humor galore in all of Mr. Ward's characterizations, and he is at his best in this series. To apply phases of present-day business life to conditions existing in the Stone Age gives ample scope for the exercise of a whimsical imagination and a facile pen; and Mr. Ward, in his inimitable drawings, gets the most out of his subjects. The next sketch will be "Joy Riding in the Stone Age."

A Review of Reviews

A Selection of Biographical, Scientific, Literary
and Descriptive Articles from Home and Foreign
Current Magazines

Queen Mary as Housekeeper

The Virtue of Domesticity is Exemplified in Our Queen

THERE are probably many thousands of British subjects in different parts of the Empire who have little or no conception of the ordinary home-like characteristics and virtues of the Royal Couple whose lot it has been to be placed at the head of the most widely-extended realm the world has yet seen.

In a recent number of the *Lady's Realm* appears an article which brings before us in a forcible manner the womanly side of the character of "The First Lady of the Empire." To many of our own countrymen the extract we make from this article cannot fail to be of surpassing interest, bringing them, as it will do, into closer touch with the personal character of one who by many must have previously been regarded simply as one of the figureheads of the Empire of which we form no minor part.

Queen Mary, says the writer, is gaining a European reputation amongst royal housekeepers. Foreign visitors to the English Court note the perfection of its menage, not excepting that eminent authority on the domestic sphere of woman, the Kaiser.

It is not by chance, or even through the perfection of official routine, that the domestic machinery of our royal palaces runs on oiled wheels, but because Queen Mary takes the trouble to be a practical housekeeper. In Her Majesty's exalted position it would be so easy to waive tedious details on one side, to acquiesce with a sunny smile to all suggestions laid before her, and take her royal ease in fairy tale fashion, untroubled by questions of expenditure, the breakage of china, and the coming and going of servants. But that is not Queen Mary's way.

The habit of looking after things herself, which the Queen acquired as a young housekeeper in the comparatively small abode of York Cottage, Sandringham, in the early years of her married life, has been continued in the large and complicated household of the Court.

Queen Mary's household is seen in perfection at Buckingham Palace, the scene of Court functions and the centre of their Majesties' social and family life in the Metropolis.

In passing, one may hazard the supposition that the Queen would have liked to see the outside of the palace painted before going into residence. That is what any suburban housekeeper would undoubtedly have demanded for her villa. Londoners good-temperedly bewailed the grimy appearance of the sovereign's residence, and the Queen was almost as helpless as the crowd outside, for officialdom blocked the way, and the Board of Works considered the expense of giving the palace a new coat of paint. So the royal housekeeper had perforce to wait two years for the renovation and redecoration of her "town house," which has only just been completed.

Within, Queen Mary's taste is seen in the beautiful furnishing and arrangement of the private and many of the State apartments. Everywhere the royal housekeeper's preference for British goods is apparent.

But to pass to the management of the royal household. The Queen's success as a housekeeper is largely due to the splendidly organized system by which the work is apportioned. This system has come about gradually. In early Victorian times disorder reigned supreme in many departments of the Royal household, and there are instances on record of Queen Victoria shivering in one of the reception rooms because no one knew whose duty it was to put coals on the fire, and of a broken pane of glass in a royal apartment going unattended for weeks while officialdom was considering the matter. Strenuous reforms were set on foot by the Prince Consort, and an improved system of management was accomplished, but it may be fairly claimed that the improved system, which undoubtedly owed much to King Edward, has reached something like a perfection

of routine under the present reign. To Queen Mary belongs the credit of furthering in every way the officers of the household in their efforts to keep the huge domestic machinery in perfect working control. A love of order and precision are distinguishing traits in the Queen's character, and all those whose privilege it is to serve Her Majesty have a great appreciation of her prompt, business-like methods.

The section of the Royal household which is particularly associated with the housekeeping department of the palace is known as the "Board of Green Cloth."

The Board of Green Cloth comprises the Lord Steward's department, including the Palace Steward, the Chief Cook and the First Gentleman Porter. All matters of housekeeping expenditure and arrangement pass through the hands of these and subordinate officials.

The work of the Palace is apportioned under various Heads of Departments. Each Head controls a certain number of servants. For example, the House Steward supervises the kitchen department, the work of which includes the ordering of supplies; the Palace Steward has charge of the hall service and messengers' staff, while the Housekeeper controls the little army of trim women servants and the dressers and maids of the Queen and Princess Mary.

In some of the European Courts the dressers are ladies of gentle birth, but at the English Court they rank as upper servants. The King's valet, a gentleman of the most courtly style and manner, has the control of His Majesty's personal service staff.

The Pantry Butler has under him a staff of twenty yeoman to assist in the care of the silver, glass and china and the various table services, including the famous gold service used at State banquets.

Last, but not least, Mons. Cedard rules the cooks' department as only a chef of such reputation can. His chief assistant

is Mons. Oscar Ferry, and he has a staff of nine other assistants and twelve kitchen maids. The Heads of the departments are in their turn responsible for the servants under them to the Lord Steward and the Master of the Household, the chief officials of the royal menage.

The Queen's first housekeeping duty each morning is the passing of the dinner menu, which she does in conjunction with the King immediately after breakfast, which usually takes place at nine. The menu may be for a small private dinner or for a great State banquet, but the royal housekeeper notes each item. It is not often that she makes an alteration, as Mons. Cedard has a perfect knowledge of the royal taste. He always prepares the menu overnight. After it has been laid before their Majesties in the morning, it is sent to the Master of the Household to be "passed," after which it is returned to the chef, who now makes out a list of flesh, fish, game and other provisions required for the day's use. This list is sent to the House Steward, who signs it and passes it on to the Clerk of the Kitchens.

The orders are now given over the telephone to the various tradesmen privileged to supply the Court, and the goods must be delivered at the Palace within two hours after the order has been given. Hence the animated scene before noon at the tradesmen's entrance to the Palace, in the Buckingham Palace Road, when the carts of butcher, fishmonger and provision merchant come rattling up as though engaged in a Derby race.

The Royal housekeeper is careful to distribute her custom as widely as possible amongst the West-End tradesmen. The stores in the near vicinity of the Palace display on all sides the royal coat of arms above their entrances, and some further afield do so also. It is the aim of Queen Mary to give each tradesman his turn without favor. To ensure this the following rule has been established. Some fifteen or so different tradesmen are put upon the Palace list each month, and these receive the royal orders for that period. Next month, the list is changed and another set of tradesmen get the orders. By this repeated method all the "royal" tradesmen get a fair proportion of orders during the year. When the Court is absent from London the firms on the Palace list get comparatively small orders, and to equalize this no tradesman is put twice in succession on the Palace list when their Majesties are out of town, and so each shares in the full and the lean time.

Queen Mary believes in prompt payment. She never lets her housekeeping bills run on, and she is very particular as to details. Each tradesman must send in a bill with the goods on delivery, even if it is only soap and candles. All bills are filed by the Clerk of the Kitchens, who enters up the amount to the account of the various tradesmen. All accounts made out in detail, are submitted by the Master of the Household to the King and Queen at the end of each month. Her Majesty is the chief scrutineer, and never fails to draw attention to any increased item of expenditure. The Queen

abhors the idea that carelessness, waste and extravagance should be considered royal prerogatives, and sets an admirable example of good management. After the accounts have been passed they are promptly paid by cheque, through the Treasury of the Household.

Each month also, a list of breakages of glass, china, etc., is made out in the various departments and sent to the Clerk of the Kitchens. If a kitchen maid breaks a plate she must "tell." There is not necessarily any penalty attached to the mishap, but a record of even the most trivial breakage must be made so that the stock may be kept replenished each month. The Queen is informed of the number of "accidents" by the items of new things in the monthly accounts.

The Queen shows her consideration as a housekeeper by the number of labor-saving machines introduced from time to time into the royal kitchens. When visiting industrial and domestic exhibitions Her Majesty takes a keen interest in new inventions for domestic use and, like the children, is curious to see "how the wheels go round." She gives orders for any patent which attracts her, and is careful to enquire whether it "works" when it is brought home. Electric cooking stoves are much used at the Palace, and all the kitchen arrangements are of the most up-to-date character. At Windsor Castle, however, some old traditions survive, and there on occasions the baron of beef turns on the spit before the huge fireplace while cooks baste it with their long ladles, much as they did centuries ago when the Norman William feasted his knights.

The Royal housekeeper takes a pride in the recipes special to the royal menu much as noble ladies in the days gone by cherished the family recipe book. There are certain dishes for which the royal table has become famous and which are never tasted elsewhere.

The Royal housekeeper sets an example to all mistresses in the land in her treatment of servants, she takes the trouble to know her servants, not by any means an easy thing in such a large household. There is not a kitchen maid who does not share the Queen's personal concern. But though eminently considerate and kind, she is not over-indulgent. Her Majesty has a judicial mind and expects her servants to be up to the mark and give good return for liberal wages and comfortable surroundings. The heads of the various departments, understanding Her Majesty's wishes, give no countenance to slackness or negligence in those under their control. Smartness, capability and comparative youth now characterize the servants of the royal palaces.

The Queen takes an interest in the furnishing side of housekeeping and devotes some time in a morning to receiving the representatives of privileged firms who have goods to offer for her inspection. Her Majesty may not be a connoisseur in every department of artistic goods and fabrics, but she is a highly intelligent buyer. All who do business at the Palace know this.

Although most of the Royal housekeeper's purchases are made from samples brought for her inspection, she occasionally "shops" in the ordinary way. A firm is informed over the telephone an hour or so in advance that the Queen is going to visit its establishment, and a representative is appointed to await her arrival. All is arranged in the most private manner. An auto drives up, the Queen and a lady-in-waiting alight without ceremony and pass through the crowds of shop gazers, intent on Christmas novelties or the latest spring fashions, unrecognized by anyone probably save by the smiling porter of the establishment, who knows how to keep his own counsel, until—well, until the tempting opportunity offers of telling some fair Americans who have crossed the Atlantic to test our "Fall" prices that "the Queen comes to shop here, but you would never know it."

The interest which the Queen takes in good housekeeping and domestic science has extended beyond the confines of her own household. She has shown her sympathy with the movement made to elevate the domestic arts into an exact science, being made by the introduction of special departments into some of the women's colleges and schools. King's College for Women, Kensington, is leading the way in this movement, and the Queen Mary Hospital, erected in the College grounds for the domestic science students, is a tribute to the wider influence of the Royal housekeeper in promoting the study of the earliest craft of womanhood.

THE ROCK TOMBS OF MEDIAN-I-SALIH

A Description of Some Remarkable Arabian Monuments

A DESCRIPTION of the railway journey from Damascus to Medina forms the subject of a paper in the *Geographical Journal* by Frank G. Clemow. This includes a description of the remarkable sandstone rocks and of the rock tombs of this part of Arabia.

At Medain-i-Salih are found a very wonderful series of tomb-cells and facades, carved in the sandstone rocks. The following are some of their most striking physical features.

Firstly, their size is remarkable. Some of the highest must be 70 or 80 feet in height, and they are wide in proportion. There is great similarity in general appearance between them all, but considerable variety in detail. In practically all there is a single doorway, with pilasters on either side and pediment above; this is set in a "facade" which again has pilasters on either side, and is surmounted by a series of moulded cornices, while at the top is almost invariably the step-like ornament seen in the photographs. Such tomb-facades are seen in abundance at Petra, the capital of the Nabateans, and appear to be peculiarly characteristic of that race. On a few of the tomb-fronts are found inscriptions,



A Nabatean tomb-front at Median-I-Sallih.

which show that these tombs were the burial-places of different Nabatean families.

The tomb-cell to which the door gives access is usually a rectangular chamber of no great size, and not much higher than an average man's stature. In the walls are many loculi or rectangular recesses, and it is curious that many of these seem to be much too shallow to have held a coffin, or even a body without a coffin. In others there are larger and deeper recesses at each end of the cell, and in some there are deep excavations in the floor at one or both ends of the chamber. The floor is usually littered with little heaps of rubbish; and among these may be found many human bones, morsels of wood, fragments of the wrappings of the dead, and lumps of a resinous substance which, there can be little doubt, is some of the frankincense and other spices in which the Nabateans traded and with which they embalmed their dead. The tomb-cell is always curiously small, and in particular curiously low in proportion to the height of the facade outside; but it is a remarkable fact that in one of the tombs a hole has appeared in the roof, and this has given access to an upper cell, in which the remains of forty or fifty dead bodies are said to have been found. If this is so in one instance, it seems reasonable to suppose that it is so in others; and should this prove to be true a very plausible explanation would be found of the disproportion between the height of the outer facade and that of the lower tomb-cell within.

HAVE WE LIVED BEFORE?

Striking Evidence in Support of the Theory of Reincarnation

THE vast majority of people have at one time or another in their lives, experienced the curious sensation of being certain they have seen before some person or place, although they know as a fact that they are seeing that person or place for the first time in their life—their present life, at all events. How is this to be explained? Apart from its being hallucination, the only other theory which covers the facts is reincarnation.

Mr. Shaw Desmond, writing in the

London Magazine, gives some remarkable instances of persons who have a distinct recollection of a former life, from which we quote the following:

Mr. Herbert Burrows, the well-known publicist, lecturer and social reformer, whose "sanity" and responsibility will not be challenged, informs me that he has been able to recall his previous incarnations. He remembers fighting as a gladiator in the Coliseum of Rome, witnessing the terror and brutality of that time of blood. His next incarnation was during the French Revolution, in which he first took part as a Royalist officer, fighting the "sans-culottes" with all the fervour of a follower of the Bourbons. After a time, he says, "I changed my politics, throwing in my lot with the extreme revolutionary section, and was a close friend of St. Just." To him reincarnation has ceased to be a matter for argument, for, as he concludes, "I know that I have been reincarnated."

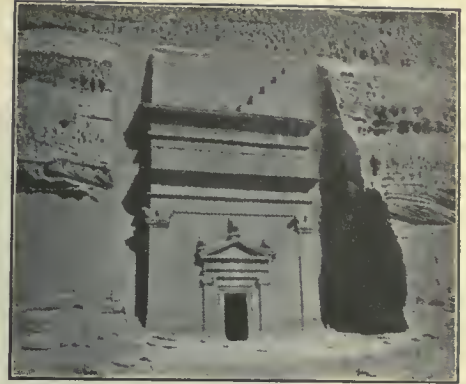
I have seen the statement of the well-known author Mr. Fielding Hall, who vouches for a case of reincarnation which seems exceptionally established, there being many independent witnesses in the district where the subject lived.

The subject, a little girl of seven, told him in detail the story of her previous incarnation, in which she said she was a man who ran a marionette show. To test her, as a baby, her parents bought for her a marionette doll, the strings of which she at once manipulated correctly and with ease, though only three. She even repeated some of the dialogues used in the marionette plays. "I was married four times," she told Mr. Hall. "Two of my wives died, one I divorced, and one was living when I died and is living still. I loved her very much indeed. The one I divorced was a dreadful woman. See"—pointing to a scar on her shoulders—"this was given me once in a quarrel. She took up a chopper and cut me."

And here comes the amazing part. The author made inquiries, and found that a mark, a birthmark, corresponded exactly to a mark which had been given to a former owner of a marionette show by his wife, who had been traced. The divorced wife and the much-loved wife are still living, and when asked why she did not go to live with the wife she loved so much, the little girl said: "But all that was in a former life." This child described closely places and people liv-



In the Mubrakat-Ennaka, or Gorge of the Camel Calf.



A tomb-front at Median-I-Sallih.

ing great distances away that—in this life—she had never seen, and had known only in her previous existence, her statements being found perfectly accurate.

Before me I have the signed statement of a London consulting motor engineer, who says that he can "function consciously" in his memory of previous lives.

He recalls distinctly his marriage to a Greek girl in 390 B.C., and his coming out of the temple with her whilst the children scattered flowers before them. He remembers part of his life with that girl. He recalls his father, whom he says was Aristippus, the founder of the Cyreniac school. His next incarnation was in the last century, when he was killed in the two days' battle of Leipsic, being then twenty-one years old. Still more extraordinary is the fact that with his reawakened memories came the knowledge of his name in his previous earth-life, and that he had belonged to a certain London club. He went to the club, searched its records, and found his name exactly as it had come to him. He has as witnesses of the truth of his statement the club officials. The gentleman's bona fides are still further vouched by a London editor.

This gentleman is a hard-headed business man, little given to fancies, who is recognized as one of the greatest living authorities upon commercial motors.

Her Second Time on Earth

Another well-authenticated case, the lady herself relating the story to me, and independent witnesses cited, is that of Mrs. A. N., wife of General N., retired, now living in Ealing, West London. It is interesting to note that the lady herself is the daughter of one of the most famous women scientists of modern times, having herself a scientific training in the value of evidence.

She was born in New Zealand, and had never been out of that country until, as a girl of fourteen, she came to London. The day after her arrival she was taken to visit Lady B. by the lady with whom she was staying. Approaching the house, it rushed upon her that she knew it well, of which she assured her friend, and, as they walked along, described minutely the entrance hall, mentioning some buffalo horns, the position of a case of swords on the first landing, and describing the interior arrangements so minutely that her friend, knowing the house and that she had never

been in England before, was amazed. Upon entering, everything was found precisely as described.

The following is the chief of modern cases of reincarnation, investigated by various men of science, and borne out according to the French "Annales des Sciences Psychiques," by "an imposing sheaf of witnesses."

On March 15th, 1910, the Italian doctor Samonà lost a little girl of five, Alexandrine, from meningitis, causing frantic grief to the mother. Three days afterwards his wife said that she had dreamt the child appeared and said: "Mamma, do not cry. I have not left you. Once again I shall become tiny, and once more you will suffer through my birth." Three days later the dream exactly repeated itself.

The mother was absolutely incredulous, especially as, after a recent operation, the doctors said she could never again become a mother.

The door of their bedroom was struck by an invisible hand, and signals given which led the parents to get into touch with the dead child. They were perfectly successful, the child appearing as a spirit and saying: "Do not weep, little mother, for I shall begin at once to be reborn, and before Christmas I shall be with you."

The mother doubted the genuineness of the communication, and more particularly the possibility of a new birth. On May 4th Alexandrine said she would not come alone, and, in every communication afterwards, constantly and obstinately affirmed that she would come with a little sister, the assurance being given that one of the twins, who would be Alexandrine, would resemble exactly the dead child.

The mother over and over again declared her entire disbelief, even after she knew that she had again conceived, but on November 22nd, 1910, gave birth to two girls, one of whom was identical with the dead Alexandrine.

In July of last year, Dr. Samonà, checked by other witnesses, says that the likeness continues to be perfect. Today, the child being now nearly three, the resemblance is maintained exactly, the appearance, temperament, and character being identical with the dead child.

Pilgrims Through Eternity

I do not claim that by the above evidence reincarnation is removed from the plane of argument, only that a strong *prima facie* case has been made out.

Modern investigations into reincarnation are resulting in the bringing to light of valuable proofs of the many-sidedness of human personality, and, above all, the evidence goes to prove that in any single existence upon the earth plane we show but a mere fraction of our selves. We would appear on that evidence to be pilgrims through eternity, learning the tortuous lesson of life in many schools and under many masters, until in our final pilgrimage we shall understand the meaning of life itself.

THE RICHEST NATION IN EUROPE

German Financier Claims Germany Stands First

ONE of Germany's most interesting personalities is Dr. Carl Helfferich, a director of the Deutsche Bank, professor, diplomatist and traveler, who writes big books as easily as he writes cheques. "*Germany's National Wealth, 1888-1913*," is the title of his latest book, which is at the present time being quoted with much self-congratulation on the part of many Germans.

Dr. Helfferich's most startling argument is Germany is ahead of England both as regards total income and total capital wealth. Most statisticians believed until lately that Germany's bigger working population gave her a bigger national income than France, but that France was ahead in accumulated wealth, and that England was ahead of Germany both in income and wealth. This Dr. Helfferich disproves. He shows that Germany is far ahead of France in national wealth as well as in income, and that she is also, though less markedly, ahead of England in both domains.

Germany owes this to her more rapidly increasing population, taken with a much higher average income than obtained when Kaiser Wilhelm came to the throne.

A German's average income, counting men, women and children, is \$150. This is a large sum for Europe. In France, which counts as a rich country, the average income is only \$128. England is still ahead of Germany in average individual income, but Germany's much bigger population leaves England, as well as France, behind in total income.

In total capital wealth Germany's superiority is still more marked. Germany owes this altogether to her bigger population. In per capita wealth she is still behind France, and, therefore, behind England. France, after all her trials, remains the European state in which the individual has the largest accumulated wealth.

But Germany having a population about 20,000,000 greater than Great Britain and 26,000,000 greater than France, England and France are hopelessly behind when it comes to the total capital wealth. As the dominant factor in this comparison is not individual wealth but population, England has a small chance of catching up, and France has no chance at all. Their chances are all the smaller because Germany's industrial efficiency is growing at a great speed and even in domains where the numbers employed are falling off, production is still growing rapidly. This is most marked in agriculture. In England and elsewhere in Europe great industrial development is always accompanied by agricultural decline. In Germany this has not happened. Year by year more and more working hands abandon the country and the farm and crowd into town and factory. The proportion of Germans employed in agriculture has fallen off heavily, and there has even

been a decline in the absolute number. Fewer men are tilling the land than formerly. In spite of this the agricultural production has not only not fallen off, but has gone on increasing, nearly as rapidly as has the industrial output.

Agricultural output has gone on increasing with fewer working hands, and there has thus been set free a vast number of hands for industrial work. During the kaiser's reign the coal output has increased 176 per cent., and the value of the coal has increased 422 per cent. The production of pig-iron has grown 341 per cent. and the value 509 per cent. When Wilhelm II ascended the throne Germany produced 1,000,000 tons of potash. Now her production is nearly 9,000,000 tons. Potash is almost the only natural product in which Germany is richer than her rivals. But in iron, where she has no such advantage, she has beaten England, and she is now beaten only by the United States.

Dr. Helfferich takes an optimistic view of Germany's future. He admits that his book deals entirely with material values, but he says that material values mean also other kinds of wealth. It is material wealth which is making it possible for Germans to develop spiritually and morally in a way the poor nations cannot hope to advance. He denies that modern industrial methods injure the workman by reducing him to a machine. With few exceptions, the work of a modern workman has far greater value for the intellect than had the primitive work of some generations ago. The accusation is not true that Germany in becoming Europe's richest state has "lost her soul."

Crushing the Middle Classes

Having asked us to disabuse our minds of the "comfortable, but enervating superstition" that the human race is bound to progress because evolution cannot go wrong,—F. C. Schiller in *The Hibbert Journal* proceeds to argue under the title "Eugenics and Politics," that the declining birth-rate per marriage is the most valuable part of the nation and the trend of social legislation, one of the chief effects of which is to deteriorate the race, may easily assume the dimensions of a national calamity. Modern civilization, he thinks, seems inclined to repeat the blunder and court the same doom as the Roman Empire, the decline of which "appears to be mainly due to an unscientific system of taxation which crushed the middle-class, and left no breeding ground for ability and ambition between the millionaire nobles, who had nothing to rise to, and the pauperized masses, who had no chance of rising." Eugenics, he affirms, has become the most momentous issue in politics, and our legislators must contemplate a fundamental fact of social life—that the biological unit of human life is neither the individual nor the State, but the family. In practical language, if the State wants good citizens, the best thing it can do is to keep the family in sound condition.

TOXIC FATIGUE IN SCHOLARS

Boys Stop Growing and Examinations are Comparable to Severe Illnesses

THAT school life involves certain physical dangers to the child is clearly shown in an article by Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

The results of experiments made by some sixteen eminent medical men of various nationalities are collated and the results noted.

In comparing the growth attained during the seventh year of life by children in school with that attained by children of the same age who had not entered school the results showed that growth was retarded to a considerable extent. Boys attending school increased in height 4.2 centimetres on an average, whereas those who had not entered increased 7.4 centimetres.

Of 500 children, five to six years of age measured on entering school and again two months later, 20 per cent. had lost weight. This appears significant in view of the fact that the early fall is normally the season of most rapid growth in weight. The retarding effect was most marked in the youngest pupils, those under six years of age. The authors conclude that entrance before the age of six years should not be permitted and that in many cases it ought to be postponed until seven or eight.

Of 1,014 children whose growth was followed through the first four years of school life 46 per cent. failed to gain weight during the entire first school year, while 21 per cent. showed an actual loss. The number failing to gain during the second year was only 10 per cent., the third year 8 per cent. and the fourth year about 6 per cent.

Evils of the Examinations

One of the evils most often blamed for school overpressure is the formal examination. Experiments proved that examinations caused a marked reduction in the amount of nourishment taken by university students, and a corresponding decrease of weight. The conclusion was to the effect that prolonged examinations tend to bring about a condition of the nervous system resembling that characteristic of persons who are chronically neurasthenic.

A study was made of the physical effects of examinations of 242 pupils, ten to sixteen years of age, in a Moscow military school. The pupils were weighed just before they began preparation for the examinations, again at the close of the examinations, and finally after the close of the ensuing 3½ months of vacation. Comparing the second weighting with the first, it was found that 79 per cent. had lost weight, that about 11 per cent. had not changed and that only 10 per cent. had made any gain. Since the examination and the preparation for it extended over a period from one to two months, and since the pupils were at an age when growth from month to month is normally very rapid,



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all ought to have shown a gain. As it was, those of the lowest grade lost on an average 2 per cent. of their weight and those of the highest classes over 3 per cent. Quite different is the result when we compare the weight records before vacation with those after vacation, for here we find loss of weight with only 4.6 per cent. and gain with 90 per cent. For 13 pupils, however, the extended vacation was not sufficient to make up the loss of weight suffered during the strenuous pre-vacation period. Ignatieff concludes that in its physical effects the examination is comparable to a severe illness, and that a mental strain severe enough to cause such profound alterations in metabolism could hardly fail to affect unfavorably that organ most concerned in the overpressure—the brain itself.

By carefully weighing the quantities of food consumed by school children in the different months of the school year it has been shown that the child's appetite deteriorates as the school year proceeds.

Reflex Evils in Nutrition

Data of this kind lead us to infer that the nervous stimulation involved in excessive mental work produces its injury through such reflex effects as those upon the nutritive processes. Graziani, a German doctor, however, has raised the question whether in addition there may not be unfavorable influences more direct than this explanation assumes. He believes there are two such influences: (a) Imperfect oxygenation of the blood and incomplete elimination of carbon dioxide due to superficial respiration resulting from application to mental tasks; and (b) an immediate effect upon the chemical composition of the blood corpuscles—due to the accumulation of fatigue products resulting from mental work (5).

In order to test the latter theory. Graziani subjected 18 university students and 17 children of ten to twelve years of age to blood tests before and after the preparatory period for school examinations. The tests involved three determinations: the number of red corpuscles, the relative proportion of haemoglobin which they contained, and their power of resistance. In regard to the number of corpuscles, no constant differences were found, either with university students or with children. The proportion of hmoeglobin, however, showed a decided decrease, amounting to an average of ten per cent. with the students and to nearly that much with the children. The effect upon the power of resistance of the red corpuscles was much the same as other investigators had shown to result from certain poisons. Graziani, therefore, concludes that in all probability mental work produces a toxin which brings about an immediate change in the chemical and functional properties of the blood.

To try this theory still further he subjected himself and a twelve-year-old boy to the same kind of blood examinations, except that in this experiment the

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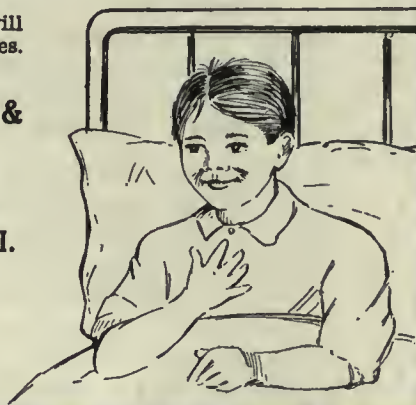
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blood tests were separated only by a number of hours of strenuous mental work instead of by many weeks, as was the case in the earlier experiment. Here, again, the decrease of hæmoglobin was marked, amounting on an average to 7.5 per cent. with Graziani himself and to 8 per cent. with the boy. Graziani believes that the underlying cause of school anemia, with its alterations of metabolism and its imperfect oxygenation of the blood, is to be sought in the influence of excessive accumulation of toxic products of fatigue.

Effect of School Postures on Respiration

The effect of school occupations on the respiration has been studied showing the amount of respiration in the upper part of the lungs resulting from different postures assumed in writing. In this way it was determined that the asymmetrical position induced an inflexibility of the upper part of the chest and a decreased depth of respiration in the upper part of the lowered side. The author concludes, therefore, that it is the asymmetrical position, rather than the sitting posture *per se*, which is responsible for the school's evil effects upon the lungs. He believes that the school is in this way an important cause of tuberculosis.

The school as a cause of morbidity is also dealt with. It was found that the percentage of morbidity rises considerably toward the end of the school year.

We can not here enter into a critical discussion of the above investigations. It is well to emphasize, however, that such studies have to deal with exceedingly complex factors whose respective influences are hard to separate. At the same time, the problems are very challenging to the biologist and physiologist as well as to the school hygienist, and are probably capable of being refined in such a way as to yield more positive results than we have yet had on this aspect of human efficiency.

WHEN THE KING GIVES A DANCE

How a State Ball at Buckingham Palace is Managed

DURING the London "season" one reads in the paper of a State Ball being held at Buckingham Palace, says a writer in *Pearson's Weekly*. Following the announcement is a descriptive report of the festivities. But one never reads an inside account of how these big functions are organized. One hears nothing of the big administrative departments of the Royal hospitality which work exactly like a big business concern.

Firstly, there is the Lord Chamberlain, whose position corresponds to that of a managing director, while the Lord Steward fulfills the duties of an assistant managing director.

Together they draw up and issue the invitations. This, although it may sound a trifling task, is, in reality, one of the hardest of the lot. It takes sev-



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eral weeks to get the lists out, during which an extensive staff of clerks and secretaries of both departments are kept busy. The lists are divided into three heads—the "permanent," the "personal," and the "occasional" divisions.

The permanent division includes a long roll of peers, peeresses, and their relations, diplomatists, their wives, and a few members of their staff, Ministers, leading members of the Opposition, Naval and Military dignitaries, members of the Royal Households, and their wives and families.

Men of the Moment Must Come

Then there is the personal list. This includes old members of the Households, personal friends of Royalty, distinguished foreigners resident in England, or those over on a visit, and many persons who are neither of high rank nor official position whom, for some reason, it is desirable to invite.

There are also included in this list prominent persons in the world of science, literature, art, and travel; in fact, the leading celebrities of the moment.

The record of every prospective guest has to be turned up by the staff, and a most diligent search is made of anything in the past of any one of them that might reasonably be taken as ground for possible exclusion of the individual from the select circle of the Court.

These lists are then submitted to his Majesty, months before the time of issuing the invitations, and are further subdivided into three headings of "certain," "probable," and "possible." These qualifications do not, as a rule, refer to the personal character of the prospective guest, but rather to his degree of importance.

When, however, there is a slight doubt in the mind of the Lord Chamberlain as to whether the presence of this or that individual may be acceptable to the King, a brief type-written summary of his career is supplied for his Majesty's personal supervision.

"Cards of Command"

The invitations, properly called "Cards of Command," must always be produced before admission can be obtained to the Palace.

At one time this rule was allowed to slacken; and it was then found that on more than one occasion certain enterprising persons who were not entitled to admission had, to put it vulgarly, "swanked" past the flunkies and passed themselves off as genuine guests.

In the reign of the late King Edward this rule was revived with such strictness that it is recorded that a certain Duchess, whose identity was perfectly well known to the flunkies, had to be turned back because she had forgotten her "Card of Command."

In carrying out the actual preparations for the Ball of Lord Steward is assisted by the staff of the Master of the Household and the Keeper of the King's Privy Purse.

The ordinary domestic staff of cooks,

maids, and other servants is supplemented by drafts from the other palaces; and the gold plate, to be used at supper, is brought on a special train and under a special guard from the Royal pantry at Windsor. The Royal farms in the Windsor Home Park supply a great part of the eatables, while the fruits, flowers, and vegetables are derived from the gardens and hothouses at Frogmore.

The guests assemble an hour before the Royal hosts, who are ushered in by pages in scarlet and gold, the Lord Chamberlain, the officers of the State, the Lord Stewart, Master of the Horse, Master of the Buckhounds, and many others, all walking backwards, and bowing at every step.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, in the ordinary case, follow. And the Ball is opened by an attendant "commanding" a guest to dance with a particular Royalty.

LORD COWDRAY: THE BRITISH OIL KING

The Man who put the Standard Oil Crowd Out of Business in Mexico

RETICENT, inaccessible, fifty-seven years old, Weetman Dickinson Pearson, who became Lord Cowdray but a few years ago, is the only man who ever beat the Standard Oil Company, says *Current Opinion*. He achieved the feat in Mexico by under-selling the American concern until they retired with losses said to reach many millions. A man less dogged than Lord Cowdray, less tenacious by instinct, might have hesitated to part with the ten million dollars he put into the greatest industrial duel of modern times. He happened to be born in Yorkshire of Yorkshire parents, and bred to a business founded by his grandfather. Even his wife is a Yorkshire woman, and his sons have been reared under the iron discipline with which Yorkshire fathers and German sovereigns form the characters of their children.

Being physically and morally a bulldog, Lord Cowdray has the naturally affectionate disposition of that animal. His savagery, his persistence and his capacity to take a beating go with a delight in being patted on the back that few but a bulldog could take. He loves to be loved, even as he shows his teeth. No Englishman ever spent his money so freely upon others or contributed with such barbarous prodigality to party funds, hospital funds, pension funds. He manifests the oddest aptitude for drowning those he likes in golden floods. He will buy a decaying newspaper at a fancy price to please a poor journalist who has made him laugh. It amazed him greatly to learn once that he was sole owner of a London illustrated paper which he had bought by telegraph while in New York. The fantastic editorial policy of the *Westminster Gazette* is attributed to its freedom from pecuniary concern in consequence of Lord Cowdray's readiness to help in times of deficit. His indifference to the cost of

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Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) will supply all the nourishment needed for a half day's work. Delicious for breakfast or any other meal for youngsters or grown-ups. Try toasted TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer, for luncheon with butter or cheese.

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anything upon which his fancy lights explains, too, the fabulous sums he will pay for a portrait of his wife or for the rescue of a landmark in Yorkshire from the operations of a land agent. He seems not to know what to do with all his money.

When no appeal is made to his peculiar instincts as a Yorkshireman, Lord Cowdray relaps into a mournful silence. Conspicuous as he likes to be in the Liberal party, he never makes speeches except in Yorkshire. "Ay, my friends," he will cry then, "but I'm gl-a-a-d to see ye!" With modifications and many repetitions, this makes a very effective political speech in that part of England.

Just how rich Lord Cowdray has managed to become since he attained the presidency of S. Pearson and Son, Ltd., is a theme of conjecture merely. He expended some ten million dollars of his own money in the Mexican oil-fight. His place in Aberdeenshire, a mere shooting box at that, was acquired at an expenditure, in one way and another, of about a million dollars. He owns about twenty-five thousand acres of land in England. His town house in London with its contents could be sold for three million dollars. He has a chalet in Switzerland and a retreat in Wales. The dowry of the daughter who married Lord Denman is said to have been a million dollars in well-invested securities. He has a substantial interest in two or three newspapers, he owns stock in flourishing banks, and he will endow a public institution, buy a painting by Velasquez or take over a moribund charity as readily as if he were buying a box of cigars. Exactly how rich he ought to be to achieve his petroleum conquests, apart from the magnificence of his private life, no one in London ventures to decide. His firm is said to have constantly in bank a balance of five millions of dollars in actual cash. He pays two men salaries of \$100,000 each, and thirty others \$20,000 or more each.

SHOCKLESS OPERATIONS

One of the Last Perils of Surgery Removed

THE year 1913 witnessed the general introduction of a new word into surgical literature, says Burton J. Hendrick in the *Strand Magazine*. This new word is "anoci-association." A mysterious, even a barbarous, word it seems to most of us. The nineteenth century, however, witnessed the coining of two other words, both of them, in the early days, rather difficult and puzzling. The first of these was "anæsthesia"; the second was "antiseptis." There are few intelligent persons now who do not regard these words as part of their everyday vocabulary. In all probability not many years will elapse before we shall talk with similar glibness and understanding of anoci-association.

Anæsthesia and antiseptis have passed into current speech because they express

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You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, 230A Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numeral Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

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two of the greatest and most beneficent facts in human history. They represent the two procedures that have abolished pain and created the modern science of surgery. Anoci-association completes the work that these two agencies have begun. Its purpose is to relieve the surgical operation of its only remaining terror.

Morton, the discoverer of the anæsthetic properties of ether, was an American. Lister, the discoverer of antiseptics, was an Englishman. George W. Crile, who has evolved this new method of anoci-association, is an American.

One Surgical Horror---Death from Shock

Anæsthesia produced surgical quiet and unconsciousness of pain. Antiseptics and asepsis made operations clean and abolished wound infections. Still one surgical horror remained. There continued to be operations that succeeded but in which the patient died. This phrase was now used to describe that peculiar but common phenomenon known as "death from shock." In many ways this has proved the most baffling problem of all. There was something about it that was mysterious. One could guard against the obvious danger of death from the anæsthetic; but the spectre "shock" hung over every operating-table, striking at most unexpected places. Strong men and women, after a prolonged operation, would find themselves, on the return of consciousness, in about the same condition as the victim of inquisitorial torture. The skin would be cold and moist, the face pale, the muscles relaxed, the respiration shallow, the intellect slow and dull. In numerous cases "shock" killed the patient directly under the surgeon's hands.

The science of surgery has had difficulty in combating this dangerous condition, largely because it has had no clearly-defined idea of what it was. Dr. Crile, however, has devoted a considerable portion of the last fifteen years to studying this problem. He has made several thousand experiments upon animals; has made countless observations of the effects of various anæsthetics on human beings; and has written many elaborate papers. As a result of his labors, he has formulated a complete theory of shock, and devised a detailed procedure for overcoming it.

Actual experiments conducted by Dr. Crile have demonstrated that all emotions, especially fear, produce exhausting changes in the brain-cells. The brain of a rabbit that has been frightened shows marked signs of degeneration; it has lost certain chemical substances that are the physical basis of the phenomenon we know as nervous energy. Dr. Crile has analyzed the brain of a fox that has been chased a couple of hours by hunters. Here, again, physical degeneration is manifest. The brain of a dog, after a prolonged fight, discloses the same condition of exhaustion. In all cases, these animal brains are in essentially the same condition as that of a woman who has died of a broken heart or of an animal that has been shocked

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to death by physical injury. Particular chemical substances have been dissipated. And so all psychic earthquakes exhaust the mental energy of man. The fear of approaching injury harms the brain almost as much as the actual injury itself.

The bearing of all this upon "surgical shock" is now evident. It explains precisely what surgical shock is. It is cerebral exhaustion, the loss of certain quantities of nervous energies stored in the brain. In some cases—unfortunately, in too many—the injury is so severe and so continuous that the cerebral cells are virtually destroyed, and death results.

The mere sight of surgical instruments in itself produces a certain quantity of "surgical shock." The administration of the ether and the suffocation that accompanies it are responsible for the wildest kind of "brain-storms." All this, of course, is emotional, "psychic," the working of mind upon matter; but the effect upon the brain-cells is just as physical as bodily injury.

Surgical shock, therefore, is composed of two factors; psychic, or the disintegrating effects of tense emotion, and "traumatic," or that which is caused by tissue laceration—anticipation of injury, and injury itself. The patient's position is that of the engineer or fireman in a railroad disaster. He suffers the emotional anticipation of the smash-up, and is also physically injured. In other words, he is usually shocked twice. The only way to recover from cerebral exhaustion is by resting; the battery must be recharged.

The New Remedy

Dr. Crile's remedy for both psychic and traumatic shock is the new elaborate procedure which he calls anoci-association. The word means, as he describes it, "the exclusion of all noxious or harmful associations or stimuli."

Here, for example, is a man who is about to be subjected to a long and difficult operation; the kind that is most likely to produce shock. The preliminary dread, even with the most strong-minded men, is intense, and the task of overcoming or minimizing this dread is a problem that is solved partly by psychology and partly by drugging.

A favorite plan is not to let the patient know when the operation is to take place. On several successive days a slight anæsthetic is given, ostensibly for the purpose of examination. When the suitable moment arrives, this anæsthetic is given in earnest and the operation performed. A few grains of morphine and scopolamine, injected about an hour before the operation, works wonders in the same direction. For fear, as already described, is a product of what the psychologists call "association of ideas." The sight of a knife suggests cutting, that of a fire suggests burning. But morphine produces one amazing effect upon the brain, in that it deprives it of this power of associating one thing with another. A man who is sufficiently "doped" is never a coward and never a hero, because he has no power of connecting any act with its conse-

quences. Consequently, after Dr. Crile's patient has received these few grains of morphine he no longer has the slightest apprehension about what is to happen. All danger of "psychic shock" has disappeared.

"Blocking Off" the Body

In this way "psychic shock" is largely eliminated, but the much more serious problem of "traumatic shock" still remains. As already explained, patients are shocked under the anæsthetic precisely as they would be shocked under full consciousness, because the nerves, like telegraph wires, are still connected with the brain. Clearly, there is only one way to prevent the lacerated tissues from telegraphing for assistance and thus inducing nervous exhaustion, and that is by cutting the wires.

Naturally, there are practical objections to cutting these nerves with a knife. A local anæsthetic, however, such as cocaine or novocaine, accomplishes this result quite as well. These drugs destroy sensation in the parts of the body to which they are applied, because they paralyze the nerves; make them incapable of transmitting feeling or motion; in other words, they "cut the wires." The surgeon, as Dr. Crile has discovered, can perform the most prolonged and radical operations in an area blocked off in this fashion, without producing the slightest deteriorating effects upon the brain. Modern surgery has regarded that terrible feeling of exhaustion which follows long operations as inevitable. Under anoci-association, however, there is no exhaustion, because there has been no expenditure of nervous force; the modern scientist has cunningly cheated even so clever a mechanic as Nature herself, or, as Dr. Crile expresses it, has won "in a game of biologic chess."

The records of the Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland, where Dr. Crile works, show that the death-rate under the old ether procedure was slightly more than six in a thousand. Under anoci-association the death-rate is less than one in a thousand. In other words, the dangers of death from shock have been reduced practically to the vanishing-point.

"I have used the method of Crile for many months," says Sir Berkeley Moynihan, one of the most eminent of English surgeons, in his recent address before the British Medical Association, "and it has added a pleasure to my work that is really immeasurable. To the great discoveries of Morton and Lister, this of Crile seems to be the fitting completion. . . . The debt of surgery to this most acute, most versatile, and most patient observer was already a heavy one, but I think that, to the surgeon of tender heart, his latest work must bring the most profound satisfaction."

The men who talk most about genius are the men who like to work the least.
—Dr. Marden.

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A Treatment Approved After Most Severe Tests By Medical Men. Strongly Recommended
By "The Review of Reviews," "Truth" and Other Leading Journals

THE reader's particular attention is directed to the "special inhalation" treatment for the cure of consumption which is so well known in England as the "Alabone" treatment. It is now possible for consumptives in the Dominion to avail themselves of the advantages of Dr. E. W. Alabone's research, which has resulted in effecting a permanent cure in thousands of cases extending over a period of forty years.

An abundance of proof exists to show that, by the use of the special inhalation treatment promulgated by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, it is possible to effect an absolute cure in the great majority of cases of persons suffering from that terrible disease consumption, which makes such appalling ravages throughout the whole of this country; and as the inhalation machine, with all the necessary parts, can be forwarded from England, at a moderate cost, in such a manner that the patient, or his medical attendant, can avail himself of all that this treatment means to those desiring to rid themselves of this disease, readers should not delay, should they be interested, but to at once obtain a copy of "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D. Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., illustrated by numerous cases pronounced incurable by the most eminent physicians, 47th edition, 171st thousand. Price 60 cents, post free. Obtainable from Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, England; this work contains invaluable information and gives particulars which it is impossible to do in the space at our disposal.

In the "Review of Reviews," Mr. Stead stated that Dr. Alabone "has proved that he can cure, has cured, and in all probability will go on curing consumptive patients, whom they have dismissed as incurable."

We are glad to see this view supported by our contemporary, "Truth" (November 26th, 1913), whose columns contain the following brief extracts:—

"The precise value of his treatment

of consumption is a matter on which I have never ventured to express an opinion; and only know roughly what the treatment was. But it is quite certain that he has accomplished a large number of remarkable cures, succeeding again and again in cases which had been pronounced hopeless by the best professional authorities. The mere fact that he has had such a large practice in this special line for the last thirty years, and never got into trouble, in spite of his very dogmatic assertions in his advertisements, and despite the certainty of having the whole medical profession against him if he did get into trouble, is evidence that his patients and their friends were satisfied with what he did, even where he failed to effect a cure. I myself have sent many patients to him. Though this advice has been given so often, year after year, no one has ever complained subsequently of the results of having followed it. All this is pretty strong proof that Mr. Alabone was a remarkably successful practitioner in his special line; and the proof becomes stronger when it is remembered that patients did not as a rule go to him until they were in an advanced stage of the disease—very frequently after doctors had pronounced their cases hopeless.

"It stands to reason, therefore, that Mr. Alabone's methods and experience must have had a definite value in the accumulation of knowledge respecting this terrible disease and its effective treatment.

"He achieves in this practice results which could hardly be claimed by any living member of the profession."

Quotations could be given from other eminent journals, but these two brief extracts, from the editorial pens of men who have always fearlessly exposed deception or fraud of any description, and are notorious in their condemnation of any medical treatment verging upon "quackery," must convince the reader how desirable it is that the public should be aware that there is a treatment for the cure of consumption which has stood

the test of time and is approved by the highest authorities.

In our next issue further details of the "Alabone" treatment will be published with testimonials from Medical men who have proved its efficiency, nurses and cured patients in all walks of life, but in the interim would again advise any sufferer not to delay but to get into communication with the "Alabone" treatment at Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, England, and so at once receive the benefits this treatment has already afforded many thousands of grateful patients.

The following is quoted from "The Medical Times," which in August, 1910, contained a remarkable commendation in the following words:—

"In 1877 one Edwin W. Alabone, M.D., F.R.M.S., M.R.C.S., of Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, England, startled the doctors of Great Britain by stating that he had cured, was curing, and could continue to cure 'consumption.' The profession scoffed—the consumptives believed, and Alabone in a few years was able to exhibit a list of 'cured patients and patrons' several yards long. Lord Bishops, right reverends, dukes, lords and simple baronets swore that Alabone was curing phthisis. At least a hundred 'reputable practitioners' attested to the same thing. The fame of the 'Alabone cure' spread, and in Brussels Alabone was presented with the diploma, ribbon and decoration of the Red Cross, after having 'cured beyond peradventure' several consumptive citizens of that burg. Doctors in other countries adopted his methods and succeeded extraordinarily. The various sera also come—and go!—but the everyday doctor continues to ask, 'What is the most rational method of treating phthisis pulmonalis?' I am inclined to believe that if each man who asked that question could secure from a given treatment one-tenth the results Alabone and his followers obtained, he would unhesitatingly term it the only rational method."

Need more be added to show that the "Alabone" treatment does all that is claimed for it.

CURING NOISE IN A CONCRETE BUILDING

WITH buildings of concrete construction used for office purposes noise is often a very annoying feature, more especially so on floors devoted to general offices where large unbroken rooms occur, often sparsely furnished, and having relatively a few people working in them compared with the size of the room.

Under such conditions the sounds produced by people walking about, or shuffling their feet on the concrete floor, by typewriters, or even from talking, are greatly enhanced and echo very badly.

In a four-storey building of reinforced concrete construction throughout, erected recently by an industrial corporation, for use exclusively as an administration building, the noise, particularly on one of the floors, was the greatest nuisance, it being at times well nigh an impossibility to hear what anyone said when talking over the telephone, and various expedients were tried during several months in an effort to remedy the trouble, without success. The main room on this floor is flanked on two sides by private offices used by the management, which were separated from the main office by partitions of wood and glass, carried up about eight feet from the floor.

Notices were posted prohibiting whistling, loud talking, slamming doors, etc., which of course reduced the noise from these causes, but still left a good deal that was unavoidable. In another attempt to keep the noise out of the private offices, the partitions were carried clear to the ceiling, which is about 10 feet 6 inches from the floor. This form of partition, however, is by no means sound-proof, and concrete floors and ceilings will transmit sound in spite of partitions.

Finally, after various other experiments had been tried, a professor from one of the leading universities, who is an authority on acoustics, was consulted. He advised putting down a square of carpet or a rug in the centre of each of the private offices, and one or two in various spots in the main office.

The result in each case was a great surprise. The echo from the voice in talking has entirely disappeared, the office force no longer seems to be perpetually shuffling its feet at the desks, and the clicking from eight or ten typewriters, although they are situated on an uncarpeted part of the floor, is markedly subdued. The general sense of quiet is most noticeable, and this is an office through which there is constant passing from one department to another, to be added to the countless other noises that go to make up the general hum of an office.

It would seem that here lies one simple solution of the noise problem that is often advanced as one of the drawbacks to concrete construction for office buildings.

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THE SCIENCE OF STREET TRAFFIC

Fifty Million Dollars Time-value Saved
Yearly in One City by Traffic
Regulation

THE regulation of street traffic is a problem which has not yet assumed very serious proportions in Canadian cities, but it is one which with the rapid increase in population will before long give us an opportunity of profiting by the experiences of the great cities of other countries. It has only been ten years since traffic police appeared on the streets of New York. At that time London was the only city in the world that was attempting to direct traffic, and it was to London that the great cities of all countries of the world sent their police representatives to gain experience in the management of street traffic. *The World's Work* in its current issue gives an instructive account of the various methods now adopted in London, Paris and New York resulting in the saving of millions of dollars' worth of time every year.

In the jam at the opera one night in New York Mr. William Phelps Eno had to wait half an hour for his carriage. He was not a patient man and the delay irritated him. The confusion of vehicles, the loud announcement of names, and the sight of women needlessly exposed set him to thinking of a way out of the difficulty. Before he reached home he had a plan, and, within three years, though only a private citizen without authority, he had reformed traffic conditions in New York City.

The science of street traffic regulation may be said to have been born that night. The first time that Mr. Eno's plan was tried at the opera the dispatching of carriages and automobiles took only one-third as long as usual. That was twelve years ago. At that time it was not at all uncommon to have vehicles become so entangled on Broadway and on Fifth Avenue that it would take from fifteen minutes to half an hour to straighten them out. Under present traffic conditions the longest delay that has been caused on either Fifth Avenue or Broadway for several years has been two or three minutes.

The saving of time alone in New York by traffic regulation has been estimated at more than thirty million dollars a year, and so far only the most pressing street problems have been handled. Even under present conditions more than half the cost of some manufactured goods is charged against street hauling. It frequently costs more to haul freight two or three miles through city streets than five hundred miles by rail. Where traffic regulations are in effect, however, there has been an astonishing improvement in this respect.

Paris has taken up new ideas in traffic regulation more readily than any other city. It still permits speeding, and fines pedestrians who are so unlucky as to be knocked down and become obstructions to traffic, but it has regulated the traffic so that it is easier to watch

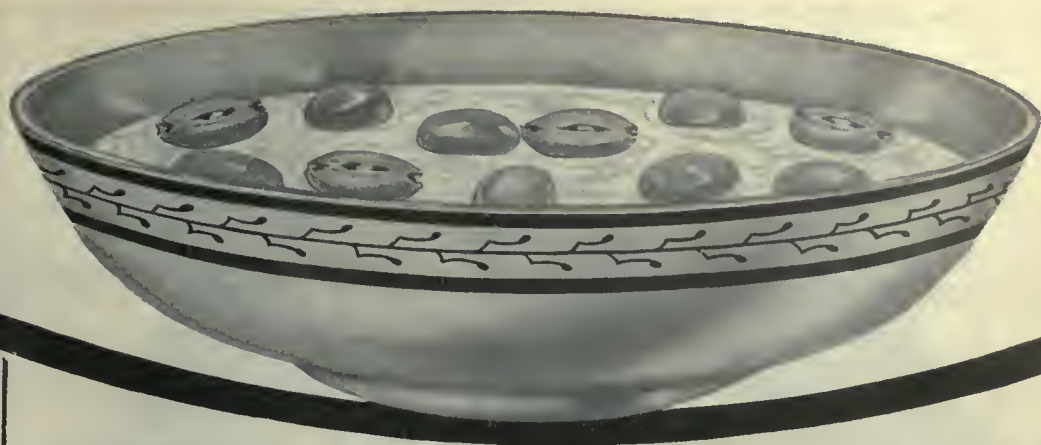
and escape. It has also adopted the rotary system of handling traffic at the intersection of streets. By this method all traffic is compelled to go in one direction. No matter at what point the vehicle enters or where it is going, it is compelled to turn to the right, enter the wheel of traffic, and turn off to the right when it reaches the street for which it is headed. This may seem a needless detour, but it has proved to be the only way traffic can be speedily and safely handled. Only sufficient policing is required to compel ignorant drivers to obey the rules, and accidents are uncommon.

After this system had been used for several months it came to be known as the rotary system, but in Paris, it is called the gyratory system. In Paris it has been adopted at all corners where several streets intersect. Another method adopted is the use of "isles of safety" to direct traffic and to protect pedestrians. In some crossings, where there were only one or two isles of safety, the number has been increased to three, thus making four avenues, two lanes for slow moving traffic near the curbs, and two lanes for faster traffic in the middle of the street. The difficulty with the old arrangement was that while the slow-moving vehicles were "canalized" close to the curb, the fast automobiles moving swiftly in opposite directions in the middle of the street made it hard for pedestrians to cross without being run down. The plan of three isles of safety has obviated this danger.

The first isles of safety that were used for traffic regulation in this country have recently been placed on upper Fifth Avenue, New York. Isles of safety are not entirely new in this country, but they have been used before only for shelter when boarding and leaving cars. In London they have been in use for a long time at wide points on all busy streets, and the number of them is increasing.

By making use of isles of safety, by "canalizing" traffic into lanes, and by the further adaptation of the rotary system, the next step in traffic regulation is expected to be the abolition of the block system now in use to some degree in most American cities. Until very recently the block system has been considered the only feasible solution of the street traffic problem, and the traffic policeman has become a familiar figure in the streets of all cities of more than 200,000 inhabitants, but the power of the "big hand" of the traffic police shows signs of weakening.

It is not that the "big hand" has failed in efficiency. In New York it has proved its value. It stops all traffic on one street while the cross-traffic passes. Where it is used it makes the streets as safe as it is possible to make them; and it prevents tangles. The absolute authority of the police makes the system work smoothly. It has brought traffic conditions a long step forward. But the system has serious faults. Even where traffic is comparatively light on most cross streets, only about half the



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Traffic conditions in any city can be improved by studying the causes for congestion. Every city ought to take a census of its streets, learn what kind of traffic passes over it and where it is heaviest. Sidewalk conditions in New York City have been greatly improved in the last year in this way. The city placed men to count the pedestrians passing along busy streets, and where the number was above a certain standard property owners were compelled to remove every obstruction to the building line. Where ten persons per foot width passed any one point a minute the congestion was intolerable, and these sidewalks were widened first. Streets on which pedestrian traffic was not so heavy were next improved, and now the sidewalks that are being widened are on streets where six pedestrians per foot width pass any one point a minute.

Street cars are the worst time-destroyers in American cities. Passengers are compelled to climb up two or three steps. If cars were built low, with only a short step up, millions of dollars' worth of time would be saved yearly.

The study of traffic conditions on American streets has just begun. We shall soon have standardized regulations with an unbelievable saving in life and time.

M. VENIZELOS

The Strong Man of Greece and His Eventful Tenure of Office

"LET me have five years of office, your Majesty, and I will give you a new Greece," said Eleutherios Venizelos to King George when he took charge of national affairs in 1910. In less than three years he had redeemed his promise, says the London *Daily Chronicle*.

The Prime Minister of Greece has had many flattering epithets applied to him, "The Cavour of Greece," "The Man of the Twentieth Century."

Beginning life, after education at Athens and Lausanne, in his native Crete as a lawyer, at a time when the affairs of Cretans were in a most deplorable state of turmoil, M. Venizelos threw himself into the struggle, and was soon recognized as one of the greatest assets of the party for the liberation movement. When in 1896 the Cretans revolted he successfully held the fortress of Malaxa against the warships of the Powers.

The new regime in Crete with Prince George as High Commissioner found M. Venizelos not only the leader of the Cretans but the counsellor of the commissioner as well, and it was he who drafted the new constitution, and gradually organized orderly and efficient government. Three years later, when his policy no longer coincided with the wishes of the High Commissioner, he resigned office, and became for a time unpopular. But not for long. In opposi-

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tion he enhanced his reputation as the one indispensable man. Soon after the resignation of M. Zaimis, who had succeeded Prince George, M. Venizelos became once more nominally, as well as actually, the leading statesman in Crete.

The confirmed and increasing opposition to the Court in Athens which had been developing since the war of 1897 reached its climax in August, 1909, when the so-called military revolution occurred. Happily it was a bloodless revolution to be fought out at the polling booth. M. Venizelos, then in his 46th year, was invited to Athens to advise the Ministry, and when a National Assembly was convoked for the purpose of revising the Hellenic Constitution, he headed the poll in Attica, though he had not yet severed himself from Crete. On the fall of the Dragoumis Cabinet in 1910 M. Venizelos became Prime Minister, and soon gave evidence of wise judgment and patriotic devotion.

Army and Navy Re-organized

One of his first acts was to reinstate Crown Prince Constantine, now King, as Commander-in-Chief of the army. With the help of French and British commissions the reorganization of the army and navy was vigorously undertaken. This together with much needed financial reform paved the way for the successful part which Greece was to play in the approaching war. M. Venizelos, like all wise statesmen, hates war, and the results of war. But he saw no other way of solving the Cretan question, which has always lain nearest his heart, and so formed his plans to join with Bulgaria and Servia and Montenegro when the die was cast. No one emerged from the war with a more enhanced reputation than he did.

In appearance he is a dark, bearded man with spectacles veiling resolute eyes. He is not a talker; he is, indeed, naturally taciturn—so that every word he utters has added weight and authority. Of great simplicity of character, M. Venizelos confesses that optimism is a weakness of his, but he was not taken unprepared when Bulgaria made the stroke that failed, and his faith in the efficiency of the army and navy remained unshaken.

At home he enjoys the unalloyed confidence of the entire Greek nation; abroad he has been astonishingly successful. Not yet fifty years of age, M. Venizelos can look forward to a long period in which to reap the harvest of the victory which Greece has won—and to make the Hellenic people—small in numbers, but mighty in fame and tradition—a power among the nations.

Dr. Carl Jacobsen, of Copenhagen, Denmark, who died recently, is said to have left his vast fortune, amounting to nearly \$40,000,000, to art purposes. His children received only small legacies.



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Professor Jaworski, an eminent Parisian authority, stated at the Twelfth Medical Congress at Lyons, France, that the results obtained by "Vertebral Reflexo-Therapy," as he called it, were positively miraculous. Dr. Shagatro Morikubo, LL. D., formerly of Tokio Academy of Science, Japan, says: "The task of solving the problem of Health and Disease has fallen into the hands of the Chiropractors. They have solved the problem." Elbert Hubbard says: "When you're sick consult a Chiropractor and let him put your spinal column 'en rapport' with your nervous economy, so you can be a good automatic engine."

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A WOMAN WHO RUNS A GREAT NEWSPAPER

WOMEN of high social position probably have more political influence in England than in any other country in the world. And one of the most powerful of them all, by general consent, is Lady Bathurst, the beautiful proprietress of the *Morning Post*, which is one of the most influential Conservative newspapers in England. She is a woman of strong convictions and personality, who insists upon shaping the policies of her paper, and during the past two years she has played a more important part in the affairs of the nation than is generally known.

If one were asked to describe the *Morning Post* and its position in a sentence, it would be impossible to do better than to call it the most aristocratic newspaper in London. Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, once said that he read Lady Bathurst's newspaper every morning to make him feel respectable. It is, naturally, far from frivolous. With the exception of the society column, Lady Bathurst rigidly excludes all society gossip from its broad pages. It is said that those who were most interested in the days when the fate of the *London Times* was at stake, first became aware that it had been sold to Lord Northcliffe, of the *Daily Mail*, and not to one of the several other prominent newspaper owners when they read an article in its columns describing the dresses at a great society function. Such details would be far too frivolous for the proprietress, editress, and manageress of the *Morning Post*.

The *Morning Post* became a power in the hands of the late Glenesk father of Lady Bathurst. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest of English newspapermen, and was on intimate terms of friendship with most of the great men and women of his time. He was one of the few men in the confidence of the late Queen Victoria, and later King Edward was one of his warmest admirers and frequently visited him at Glenmuick House in Scotland. Lord Palmerston and the Empress Eugenie were also his personal friends. His son, Mr. Oliver Borthwick, was trained to take over the *Morning Post*, and for a time sat in the editorial chair, but in 1905 he died, and three years later Lady Bathurst assumed the management of the paper. Although a wonderfully interesting conversationalist and a woman of wide acquaintance Lady Bathurst cares little for society. She has a decided taste for literature, and at her house may always be found the generally accepted lights of the literary world, but seldom, if ever, the eccentric or the occasional lion of the moment.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

—Dr. Marden.

RHYTHM AS A NERVE RESTORER

Description of a New Cure for Break-downs of the Nervous System

NEURASTHENIA, says Jaques Dalcroze, the originator of the new system of Eurhythmies, is often nothing else than intellectual confusion produced by the inability of the nervous system to obtain from the muscular system regular obedience to the order from the brain." The cure is a re-establishment of "rhythmic order" and the end and aim of his system of "Eurhythmies" is to accomplish this. M. Jaques-Dalcroze is at present in London giving public demonstrations of his exercises, and Mr. Philip Gibbs, in the *London Graphic*, gives his impressions of what goes forward:

"To describe the exercises of those Swiss and German girls who came on to the stage, would not convey to any reader's mind the extraordinary effect of joyfulness produced by them on the audience, or explain the meaning of this new method of physical training. They did, with the most exquisite ease, things which seemed incredibly difficult to the human brain and body, such as beating different times with different parts of their bodies simultaneously. They improvised rhythms of their own by an intricate code of physical movements, and while one girl danced her way about the stage, another girl, seated at the piano and watching her, realized the silent melody of this physical rhythm and then translated it upon the piano, so that the pattering feet and the pattering notes, the swaying of the dancer's body, the ecstasy of her arms, dictated the tune which had never been played before. It was dancing, yet unlike any dancing that we have seen before. It was an ecstasy in rhythm. It seemed as spontaneous as when children jump for joy. It revealed in its highest form the mystery and the magic of rhythm."

The mystery of this new system was revealed to Mr. Dalcroze in a very simple way. He discovered that his students of music were able to sing more accurately if they were allowed to beat time with their own hands. He saw, therefore, an intimate relation between physical gesture and musical consciousness. So he invented a number of gesture songs. Then he turned his attention to rhythm itself, "realizing that it is the basis not only of all music, but of all art, and indeed of life itself." Music, however, is the one art that most perfectly expresses every variety of rhythm, and which has the most intimate effect upon the physical sensations and spiritual emotions, hence:

"By a series of physical movements and gestures which 'realize' rhythm, the pupils are led on to a stage when their subconsciousness is stored, as it were, with rhythmic melody and images, so that at last they gain a joyous liberty of physical expression and are able to express not only the greatest masterpiece



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Dish

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To give Quaker Oats their matchless taste and aroma, this is the price we pay:

We pick out just the big, plump grains—the richly-flavored oats. By discarding all others, a bushel of choice oats yields us only ten pounds of Quaker.

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That is a price which millers hesitate to pay. So lovers of oats from all the world over send to us for Quaker.

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of music as translated through their own emotions, but also in rhythmical dances to express all that is highest and most beautiful in their own individuality."

"It is only recently that the meaning of rhythm has been realized, though it has been dimly perceived throughout all the ages. It is the ordered movement that runs, as it were, through all beauty. It is to be found in the wind that chases sunlight and shadows across the fields, in the ebb and flow of the sea, in the revolution of the planets, in the sweeping lines of mountains and valleys, in the windings of rivers, in the heart-throbs of humanity, in all artistic expression, in the order of life itself. It has been most clearly revealed in music, which by rhythm may stir the highest emotions of men and women. Rhythm and vibration in music are the bases of life. Where there is rhythm there is order, and where rhythm is lacking there is no order. M. Jaques-Dalcroze feels confident that a time will come when music will be applied in the broader general sense to education, physical as well as mental. He is working along this principle, and his system of Eurhythmics, which has many thousands of students in Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, Switzerland, England, and elsewhere, is likely to revolutionize all methods of physical and mental culture. It is a training in the joyous liberty of the body and brain, governed by the deepest laws of beauty."

**THE
WATER-AEROPLANE**

Rapid Development on New Flying Machine

IN view of the great size and speed of the present-day hydro-aeroplane, how very difficult it is to believe that the forerunner of this type of aerial craft, the first successful waterplane, was constructed only three years ago! And yet such is the case, says a writer in *Chambers's Journal*.

In 1901 a machine was built by the late Ingenieur Wilhelm Kress, but it hardly fulfilled the true functions of a waterplane, as it was unable to leave the surface of the water owing to insufficient engine-power.

Nine years of research and experiment followed. The work accomplished during all that time was marked by that singleness of purpose and indomitable perseverance which make failure impossible in any enterprise. For the labors of the investigators were crowned with success when Henri Fabre, on 21st May, 1910, in a small and lightly loaded machine rose from the water and flew a distance of six hundred yards. How do the capabilities of that tiny machine, the joy of its maker, and its transient flight the culminating point of years of endeavor, compare with those of the waterplane of to-day?

Quite recently there appeared in the *Times* and in some of the aeronautical papers particulars of a waterplane lately constructed in France. This craft has

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been designed for the purpose of attacking airships and warships. On its trials its two motors developed two hundred horse-power, and its speed was sixty-two miles per hour. The weight of this vessel in flying order is four tons, and it can carry ten persons. Its scope of action is six hundred and twenty miles.

The opinion of experts is that the flying-boat will eventually become as large as a torpedo-boat-destroyer, and that the horse-power of its engines will run into thousands; and the day cannot be far away when, for pleasure purposes, the flying-boat will take the place of the steam-yacht and the motor-boat. Indeed, the congestion of traffic that prevails in most of our larger towns leads one to believe that, sooner or later, the aeroplane will be used as an everyday mode of conveyance. The aeroplane, owing to the span of its wings, can scarcely be termed a 'door to door' vehicle; but when roofs become flat, as they are all bound to do in the near future, then aerial craft will fly from roof to roof.

The Monaco meeting for hydro-aeroplanes, which took place last April, clearly showed that, in spite of numerous mishaps to machines, the waterplane possessed to a large extent the powers of ocean-going craft.

The difficulties a pilot of waterplanes has to contend with in his endeavors to make skilful descents and ascents are not generally recognized. When the sea is calm and the pilot is flying above it, he can see a long way down into its depths, and it is not at all easy for him to judge within fifteen or twenty feet of the exact whereabouts of its surface; and unless he takes care to come down to the water on an even keel he is pretty certain to smash that float which reaches the surface first. When the sea is rough the task of the pilot is, if anything, more formidable, for he has to alight on a very uneven surface, and he may be out of his reckoning by as much as ten or twenty feet.

To raise his machine from the surface of smooth waters is a performance of which the trained airman makes light; but when the waves are high the machine has to follow their contour, and the pilot must needs handle his craft with consummate skill to make it rise from the sea in such critical circumstances.

In maritime warfare of the future the waterplane will be used for reconnaissance work, for attacking hostile aerial craft, and for discovering the whereabouts of the unfriendly submarine. The last may not be its most important duty, but it is a task which the waterplane, and the waterplane alone, can successfully carry out.

Until a year or two ago the submarine had become such a pest that it was considered that narrow waters would be practically closed to the battleship and battle-cruiser in time of war. But the waterplane has now proved beyond a doubt that air-craft when flying at low or medium altitudes in the sky can see the undersea-boat when it is submerged.

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against the submarine is a problem which is still engaging the attention of aviators. Its successful solution cannot be far off.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON FROM EUROPE

AN eminent temperance worker, Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, writing in the *Continent* (Chicago) states that despite the widely forbidden sale of liquor in the United States, the latter country is nevertheless consuming more liquor per capita every year, while in Europe, where "everybody drinks," the consumption of intoxicants is decreasing.

Countries with little or no prohibition, he writes, are decisively reducing the national per capita consumption of liquors, while the United States, with more prohibition than any other country, has never succeeded in accomplishing such reduction in the nation as a whole, except temporarily in years of financial depression.

I got directly from the German Government in Berlin official figures showing that in Germany the per capita consumption of beer has steadily decreased from 125.1 liters in 1900 to 98.6 in 1910.

The fact to be faced is that Germany, with no prohibition and no temperance lesson laws, is steadily reducing the per capita consumption of liquors by out-of-school temperance education and organization; that is, by an organized abstinence movement led by university professors and the Emperor, and by labor leaders.

Bulgaria, with no prohibition, has only one-eighth as large a per capita consumption as Germany and only one-fourth as large as ours, in part because of the temperance literature circulated by a missionary, Rev. J. F. Clarke, but more because of the moral influence for abstinence of Mohammedan seruples.

In Holland, with no help from legislation, there has been a per capita reduction directly due to an abstinence movement distinctly Christian, led by the minority of abstaining preachers.

In Great Britain there has been a reduction of consumption with not even a local-option law, until recently for Scotland only. But every third child is enlisted early in abstaining juvenile temperance societies.

Norway, with only a little "dry" territory as yet, has reduced the consumption and consequences of drink, not by the now discredited "Norwegian system" of so-called "disinterested management" with its 4 per cent. dividends and good salaries and big subsidies, but by local option in part and chiefly by the organization of every tenth person in total-abstinence armies. In Sweden there is reduced consumption also with little aid from law as yet. Of the Socialist members of Parliament eighty-four are total abstainers and workers for prohibition. Of the total 350 members of Parliament 153 are avowed and aggressive abstainers.

WOMEN IN BABYLON

Astonishing Liberality of Laws Relating to Women 4,000 Years Ago

IN the course of excavations made at Susa, the site of the ancient city of the Persian kings, during the past few years by the French Government, a stone obelisk of black diorite has been discovered, on which is engraved the celebrated "Hammurabi" code of laws compiled by Hammurabi, King of Babylon somewhere about the year 2000 B.C.

In turning to the translation of this ancient code of laws, says Florence G. Fidler in the *English Review*, and searching for its bearings on women, it is astonishing to find how humane and how extremely sensible are most of the provisions which bear on home life. The Code assures to the wife an exact position of comparative freedom, and there are repeated examples of the respect paid to the dignity of motherhood; again and again, too, we find that the woman's point of view is to be heard and considered.

Four ordinances relate to the sale of wine, which appears to be entirely in the hands of women. If a wine-seller or inn-keeper gives false measure, she is to be "thrown into the water;" if she allows rebels to meet in her house unmolested, she "shall be slain." In this Trade Section is an instance of the King's high conception of motherhood. If a man has contracted a debt, and cannot pay in silver or corn (the customary currencies of Babylonia), he can assign a male or female slave for his creditor to sell; but in the case of a slave who has borne him children, "the lord of the slave shall pay back the silver the trader has given him and the slave shall be free."

Marriage Settlements

The earlier tribal system of marriage by capture is entirely absent, and marriage settlements play an important part in the Babylonian regime. Property settled on the wife at marriage remains hers absolutely. She may not at any time part with her dowry. She can bequeath everything to her children in any manner she likes, but is forbidden to give anything to her own family. If she dies before her husband, the dowry passes to her children.

The laws relating to concubinage are rather obscure. The concubine carried bride-price and dowry, and must have been a sort of inferior wife, not necessarily of lower rank than her husband. If the principal wife is childless, a man may marry a concubine, but it is distinctly stated that she shall not rank with the wife. The secondary marriage is probably a wise arrangement to procure legitimate children to inherit the family estate. It seems, too, that a wife may, if she pleases, prevent this secondary marriage by giving her husband a slave to bear him children, whom he can legally adopt. This slave may not be sold, unless she too is childless. With regard to this point it is interesting to remember the story of Sarai and Hagar



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as told in the sixteenth chapter of Genesis.

Very humane are the laws relating to the invalid wife. The man may marry again, but must support her as long as she lives; unless she prefer to reclaim her dowry and return to her father's house. It may be mentioned here that a married woman always remains a member of her father's family, and is generally described on the contract tablets as the "daughter of" So-and-so, not "the wife of," as might be expected.

A virgin could in no case choose her own husband; but a woman once married was free for the rest of her life, whether she be divorced or widowed, to do as she likes in regard to any subsequent marriage.

In the case of a married woman committing adultery, both woman and man are to be "bound and thrown into the water;" but if the husband pardons his wife and takes her back, the King is at liberty to pardon the paramour. A wife accused unjustly by her husband of unfaithfulness may swear that she is innocent and return to her house. Special provisions exist for the wife of a prisoner; if she has had food, she is punished for adultery by drowning, but if she has been starving she bears no blame; in the latter case, if she has children by the second man, she must leave them with him when she returns to her husband.

In most ancient communities the Priestess was honored and feared, and the Hammurabi Code shows that Babylonia was no exception. The Temple formed a little community by itself, and as there is no mention of celibacy, it is assumed that the priesthood included married men. It is thought that there were six ranks of priestesses, four of whom were married. The highest class consisted of ladies of high rank; another class was formed of the unmarried votaries, who lived like nuns of later times, in their own convent under an abbess. A votary could marry and leave her convent, but she must remain a virgin, and must provide her husband with a maid if he wished to have a family. The reason for this extraordinary arrangement must have been the vast gap which obviously existed between the position of the married woman and that of the unmarried. A class of prostitute votaries existed, and certain clauses of the Code relate to the adoption of their unacknowledged children. This seems to point to a system of regulated vice within the precincts of the Temple.

It will be seen that Hammurabi, wise king though he was, has left a great many loose ends in the weaving of his wonderful code. The Code is all blacks and whites; there are no greys; there are no slight punishments, nothing for women less dreadful than having the breasts cut off. Finally, where is there room in a community conducted on lines such as these for the famous "Woman of Babylon?" Did she belong to another period, or is it that she is but the fruit of the fevered imagination of the anti-Suffragist of those times?

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But the Foundation of the French Academy was not Laid in Three Days

FOR three centuries past there have been frequent discussions as to the possibility of founding an Academy of Letters for Great Britain and the Colonies, but it was not until June, 1910, that a modest and partial experiment in this direction was successfully made, writes Edmund Gosse in the *Edinburgh Review*. After long deliberations between two accredited bodies, the Royal Society of Literature and the Society of Authors, thirty-three persons were nominated to form, within the corporation of the former, an Academic Committee which should attempt to exercise something resembling the functions of the Academie Francaise. Lord Morley was elected president, and now, for more than three years, without claiming any excessive publicity, this Academic Committee, founded for the protection and encouragement of a pure English style in prose and verse, has occupied a position in letters which gives every evidence of persisting and increasing. It was assailed, as was natural and right, by satire and by caricature, but it has survived the attacks which were directed against it, and there can be little doubt that, with good luck, it will become a prominent feature of our intellectual and social system.

This, then, seems a not inappropriate moment for considering, more closely in detail than has commonly been done, the circumstances which attended the most successful experiment which the world has seen to create and sustain, a public body whose duty it should be to guard the purity of a national language and to ensure the permanence of its best literary forms.

The French Academy came into the world so silently, and it was long so inconspicuous, that it is difficult to point to its exact source. But there is no doubt that its inception was due to the hospitable temper and the intellectual curiosity of a young man whose name deserves well of the world. He was not a great writer, nor even a great scholar, but he possessed to an extraordinary degree the gift of literary solidarity. In the year 1629, Valentine Conrart, who was twenty-six years of age, was living in a convenient and agreeable house at the corner of the Rue Saint Martin and the Rue des Vieilles-Etuves. About this time his relative, probably his cousin, Antoine Godeau, two years younger than Conrart, came up to Paris from Dreux to seek his fortune. It is thought that he lodged with his cousin; at all events Conrart looked looked after him in his universally obliging way. Godeau confessed that he wrote verses, and he showed them to Conrart, who adored poetry, and who burned to spread an appreciation of it. He thought his kinsman's verses good, and he invited a few of his literary friends to come and listen to them. No doubt he asked them to dinner, for he had a famous cook; and after dinner the company settled down to listen. The

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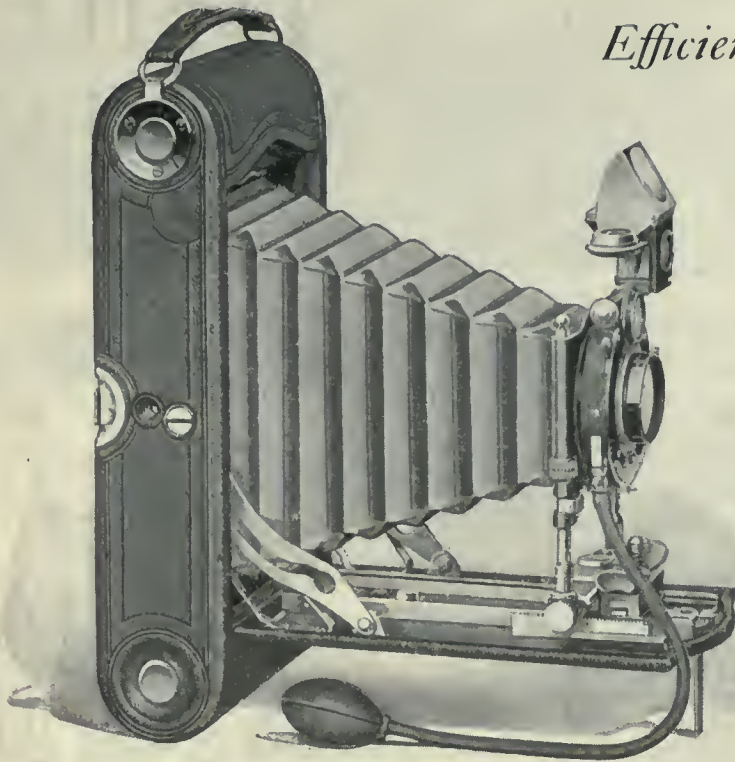
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poet was excessively short and preposterously ugly, but he was subtle and agreeable, and he already possessed to a conspicuous degree the art of pleasing.

There were eight of these friends gathered together, all authors or men intimately occupied with literature. They were agreed in determining to keep up their discussions, and first of all it was proposed that they should meet successively in each other's houses. But no one of them was rich, and Conrart's house was far the most comfortably situated; he was anxious to be the perpetual host, and the rest were glad to give way to him. They decided to meet once every week to discuss literature and languages in Conrart's house at the corner of the Rue Saint Martin.

If any one of them had written something, as frequently happened, he would read it aloud, and ask for criticism, which would be frankly given. Often their discussions would end in a stroll through the streets, or in a meal prepared by Conrart's really estimable chef. It was a delightful time, and, in after years, when the Academie was celebrated and powerful, the original members looked back wistfully at this happy period of almost pastoral quietude.

Such was the inception of the Academie Francaise. Mr. Gosse then goes on to relate at some length how Cardinal Richelieu came to hear of the meetings, how he had early perceived the importance of journalism, of his desire to be regarded as literature's "best and bravest friend," and how he offered the friends his protection for their society which was somewhat reluctantly accepted owing to their fear of offending the powerful minister.

The first direction which the Cardinal deigned to give to the embarrassed and slightly terrified friends was that they should add to their number, or, in his own words, that "ces Messieurs grossissent leur Compagnie de plusieurs personnes considerables pour leur merite." This appears to have been begun at the official sitting of March 20, 1634, and that may be considered as the date of the formation of the Academie.

The objections which the infant French Academy set before itself were the encouragement of grace and nobility of style in all persons employing the French language, and, as a corollary to this, the persistent effort to raise that language, in all particulars, until it should become an instrument for expression as delicate, as forcible and as comprehensive as Latin and Greek had been in their palmiest hours.

On the 20th of March, 1634, they settled on their all-important name, and thenceforth were to the world "l'Academie Francaise." Two days later, in a very long letter, they detailed to the Cardinal the objects and functions of their body, not failing to begin with the request that he would permit them to publish his own tragedies and pastorals. This document is very interesting today. In it the new Academie proposes to cleanse the French language from all the ordure which it has contracted from vulgar and ignorant usage; to establish the exact sense of words; seriously to

examine the subject and treatment of prose, the style of the whole, the harmony of periods, the propriety in the use of words. Moreover, the Academicians undertook to examine the books of one another with a meticulous attention to faults of style and grammar. This "Projet," which was drafted by Faret, was submitted to Richelieu, and printed in an edition of thirty copies in May, 1634.

It was, very properly, Conrart himself who drafted the Letters Patent, a very long and dignified document, which Louis XIII. signed in Paris on the 29th of January, 1635. But now came the first difficulty which beset the primrose path of the young Academie. It was not enough for the King to sign the Letter Patent; they had to be "verifiés" by Parliament, and this was not done until the 10th of July, 1637. There had been much discussion as to the cause of this delay, which was intensely irksome to the Cardinal and threatened the existence of the infant association. It was early thought that the Parliament suspected Richelieu of having a design in creating the Academie which was much more directly political than appeared on the surface. If so, the placid and modest demeanor of the Academicians ultimately disarmed hostility, and they obtained their Letters Patent.

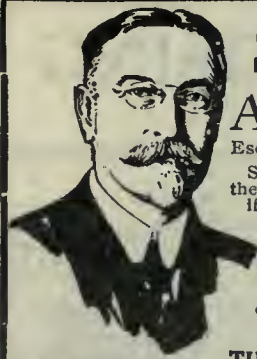
It will be seen that eight years had gone by since the first meetings of selected men of letters had taken place in Conrart's house, and that many tedious formalities had to be gone through before the body was in a position to even begin its work. The humble nature of the origin of the Academie Française, the surprising and painful adventures of its youth, and the glories of its subsequent existence, should make us indulgent to the slow growth of any similar institution. Rome is not the only corporation which was not built in a day.

THE PALACE OF PEACE

Is the Abolition of War an Idle Dream?

THE ideas expressed by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* on the subject of war sound somewhat reactionary at the present time. Speaking of the Palace of Peace which has lately been opened at the Hague, he says:—

But is the object just and true? Is any object just and true which refuses to accept the familiar facts of life, and which deliberately menaces the safety of our Empire for the mere pleasure of supporting a fallacy? The first argument of the "peacemakers" is an economic argument. Mr. Cobden discovered, some sixty years ago, that war was "unprofitable," and thanked God for the discovery. And others in our day have echoed Mr. Cobden's words. Their process of reasoning is something as follows: Man does nothing except for profit. War is unprofitable. Therefore war must cease to exist. Of course we cannot accept the major premiss. It is far nearer the truth to say that nothing is



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done for the sake of profit that is worth the doing. It is not for money that poets sing their songs, or scholars write their books. It is not for money that the true philanthropist—not the millionaire—devotes his life to the betterment of his fellow-men. It is not for money that the explorer sails unknown seas, or that the man of science, working in seclusion, discovers new and healing elements. The profit of war, then, may be dismissed as immaterial. Men will fight in the future, as they have fought in the past, for an idea, for a religion, for a sense of freedom, as well as for land, or prestige, or aggrandizement.

In brief, man is a fighting animal. He has been fighting ever since the world began; and he will go on fighting whenever he has what he believes to be a good cause and plenty of dry powder. For fighting is the expression both of man's vices and man's virtues. Man will fight until he has rid himself on the one hand of envy, malice, and greed, on the other of honor, patriotism, and sacrifice. The converse of peace at any price is not war at any price. We may avoid the conflict by adequate preparation or by cunning forbearance. But there are circumstances in which no self-respecting country will refuse the arbitrament of war, or will be deterred from the vindication of its honor by the fear of hardships or the hope of gain. And for all its hardships war has been a constant influence in the world for good. It has taught the virtues of courage and obedience; it has been an instant check to sluggishness and egoism; it has given such occasions of self-sacrifice as no other form of human energy has afforded.

It is not likely that the study of history or the experience of the past will carry a feather's weight with those who see in war nothing but a profitless horror. But to those who are still capable of an honest doubt we would commend a study of the Dutch Republic, whose fall has recently been set forth by Mr. H. W. van Loon, in a work entitled "The Fall of the Dutch Republic." In the seventeenth century Holland listened to the same ruinous gospel of peace which is being preached to-day. After having been one of the leading powers of Europe for more than half a century, the republic voluntarily retired from active life among the great nations. Her armies were disbanded. Her fleet was allowed to rot away in the harbors. The consequences of this policy were precisely what might have been expected. Absolved, as they thought, from the duty of self-defence, the citizens grew for a while in prosperity and in nothing else. In other words, the Dutch Republic had proclaimed herself at peace in a warlike world. As a matter of fact, she committed suicide.

Unable to defend herself, she became the shuttlecock of her neighbors. She was denied the privilege of freedom or of a free policy. The worst humiliations were put upon her, and she could not resent them. When, at last, in 1781, England declared war against the Dutch Republic, the warlike nation

grew rich at the expense of the unarmed. The British fleet, having command of the North Sea, had no difficulty in seizing the larger part of the Dutch merchantmen, and in destroying the commerce, which the Republic was too peaceful to defend. The Dutch colonies, the source of Holland's revenue, were forced to surrender to England with all their wealth. And even though in 1783 England offered amiable terms of peace, the troubles of Holland were not at an end. Suddenly, and without any declaration of war, Joseph II. attacked the forts at the mouth of the Scheldt. Having an army at his back and finding the Republic utterly defenceless, he could make what demands he would, and was satisfied at last with the payment of nine million guilders, to pay which the Republic was forced to pawn herself body and soul to France.

When peace came at last, in 1813, the country was bankrupt, the people were hopeless, and in the town of Amsterdam one-half of the population was kept alive by public charity." The fate which fell upon Holland was not unmerited. The country chose to disband its army for the same reasons which are put forth by the sentimentalists of to-day. It was assumed, no doubt, that war, being unprofitable, could never again take place, and that the higher cause of humanity bade the Republic to bare its defenceless breast to the world. The Republic bared its breast, and by a poetic justice fell a victim to the sword which it contemned. Never was a clearer warning written upon the wall of history, a warning, which in the arrogance of their intellectual "superiority," our sentimentalists are neglecting with a light heart.

THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE

History and Description of the Famous
Institute by Professor Metchnikoff
an Assistant Director and
Former Colleague of
Pasteur

Translated from the French for MacLean's Magazine.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Pasteur Institute has lately been celebrated. The time is therefore opportune for a review of the work which it has up to the present accomplished, and no one could be found more capable of performing this task than Professor Elie Metchnikoff, sous-directeur of the Institute and the oldest of Pasteur's colleagues, who in *Lectures Pour Tous* gives us an account of the work of which he has been an eye-witness.

The discovery of the Pasteur treatment for rabies was the chief factor in inducing the general public to contribute to an international subscription for the foundation of a private institute apart from all state institutions.

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(2) The study of virulent and contagious diseases.

Before the opening of the present establishment, there was already in existence in the rue Nanguelin under the name of "Institut Pasteur," a small temporary establishment, where persons bitten by mad animals or those suspected of rabies were treated. At the same time Pasteur's principal colleagues and pupils, were prosecuting their researches and study of infectious diseases in the small laboratory of the Normal School, under the direction and assistance of their chief. This was the nucleus of the larger institute, where work was started towards the end of 1888.

Pasteur followed with the utmost solicitude the work of the new establishment. He was present regularly every morning at the treatment of all cases of rabies and kept himself informed of every detail of the work. He often visited the research laboratories and conversed with the workers, doing his best to further their efforts.

The difficulties, however, were great. The capital—about \$500,000—the result of the first public subscription, had been for the most part exhausted in purchasing the ground and constructing the building, and there only remained a very small sum available for the maintenance of the Institute. This lack of funds was Pasteur's despair and his efforts to overcome it were unceasing. An appeal was made to the philanthropic, but without result. Duclaux, the assistant director, published a special pamphlet which he had sent to every senator, deputy and municipal councillor; the pamphlet had no success.

Thus the funds were even then inadequate to support the institution in its condition at that period. And Pasteur wished to enlarge the scope of his work. He was very anxious to acquire a piece of ground situated in the Rue Dutol opposite the Institute and which was then planted with vegetables, but he himself never succeeded in raising the money for this purpose. It is distressing to think that a man who rendered such great service to his country and in fact to the whole human race, should have been compelled to spend the latter years of his life vainly endeavoring to secure the means necessary for the continuation and extension of his work.

In spite of all difficulties the work at the Institute continued. Besides inoculation against rabies and the preparation of serum for diphtheria, theoretical researches were made in the laboratories as to the means of resistance the human system can oppose to the invasion of microbes. Under this head must be mentioned the work of a young Belgian doctor, Jules Bordet, who was successful in throwing much light upon the constitution of substances in the blood which destroy microbes. This work which marked an era in the progress of medical science was completed a few months previous to Pasteur's death in 1895.

Other investigations which were performed at the same time under the aus-

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pieces of the Institute are worthy of special mention. Sent to China where he could study on the spot an evil which is regarded with the greatest horror, Yersin contributed largely to the discovery of the microbe of the human plague, thus enabling most efficacious measures to be inaugurated for the fighting of this greatly dreaded scourge, the terror of past years and against which up to that time we possessed no remedy. The Institute now has a special service for the plague under the direction of M. Dujardin Beaumetz.

Pasteur's Successor

The new director Duclaux, a chemist by profession, devoted the nine years of his management to the organization of the fermentation department and of several laboratories of biological chemistry. Although, according to its charter, the Institute was to be devoted to the study of virulent and contagious diseases, Duclaux was reluctant to allow the study of fermentations which had been begun by Pasteur to fall through, and by a lucky chance he was enabled to continue it successfully. A benefactor who wished to remain anonymous presented to the institute the piece of ground on which Pasteur had so strongly set his mind, and another offered the money required to construct the institute of chemical biology with the most modern and up-to-date equipment.

The resources of the Institute were thus sensibly augmented and the institution of a serotherapeutic service was made possible as the result of a public subscription started by the Figaro, which realized over \$200,000. The institute thus entered upon a new era of its existence. The amount collected was sufficient to cover the construction of two new wings for the hospital and the maintenance of the biological laboratories mentioned above. Here was commenced a most important series of experiments on the secret action of soluble ferments especially on mineral substances which are favorable to it. It has been demonstrated, for instance, that infinitesimal quantities such as the ten thousand millionth part of manganese applied during cultivation is sufficient to increase the growth of the 'Aspergillus niger' mould, and an endeavor is being made to apply these results to practical use by adding certain quantities of manganese to the soil in order to increase the yield of cereals.

To Duclaux also belongs the credit of establishing two laboratories of animal and vegetable physiology, which have already rendered signal service to science. In addition to theoretical work, one of these laboratories has discovered a method of making soft cheese with the aid of pure growths of microbes and mould. This system has already been proved successful in practice and its use is greatly on the increase.

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pupils from all parts of the world come to acquire technical knowledge.

The practical utility side of the institute was evidenced by the establishment of a special service more particularly devoted to the destruction of noxious animals, notably the field mouse which in some parts has become quite a plague in agriculture. It will be seen that under Dr. Duclaux the chief activities of the Institute were centred on chemical biology and its practical applications. The greater part of resources of the Institute were devoted to this side.

Medical researches were, it is true, carried on under Duclaux's regime, but it was upon his successor Roux that the task devolved of again furthering the development of the essential objects of the Pasteur Institute, as defined by its charter.

The new director started by placing at the disposal of the research departments purely medical the \$20,000 Osiris legacy, which had been awarded it by the Institute of France. This munificent gift made possible in the study of infectious diseases, the use of animals most closely approaching the human race, viz., anthropoid apes, the cost of which is very considerable.

Roux's special attention was directed towards foreign diseases and sicknesses, the treatment of which is of primary importance to the prosperity and future of France's colonial empire. Thanks to the personal generosity of M. Laneran, well-known on account of his discovery of the microbe of marsh fever, a special institute for tropical maladies was built on the newly acquired land of the Institute.

The striking successes gained of late years in the treatment of infectious diseases by chemical preparations was responsible for the institution of a new service of therapeutic chemistry.

But the attention given to therapeutic chemistry does not prevent the continually increasing development of the service of serums, organized in so exemplary a manner at Garches under the direction of Prévôt. More than two hundred horses are kept there for the preparation of serums against diphtheria, tetanus, the plague, cholera, dysentery, and cerebro-spinal meningitis. Apart from the service at Garches there exists also a stable in the rue d'Alleray nearer to the Institute. This stable is used specially for laboratory experiments on horses.

Since the munificent Osiris bequest, the Pasteur Institute fortunately is able, thanks to the resources at its disposal, to work on the solution of the problems of pure science. Thus there are several laboratories devoted to the study of physico-chemical phenomena so important to the future of micro-biology. The service under Dr. Nicolle forms a kind of connection between these phenomena and those which concern more particularly microbic and venomous poisons.

It may be asked what the Institute is doing with regard to those two scourges of humanity, tuberculosis and cancer. Although there exists no special service

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devoted to these two maladies, their study nevertheless occupies a prominent position with the members.

Mention should be made of the work of Dr. Marie in connection with rabies and tetanus. He shares the credit of the brilliant results of the treatment inaugurated by Pasteur, which has already benefited more than 35,000 patients bitten by mad animals.

The council of the Institute consists of twelve members. These members placed at the head of the institution allow the greatest liberty to the director, Dr. Roux. He in turn allows every latitude to the workers who pursue their investigations as they choose and along whatever lines they please. The administrative formalities are reduced to a degree which might appear astonishing. The Institute does not confer diplomas nor does it demand any title or diploma from those who come there to work. The only thing it does ask for is hard work. In recruiting the employees regard is had only to the aptitude of the aspirants.

The Pasteur Institute still young, has a great rôle to fill in the future. If our great master, whose spirit is always present at the Institute could return after eighteen years of separation, he would at first find some difficulty in locating himself among the many new acquisitions both scientific and practical. I do not know whether he would be satisfied with what we have done, but I am sure he would say: "Continue your work, there is still plenty to do in front of you."

And indeed a number of problems relating to hygiene and therapeutics await solution. The medical side of the institute which for a time took second place, will gradually be brought more and more into first place. New laboratories of medical research must be founded. While still allowing the workers to proceed on their own lines, it would be advisable to recognize the benefits to be obtained from a system of co-operation and organization and in grouping the workers together for collective investigation of certain problems which await solution. To this end it would be a good idea to institute prizes for the execution of certain definite work.

In a future more or less distant, these ideas will no doubt be realized, but at the present time it may safely be affirmed that nowhere in the world are conditions more favorable for scientific work than at the Pasteur Institute at Paris.

Prehistoric Man

A new cavern in northern Spain affords a unique example of the culture chronology of paleolithic man. Practically all the known cultures are represented by successive layers as they were deposited, thus furnishing positive proof of cultural chronology. Extensive excavations have just been made under the direction of Professor Obermaier, of Paris.

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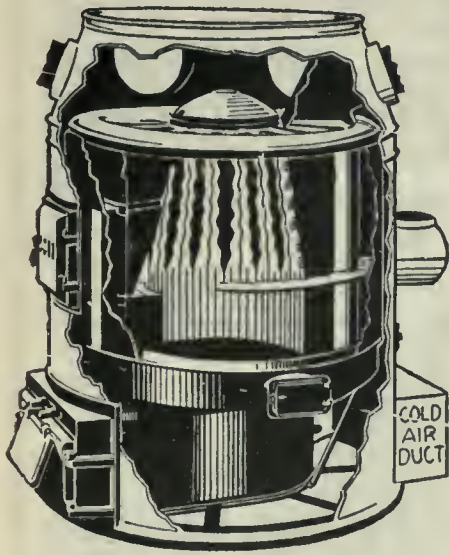
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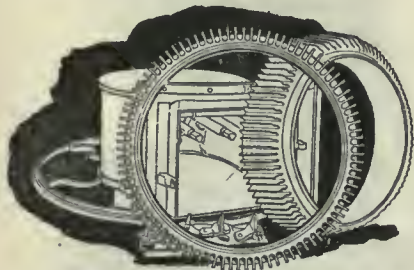
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THE FINE ROMANCE OF THE EARL MARSHAL OF GREAT BRITAIN

THE House of Lords, says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, has an ex-Postmaster-General there—two, as a matter of fact—of whom the unremembered one is the Duke of Norfolk. His position at the Coronation of two Sovereigns of Great Britain has given the Duke so commanding a standing in our national life that it causes a smile when one thinks of him, Earl Marshal, premier Duke of Great Britain, acting as the chief of our postmen, one of the most thankless and undecorative offices in the gift of the Cabinet. Yet for five years this hard-working, unassuming nobleman served the country, and served it well, in that position. Fancy the head of the house which smashed the Spanish Armada, and compassed a mighty victory on ensanguined Flodden Field, looking after our letters and parcels! The Duke would be the least conscious of the incongruity, for he is one of those public-spirited men who find honor in any national service.

The Duke blends in his own disposition and career the old with the new; the mediaeval fervor of his ancestors of centuries ago with the clear-headed business methods of the twentieth century man of affairs. He owns little short of 50,000 acres of land, some of it enormously valuable—such as that in the Strand and that upon which the business heart of Sheffield is built; and, though he is a good and generous landlord, there are no two opinions as to the strictly business lines upon which his possessions are ruled.

So wealthy a man can scarcely need ready money, it would be thought, but it was only four years ago, when the prices for Old Masters leapt to their new and unprecedented height, that he sold the incomparable Holbein, "The Duchess of Milan," which had been so long on loan at the National Gallery. The sum realized was £66,000. With this utilitarian business instinct of the Duke there mingles much of the romantic mysticism of the old Crusader or ascetic, and had he been left to his own inclinations he would now be a monk in some obscure monastery.

Head of the Roman Catholic Laity

As premier Duke he is head of the Roman Catholic laity of Great Britain, and as such one of the chief figures in Europe, as notable a personality at the Court of the Pope as at the Court of his own Sovereign. From the earliest age he was brought to contemplate the importance of his position, and the question of his education became a matter of national concern so far as his own Church was concerned. So gravely were the leaders of his faith concerned in the matter that, when the time arrived for him to go to a public school, it was privately proposed to establish a Roman Catholic house at Eton, which he and other distinguished sons of Catholic families should attend. When his first wife died—she was the daughter of

Baron Donington and of the Countess of Loudon—leaving him with only a little invalid son, he felt that life in the world was intolerable. He made up his mind to renounce dignities and titles and retire to a monastery. Nothing was publicly heard of the matter at the time, but the question greatly agitated exalted circles, and it required the united representations of Queen Victoria, Cardinal Newman, and the late Lord Salisbury to convince him that his duty required him to remain in the station in life to which he had been called.

Heralds quarrel over the Howard pedigree. Some trace it back to the Saxon days and claim that Hereward the Wake was head of the line. We are on less uncertain ground, however, in beginning with Sir William Howard, who was Edward I.'s Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, rather more than six centuries ago. A new dignity has recently come into the family, for the young Duchess of Norfolk, the Duke's second wife, succeeded, at the death of her father, the late Lord Herries, to that ancient barony, which will pass in due time to the little son by whom her union with the Duke has been blessed.

The Howard blood has flowed on most of the battlefields on which the Union Jack has been unfurled, and the present Duke, who volunteered for South Africa, could not but contrast his own experience there with those of some of his ancestors. Reviewing the horrible slaughter at Flodden Field, for instance, he recalls that he passed through one battle in South Africa in which, for a whole day, he never heard a bullet or saw a man fall. The Duke of Norfolk, who fell at Bosworth, the bravest soldier in the battle, was a rebel, and because of his action the honors of the family were attainted, and his son was confined in the Tower, practically under the sentence of death, for three years. It was after his release that he won Flodden Field.

Tragedy

Tragedy came, as we have seen, to the present Duke with the death of his first wife. He was left with an invalid son on whom he lavished all the care that affectionate solicitude could suggest or wealth procure. There was no hope, but his father, finding the art of doctors unavailing, took him on a pilgrimage to all the famous shrines of Europe in the hope that a miracle might effect that which the highest medical skill in the land had failed to accomplish. It was in vain. The heir to all the Duke's possessions, although he lived to manhood, remained throughout life incurable, and died when twenty-four.

Then it was that the Duke married a second time, wedding a lady who inherits traditions as fine as his own. She is a lineal descendant of the Countess of Nithsdale. Lord Nithsdale was condemned to death for a dangerous Stuart rising on the border. Hearing that her husband was a prisoner in the Tower, the Countess set out by coach from Scotland, but at York was held up by snow, which blocked the road. She finished the journey on horseback. In London she labored day and night to win

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support for a pardon. But the King was adamant and roughly rebuffed her petitions. It remained, therefore, for this woman to pit her wits against the British Government.

A Woman of Spirit

By money and fair words she managed frequently to see her husband in the Tower, and on the night before the time fixed for his execution she went into his cell, accompanied by her maid, who concealed beneath her gown a woman's riding cloak for the prisoner. This having been deposited, Lady Nithsdale walked out with the woman telling her in a loud voice to go upon some errand for her. She herself returned to the cell, fitted her husband with wig and gown and walked out with him, as if he were her female companion. She sent him away, bidding him hasten and recall the maid who had not returned.

Then again she went back to the cell, this time alone, shut herself in, and talked aloud as though conversing with her husband. After some time, she, like him, got clear away. He escaped to France, where, after many perils nobly endured, she followed him. That was the ancestress of the present Duchess of Norfolk, and her friends say that the spirit of that incomparable woman lives again in her.

A GREATER THAN PANAMA

Secretary Lane Plans to Make the Development of Alaska a Public Work

A PUBLIC work greater by far than the Panama Canal has been outlined by Mr. Lane, secretary of the Interior Department of the United States Government, says *The American Magazine*, in his report to President Wilson.

It is a hold proposition, calculated to take hold upon the imagination of the American people. He asks nothing less than the development as a public work of the vast territory of Alaska—the building of roads and railroads, the opening of mines, the founding of agriculture.

Here is a territory one-fifth the size of the United States with less than forty thousand white inhabitants, less than one thousand miles of roads and only fragments of railroads. Part of the territory has as kindly a climate as Stockholm or St. Petersburg and there are 50,000,000 acres that will make homes for a people as sturdy as those of New England. It will not only support a large agricultural population but it has mineral wealth of untold value, great forests awaiting the lumberman, and rich fisheries.

The people of the United States have already declared positively that this virgin territory shall not be wastefully and greedily exploited by the private monopolist.

"We abruptly closed opportunities to the monopolist," says Secretary Lane, "but did not open them to the developer."

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He now asks immediate action. He asks that adequate governmental machinery be devised to do the work. He suggests a board of commissioners to assume complete charge of all the affairs of the Territory, with power to develop its resources on the broadest scale.

Five years ago this scheme would have seemed Utopian in the extreme. There has been a tradition in America, long sedulously fostered, that government work is of necessity wasteful, inefficient, scandalously slow. And under the old system of spoils-politics there was no little justification for this view.

But the Panama Canal has been constructed. We went into that enterprise like an inexperienced boy unaware of our own strength; we are coming out of it with a new understanding of the meaning of public work and a new confidence in our ability as a nation to engage in it. The canal will not only be finished nearly a year before it was promised and save from eight million to ten million dollars of its estimated cost, but it will set a unique standard of economy, efficiency, honesty, humanitarianism. We have discovered hitherto unknown human resources in the form of state-minded leadership—out of which has been developed a superb machine for public service.

This year the veterans of Panama, having won a victory in a new kind of warfare, will be prepared for new conquests. Why not maintain this superb machine as a national asset? Why not turn the power that has conquered Panama to the conquest of Alaska? Why not give Goethals and his men command of this new work for the people?

We must not stop with a single shining object lesson, for the only sound result of doing a great deed is that it commits us to the doing of still greater ones. We have organized, at last, an Army of Peace, we have found "the moral equivalent for war." We are ready as a nation for still more ambitious conquests of the forces of nature. Let us then march our veterans from the tropics to the poles. Let Goethals command. Let the nation fight the battle.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF CHINA

The United States Endeavoring to Capture China's Trade

TO stand in the main street of any Chinese city and to see all that you look at will most probably impress you that the Americanization of China is at hand. I think there is no doubt about it, says the *Daily Chronicle*, London, Eng. Perhaps in the far interior, where Americans have not pushed their way to any great extent, there is not apparent, as yet, any strong American element; but here in the cities it is unmistakable, and there it will not be absent for long.

At the coast ports, in the capital, and in the Yangtze Valley for several hundred miles from the sea, one finds characteristics that are unmistakably Ameri-



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Made of pure vegetable oils and high grade materials—so clean, sweet and wholesome—it is agreeable to the tenderest skin and complexion.

It is the kind of soap particular people use. The oval cake fits the hand naturally and always floats within easy reach. It cleanses to the last atom.

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Fairy is the best soap for washing dainty fabrics and laces.



Fairy Soap—the white oval cake of floating purity.



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can. You see it in the streets. It is there in the clothes and in the hats the Chinese are wearing—although probably none of them have come from America.

The "young" Chinese, a sort of national dandy, whose philosophy is entirely a philosophy of clothes and how to make dollars by doing nothing for them, flaunts in your face his American-cut suit, his American fob, his felt hat, turned up American-like at the back, his American boots with the bulgy toe-caps.

There can be no doubt, taking China as a whole, about this growing spirit among the youthful Chinese which holds America as the true hero of democracy, and which induces them to look upon America as their guide in matters of national conduct.

The atmosphere of the Chinese in Peking has always been, if anything, favorable to Britishers. It is so now. But there is a louder cry going up with a strong American accent in all matters political. The Ministers of State are pro-American. The new Chinese officials are mostly men of American education.

Even Yuan Shih Kai, the President, is known to be peculiarly friendly towards America and the other great President of the world. He is understood especially to favor American capital coming into China.

THE IMPERIAL NATURALIZATION BILL

A Canadian Naturalized British Subject will now be a British Subject in any part of the World

SOME months ago the Canadian Government announced that the corrected draft of the Imperial Naturalization Bill had been approved by the Canadian Government. Thus the last obstacle appears to have been removed from the path of a long-delayed reform, the accomplishment of which will mark a further step towards Imperial unity. The current number of the *Quarterly Review* gives a very comprehensive history of the inception and progress of the impending reform, a brief resume of which, having regard to its Imperial importance, will be of interest.

At the Imperial Conference of 1911 Sir Wilfrid Laurier made an eloquent plea for the principle, 'A British subject anywhere a British subject everywhere.' He instanced the case of the American settlers, who readily take out naturalization papers in Canada, only to find that when they come to Europe they are no longer British subjects, but foreigners again. The same applies to settlers of any foreign nationality in any of the Dominions.

The rights or privileges of a British subject appear to be principally the following:

(1) First and foremost, the right to invoke anywhere the protection of the Crown against personal oppression, especially in a foreign country;

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The extremely low price will surprise you. Write for Booklet "P" and get further particulars of this labor-saver.

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(2) The right to sue or be tried by British law in those foreign countries where Consular Courts have been established under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, 1890;

(3) The right to be married in foreign countries under the provisions of the Foreign Marriages Act, 1892;

(4) The right to have an owner's interest in a British ship. Formerly there were restrictions on the liberty of aliens to acquire and hold property generally, but in the main these have long since been removed except as regards the ownership of ships.

Prior to 1844 an alien could only acquire any of the rights of a British subject in one of two ways. He might get a special Act of Parliament passed for his benefit, or he might get "letters of denization," i.e., a certificate direct from the sovereign.

The year 1844 witnessed the passage of an Act authorizing the issue of a certificate by the Secretary of State at his own discretion. The next important Act (1870) required, among other things, five years' residence in the United Kingdom, or of service under the Crown for the same period, and of intention of continuing so to reside or serve after naturalization. This innovation has had the effect of aggravating the Imperial anomaly of localized naturalization. An alien in process of qualifying for British subjecthood by residence in the United Kingdom or any Dominion cannot migrate to another part of the Empire without losing, so to speak, the residence already performed. He must begin all over again. And when, having completed the required term of residence, he applies for his certificate, he will disqualify himself at once if he announces his intention of migrating to any other part of the Empire instead of continuing to reside in the country where he is applying.

In February, 1899, an inter-departmental committee was appointed by Sir Matthew White Ridley, who was then Home Secretary, to inquire into the "doubts and difficulties" which had arisen as to the proper interpretation and administration of the naturalization laws, and to suggest improvements.

Our main concern is with the great anomaly as it exists at present. In 1899-1901 it was less flagrant than it has since become, the volume of foreign settlement in the Dominions being then comparatively small. But already it was sufficiently real for the committee to give it their best attention. The position was, and is, that persons naturalized under the local law of any Dominion or Colony, or possibly even in Britain too, remain aliens everywhere else, even in other parts of the Empire.

A characteristic feature of the whole discussion which has lasted from 1901 to 1913 is that the matter which seemed so simple at first sight became more and more complicated the further it was examined. The question of constitutional principle was one of three main difficulties. The second great difficulty lay in the differences subsisting between the conditions prescribed for local



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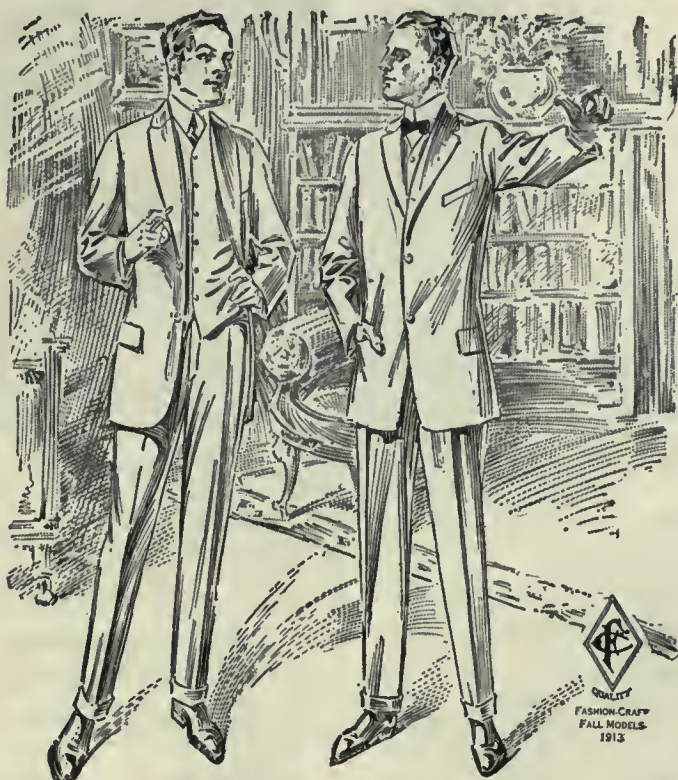
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naturalization in Britain and in the various Dominions, representing to some extent differences of social policy. Closely connected with the last named was the third great obstacle, which was sheer misunderstanding. In South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia, not only the public, but many of its leaders were haunted with the idea that their countries could not become parties to any joint scheme of complete naturalization without opening their doors to a possible flood of undesirables and Asiatics, whom they would be obliged not merely to admit but to endow with political rights. Visions of Asiatics swarming over from Hongkong and Singapore, where the conditions of naturalization are very easy, or even via Britain, clouded their horizon.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier wished to solve the difficulty by an Imperial Act giving extra-territorial effect to the naturalization laws of the Dominion. This proposal, however, did not meet with the approval, either of the Imperial or Australian authorities, and the plan of having to adopt a dual system was found necessary. The Imperial world-wide status of a naturalized subject will contain a local, but the local will not contain the Imperial.

The compromise actually arranged was that, under powers to be taken by the United Kingdom and conferred on Dominion legislatures by the Imperial Act, world-wide naturalization should be granted by local law to any alien who, in addition to any other requirements, (1) has resided not less than five years within the Empire, or has served the Crown for five years out of the last eight years; (2) is of good character and has an adequate knowledge of the English or other official language; and (3) intends to reside within the Empire or serve under the Crown. A proviso that the last twelve months must be spent in the country where application for the certificate is made, overcomes some obvious difficulties. For instance, the discretion of the responsible minister would be hampered if he could discover nothing about the applicant without having to seek information overseas. As the proposal stands, the minister could easily find out the alien's record and reputation for the last twelve months at least. It was suggested that the several Governments might exchange lists of persons to whom naturalization had anywhere been refused, so as to check such persons if they applied in another part of the Empire.

When the scheme which has thus ripened is carried into effect, which should be accomplished before the next session of the Imperial Conference (1915), we need not think that finality has been reached. The perpetuation of a "local" status, alongside a world-wide status, must tend to popular confusion. In the debates at Ottawa the opinion was expressed that ninety or more per cent. of aliens in Canada would be content when, after three years' residence in the Dominion, they were able to obtain the "local" certificate and acquire the privileges of Canadian citizen-



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ship. The Government replied that, even so, the remainder who recognized the value of the full status would have the means of obtaining it which had hitherto been lacking altogether.

In any event, the passage of this legislation will undoubtedly mark an important development in the political relationship of the Dominions to Britain. The principle of recognizing the extra-territorial effect of Dominion laws has an important bearing on other matters, e.g., questions of merchant shipping law, which have long been the subject of controversy on the constitutional point. But the larger aspect of the impending reform must always lie in its effect on the development of a Britannic citizenship. Is there to be a common citizenship of the Empire, as the corollary to uniform subjecthood under the common Crown? And, if so, is that citizenship to be common to all the many races within the Empire?

WHY SEARCH FOR SOUTH POLE

Sir Ernest Shackleton Talks of His Great Antarctic Expedition

A QUESTION that is frequently asked by many people is what good can be done by further Arctic or Antarctic expeditions? In *Pearson's Weekly* Sir Ernest Shackleton replies to this question.

You ask me what good I hope to do by a further Antarctic expedition, he says. It all depends upon exactly what you mean by "good."

If you mean some economic good, something of tangible value to humanity, the replies are not too easy to give off-hand. The benefits resulting from Polar exploration are mainly scientific ones, you know, and not, perhaps, at first sight, apt to appeal greatly to the average person.

Still, the following is among the "good" that I hope to achieve by crossing the South Polar Continent from sea to sea—from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea:—

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To carry on biological work and to study plant life.

The net result of all this ought, scientifically, to be a large increase to human knowledge. The scientific results of Captain Scott's expedition and voluminous notes are of the greatest interest and value to the scientific world.

Then there is the "national" side to be remembered. Until 1909 the British Empire held the first place in Polar exploration. She has lost this in the last three years. Now is the chance to recover the lost prestige and position.

There are people who can see no useful purpose—or, at any rate, no purpose to make it "worth while"—in Polar exploration.

This spirit is, I think, the "What's the good of anything? Why, nothink!" spirit. I believe we owe more than a duty to ourselves—we owe a duty to posterity. If no people had set out on voyages of discovery, America and Australia, for instance, might still be unknown to the rest of the world.

And I maintain that though the results of Polar exploration are mainly discoveries in the realm of natural science that sooner or later they benefit humanity at large; all knowledge must, sooner or later, benefit the mass of the people.

I have been asked if I expect to come back from this expedition. Of course I do. I am not tired of life yet.

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The great news agency has had an interesting career. It really began in 1849 when a German named Reuter, bridged a gap in the then new telegraph line between Paris and Berlin by stationing himself at one end of the gap and his wife at the other and transmitting the messages by pigeon post. He soon afterwards came to London and started a small news supply service, chiefly for commercial purposes. He then hit on the idea that newspapers might be glad

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Cables and wires are mostly, for economy, sent skeletonised, i.e., without punctuation or prepositions. Only the essential words are sent, the messages having to be expanded before appearing in print. Some years ago, when the Two Thousand Guineas, one of the year's big races in England, was run, a horse named Enthusiast won with Donovan and Pioneer second and third, Reuters told the Colonies the result in the crisp message "Two Thousand Enthusiastic donovan pioneer." A New Zealand sub-editor ingeniously puzzled it out as "Two thousand enthusiasts met here yesterday to welcome Mr. Donovan, the eminent pioneer."

Reuter's, like all newspapers has made its own slips too, as for instance, when it published a message from Australia to the effect that the Hon. Graham Berny, the unmarried premier of Victoria, had just been made the father of twins, the first being a son. It turned out later that "twins first son," should really have been "turns first sod." The premier had only been starting a new railway.

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and conditions of men who happened to be on the spot. One of these was a figure in the British consular service who recalls these facts about the history of the work.

China Was Compiler

It was in the year 1403 that Yung Lo, third Emperor of the Ming Dynasty, one of the most energetic rulers that ever held sway in China, decided that he must have a compilation of all known writings. So he commissioned Hsieh Chin, the most eminent scholar of his time, to prepare a great encyclopedia embodying this immense hoard of material. Hsieh Chin set to work, assisted by a staff of 146 other learned men, and finished his task in one year and four months. It was called the Wen Hsien Ta Ch'eng, or Complete Record of Literature. Huge as it was, however, it did not anywhere near come up to the Emperor's wishes; his aim was to create something far surpassing what he considered the modest dimensions of Hsieh Chin's production.

So a new imperial commission was formed, on which Hsieh Chin was one of three commissioners, for the compilation of a new and far more formidable work. In addition to the three commissioners, five directors, twenty subdirectors, and 2,141 assistants were employed—a total of 2,169 persons—for the Emperor's idea was to collect together all that had ever been written in the four departments of Confucian canon, history, philosophy, and general literature, including astronomy, geography, cosmogony, Buddhism, Taoism, handicrafts, and arts.

A High Pile of Books

After something like four years of unceasing labor the army of scholars submitted the result of their toil to the Emperor and won his august approval. He had reason to feel pleased, for, as a result of his insistence, there stood before him an array of 11,100 volumes, comprising 22,877 sections, and an index occupying sixty sections more. Each of these volumes was half an inch thick, and the whole of them, if laid on top of each other, would be 450 feet high—higher than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and than the Times Building, as has been said.

Each section of the Encyclopedia Maxima has twenty leaves, which makes a total for the entire work of 917,480 pages as against 22,000 in the edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, which was the latest at the time of the destruction of the Chinese work. Each page has 16 columns of characters, averaging 25 characters to a column, or a total of 366,992,000 characters.

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• • •

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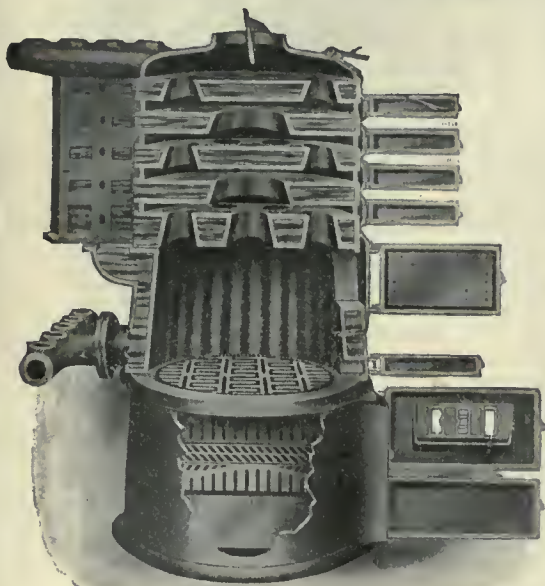
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JAPAN AND SOUTH AMERICA

Are the Japanese and South Americans Kindred Races?

WRITING in the *Paris Figaro*, Ferrero, the eminent Roman historian upholds the view that the South American Indians and the Japanese are kindred races, and he looks forward to their eventual alliance, if not amalgamation. He relates how Diaz, late president of Mexico, received from the Mikado a dispatch saluting him as "the ruler of a brother state" that is, a land populated by the same race. In Chili, Brazil and Mexico he found most of the population belonging to the native races, while the Europeans formed merely an aristocratic minority. To what race do these native populations actually belong, he asks, populations which have resisted with such vigor the influences of European conquest and immigration? Any one, without being a professional anthropologist, can discern in them a certain resemblance to the Japanese. I shall never forget, for instance, an impression produced on my mind by the men who arrived at Uspallata in the Andes to carry the mail from Argentina to Chili. "But aren't these men Japanese?" I inquired of my companion. "They might well be Japanese," was the reply. "There are a number of Japanese in Chili. But they might also be Chilians." A Frenchman who had lived a long time at Valparaiso told me the following characteristic anecdote. There was at the tennis club where his children played, a certain porter, whom everyone regarded as a native Chilian. One day it was discovered that this porter spoke not only Spanish, but French and English, and spoke these languages very well. People were astonished, and when he was asked how he learned all these languages, it was found that this supposed Chilian was a Japanese. Japan is certainly becoming rapidly Europeanized. Many writers insist upon their community of race with the South Americans, and on this ground come to the conclusion that America, being largely populated by the same race, belongs to the territories over which Japan has historic rights. It is perhaps unnecessary to take such an idea too seriously, nor to fear that Japan will form schemes of aggressive imperialism against South America These anthropological conjectures have nevertheless a certain practical import. All the world knows that the Chinese and Japanese are not going to let the Europeans be the only ones to profit by the prodigious economic development of the American lands—Japan will not shrink from relying upon the anthropological theories above stated for the purpose of opening to its emigrants the ports of this immense and wealthy continent and establishing the strongest ties of close friendship where Europeans are gathering such harvests of wealth. The friendship of these states might some day need the aid of foreign allies in case of conflict with the United States. The future

is not plain; the laws made by several states of the Union against the yellow race may possibly result in raising up insoluble difficulties. If this day ever arrives, it will be very useful to Japan if that country has friends among the southern neighbors of that redoubtable rival. . . . Whatever be the end of the Mexican crisis the distrust or fear with which Mexico has long regarded the United States is not likely to diminish. Japan has never considered as anything more than provisional the solution furnished by the laws promulgated against the yellow race. It is not astonishing to see drawing closer to each other two states—South America and Japan—with-out very much prospect of contracting ententes or alliances. But it is curious to see two sciences, anthropology and ethnology, two sciences so firmly established and so authoritative in Europe, arguing for their union.

A PEASANT REVOLT IN ITALY

A Country in which the Estate Owners are Feudal Lords as in A.D. 1,200

IN a small mountain town called Paliano, near Rome, occurred a short time ago one of those peasant revolts for which Italy—particularly middle and southern Italy—was once so famous. Those revolts, says the *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Munich, had much more resemblance to the German Peasant War than to the French Revolution; for the poor Italian peasants desired no passionately, announced "Rights of Man" or similar fine things; they desired only a little air and bread, so as to live and not actually starve to death.

Medievalism, nothing but medievalism, is what we find in all the South Italian country districts, in spite of all the so-called peasant emancipation. In the north of Italy and down through Tuscany, we have modern civilization and modern ideals of life, and the agrarian-social struggle inspired with socialistic ideas. But in the south we have only dull discontent, which breaks out from time to time in wild elemental explosions. The great estate-owners of 1914 are exactly the same feudal lords as in the year 1200 or 1400. Furthermore, in South Italy, as in Italy in general, the free agricultural peasant is an unheard-of rarity; the peasants, in an absolute crushing majority, are simply bondsmen, who are in the service—in the specially miserable service—of a small number of great estate-owners, and are more wretched in it than were the Helots of Sparta, who at least were fed, like beasts of burden, by the state at the expense of the state.

In Paliano, near Rome, there is now a movement among the poor fellows, who are asking their employers to relieve them of at least one of the taxes which press on the day laborers, namely, the contribution which the laborers must pay their lords in order that the lords may maintain watchmen to guard their properties! In every other country in the world it is to be presumed that the great



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(Signed) A. R. Angus,

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estate-owners meet this expense out of their own pockets. Not so in Italy. There the poor peasant must pay it out of the few cents he earns daily.

The great estate-owners of the little town, the Prince Colonna and other gentlemen—some of whom find it necessary to live on a grand scale in Rome and elsewhere—declined, without hesitation, any concession, and the result was that the peasants marched before the palaces or residences of the gentry with threatening cries. They marched in this way before the residences of two of the richest men in Paliano, the brothers Tucci. These gentlemen are of a somewhat nervous disposition it seems, for as the despised mob roared and shouted, each of the brothers seized a gun and began a rapid fire on the crowd, which in a few minutes brought down about thirty persons. A young girl was shot through the head and a number of peasants severely wounded. At this stage the police intervened, arrested the gentlemen who were so ready with their guns, and with no little difficulty preserved them from lynch justice. And with this the revolt in Paliano is over for the present, and the tax will probably continue. It is characteristic of the grade of civilization of the little town, that the beaten populace revenged themselves on the Tucci brothers by destroying in the course of the night, their family burying-place.

As one can see, in Southern Italy, although so near to Rome, much of the work of civilization remains to be done. And many decades will pass before various Palianos rise from the year 1200 to the year 1914.

THE FIRST ENGLISH GEISHA

An Event Hitherto Unheard of which has Just Happened in Japan

AN Englishwoman who was formerly teacher in Korea and later a police interpreter at Sapporo presented herself recently, say the *Daily Mirror*, London, Eng., at the Yokohama municipal office and applied for a licence to become a geisha.

Such an application from a foreigner was so unusual that the officials at first paid no attention, believing her to be deranged.

The request was sent in again, and the licence was issued.

Her geisha name will be Lena. Having lived for many years in Japan, she is well acquainted with things Japanese, and is an accomplished player of the samisan.

For a white woman to become a geisha is something quite unprecedented. There are in various geisha houses in Yokohama and Tokio half-caste girls who have joined the ranks of geisha, but never before has a white woman embraced the calling.

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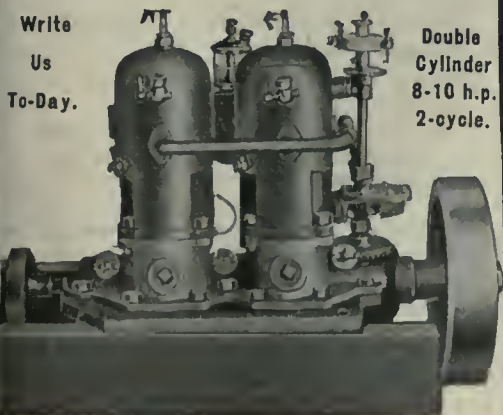
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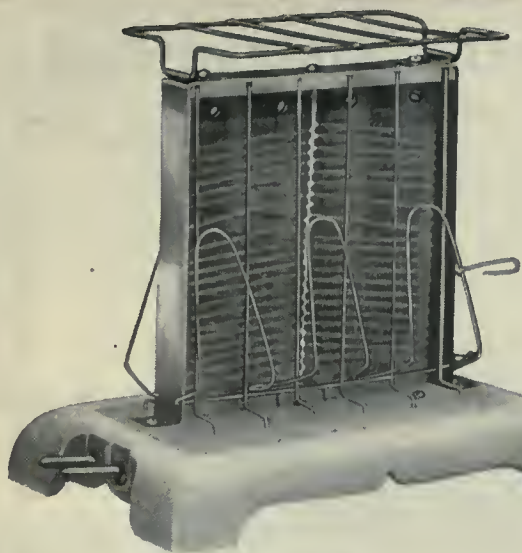
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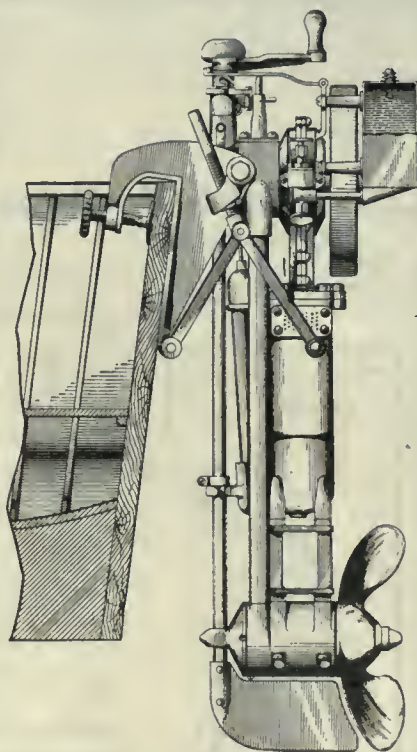
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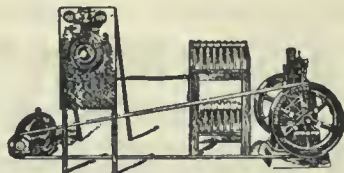
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Japanese do not regard flirting quite as we do, and the geisha are, for the most part, proper young women. They hold much the same position as actresses do here; and their work is chiefly to entertain the patrons of the geisha-houses, which are tea-shops providing entertainments.

The geisha's mission is to make life merry and bright, and they have been described as "the wittiest and best-dressed women of Japan." Usually they wear clothes of stiff brocade, brilliant in coloring and very costly. They are not necessarily beautiful girls, but they must be full of charm and fascination.

They are nearly always small and look very childish, and their "make-up" is elaborate. Their faces are pipe-clayed a lead white, their lips reddened with cochineal, their eyebrows shaved, and their hair adorned with flowers.

Their voices are not beautiful to English ears, being small and rather "cracked," and their dancing, performed with veils, fans, and tambourines, is inclined to be monotonous according to European standards, but they please the Japanese mightily—and that is what they are paid to do.

They All Smoke Pipes

For festive occasions the geisha are in much demand, and no entertainment at the house of a well-to-do Japanese is complete without geisha. When geisha are employed at private houses each may be accompanied there by a chaperone, thus giving an air of strict propriety to the affair.

The professional life of the geisha is not a very long one; at the age when the average English girl is making her debut in society, the geisha has married and settled down, or else started a school for geisha on her own account. The fact that a girl has been a "professional flirt" is no bar to her making a good marriage in Japan: on the contrary, it is frequently a help, for she gets to know men she otherwise might not.

Like most Japanese women, the geisha are regular smokers. All geisha keep little brass, "three-whiff" pipes up the sleeves of their gowns, and when they feel faint or want refreshing they light up instead of using a fan, for instance.

The geisha, who must not be confounded with mousmees, who are merely waitresses, are amazingly clean people. They have three or four baths—always boiling hot ones—every day!

While the Ford Automobile Company is doing sensational things for labor in the West, a department store in New York, has just distributed more than a million dollars among its employees as a reward for faithful service. This was the B. Altman Company, of New York City. In accordance with the late Mr. Altman's will, every employee who had been with the house for fifteen years got a check for \$1,000, and those who had served twenty years received \$2,500 each.

THE BIRTH RATE IN 2114

No Need to Worry for Human Nature
does not Proceed in a Stupidly
Regular Fashion

IF the birth-rate of England, Germany, and France continue to decrease as they have done since 1880, there will be no children born 200 years hence." So we are told by an American man of science, and of course it sounds very dreadful. But a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, London, Eng., commenting on the above statement, points out that in the past no great scientist has ever been able to predict the condition of the world with anything approaching accuracy two centuries ahead. So we may very well prefer to believe that whatever the world will be like two centuries hence, it will be something quite different from the visions of the most ingenious of American men of science. We must also protest, he says, that this particular vision is not persuasive. It is, you see, a conditional vision. If the birth-rates in Western Europe continue to decrease on the same scale for two centuries as they have decreased during one generation, then we are to have these childless nations. The statement is doubtless accurate. But why should the conditions remain operative? Why should the birth-rate go on decreasing at the same speed?

Without any pretensions to fight men of science on their own ground, we may venture to point out that the modern desire for small families has no connection, logical or natural, with a desire for no families at all. For a century past, at the least, it has been suspected that as the world became more thickly populated the rate of increase of the human race would slacken. To argue from that that the process of decrease will go on regularly to extinction is logic run mad. Human nature does not proceed in this stupidly regular fashion.

We often let ourselves be unreasonably impressed by panegyrics on the nobility of our ancestors, who were not afraid of bringing into the world enormous families. It is not remembered that these splendid ancestors did not expect their babies to live. When you turn over letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries you are often struck by the queer callousness with which people, apparently quite warm-hearted, speak of the death of children. Phrases like "After all, you have kept more than your share, Mrs. X. has only four out of eleven," occur quite commonly. What should we think of a mother who lost 65 per cent. of her babies? Moreover, we have to remember that these appalling records refer to the classes living in comfort. If to lose half, or more than half, their children was common among the well-to-do people, how did poor folks fare?

If the birth-rate has gone down, so has the death-rate, and especially the death-rate among children. That, of course, is a commonplace repetition of which almost demands an apology. But



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perhaps it is not altogether common to appreciate its full meaning. The increased chance of life which each baby has nowadays means not only that the conditions are more healthy. If that were all, we should not have vast cause for satisfaction. But it means also that the care given to each child is much more minute, much more elaborate, much more sympathetic. You find this reflected in the enormous modern interest in child-life. What age since the world began ever spent such pains as we to discover what children really like, and what children really want?

The whole earth is full of new devices for interesting children and helping the children to make the best of themselves. Some of them, no doubt, are ridiculous enough, some quite deplorable. But there is no sort of doubt concerning the general worthiness of this spirit of child-study. You may argue, of you choose, that nowadays we concern ourselves to an extent quite disproportionate with the rising generation. We neglect the present for the sake of the future. Parents are regarded by some of our most advanced folk as a necessary evil, and the further into the background they can be squashed the better. And no doubt there has been excess in that direction. But with that we are not now concerned. The tremendous concentration of modern interest on children is emphasized by such extravagances.

Now this cult of the child is intimately and inseparably connected with the decreasing birth-rate. Doubtless it is both cause and effect. A father and mother with few children are naturally led to lavish care of those they have. If they had more, though doubtless parental affection is infinite, parental leisure, parental house-room, and parental money are severely limited. There is only the same amount of comfort available for three children or thirteen, and obviously the three have a better time of it than the thirteen. So, too, with the activities of the nation. A statesman faced with a declining birth-rate will pass measures for the health and welfare of children which would have no chance in a nation rapidly increasing.

But we must also remember that the new importance given to the child in the modern world is itself a cause of small families. Fathers and mothers have come to set themselves a higher standard of what they owe to their children. If the smallness of the family brings as a consequence a better time for the children, so, too, the desire that the children should have a very good time induces the smallness of the family. It is, of course, not pretended that such a brief and hurried discussion as this brings out more than one side of the question. But even from this partial consideration of the matter one general principle does emerge. The very intensity of modern interest in the welfare of the child, in the ways of the child, and the charm of the child absolves us from all fear that in any conceivable future the world is coming to an end for lack of children.

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THE SWISS SOLUTION OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT

A Country in Which the Referendum has Solved the Difficulties Caused by Party Government

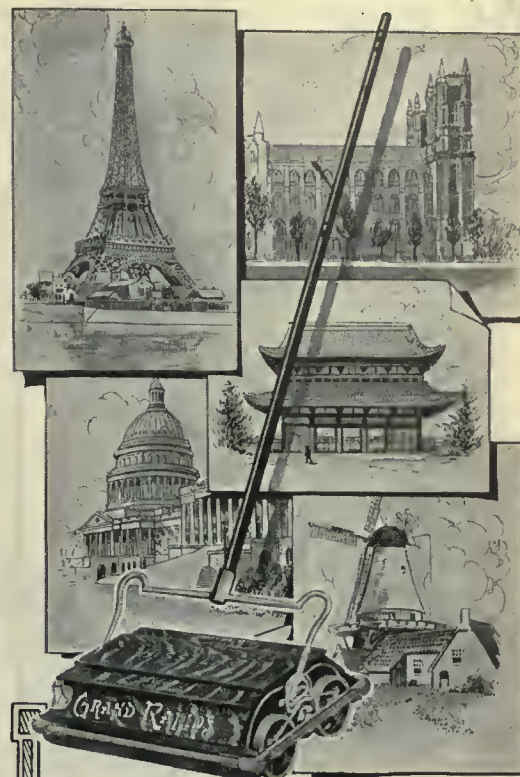
IT may be accepted as an axiom that a truly democratic government should first and foremost express as far as is humanly possible the will of the people of the country. An ideal democratic constitution should make it impossible for parliamentary representatives to impose on the country laws which the people do not want. Further, it should be very difficult, if not impossible, for a small majority to impose constitutional changes to which nearly one-half of the electors are opposed. Yet these obvious requirements of democratic government are conspicuously absent in most so-called democratic countries to-day, and there consequently exists a very widespread discontent with parliamentary government both in Europe and on this continent. It frequently happens on both sides of the Atlantic that the expression of the will of the people as an aim of government is altogether lost sight of, and party opportunity and party necessities become the sole motives of political action.

The second requirement of democratic government is that the political machine should work as smoothly as possible and thus avoid as far as possible the political crises consequent upon sudden changes of government.

An article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* endeavors to show that these two fundamental requirements of democracy—the frank and sure expression of the people's will and the smooth working and stability of government—are obtained to a far greater extent by Swiss political institutions than by those of England, or of our own.

The Swiss Confederation is made up of twenty-two sovereign States or Cantons which have united and delegated to a Central or Federal Government the right to deal with certain matters of common interest to all. Any matters not specially declared by the Constitution to be within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government remain within that of the Cantonal Governments.

The executive body is called the Federal Council and consists of seven members. Each member is at the head of one of the principal government departments; he may sit and speak in either Chamber, but may not vote. The members of the Council are separately elected by both Chambers sitting together in joint session. Each member is elected for a period of three years, but can be re-elected, and it is the habit to re-elect members unless there is some very strong reason for not doing so. The late Mr. A. Dencher, who, at the time of his death at the age of eighty, was "doyen" of the Federal Council, had been upwards of thirty years a member of the Council and had been three times President of the Confederation.



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Thus, unlike the British Cabinet, the Swiss Executive is not renewable all at once but only gradually as the term of office of each member (three years) comes to an end. Nor is it dependent for its existence (and this is a highly important point) on a vote of a majority in the Federal Assembly. Yet the Swiss Executive, like the British Cabinet, but unlike the American Cabinet, has the right and duty of initiating legislation; but if a measure introduced by it, or having its support, is rejected by the Assembly, that measure merely disappears for the time being. Nothing else happens. There is no political crisis and no general election.

Let us now compare the working of this system of government with our own parliamentary practice.

The parliamentary system, with its Cabinet depending on a majority vote in Parliament, must inevitably lead to one or other of two results, both equally deplorable.

Either, first, as in Canada and England, the placing of all power in the hands of a small body of men during a period of considerable duration.

Or, second, as in France, the cleavage of Parliament into various irresponsible groups without cohesion and only acting together to wreck Governments but unable to keep any Government in power for any length of time.

In the Swiss Federal Assembly, on the other hand, owing to the fact that the rejection of a Government measure entails no political crisis and no general election, there is far greater freedom of action on the part of members. They are not the slaves of any party and may speak and vote like free men.

For example, in the case of the important debate of last spring on the ratification of the St. Gothard Railway Convention, it was impossible to foresee up to within a day or two of the close of the debate how the issue would be decided. The question was one which had stirred Swiss public opinion to its depths. Never in the memory of man had there been such agitation in the country on any subject. The Executive Government, or Federal Council, were solid for the ratification of the Convention, but this did not cause all the Radicals, who formed the majority of the two Chambers, to support it. On the contrary some leading members of that party hotly opposed ratification and voted against it. The debate was nevertheless by no means a personally bitter one, as must have been the case in any Parliament where the fate of the Government depended on the vote. It was conducted throughout on a singularly high level, and the discussion was so calm and so reasonable as to extort admiration from all foreign hearers. The same can be said of all debates in the Federal Assembly. Party fury and bitterness are practically eliminated, and the nature of the measure before the House is—generally speaking—the only thing that counts.

Who has not heard it said over and over again and said with pride: "My grandfather voted blue (or red or yellow, as the case may be), and my father

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voted blue and I'll never vote another color!"

The very fact that such sentiments can be expressed by electors who are legally assumed to be intelligent, and whose votes can determine the government of the country shows the importance of establishing a system under which the electors will be called upon to think of something more than the color of a party ticket.

This end is attained in Switzerland, first by making the tenure of office of the Executive Government independent of the fate of particular legislative proposals, and, secondly, by the institution of the Referendum or the Poll of the People. That institution is indeed the very touchstone of democratic government. There can be no such thing as government of the people, for the people, by the people, without the Referendum. The method of demanding and applying the Federal Referendum is as follows:

"The party or interest opposed to a law and desiring to defeat it on a Referendum must within ninety days of its passing the Assembly secure the personal signature of 30,000 electors. This, of course, implies organization and canvass, and every signature must be attested by the communal authorities of the place where the demand is signed, as a guarantee of validity. When the petition is sent in, it is submitted to examination by the Federal Council, which is empowered to cancel the votes where there is any informality in the declaration or the attestation. If the required number of valid signatures is obtained, the Federal Council organizes the popular voting, fixes and announces the day, informs the Cantonal Councils, and secures the prompt circulation of the law or decree to be voted on.

"The bare text of the law is placed in the hands of every voter with no report of the debates or other explanatory matter.

"The voting takes place simultaneously throughout the whole country and every male citizen over twenty years of age and qualified according to his Cantonal Law is entitled to vote.

"The voting paper simply contains the question: "Do you accept the Federal Law relating to (here the Federal title of the Law)? 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"The voter has simply to write his "Yes" or "No." In order to save time and trouble it is usual for several votes to be taken at the same time and upon the same voting paper.

"If a majority of the voters have approved of the law or order the Federal Government forthwith puts it in force, inserting it in the official statute book of the Confederation.

No one can say that the machinery above described is complicated or difficult, and if more people were familiar with the smooth working of the Swiss Referendum little would be heard of the somewhat fanciful objections which are brought against this salutary institution. No one who has studied social conditions in Switzerland will deny that it is, with some defects—for people are human



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after all—one of the most prosperous, the most contented, and the most satisfactorily governed countries in the world.

Mr. McCrackan in his book 'The Rise of the Swiss Republic' says:

"It will always remain the chief honor and glory of Swiss statesmanship to have discovered the solution of one of the greatest political problems of the age: how to enable great masses of people to govern themselves directly. By means of the Referendum and the Initiative, this difficulty has been brilliantly overcome. The essence and vital principle of the Popular Assembly has been preserved from perishing miserably before the exigencies of modern life and successfully grafted upon the representative system."

In addition to the objection in principle to direct democracy of any kind—an objection which, if the Swiss example has any weight, is of no real substance—there is the sentimental and to some persons very strong objection that the Referendum will diminish the importance of the House of Commons, or put an end to the Representative system.

It is true that the Referendum will put an end to the Representative system as we know it—a system based on the struggles of two parties for the prizes of office. It will, however, enable the country to enjoy a true representative system under which the feelings and wants of the people are really expressed and represented.

Another argument on which much stress is laid by the opponents of the popular vote is that the Referendum would so detract from the importance of Parliament as to make membership of Parliament no longer attractive to first-class men. It cannot be too emphatically stated that this is not the case in Switzerland. Indeed although the prizes to be gained in public life are meagre compared with those in other countries it would be difficult to find in any country a body of men more sincerely patriotic, more single-minded and more clear-headed and business-like than the members of the Federal Assembly, while they are at the same time in their conduct of affairs as dignified as the most aristocratic Assembly in Europe. It would require something akin to a miracle to produce a scene in either of the Swiss Chambers, such as we frequently read of as taking place even in the Mother of Parliaments.

One objection to the Referendum of which much has been made is the expense it would entail. But a recent Referendum in Switzerland cost the Federal Government only \$980. This represented simply the cost of printing the necessary documents. All other services are carried out by permanent officials of either the Federal or Cantonal Governments.

There is yet another objection that is constantly made to adopting Swiss institutions, namely that Switzerland is so small that what suits her would probably not be practicable in a larger country. If this objection is intended to refer to the actual operation of voting

by Referendum one can only say that it is not more difficult to carry out such a vote than that of an ordinary Parliamentary election—perhaps a good deal less difficult because there would be as a rule less party excitement. To argue otherwise would be to fall into the error of the ancient Greeks who believed that no commonwealth could maintain its liberty whose electors were so many in number that they could not all hear one speaker at one time.

TRUTH OF OLD WEATHER PROVERBS

Mostly Founded on Scientific Basis,
says a Weather Expert

MR. W. J. HUMPHREYS, professor of meteorological physics in the Detroit weather bureau, bears witness to the crude but shrewd wisdom that is back of many of our old weather proverbs, says the *Springfield Republican*.

He notes that deep sea fishermen will weigh anchor and flee from a gathering storm when to the casual onlooker there is no sign of such storm, and that the woodsman will note significant changes and understand them when the average man would be conscious of no change. "The prescience of these men," says Dr. Humphreys, "is phenomenal," and then he proceeds to a consideration of some of the proverbs which go to make up the wisdom on which such people rely for guidance in weather matters.

Some of these proverbs attempt to forecast conditions for an entire growing season, and when they deal with results rather than with types of weather, Dr. Humphreys says they are frequently rationally founded. Take, for instance, this proverb:—

Frost year,
Fruit year;

Or, to state it in another form:—

Year of snow
Fruit will grow;

Or, to put it in still another form:—
A year of snow, a year of plenty.

"That these and similar statements are commonly true," says Dr. Humphreys, "is evident from the fact that a more or less continuous covering of snow, incident to a cold winter, not only delays the blossoming of fruit trees till after the probable season of killing frosts, but also prevents that alternate thawing and freezing so ruinous to wheat and other winter grains. In short, as another proverb puts it, 'a late spring never deceives.'"

Another series of proverbs forecast weather conditions from the appearance of the sun, moon and stars and the sky.

Take, for instance:—

A red sun has water in his eye.

Quantities of dust in a damp atmosphere produce a red sun; or smoke, if of sufficient quantities, will do it. When the atmosphere is heavily charged with dust particles that are moisture-laden we see the sun as a fiery ball. This dust has much to do with rain-fall, for it has

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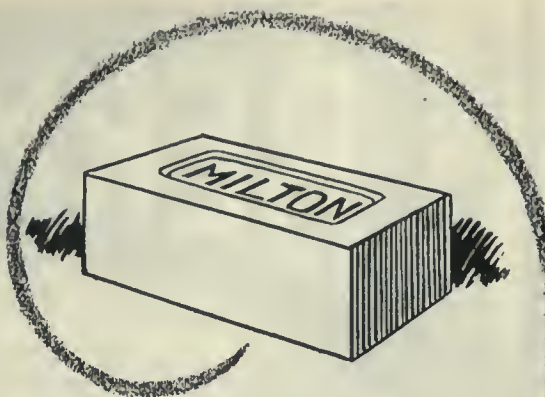
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been scientifically demonstrated that cloud particles, and, therefore, rain, will not form, ordinarily in a dust-free atmosphere but will readily form when the atmosphere is damp. A red sun, therefore, commonly indicates the presence of both the essential elements—dust and moisture.

There are many proverbs, some good and useful, and others misleading, concerning the color of the sun at sunset and sunrise. The most interesting of these is the one which, according to St. Matthew, Christ used in answer to the Pharisees and Sadducees when they asked Him to show them a sign from heaven:—

"He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, it will be fair weather, for the sky is red;

"And in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering."

"It will be noticed," comments Dr. Humphreys, "that an evening red sky is here declared to indicate exactly the opposite type of weather from that indicated by a morning red. This, however, is only an apparent contradiction, for the origin of the red is not the same in the two cases."

There are numerous proverbs based on the assumption that the moon appreciably controls the weather, but science has proved them to be without reliability. The following proverb bears out the scientific theory:—

The moon and the weather

May change together;

But change of the moon

Does not change the weather.

If we'd no moon at all,

And that may seem strange,

We still should have weather

That's subject to change.

However, as Dr. Humphreys observes, the appearance of the moon depends upon the conditions of the atmosphere, and, therefore, proverbs based on phenomena of this nature are more or less sound and have much value. Thus:—

Clear moon,

Frost soon.

Moonlight nights have the heaviest frosts.

Proverbs of this class are true, because on clearest nights the cooling of the earth's surface by radiation is greatest and hence most likely to cause, through the low temperature reached, heavy dew or frost.

Increase of humidity has led to many well-founded proverbs. It is thus stated that the approach of a storm is marked by the rising of water in wells, by the more abundant flow of certain springs, by the bubbling of marshes, by bad odors of ditches, etc., all of which are due to that decrease of atmospheric pressure which precedes storms.

A recent storm at Cracow uprooted an ancient elm and revealed the hiding-place of the crown which had been worn by the Kings of Poland from the fourteenth century. It had been missing since the middle of the eighteenth century, when Poland was "partitioned."

Courtship Incog

(Continued from page 37.)

about an hour ago and asked for a Mr. Robinson", he said. "No one expected here of that name".

"Who was it?" asked Terris, quickly. "Don't know. A girl's voice", replied Purvis. "Told her there was no one here of that name".

Terris lost no time in procuring a mount. He proceeded at once to the spot where he had first seen Ida and there he found her again. She was seated on her big grey horse and was looking across the empty tennis court with an air which seemed to spell dejection. Terris observed the look which sprang into her eyes as he cantered up; and his hopes rose high.

"I thought you had gone without saying good-bye to me," she said, reproachfully.

"Surely you do not think so badly of me as that?"

"I am afraid I did something you won't approve" said Ida, "I telephoned to the house and asked for you. They told me there was no one there by the name of John Robinson."

"It was a mistake," interposed Terris.

"I wanted to see you very badly. Something very, very strange has happened. Daddy arrived at noon to-day and it seems that Mr. Terris called on him last night in Montreal and asked his permission to—pay his addresses to me. I don't know where he could have seen me, but it seems that he has seen me quite often. And he professes to be a little bit in love. Mother insists that I must accept him."

John edged his horse up as close to her's as he could.

"It is certainly very strange," he said. "It would be a good match for you."

"But I don't want a good match," said Ida, on the verge of tears. "I can't marry a man I have never seen. I am afraid of him. And I know I could never love him."

"You must decide for yourself what answer you will give Mr. Terris," said John. "But before reaching that decision you must hear me. It would not be fair to ask you to marry me, Ida. I realize that only too well. What can I offer you to compensate for Terris' millions? But, Ida, I can't go away without telling you that I love you."

There was an eloquent pause. Ida found the courage at last to look steadily into his eyes.

"I wouldn't want any compensation for the loss of Mr. Terris and his money," she said. "I just want—you."

Terris arrived at the Randolph home that evening shortly after the enactment of a rather stormy scene. When one of the wealthiest men in the country, an old friend to boot, has asked for the hand of your daughter in marriage, and the said daughter comes out with the statement that she has already accepted an unknown, professedly poor and apparently plebeian fellow of the

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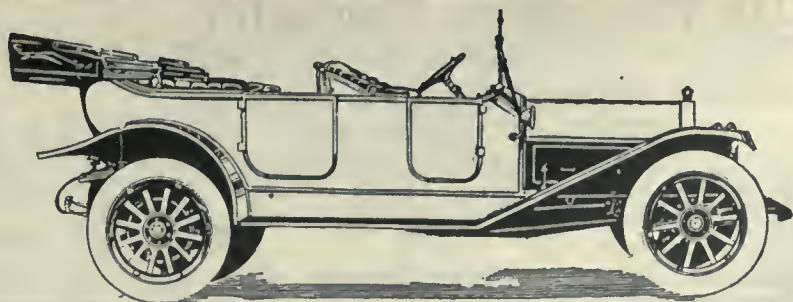
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name of John Robinson, and very emphatically affirms her intention of keeping her troth, one's temper is apt to become unsettled.

Frederick Randolph greeted Terris with a distraught air.

"Glad to see you, John," he said. "The rest of the family will be down immediately."

Mrs. Randolph stepped into the room a moment afterward followed by a vision in white, which fairly took Terris' breath away. On glancing up, Ida's surprise equaled his own, but for a far different reason. She cut short her father's introductions by tumultuously crossing the room.

"John," she said, with a world of welcome in her eyes, "I am so glad. But why—"

Mr. Randolph stood rooted to the ground in sheer amazement as the two young people exchanged a form of greeting quite common and proper for engaged couples, but decidedly unusual when practised prior to a formal introduction.

"Ida!" exclaimed Mrs. Randolph, apparently convinced that her daughter had suddenly bereft of her senses.

"Terris!" declared Mr. Randolph "What in thunder—"

"Terris!" repeated the girl stepping back and regarding her lover in amazement.

"John Robinson Terris at your service," said John, bowing low. "I owe you all an explanation. Have you any objection, Mr. Randolph, to my making it to your daughter first alone?"

Wealth of Blackfoot Brave

(Continued from page 41.)

wealth of each member of the tribe. And there are many children in the Blackfeet tepees. These, too, would control no part of this vast sum of money. Practically speaking, the Indians between the ages of 20 and 65 years would have the controlling interest in all the wealth of their nation. Of these there are 609, and the sum of money they would have access to would be \$18,040 each. Indian families are large. Ten persons to a tepee is not a high estimate. But if we should reckon seven to a family, it would give each family on the reserves \$32,725 for its use.

The average per capita wealth of the people of the United States is \$1,400, and for the whole world \$10. But there is a tribe of Indians in Kansas that has these figures pushed away into the background. They are worth per capita almost a thousand times as much as the average citizen of the world. Every one of the 1,800 members of the Osage Indian tribe is worth \$8,612. Their wealth at hand consists principally of \$8,000,000 in cash held by the government, and 1,500,000 acres of land, most of which they lease for grazing purposes. So the Blackfeet are close seconds of what has

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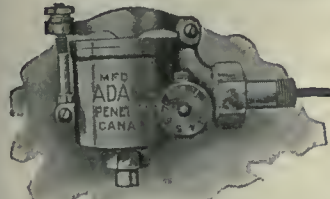
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been reckoned as the wealthiest people in the world.

Too Much Paganism

It must be interesting also to be told that this very wealthy tribe of Canadian Indians is nearly 60 per cent. pagan, and that of all the pagan Indians in the Province of Alberta, 88 per cent. belong to the Blackfeet tribe. While there are no official returns for the religious belief of 20,800 Indians in Canada, yet the religious belief of those that are known shows the Blackfeet tribe to have 14.4 per cent. of all the pagans of Canada.

Religious work is being carried on by the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches. Two schools for the training of young Blackfeet are situated on each of the three reserves and it is not out of the range of possibility that another generation may rise to the plane of such self-reliance that their lands may be sold and the red men put on their own responsibility.

A visit to the Gleichen Reserve reveals the extent of the pagan practices, and gives one a disappointing sense of the efficiency of modern implements of civilization. Across the half-unworked stretch of wild lands, a trip from Gleichen into the heart of the Reserve reveals little to mark the uplifting influences of the white man's domination, save the newly-erected cottages referred to. The rich fertile acres are producing wild grass and roses. Here and there the remnants of a double-strand barb-wire fence add to the dreariness of the forsaken-looking landscape. Down under the cliffs of the river-bank, there opens up a wide low-lying stretch of pasture land, where a large band of horses and cattle of nondescript breeding are herded by a few half-clad, swarthy members of the tribe. The old, deserted farm buildings and the mission church near by, unpainted and uninviting, bear evidence of the nomadic proclivities of this people. On opposite hill-sides may be seen their grotesque and gruesome graveyards, present-day evidences of their primitive paganism.

The Blackfeet do not believe in burying their dead. To them it is an act of sacrilege. Their dead are placed in wooden coffins in which many implements of the chase and articles of daily need are enclosed.

The tent poles of his tepee, the saddle and bridle of his pony, and other necessities of his life are kept within easy reach for the spirit when it rises to the glorious life forever conquering along the unhorizoned stretches of the Happy Hunting Grounds. Here graveyards, as may be guessed, readily become most interesting spots on the Reserve.

Many Indians are now being induced to follow the Christian method of burial, yet only two years ago the writer saw a squaw bury her brave on a spring iron bed purchased from a local furniture dealer. This bed could be seen, a sombre sight outlined against the sky, on a distant part of the Reserve.

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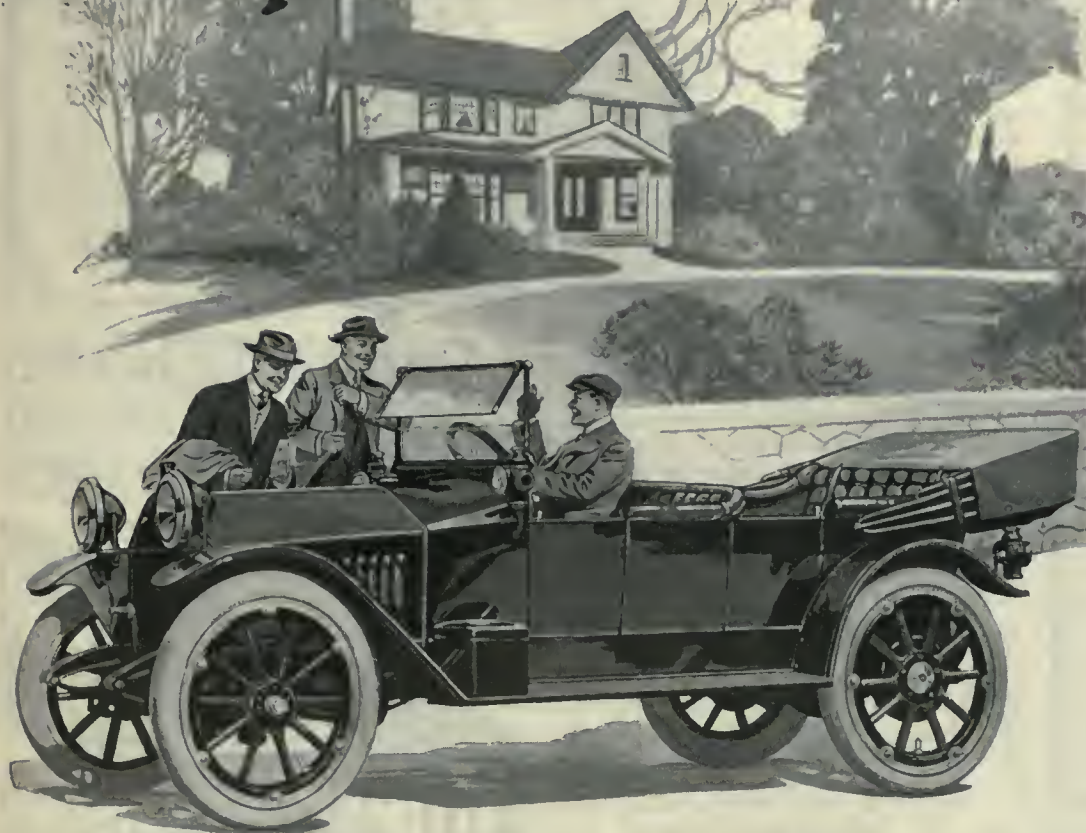
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Royal Military College of Canada

(Continued from page 40.)

long. Every year it publishes a volume in which is recorded any item of interest regarding the members all over the world. Dinners are held annually at one or other of the big cities in Canada, and in London, England, where there is also a branch.

Some of the Graduates

To hark back to the starting point, it may safely be asserted that the value of the R.M.C. training is most forcibly demonstrated in the class of men who have been turned out. In every profession and in the highest business circles, there is a large representation of ex-cadets. The number of those who have failed to raise themselves above the ranks of mediocrity is so small as to be almost negligible.

The stamp of the R.M.C. is not shown in the matter of ability alone. Fairness, a broad vision, a strict moral viewpoint are distinguishing attributes of the man who has spent his years of early manhood in the disciplinary atmosphere of the old college.

That the career of the ex-cadet is, so to speak, assured in Canada is not surprising when we consider the number of ex-cadets holding prominent positions throughout the country. Among these may be mentioned: Sir Edouard Percy Girouard, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., former president of the Egyptian Railway Board, commissioner Transvaal and Orange River Colony railways, High Commissioner of Nigeria, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the East Africa Protectorate; Major R. W. Leonard, present chairman of the National Transcontinental Railway, for sixteen years, engineer for the C.P.R. and its N.Y.C. connections, engineer in charge of the construction of the first Canadian Hydro-Electric power plant at Niagara Falls; a governor of Toronto University; formerly chief engineer of the Cumberland Rail and Coal Co., Montreal and Ottawa Railway, St. Lawrence and Adirondack Railway, Cape Breton Railway, etc.; Col. H. S. Greenwood, chief of engineering department of the Canadian Northern Railway, who served through the South African War on the staff of the Imperial Military Railways of the Transvaal.

Other well-known graduates are: Col. E. F. Wurtele, chartered accountant, Quebec; Mr. A. T. Kelly-Evans, Ontario Fish and Game Commissioner; Mr. F. P. Jones, general manager of the Canadian Cement Co.; Major J. L. Weller, engineer in charge of the Welland Ship Canal; Mr. John Woodman, of Woodman & Carey, Winnipeg; Mr. F. L. Crawford, manager of Victoria branch of the Bank of Commerce; Mr. Basil Hall Fraser, assistant chief engineer, Department of Marine and Fisheries; Mr. W. F. MacLaren, of the Canadian Westinghouse Co.; Mr. Gordon Osler,

president of the Toronto Stock Exchange; Colonel Sanders, D.S.O., police magistrate, Calgary; General W. T. Bridges, commandant of the Royal Military College, Australia; Mr. James Spelman, president of J. L. Metcalf & Co., Ltd., Montreal; Mr. Walter Douglas, general manager of Phelps Dodge & Co., and so we might go on indefinitely. In fact, so lengthy is the list that it is perhaps invidious to have made special mention of any when there are so many equally worthy of notice.

A perusal, however, of these names, taken at random, will serve as an explanation of the good reputation the ex-cadet has throughout the country. The admirable moral training he has received, the result of military discipline, and the military code of honor, has given him a peculiar and most enviable standing in the community. He leaves the College fitted not only to become a leader in civil society, as a professional or business man, but also capable of training and leading his fellow-countrymen in the event of emergency, having had the advantage of becoming acquainted with the point of view and habits of thought of the soldiers upon whom in times of stress the preservation of the country would to a great extent depend.

A New Study in Anabiosis

THE state in which all vital functions of an organism are suspended without actual death, known as anabiosis, has been recognized for two centuries past, at least as concerns the lower orders of life, and such specimens can be dried and then recalled to life even after a considerable time by the sole action of moisture. A Russian scientist, Bachmetief, takes up the question as regards higher animals. He observes the organism of insects at decreasing temperatures down to 10 deg. below zero Cent. at which point death ensues. He thought at first that death was due to congelation of the liquids of the animal, but afterward saw that these congealed at -5 degrees and all the vital functions then became impossible. At temperatures intermediate between this and the death-producing point there occurs a strange state of anabiosis where the organism appears between life and death. In many cases he could bring the specimens back to life even after a long time, by gradually raising the temperature. He compares this state of latent life to a clock whose pendulum is stopped, but whose mechanism can be put in movement by a slight impulse given to the pendulum. M. Bachmetief extended his researches to small mammals such as white mice and bats, and using artificial respiration, these animals can be brought to a state of lethargy at low temperatures such as zero Cent. or below. He now intends to experiment upon rabbits, monkeys and even human beings.



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Best Selling Book of the Month

Stephen Leacock's Latest Success

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER

As will be seen by referring to the table of best selling novels presented in this issue, "The Inside of the Cup," Winston Churchill's remarkable book, continues at the head of the list of best sellers in Canada. This, as well as four of the others included among the six books this month, have been reviewed in this department of MacLean's Magazine, and this month the subject is Stephen Leacock's "Behind the Beyond," which came fifth in January, third in February, and fourth this month. Interesting facts are presented also about the career of Stephen Leacock, who has come to be ranked among the leading humorous writers of the world.

Editor, Bookseller and Stationer:

"I WOULD sooner have written 'Alice in Wonderland' than the whole Encyclopaedia Britannica"
—Stephen Leacock.

That was one of the nuggets in the preface to "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," Prof. Leacock's previous book in which he gave us the physical features and a graphic picture of life in a typical Ontario town—not a real town but one typifying almost any one of them, to an extent certain to tickle the fancy of anyone who has ever experienced the joys and the satiety of living in one of these towns. He said that many of his friends were under the impression that he wrote his humorous nothings in idle moments when the wearied brain was unable to perform the serious labors of the economist, but his own experiences were exactly the reverse, the writing of something out of one's own mind, worth rearing for its own sake, being achieved only in fortunate moments, few and far between. The writing of solid instructive stuff, full of facts and figures, was a comparatively easy undertaking, as, for instance, a scientific treatise on the folk-lore of Central China or a statistical enquiry into the declining population of Prince Edward Island.

Stephen Leacock was born in Swanmoor, Hants, England, December 30th, 1869. When in his eighth year his parents came to Canada. Referring to this incident, the author has said: "I decided to come with them." His father took up land near Lake Simcoe and the embryo author and college professor gained experiences of rural life that have since stood him in good stead in his later joys of addressing political gatherings.

He was educated at Upper Canada College where he was head boy in 1887 and from there went to the University of Toronto where he was graduated in 1891. From that time until 1899 he was a member of the faculty of Upper Canada College and he refers to it as an experience which left him with a profound sympathy for the many gifted and brilliant men compelled to spend their lives in "the most thankless, and the worst paid profession in the world."

In 1899 he gave up school teaching and went to the University of Chicago to study economics and political science, being subsequently appointed to a Fellowship in political economy by means of which he gained temporary employment at McGill University until 1903 when he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His marriage took place about that time and since then he has been a member of the staff of McGill, first as lecturer in Political Science and later as head of the Department of Economics and Political Science. He is a member of the Political Science Association of America and of the Royal Colonial Institute and has written books, essays and articles on Political Science, besides taking a prominent place in the political field, particularly in the election of 1911 as one of the most active anti-reciprocity workers.

A few years ago he toured the British Empire delivering addresses on Imperial organization.

Apart from his college and political career he has scored a remarkable success as a humorous writer, his books "Literary Lapses," "Nonsense Novels" and "Sunshine Sketches," placing him



Author of "Behind the Beyond."
Professor Stephen Leacock.

in the front rank of humorists, being frequently characterized as the Mark Twain of Canada, and his most recent book "Behind the Beyond," adds to his laurels.

It is interesting to note here that he has written another book entitled, "Arcadian Adventures Among the Idle Rich," which is to be published in September.

His Latest Book

"Behind the Beyond" has ranged from fifth to third place among the best selling novels since the first of the year and thus comes to be the subject of the month's review.

The sketch, which gives the book its title is one of a series appearing in the same volume, the others being "Familiar Incidents," "Parisian Pastimes," "The Retroactive Existence of Mr. Juggins," "Making a Magazine" and "Homer and Humbug."

The first sketch is a brilliant satire on the modern problem play and one of the best bits in it is right at the finish, when "all over the theatre, you can hear the words 'Perfectly rotten,' 'utterly untrue,' and so on.

...

"But just inside the theatre, in the office, is a man in a circus waistcoat adding up dollars with a blue pencil, and he knows the play is all right."

In the series of "Familiar Incidents," the first is "With the Photographer," who after seating his victim rolls his machine into the middle of the room and crawls into it from behind, coming out with a grave look to say:

"The face is quite wrong."

"I know," says the victim, "I have always known it."

The man having his picture taken goes on to tell how the photographer twists his head, backs up to look at it, makes him droop his ears, roll his eyes, open and close his mouth and do a variety of contortions until his temper is aroused, when "Snick!" the photograph is taken, the photographer wearing a pleased smile as he says: "I think I caught the features just in a moment of animation."

Several days later the man goes back to see the proof. It is unfolded and both look at it in silence.

"Is it me?" the man asks and then the photographer explains about the necessary retouching to improve the eyes. Better eyebrows have had to be substituted, the mouth, "adjusted" and the photographer had found it necessary, in the interests of art, to make out a new brow line.

The victim thinks the ears are a good likeness. "They're just like mine," he adds.

"Yes," says the photographer, thoughtfully, "that's so; but I can fix them all right in the print."

Similarly humorous are the sketches of "The Dentist and Gas," "My Lost

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Announcement

Publication of the SECOND EDITION of the New International Encyclopædia

A new edition of the New International Encyclopædia, to be known as a *Second Edition*, is now in course of preparation, the first volumes of which will be ready for delivery to the public

ON OR ABOUT APRIL 15th.

A Complete New Revision

of the entire work—entirely reset from new type and the only encyclopædia that is up-to-date. The same careful method of editing that has made the first edition the standard of authority throughout this country.

Contents

The *New Edition* will consist of 22 volumes of matter and an additional volume of "Courses of Reading and Study," covering about 18,000 pages, with over 1,000 separate maps (in colors) of cities, states and countries, and full-page engravings illustrating the text; many of these in colors, the result of ten or more separate printings.

Thin Paper

It will be printed on "Universal" Bible Paper" manufactured especially for this edition. The volumes will be about one inch thick and weigh less than three pounds.

Comprehensiveness

The work will contain over 70,000 distinct articles, among which are many not to be found in any other *Encyclopædia*, due in part to the fact that the

Lateness of the Work

makes possible the insertion of many new topics, and second, because of the great comprehensiveness of the work.

Dictionary Topics will be excluded except where a dictionary term may be considered a pure encyclopædic subject.

International, yet American

The work will be broadly international in its number and treatment of subjects, but thoroughly American in its viewpoint of these subjects.

Standard Authority

The first edition of the New International Encyclopædia is the standard authority in practically every important public library and educational institution in this country. We have no hesitation, therefore, in referring the general public to the librarians of these institutions for information as to its superiority.

Its Practical Value

Of the first edition, The American Library Association, (A. L. A.) says: "This is the best Encyclopædia for ready reference."

Of the first edition more sets have been sold than of any other modern encyclopædia.

Therefore, every scholar, every reader, every library, and every institution of learning will wish to know of this great *Second Edition*.

Special Introductory Price

Our method of selling the *Second Edition* will be exactly the same as was maintained in selling the first edition; that is

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That's the story folks have told about sixty million corns. And tens of thousands tell it every day.

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ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1914, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1914.

Further details can be obtained on application to the Undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.
Department of the Naval Service,
—53690
Ottawa, Jan. 8th, 1914.

Opportunities," being a real estate rhapsody; "Under the Barber's Knife," in which nine barbers engage in a debate on hoekey much to the discomfort of their customers, until the arrival of the boss restores the business equilibrium and "My Unknown Friend," in which conscious cleverness is rudely awakened by being outdone.

The best thing in the book, however, is "The Retroactive Existence of Mr. Juggins." Juggins appears on the scene first as a boy in a camping party. It being deemed advisable to nail a board to a tree, Juggins interferes to help.

"Stop a minute," he says, "You need to saw the end of that board off before you put it up." Then a saw must be found. After a few strokes Juggins finds that the saw needs filing, and a search for a file ensues. The file being found, Juggins observes that it needs a new handle and goes to get a sapling but before it can be cut, the axe must be sharpened which requires that the grindstone must be fixed to run properly, involving the making of new legs, to do which a carpenter's bench must be constructed, which is quite impossible without tools, so off goes Juggins for the tools and, of course, never comes back. Weeks later he is re-discovered getting wholesale prices on tools and thus Juggins goes through life.

Financially he has a good start—\$100,000 capital. He puts it in a gas plant but loses money because of the high price of coal so he sells out for \$90,000 and goes into coal mining but is again unsuccessful owing to the high cost of machinery so he sells out for \$80,000 and goes in for making mining machinery and thus he proceeds ad infinitum.

"He lost a certain amount of money each year, especially in good times when trade was brisk. In dull times when everything was unsaleable he did fairly well."

The retroactive principle actively follows Juggins' course through life as unfolded by the author, constituting a classic in humor.

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Canadian Summary

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- 1.—The Inside of the Cup. Winston Churchill 133
- 2.—The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Hall Caine 78
- 3.—T. Tembarom. Francis Hodgson Burnett 65
- 4.—Behind the Beyond. Stephen Leacock 48
- 5.—Broken Halo. Florence M. Barclay ... 40
- 6.—Laddie. Gene Stratton Porter.. 31

Non-Fiction

- 1.—Flint and Feather.
- 2.—Alone in the Wilderness.
- 3.—Crowds.

Juvenile

- 1.—Patchwork Girl of Oz.
- 2.—Mutt and Jeff.
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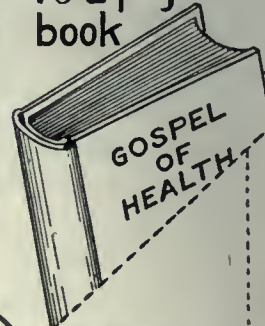
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489 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Stuff of Empire

(Continued from page 23.)

few shells were yet heaped about the wheels. Robin, the collie, handsome even in death, sprawled with his forepaws over the body of Billy Simmons.

The tears coursed down the cheeks of Angus Mackay. He gazed on the face of Private Jones, and on the mighty MacDonald, whom he had classed as Colonial cowards. He bent and patted the head of the dead collie, and tenderly smoothed back the hair from Billy Simmons' boyish brow, then he went and stood over the still form of Private Jones.

"I wad ask you're pardon gin ye could hear," he said slowly. "Since ye canna, I will ask it of your God and mine," and lifted his rugged face to the sky.

The Five Hundred to One Shot

(Continued from page 28.)

paying job. A way came most unexpectedly.

On the day when Brice was released—Nelson having paid his fine—the proprietor was called away on an hour's notice. He had no alternative but to leave the Monte Cristo in his assistant's gladiatorial hands. This was a serious matter, owing to the necessity for making certain monetary arrangements with the bank at a given hour on the following day.

"They gave me till noon," Nelson spoke in italics and Bill glowered sullenly at him, "so mind you are not a second late. Hodgins will likely come for the notes. Give 'em to him. Here's the combination, Bill, and for God's sake, don't get drunk and give it away!"

Although itching to get his hands on Langdon's throat, Brice stuck to his post all day and night. He had no time to dance and not much to drink. He knew he was under the watchful surveillance of the Police and dared not risk another fight in the open. He resolved to lie low and watch his chance.

Langdon, knowing this perfectly well, danced happily with Belle Allen; he was the kind of chap who didn't trouble trouble. Thirty dollars began to have the look of a friend sinking fast, by the close of the second evening, however, and from necessity—not from fear, Woodie knew he would have to call a halt in the dance. He wandered into the Monte Cristo late on the following morning, about decided to ask the first likely-looking person for a job, at anything or for anything so long as he could live on it. He found a state of great confusion.

The main actor in the scene was Bill Brice. Tearing about the place, he was roaring his curses at each of the onlookers, who watched with varying degrees of stolidity or interest the one man drama.

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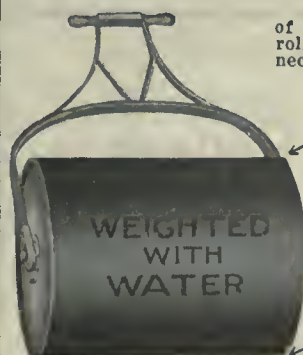
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Alice Nielsen is to-day famous as the Prima Donna of the Boston Opera Company and the records she has made for us include arias from “Madame Butterfly,” “La Boheme,” “Tosca,” “Faust,” “Carmen,” “Don Giovanni,” “Le Nozze di Figaro” and other operas.

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Hear her sing the “Last Rose of Summer,” “Kathleen Mavourneen,” “The Old Folks at Home”; hear her sing of “Annie Laurie” and “Bonnie Sweet Bessie” and you will realize that here is an opera star who, with all her fame, is woman enough still to sing the old ballads as our grandmothers would have liked to hear them sung.

All these records will play on your talking machine—no matter what the make, so long as it will play disc records.

If you haven't already got one go to the nearest Columbia dealer and ask him to play some of the Nielsen records to you on the Columbia Grafonola “Favorite”: it's a \$65 instrument—the one in the picture—it has become the standard instrument of the world and its sale is far larger than that of any other model.

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“I had it this morning!” bellowed Bill, embroidering his language strongly. “Some one has stole it off me! Quarter to twelve! By G——. I got to get that safe open!”

“Got to get the safe open?” repeated Langdon, to the man nearest him.

“Yep! Seems as though Gus left him the combination and he's lost it. Hodgins gave 'em till noon—and no longer.”

The man aimed with neat precision at an ornate cuspidor and chuckled.

“Gus'll give him h—ll when he gets back, all right! Terrible particklar about banking regulations, is Gus!”

At this moment, Brice came tearing along. The crowd broke and scattered as he came. Kicking over furniture, sweeping papers about and behaving vastly more like a violent lunatic than many who are placed in asylums. He muttered over and over again, “I had it this morning! Somebody's stole it off me! Damnation—ten minutes to twelve!”

Hodgins, carrying a neat black bag, appeared at that instant in the doorway. Brice shouted in a frenzy,

“A hundred dollars to anybody who can open the safe in five minutes. Who can do it?”

“I can!” called Langdon, stepping forward.

Hesitation showed a second on the bully's face when he saw who had made the offer, but his need was too great to stop personal differences.

“Then get to work,” he said, shortly.

Langdon noted with exultation that the safe was one of their own. He threw off his coat and knelt before the baffling metal ball, amid a tense silence. Slowly, he turned it to the right; back to the left. He listened. Once again to the right—Ah! And then to the left—Stop! His fingers seemed barely to rest upon the metal, yet through the sensitive tips, he “heard” the delicate spring click.

Someone breathed loudly. It was Brice. Both he and Hodgins were watching the clock; all other eyes were trained on the kneeling figure of the man, whose long slender fingers just barely touched a metal ball.

Five minutes!

“My God!” groaned Brice, “Can't you hurry?”

In the silence, which followed, something clicked. A bolt was shot, and rising, Langdon pulled the heavy door slowly open. The crowd cheered.

He turned and faced Brice, who sprang forward.

“Get out of the way!” he cried. “I got to have those notes.”

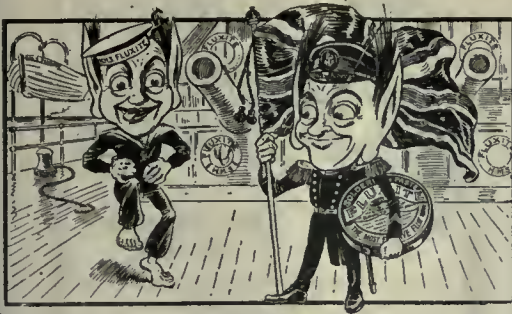
“Give me that hundred, first!”

“Hundred nothing! Move, I tell you! I'll give you a ten in a minute.”

Langdon smiled. It was an innocent, rather a tired smile, and some say he yawned, as he stretched out his arms and leaned back against the door. Just as slowly as it had opened, it closed, and again a click broke the stillness of the room.

Three minutes to twelve!

“It will cost you five hundred dollars, now,” smiled Woodie. “And I think I'd like the money first!”



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The foe be braves;
Help'd by Fluxite,
He rules the waves.

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It took Brice a full minute to curse; another to pay out the money, and a little less than one minute for Langdon to re-open the safe. Hodgins stuffed his little black bag and departed; the crowd lined up at the bar, and they looked around for the hero of the second spectacular event Dawson had witnessed since his coming.

But Woodie knew a trick worth two of that! He was sprinting for the telegraph office as hard as ever, he covered the track in his soph. year, and arrived there, he sent a lengthy telegram to Langdon pere.

And by and by an answer came. It was brief but to the point.

"Most expensive telegram ever got. Come home. Tinker away. Suppose somebody's got to do it.

Dad.

Spanish Gold

(Continued from page 32.)

House of Commons. Now what does all that mean?"

"I don't know in the least, and I don't care. Things were always pretty much the same. There's nothing new in the condition of the world that I can see."

"You may not see it, but there is. We're on the brink of a revolution—the biggest thing of the kind that there has ever been. And the cause of it is the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few people who are using it for purely selfish purposes. Any student of sociology will tell you the same thing. It's a well-known fact. Now what is our duty under the circumstances? What is the duty of every well-disposed person who values the stability of civilization? Obviously it is to prevent the selfish, depraved, and fundamentally immoral people from acquiring wealth; to see that only the well-intentioned and public-spirited get rich. That is the general principle. Now apply it to the particular case we are discussing. On this island there is untold wealth in solid gold."

"I suppose," said the Major, "that I shall come to believe that in the end. I hear it so often that I shan't be able to help myself."

"There are just two parties who stand a chance of possessing themselves of it. There's no one else in the running for this particular scoop."

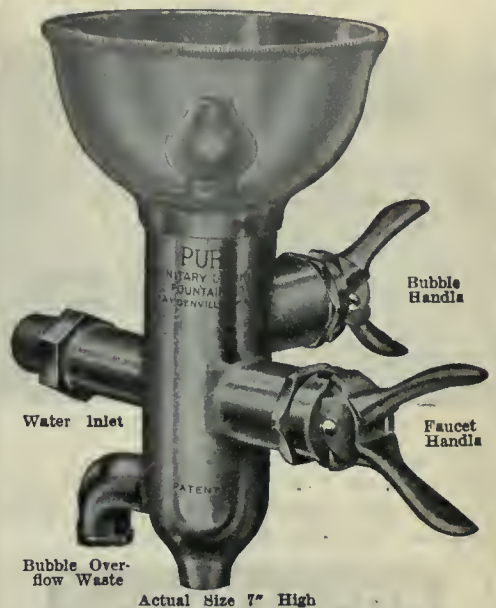
"What about Higginbotham and Thomas O'Flaherty?"

"You might just as well say, What about Mary Kate and Michael Pat? They're not in it. Higginbotham is a Government official, to mention only one point, and is so much occupied in ameliorating the condition of the people that he simply wouldn't have time to spend the money, even if he got it. No. There's us and there's Sir Giles and Langton. That's all. Now, ex hypothesi—you know what I mean by ex hypothesi, don't you?"

"I do, but don't let that stop you if

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Address

you have any fancy for explaining it. I shan't mind listening."

"Your suggestion, Major, as one of the members of our District Council said the other day, when some one accused them all of being drunk, is quite uncalled for. It's only for your sake, to quiet your conscience about the treasure, that I'm going into the matter at all. My own mind is quite clear. I haven't any doubts about Sir Giles."

"If that's all, you needn't go into it any more."

"All right. I won't. Have another sardine? There are two left in the tin. Now that I've finished my pipe I feel that I could do with one of them. In fact I could manage them both if you don't want the other."

"I don't."

"Sure? Oh, well, rather than let them go to waste, I'll eat them."

He took them one after the other by their tails, and throwing his head back, dropped them into his mouth. With his penknife he scraped out of the pot some fragments of jam which lingered near the bottom. There was no more bread. Having finished this scanty second breakfast he stood up and stretched himself. Then he announced that it was time to start. Major Kent rose unwillingly and took up the paddles. Meldon swung the punt on to his back again.

"No sign of old T. O. P. this morning," he said. "We've successfully given him the slip. I expect he's cowering in his gloomy cabin, meditating on fresh ways of defeating Higginbotham. Sir Giles and Langton have probably stopped shouting for help by this time. They're too hoarse, I expect, to shout any more. They are now reduced to gnashing their teeth silently and muttering frightful oaths. Higginbotham is searching for bacilli on Inishmore. Poor Higginbotham! I'm afraid it'll be a dull and trying day for him. But we'll make it up to him afterwards. Mary Kate is, I hope, doing her duty by her little cousin Michael Pat and making things a bit easier for young Mrs. O'Flaherty. When we get back to Ballymoy, Major, we'll send a good stiff bottle off to the old woman. Remind me of that, will you, in case it slips my memory. On the whole, things look rosy for you and me—a great deal rosier than I ever recollect them looking before. Come along now, we've no more time to waste."

CHAPTER XIII.

It is not easy to carry a punt—even the kind of punt that folds up—over rugged and slippery rocks. Meldon stumbled frequently and fell three times. He cut his elbow and reopened the rent in the knee of his trousers which he had laboriously sewed up after his first expedition round the coast of the island. His cheerfulness was untouched by misfortune. His energy carried him far ahead of Major Kent, who had the lighter load. Even when he found himself on his hands and knees among seaweed and pools he preserved the punt from injury. He arrived at last at the point on



**The General
says:-**

Eggs are eggs—when your hens don't lay. A warm chicken house encourages the hens.

Make the roof—and sides too—of

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No roofing "tests" can give you that assurance.

Your dealer can furnish **Certain-teed** Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., world's largest roofing manufacturers, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.



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which he had decided that the Spanish galleon must have struck, scrambled round it and reached the ledge of rock above the channel. He was breathless, disheveled, and so hot that he wished very much to swim rather than row to the hole in the cliff. He put the temptation aside. Major Kent, laboring heavily with the paddles over one shoulder, appeared at the corner. Meldon unfolded and stretched the canvas punt. He made fast the rope, which he had used as a sling, to the ring in her bow, and launched her very carefully. He insisted on embarking at once when the Major arrived.

"No sign of any one swinging down over the cliff to-day," he said, looking over his shoulder as he paddled up the channel. "Sir Giles is otherwise and perhaps less innocently occupied. He is certainly swearing frightfully. He is very likely at this moment cutting Langton's throat."

"It isn't Langton's throat he'll cut. Langton didn't set his punt adrift."

"I dare say he'd rather cut mine if he could, but in the sort of temper he's in at present it'll be almost necessary for him to murder somebody at once."

"But what has he against Langton?"

"Oh, you can't always account for deeds of that sort. They are what the French call crimes of passion. By the way, did you ever read Lombroso on Crime? You ought to. He's a tremendous fellow for the physical characteristics of the criminal. I'd like him to have a look at Sir Giles. I expect—Hullo! here we are!"

The punt grounded at the very mouth of the hole. There was still a few inches of water in the entrance, and the little beach on which Sir Giles had stood two days before was not yet uncovered. Meldon stepped out of the punt, knelt down, and peered into the hole.

"It's all right," he said. "We can get in easily. It doesn't matter if we get a little wet."

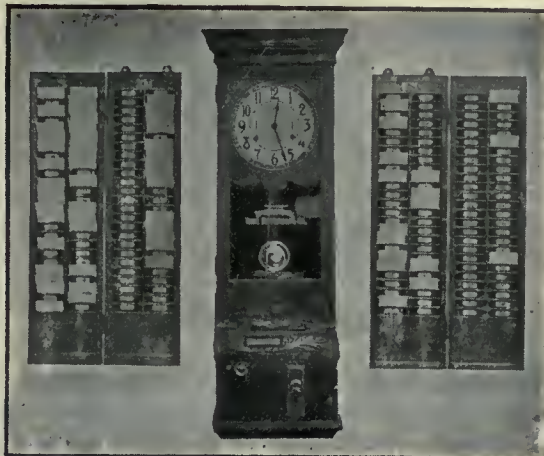
He took the painter of the punt in his hand and crawled into the hole. In a couple of minutes his voice, sounding hollowly, reached Major Kent.

"Come along. It's only the entrance that's really narrow. It's quite a large cave when you're inside, and not nearly so dark as you'd expect. You don't have to crawl more than a few yards in the water. The ground rises rapidly and it's quite dry where I am now."

Major Kent disliked very much the idea of crawling even a few yards through water; but he knew that it was no use holding back. Meldon was quite capable of emerging and dragging him by main force into the hole. Very unwillingly he stooped low and crept forward.

"It's not a bad place, is it?" said Meldon, "and a pretty good size. You can sit straight up here and hardly bump your head at all."

He made fast the painter of the punt to a large stone as he spoke. "She'll be all safe. The tide will leave her high and dry in another half-hour. I wonder how far this cave goes? I expect the Spanish captain dumped his treasure right at the far end. Come along."



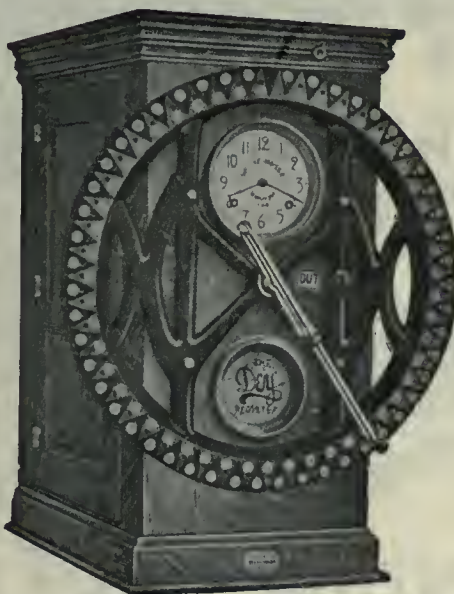
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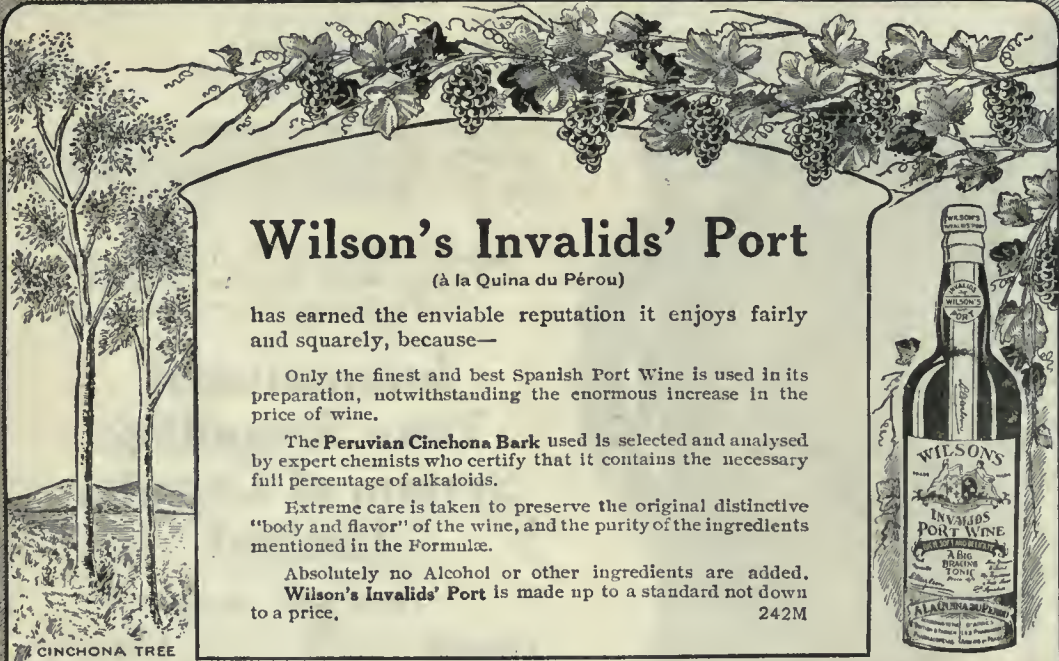
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It was difficult to get along at first. Walking over large round stones which roll about when trodden on is never easy. It becomes extremely troublesome when it is only possible to proceed either on all fours or bent double—when the roof is so low that an unguarded movement results in a blow on the head. But things got pleasanter after a little while. The ground sloped rapidly upwards. Meldon and the Major were soon above high-water mark. Then the stones on which they walked were no longer so smoothly rounded and were much less liable to roll.

"What beats me about this cave," said Meldon, "is that it isn't darker. It doesn't seem to get any darker either as we go on."

The roof rose higher. It became possible to walk upright. Major Kent stretched himself at last to his full height and looked round him. The rocks on each side had widened out, leaving a space between them. They and the roof were quite visible in a dim light which came from the depths of the cave.

"It's interesting to think," said Meldon, "that the last human feet which trod these stones were those of the Spanish captain and his crew. It must have been tough work dragging the cases of bullion along through that narrow part. We can't have much farther to go now. I see what looks like the end in front of us. But I can't understand where the light comes from."

He went on a few yards and then gave a sudden shout—a kind of cheer—half-smothered by excitement. He ran forward, stumbling desperately among the loose stones, but picking himself up and bounding on with outstretched arms. Major Kent, stirred at last out of his grumbling indifference, ran after him. Meldon stopped abruptly. Before him, laid on a slab of rock at the side of the cave, were two iron chests. Their lids stood wide open. They were perfectly empty.

"Good God!" said Major Kent, "there was something here after all. I must say, J. J., I didn't believe in your treasure till this minute, and now it's gone."

"It's gone," said Meldon, "but it can't be gone far. Every argument for believing that it's still on the island holds good. Don't you lose heart. What we've got to do now is to turn to and find out where it's gone and who's got it."

He took another glance at the empty chests and then looked on from where they lay.

"This isn't the end of the cave," he said. "It takes a sharp bend to the right. See how the light coming round the corner, strikes that wall. Let's go on and see where the cave does end and where the light comes from."

"I don't see," he said as he stumbled on, "how Sir Giles can have got it. I've watched him like a cat does a mouse. The only time he got away from me was yesterday afternoon when he went up to Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's house, and I had Mary Kate watching him then. Great Scott! What's that?"

The crash of some heavy body falling on the boulders set the whole cave echoing. Meldon stood still in astonishment. "If you ask me," said the Major, "I should say that the roof's falling in. We'd better clear out of this while we can."

"I don't care," said Meldon, "if the roof does fall in. I don't care if the whole island crumbles into bits and comes rattling down on top of my head. I'm going to see this business through."

He went forward very cautiously, peering in front of him, until he reached the place where the cave bent to the right. He stood still for a minute. Then he turned and went back to where the Major waited.

"It's Sir Giles," he said. "He's come down through the roof, and he's standing there looking up while something is being lowered to him. I have it, Major. The hole in Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's field! Mary Kate told me they were looking at it yesterday. What an ass I was not to think of it before. Of course it opens straight down into this cave. It couldn't do anything else. Why didn't I think of that sooner? Come on, now, Major. As Sir Giles is here, we may as well have a talk with him."

Taking Major Kent by the arm he stepped forward, turned the corner, and came in sight of Sir Giles Buckley, who was lighting a lantern. Meldon recognized it at once as the riding-light of the Aureole.

"Good-morning, Sir Giles," he said. "You won't need that lantern. The cave is quite light."

Sir Giles started and turned quickly. "Oh, it's the damned parson," he said. "I more than half expected you'd be here."

"I don't mind owning," said Meldon, "that I did not expect to see you. You swam ashore from the yacht, I suppose."

"No, you didn't expect me. I dare say you thought you had me boxed up for the day when you played that fool's trick, setting my punt adrift."

"It's my punt, not yours. But as we're on the subject of the punt, how did you get ashore?"

"As soon as I found she was gone," said Sir Giles, "I got up the mainsail and went after her. Any one who wasn't a perfect ass would have known beforehand that I'd do that. You must think that everybody in the world is as big an idiot as you are yourself. Did you suppose that I'd sit still and whistle hymn-tunes until you came back and put me ashore?"

"I didn't suppose anything of the sort. I thought you'd swear every oath you knew five or six times over, and then cut Langton's throat."

"You driveling imbecile!"

"Go on," said Meldon, "call me any other name that occurs to you. When you've finished perhaps you'll walk down the cave a bit and I'll show you whether I'm a fool or not."

He turned and walked away, followed by Major Kent. Sir Giles eyed them doubtfully for a minute and then went after them. When he reached the slab

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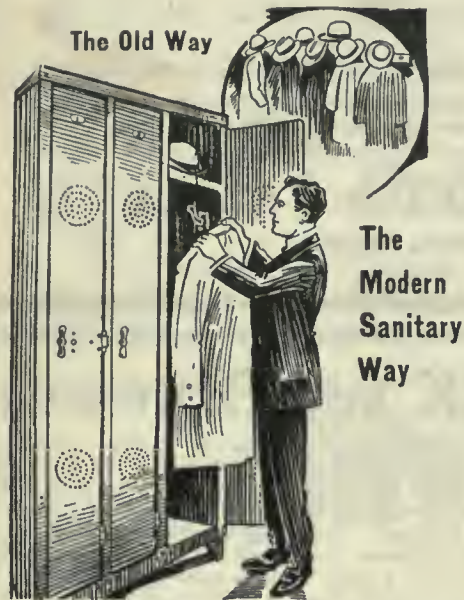
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of rock on which the chests lay, Meldon turned and made sure that Sir Giles was at his heels. With a dramatic gesture he pointed to the chests.

"Empty, Sir Giles," he said. "Look in and make sure. Quite empty."

"Have you got the stuff?" said Sir Giles. "Damn it! you can't have it. I don't believe you've touched it."

"Believe whatever you like, but there's one thing you may bet on with perfect safety. Whether we've got it or not, you haven't, and what's more you never will. Now, who's the fool, the ass, the idiot, and the driveling imbecile?"

Sir Giles glared at Meldon. It was evident that he was in an extremely bad temper. His face became first white and then crimson. He opened his mouth to speak, but no sound issued from it except a sort of hoarse gurgle produced apparently far down in his throat.

"Don't let your temper get the better of you," said Meldon. "It's foolish, besides being bad form. And remember what I said to you the day we first met about swearing. Excuse my reminding you of that, but I can't help thinking that you mean to curse as soon as ever you can. You have all the appearance of a man who is struggling to find expression for strong feelings of some kind."

Sir Giles stuttered out an oath. Having succeeded in giving utterance to one intelligible syllable, he obtained all at once complete command of his powers of speech. He poured forth a series of voluble imprecations and expressed hopes for Meldon's future which would have startled the author of the most emphatic of the Psalms. He was interrupted by a loud crash from the depths of the cave. He started violently.

"What the devil's that?"

"It's uncommonly like the noise you made yourself when you came down through the roof. My own opinion is that it's Langton. He'd be likely enough to drop in to see that you didn't sneak off with any more than your own proper share of the treasure. Come along and we'll see."

He went up again to the place where he had met Sir Giles. Langton, who had descended very much more rapidly than he wished, sat on a stone nursing a bruised knee.

"Good morning," Mr. Langton," said Meldon. "I'm delighted to see you. I hope you haven't hurt yourself. As far as I could judge by the noise, you must have come down rather hard. However, I'm glad you're here. You must take Sir Giles in hand and look after him a bit. He very nearly had a fit just now. You ought to see to it that he takes some kind of cooling medicine three times a day—bromides, or castor-oil, or something of that sort. Any chemist would make the mixture up for you if you told him the kind of thing you wanted. Or if there's no good man in your neighborhood try one of those soothing syrup stuffs you'll see advertised in Christmas numbers. I dare say they're all right. I hesitate as a rule about recommending patent medicines,



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but you can see for yourself that your friend wants something."

"What the devil brings you here?" said Sir Giles. "I told you to wait at the top for me. Who's going to haul us up now, I'd like to know?"

Langton, still nursing his knee, sat in sulky silence. Meldon looked up at the hole above his head. Peering over the edge of it was the benevolent and aristocratic face of Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. His long white beard drooped down. His white hair completed a kind of moonlight aureole round his head. His face expressed a mild and entirely courteous interest in the doings of the men below him.

"It's all right," said Meldon to Sir Giles. "There's a dear old fellow up there, a great friend of mine, who'll do what he can to pull you up, I'm sure. He's not very strong, and he may not be able to haul you quite the whole way, but he'll do his best. And you're taking risks in any case. I see you're using the throat halyard of my boat again in spite of the warning I gave you the day before yesterday. If I were you I'd make Langton lie down flat underneath you as you go up. He'd break your fall a good deal in case——"

"Come out of this," said Sir Giles, taking the rope from Langton and fitting it round his own armpits. "I'll go mad if I have to stand here any longer listening to that ape gibbering. Hi! you above there! Haul up!"

I forgot to mention," said Meldon, "that the old gentleman doesn't understand a word of English. My friend Higginbotham, who has important business to transact with him, is learning Irish on purpose to be able to carry on the necessary conversations."

Sir Giles plucked furiously at the rope and shouted again.

"There's no use trying to make him understand by shouting," said Meldon, "he's not the least deaf. The best thing you can do is to wait here quietly till the Major and I get away in our punt and back to the far side of the island. It'll only take us about two hours. You and Langton can talk things over together while you're waiting. I'll send up a little girl called Mary Kate, who understands both languages. You can tell her what you want and she will explain it to her grandfather. But I do ask you to remember, Sir Giles, that she's a little girl. I don't want to rub it in about your language, but there are some things that a girl of ten years old—you know what I mean."

Sir Giles stooped and took up a large stone in both hands.

"If you utter another word," he said, "I'll bash in your skull with this."

"If you'd keep calm," said Meldon, "you'd run much less chance of bursting a blood-vessel. You ought to be able to realize that I'm giving you sound advice and speaking for your own good."

Sir Giles raised his two hands above his head with the stone between them. He held it there, poised for several seconds, taking aim at Meldon. The rope round his armpits tightened suddenly. He was lifted from his feet. He dangled

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in mid-air, hands and feet hanging down. When he was about eight feet above the ground he ceased to ascend. He writhed and wriggled, with the result that he began to spin rapidly round and round at the end of the rope.

"If I were you," said Meldon, "I'd drop that stone. It adds considerably to your weight. I told you before that old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat is anything but a strong man. I'm sure he's doing his best, but it looks to me as if he was pretty nearly played out. It's trying him too high to make him hoist both you and the stone at once. I'll send it up to you afterwards if you really want it. But I can't see what use it will be to you. There are plenty of stones up above. The island is simply covered with stones, every bit as good as that one.

The ascent commenced again and continued jerkily with many pauses, until at last Sir Giles disappeared through the hole.

"I think," said Meldon to the Major, "that you and I may as well be dodging off home now. Good-bye, Mr. Langton. We can't be of any further use to you. Sir Giles will pull you up all right. If I were you I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to go. His temper won't be by any means improved by the argument he'll have with Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. You can't imagine how trying it is to argue with a man who can't understand a word you say and can't speak so as you can understand him. That old fellow has just one sentence, something about 'Ni beurla.' He says it over and over again in a way that would get on the nerves of a cow. It takes a cool man to stand it. Higginbotham gets quite mad, and even I have to keep a tight grip on my temper. The effect on Sir Giles will be frightful. And he has that stone with him. He would insist on clinging to it. Good-bye, Mr. Langton."

Meldon and Major Kent went down the cave together. The tide had completely ebbed, and it was possible to crawl through the entrance without getting wet. The punt, which lay high and dry, was carried down to the water and launched. Meldon, as usual, took the paddles.

"One thing," he said, thoughtfully, "seems perfectly clear. Sir Giles hasn't got the treasure. If he had he wouldn't have got into such a beastly temper."

"That coup of yours about the punt didn't precisely come off," said the Major with a grin. "He rather had you over that, I thought."

Meldon ignored the taunt.

"The question now is," he said, "who has the treasure? The position seems to me to require some thinking out. It is becoming complex. I'm glad we have a long, quiet afternoon before us."

They reached the shelf of rock, disembarked, and folded up the punt.

"I wish," said Meldon, "that you hadn't insisted on my finishing off those two sardines this morning. I'm very hungry now."

"You'll get nothing more to eat till you get back to the Spindrift, unless you happen to come across that crab which

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you lost the first day we were here."

"I wouldn't eat a raw crab any way. I'm not a cannibal. Come on and let us get back as quick as we can."

The disappointment of the morning and the sharp appetite which followed hard work in the open air affected even Meldon's temper. He spoke no more for some time, but scrambled doggedly along, only a few yards ahead of Major Kent. Gradually the extreme interest of the treasure hunt took possession of his mind again and restored his cheerful self-confidence.

"You'll admit now," he said, "that I reasoned perfectly correctly about that treasure. The Spanish captain hid it precisely where I said he did."

"There was only one point you went wrong about," said the Major. "You said the treasure was in that cave and it wasn't."

"It was, originally. I couldn't be expected to foresee that some one would remove it and hide it again in another place. That's what has happened. Now that I know it's gone, I'll turn to and reason out where it's gone to. If it hasn't got any rightful owner we'll get it yet."

"What do you mean by a rightful owner?"

"A live man," said Meldon. "If it was removed and hidden by some fellow that's dead and gone, then he's no more the owner of it now than the Spanish captain is. If there is a rightful owner, of course, we're done. I'm not going to commit robbery even for the sake of getting that treasure."

"I'm glad to hear that, anyway."

"Now, there are just two people at present alive who can possibly have that treasure. One is Higginbotham. The other is Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. I'll take Higginbotham first."

"What's the good of that? If Higginbotham has it he will keep it."

"Still it would be interesting to know. In favor of Higginbotham it may be urged that he has evidently made a very careful investigation of this island. You see how glibly he came out with that information about the pliocene clay. Now would he have known that if he hadn't, so to speak, got at the inside of the island? That sort of clay doesn't lie about on the surface for everybody to see."

"Why shouldn't it?"

"Oh, just because those fundamental things never do lie on the surface. A fellow wouldn't find out what your backbone consisted of by just looking at your skin, would he? He'd have to put you on an operating table and cut a hole in you to find that out. It's just the same with islands. Higginbotham knew that this island consisted of pliocene clay. Very well, it follows that he must have gone beyond the surface of the island."

"Prompted, I suppose, by an unholy curiosity."

"Prompted by a stern sense of duty. He is employed by the Government at an enormous salary, no doubt, to find out all he can about this island. Naturally he either digs a hole or goes down some hole already in existence. Now, so

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far as we know, Thomas O'Flaherty's hole is the only one there is. Therefore it seems likely that Higginbotham went down it. If he did he found the treasure and has it now."

"It's all the same to us who has it. As I said before, if Higginbotham has it, he'll keep it."

"I didn't say Higginbotham had it. So far I've only considered what is to be said in favor of what I may call the Higginbotham hypothesis."

"Don't start on hypotheses again, J.J. I'm sick of the sound of the word."

"I can't help it if you are. The proposal of an hypothesis is the only known method of finding out truth. I tell you, Major, I've gone pretty deep into these philosophic and scientific questions, and I know what I'm talking about. You ask any first-rate man and he'll tell you the same thing. Now, against Higginbotham there's just one broad fact to be urged, but I candidly confess it seems to me to be decisive. Higginbotham isn't the kind of man who would come upon hidden treasure even by accident. He has too much of the official mind. It's almost impossible to think of a Congested Districts Board official gloating over Spanish gold. That puts Higginbotham out of court. There remains Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. You'll recollect that I've always had my suspicions of that old man. The way he followed us the first day we went round the cliffs was peculiar, to say the least of it. His persistent refusal to speak a word of English points to the fact that he has something or other to conceal. I shall have to go into his case very carefully indeed. But here we are at the foot of the path. I can't climb up a cliff with a punt on my back and talk at the same time. I'll have to put off discussing old O'Flaherty till we get to the top."

After a quarter of an hour's hard work Meldon reached the head of the path, drew a long breath, and took a look at the bay below him. Then he laid down the punt hurriedly and turned to the Major, who was still struggling upwards.

"There's another yacht in the bay," he said—"a big steam yacht."

Major Kent hurried over the last few steps of the climb.

"You're right," he said. "There is. If I'd known that this was to be a kind of Cowes week at Inishgowlan I wouldn't have come near the place. I suppose the next thing will be some fellow coming round and asking us to act on the committee of a regatta."

"That's a biggish boat," said Meldon. "The man who owns her must be pretty wealthy. Now what has he come here for?"

"Treasure-hunting, of course," said the Major. "Nobody comes here for anything else."

"Don't jump at conclusions in that way. There's nothing so unphilosophic as forming conclusions on insufficient evidence, and in this case you simply haven't any evidence at all."

"It wasn't a conclusion," said the Major. "It was an hypothesis. Of course if you've any better hypothesis to offer—"

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"I have. I believe, in fact I'm practically certain, that the men on that yacht are Members of Parliament."

"You said that about Sir Giles and you turned out to be wrong."

"That's just what makes me so sure I'm right now. I'll explain it to you in one minute. You've sometimes played pitch-and-toss, I suppose—I mean as a boy."

"I have."

"Very well. Now suppose the other fellow tossed the penny. You called heads and it turned out that you were wrong. You'd be practically certain it was tails, wouldn't you? There you are, then. I was wrong about Sir Giles being a Member of Parliament, therefore I'm nearly sure to be right when I say that this man is."

"I don't see that. Not that it's any use arguing with you."

"If you don't see a simple thing like that, it isn't any use."

"All the same I will," said the Major. "Just for once I'll show you what rot you talk. You said it must be either heads or tails."

"I didn't. I said it was nearly sure to be either heads or tails. The penny might light in a mud heap and stand on its edge."

"It's no use reasoning with you."

"It isn't," said Meldon, "if you won't reason right."

"Look here. You say if it isn't heads it's nearly sure to be tails. But suppose he tossed another coin. That's what's happened in this case."

"It's just the same with any coin. There are only two sides to the best of them."

"What I mean is this. Here's a fresh yacht altogether. Quite a different yacht from the Aureole with quite different people in her. It isn't a case of heads or tails at all."

"I don't in the least see what you mean, and I don't believe you see yourself. But you may take my word for it, Major, that there is at least one Member of Parliament in that yacht. There may be more, but I'll bet my hat there's one. Don't bother your head any more about that. These things only make you irritable. We'll get along back to the Spindrift and have a bite to eat. Then I'll take a long, quiet afternoon thinking things out. If I get them sized up to my satisfaction I may go on shore before tea and have a look at Michael Pat. In the evening I'll find out how Higginbotham got on with the tuberculosis bacilli on Inishmore."

CHAPTER XIV.

MELDON stretched himself along the seat of the Spindrift's cabin. He had dined very heartily off tinned corned beef and potatoes, followed by several cups of strong tea. He had lit his pipe and felt happy. The unpleasant duty of washing up the plates and cups was postponed until after the evening meal, when one job could be made of all the crockery dirtied during the day.

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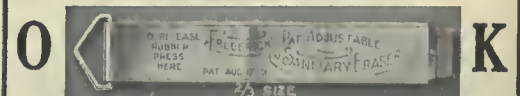
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he said. "Even if you haven't pulled off the exact thing you went out to do, you enjoy your dinner and your smoke afterwards tremendously. I expect there are fellows at this moment sitting in London restaurants and clubs and places smoking half-crown cigars after gorging themselves with iced souffles and pates of various kinds, who aren't getting half the satisfaction that I am out of this pipe of common twist."

Major Kent grunted. He was disinclined for philosophic argument.

"There's something in one of Horace's odes about it's not being Sicilian feasts but hard work and a good conscience which bring real satisfaction. I can't recollect the exact words, but if I had a Horace I could find them."

"I wouldn't give Horace too much credit for the remark, even if he made it. An obvious truth of that sort must, I should think, have been discovered by Adam."

"Adam couldn't have discovered it," said Meldon. "As long as he had a quiet conscience he did no work, and when he had to work his conscience was at him day and night."

Major Kent allowed this to pass without contradiction.

"Besides," said Meldon, "I doubt very much whether Adam understood the use of tobacco. If he did I don't see how the secret could have died out. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, as well as I recollect, who brought—Hullo! there's somebody hailing us."

"Spindrift ahoy!"

The shout floated through the open skylight of the cabin while Meldon spoke.

"I wonder if that's Higginbotham back from Inishmore," said Major Kent. "I hope he hasn't brought a consumptive patient with him. If he has you may deal with him yourself, J. J. It's no affair of mine and I won't help."

"I hope it's not Higginbotham; I don't feel in the mood for dealing with Higginbotham just now. It's as likely as not that he'd be unreasonable about the bacillus hunt."

The hail was repeated: "Ahoy there! Spindrift ahoy!"

"It can't be Higginbotham," said Meldon. "He always comes on board without hailing. It must be that new Member of Parliament off the steam yacht."

"Let's lie low then and pretend we're not here."

"Nonsense. Members of Parliament are often extremely amusing. We'll have him in and listen to him talking about the Irish problem. Get out the whisky, Major. These fellows all drink whisky when they come to this country, whether they actually like it or not. I'll fetch him on board."

He went on deck and discovered to his surprise Sir Giles Buckley and Langton in the Aureole's punt alongside.

"Hello!" he said. "What brings you here? If it's a new throat halyard you want you may as well go straight back again. We haven't a rope to spare, and I warned you to be careful about the one you had."

Morning, Noon and Night

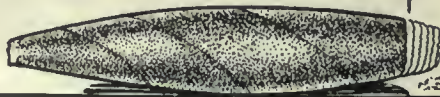
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"The throat halyard is all right," said Sir Giles. "We haven't come about that. We want to have a little chat with you and your friend."

He smiled as he spoke. Langton also smiled. It was evident that they had agreed together to be civil and agreeable.

"Very well," said Meldon. "Come on board if you like."

His tone was not very cordial. Sir Giles evidently felt the necessity for making some sort of an apology before he accepted the invitation.

"I should like to explain," he said, "that I'm sorry for losing my temper with you in the cave this morning. I don't make any excuse for myself, of course, but—"

"It's all right," said Meldon more graciously. "In fact, I ought to apologize first. I played you rather a shabby trick with the punt this morning."

"Oh, that was nothing. We didn't mind, did we, Langton?"

"Not a bit," said Langton. "We laughed."

"Come below," said Meldon, "and have a drink."

Sir Giles and Langton seated themselves at one side of the table in the Spindrift's cabin. Major Kent and Meldon faced them. A bottle of whisky and two syphons of soda-water stood on the table. Tumblers were filled and the ceremony of pledging each other duly performed. Then Sir Giles spoke:—

"Langton and I were naturally disappointed this morning when we found that those chests in the cave were empty. I think I may take it for granted that you two gentlemen were disappointed too, though I'm bound to say you didn't show it."

"You may take it that way for the sake of argument, if you like," said Meldon cautiously. "But I don't admit that we have any reason to be disappointed. It all depends on who emptied the chests."

"Come now," said Sir Giles. "We quite understand that you don't want to give yourselves away. But we don't believe you have the treasure. In fact we're certain you haven't. I think it will pay you better in the long run to be straight with us. We're all of us out of it at present. What I've come to propose is this. Let us join forces and find the stuff wherever it is. I don't deny that Langton and I would rather keep it all to ourselves. So, no doubt, would you and your friend. But we'd rather go shares with you than lose it altogether. And that's what will happen if we spend our time chasing each other round and round this wretched little island as we've been doing for the last three days."

"What do you propose to do?" said Meldon.

"First of all I would suggest that we table all the information we have about the treasure. We'll tell all we know and you'll tell all you know. To show you that we mean to play fair I don't mind speaking first."

"Very well," said Meldon. "We



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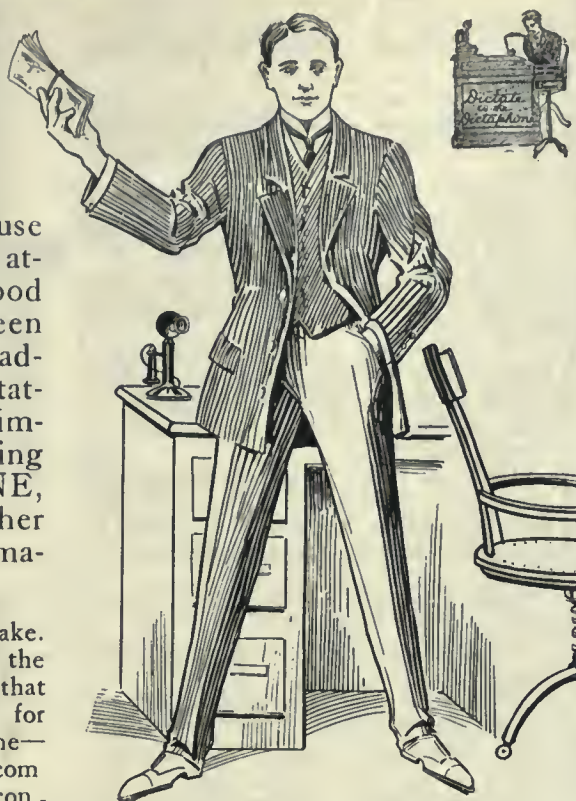
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agree to that. Go ahead with your story and I'll tell ours afterwards."

"After my father's death," said Sir Giles, "I got the family place, house, furniture, and so forth, and precious little else. I gave orders to have the furniture sold and the lawyer sent me out a bundle of old papers. I wouldn't have bothered myself about the papers at all, only that just at the time they came I had nothing in the world to do. I don't mind owning that I was pretty well stony-broke just then and was stuck in a lodging in a dirty little French town. I read the papers. Among them was an old diary kept by my grandfather. It appears that he paid a visit to this island in 1798, and—"

"You needn't go into that," said Meldon. "We have papers ourselves which give us all the information your grandfather had. Major Kent's grandfather kept a log, as he called it, of that expedition. I expect that both the old gentlemen wrote down pretty much the same thing—all they knew about the matter."

"I didn't think anything of it," went on Sir Giles, "until I happened to meet another stony-broke Englishman."

"I'm an Irishman," said Langton.

"It's all the same thing," said Sir Giles.

"I beg your pardon," said Langton. "It's not the same thing at all."

"Gentlemen," said Meldon, "if this conference is to go on it must be conducted on strictly non-political lines."

"What!" said Sir Giles.

"My friend, Major Kent," said Meldon, "is a strong Unionist, and I can't allow him to be compromised by any political arguments of a Nationalist kind."

Sir Giles gaped at him.

"I wasn't talking politics," he said. "I wasn't thinking about politics. As a matter of fact, I don't care a hang for any politics."

"Langton was talking politics," said Meldon, "and you were arguing with him. He said he was an Irishman and you said he wasn't. Any one with any experience of this country knows where that sort of talk leads to. The Major can't be expected to stand it. He's a Unionist, one of the loyal and oppressed minority, and it isn't right to outrage his feelings by introducing politics into what ought to be a simple business discussion."

Sir Giles checked what was evidently a strong impulse to curse.

"Go on with your story," said Meldon. "I'm sorry for having to interrupt, but do try and keep politics out of it. You were just telling us that you met Langton."

"I met Langton," said Sir Giles, "who was also at the time stony-broke. We got yarning together, having nothing better to do. Naturally we talked a good deal about money, the thing both our minds were dwelling on, because we hadn't got any. I told Langton the story of my grandfather's diary and the Spanish treasure on Inishgowlan. It turned out that Langton had read somewhere—"

(To be continued.)

The Business Outlook

Some Obstacles in the Way of a Return to Normal Industrial Activity and Parliament's Duty in Regard to Them

By JOHN APPLETON

Not for some years has Canada experienced so marked a depression in business as during February, and at the close of that month the indications are that March will not witness much improvement. The easier tone of money has not as yet stimulated commercial activity, but has made the stock markets livelier. Continued caution of buyers in practically every line of industry caused a marked falling-off in demand upon Canadian manufacturers, resulting in larger stocks in warehouses and smaller stocks in stores. Shelves of the latter will, however, sooner or later have to be re-stocked. A favorable seed time, and less timid credit after April will bring better business, as the needs of the producers will be heavy. Mr. Appleton has, in this article, examined the business situation and given reasons for the slow return of business to normal activity during 1914.

FEBRUARY is Canada's dullest business month. It brings with it not only the depressing effects of winter but also the quietest days at the clearing houses all over the Dominion. This year it has been unusually depressing in every department of commercial activity with the exception of a slight flurry in the stock market. Broadly speaking, transactions on our stock exchanges have every right to be classed as being "commercial," although some of the best of industrial leaders hold stock exchanges and the men who deal there as being more of an hindrance to sound commercial progress than an aid. If we eliminate from the record of February the activity in the trading on the stock exchanges nothing but dullness is left.

Foremost amongst the business indices of Canada are the returns of her railways, and of these, those of the Canadian Pacific are the most reliable. That road taps and serves every portion of the Dominion where business activity has attained to important dimensions, and what reward, or tolls, are obtained for that service may be taken as a very accurate barometer of trade conditions. At the moment of writing the figures covering the month of February are not to hand. On the eve of the close of that month the revised figures for January were issued and showed a decline of \$1,763,391 gross. Weekly traffic returns show a contraction during the first three weeks of February quite as striking, or more so, than in the previous month. For the three weeks to the 21st, the actual gross decline is \$1,620,000. For the entire month the total will exceed \$2,000,000.

Freight Traffic Declines

To account for this unusual contraction we must naturally look for some unusual cause. The latter is to be found in a very acute decline in traffic offering—especially grain for through shipment from the West to Eastern points. A year ago the crop of 1912 was being taken out of the West in the early months of 1913 and a very considerable quantity was carried all-rail. This year the bulk of the crop was out by the close of navigation and for all-rail haul there

was but little available. For the contraction in through traffic business, between the Eastern and Western portions of the Dominion, it would not in our opinion be correct to place entire responsibility upon the lack of grain traffic; there has been a decided falling off in the more profitable classes of freight which originate with the industries of Eastern Canada.

Confirmation of this view, to some extent, can be obtained from a study of earnings of the other lines which as to through traffic are not in the same position as the Canadian Pacific. Their business is more of a local character and it has not suffered, as to volume, to the same extent. Just before the third week of February both the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern systems maintained a volume of gross earnings approximately equal to that of the corresponding period of a year ago, but both showed a tendency to contract at the close of February. The fact of this local traffic being maintained so well during a depressed period is a very hopeful indication, but when all the lines began with the close of February to show decreases as compared with a year ago, it did not augur well for the immediate future of business generally. Through traffic as well as local indicated further contraction of general business.

Bank Statement

It is regrettable that the monthly bank statement does not get into the hands of the public until practically a month late. On the last day of February the public first learned of the January figures. When they did make their appearance they very clearly indicated that liquidation had not run its course. The prediction is ventured that when February figures are available they will show still further liquidation. Canada's bank statement is not as well understood, or appreciated by the business public, as it ought to be. If it was better understood the bankers would have less difficulty in dealing with customers who cannot get all the credit they want and the customers themselves would have a clearer idea as to the trend of conditions on which the success of their business depends. January figures usually show

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some contraction of business activity, but not so marked a contraction as that of this year. At the close of 1913 the banks had \$108,626,000 outstanding circulation and a month later, \$96,611,000, a decline of over \$12,000,000. Commercial loans dropped by approximately \$11,000,000. These exceptional declines are well worth noting, especially in view of the fact that the same tendency was evident in February. Bank clearings have steadily diminished in volume since the commencement of the year, a tendency more marked in the West than in the East.

We might add to these evidences of business contraction the various statements made during recent weeks at annual meetings with regard to the accumulation of stocks by industrial companies. Still more definite are the figures in annual statements indicating a larger proportion of assets in the form of stock on hand. Clothe all such facts with the rosier spirit of optimism: they will not down and challenge serious consideration from business men.

Why is Trade Depressed?

Traders in staple necessities report business as being quite as large in volume as at any time. Their opinions vary about such matters as collections, but not as to volume of business. Trade cannot be considered as being depressed in so far as embraced in the supplying of the current necessities of the people. Where the "shoe pinches" in Canada is obviously in industries engaged in turning out highly-durable utilities. Pullman cars are very desirable, but of little use when those already in operation are not used to their average capacity. Structural steel is also highly valued, but if the primary production of the country does not warrant its employment there will and should be no demand for it. If from our lands, mines and forests more wealth of an exchangeable character is extracted there will very soon be a demand for steel products and for so many commodities and conveniences into which they enter. But at the present moment Canadians are not buying anything they can do without. They are economizing. A general state of mind exists which fears liability and seeks to liquidate that already being borne. This is a normal reaction from a period when credit was easy and demand was strong, and its effect will be to bring both credit and demand back to normal. After the severe contraction of credit at the close of 1913 came the singular monetary ease of January and similarly the restriction of industrial output will be followed, though not so quickly, by normal if not abnormal demand.

Some economists hold that depression in trade is a "state of mind." That can hardly be true as applied to Canada where the people are always optimists, and in some sections "over-optimistics." Being always in a perennial state of optimism they nevertheless are subject to trade re-actions. Despite every effort to buoy up optimism depression came. Steel men feel keenly the dropping off in orders for rails, for cars, and other

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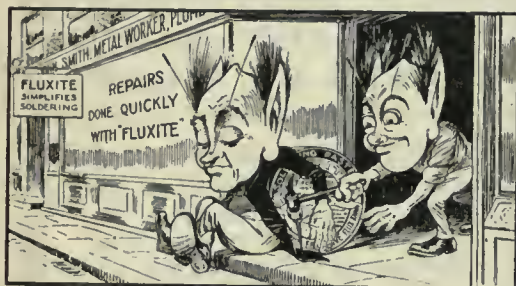
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ilway equipment; implement manu-
 cturers find it necessary to restrain
 oduction and turn more of their out-
 anding accounts into cash, and farmers
 ve been compelled to pay up, causing
 em to economize desperately. These are
 eumstances that cannot be entirely
 gretted as their influence will be
 lutary. They were, however, brought
 out by a contraction of credit, which
 as not due to any cause originating in
 anada. There were contributing
 uses, but the chief was of external
 igin.

Has There Been Over-production?

One of the benefits which Canada will
 ceive from the prevailing depression is
 gulation of production. In some lines
 industry more plant has been put
 own than present or immediately pro-
 spective needs call for. When credit was
 sy unnecessary and wasteful changes
 d additions were made possible. This
 ndency has been effectually checked.
 It is quite evident, however, from the
 alance sheets of so many industries
 at productive capacity has been
 ough up to a point quite equal to de-
 ands. A short season of depression
 as witnessed the accumulation of stocks
 ad the cutting down of working hours
 our factories. Under the circum-
 ances, it would be idle to look forward
 expansion of industry for some time.
 hat can be reasonably hoped for with-
 the course of a few months is that
 resent industrial plant will be put into
 otion up to a normal proportion of its
 apacity.

Why Trade Should Improve

For the remainder of the present year
 o boom can be looked for, but a great
 improvement over present conditions
 ay be. Our reason for this view is
 hat at no time was Canada extravagant
 a her demands; when analyzed they are
 gitimate needs. The first essential to
 roduction are transportation facilities,
 ad to provide these our demands for
 redit are exceedingly heavy. The
 arkets for credit have improved
 ery considerably, and after the
 urn of Spring they will be better
 is reasonable under the cir-
 umstances to anticipate that our rail-
 ays will get what money they require
 or this year's development and equip-
 ment plans. Parliament will have it in
 s power to lend assistance in this re-
 spect and there is but little fear that the
 olicy followed for so many years, prac-
 ically since Confederation, will be re-
 versed. There may be disputes as to
 erms, but not as to the necessity of
 arrying present transeontinentals parti-
 ally built to a state of operative
 fficiency.

If through Parliament the nation ex-
 presses its confidence in the future by
 urning the necessary credit to carry
 o completion the approximately com-
 pleted transeontinental railway systems
 uch of the present uneasiness and
 oubt in business circles would be re-
 moved and the course for more active
 usiness conditions would be made very
 uch clearer.

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The Iron Industry Hampered

There is another condition incident to better business which is in the power of Parliament to modify, and it has reference to the condition of the iron industry. If free trade conditions obtained in Canada, with wages corresponding to those of competitive countries, the industry would have an equal chance of working out its own salvation. At present, it has to pay high wages incident to protection without having in its home market corresponding advantages. If the tariff generally forces up wages then the products of the wage-earners should have, within reasonable limits, the home market reserved. Steel producers claim that the existing tariff does not do them justice, hence their difficulties. This fundamental industry is at the present time not in a healthy condition and while it remains so it will be no mean obstacle in the way of returning industrial prosperity.

In these two respects, that of tariff adjustment and the completion of rail-

way projects, Parliament can either retard or accelerate the return to normal of business conditions.

Accumulating Demands

As already stated there has been for some months, and very properly, very great caution in buying. Eastern manufacturers have not been urging sales in the West, and in the East they have not found it possible to do more than a normal business. Nevertheless consumption has been proceeding. Exhausted stocks will have to be replenished sooner or later. When the productive agencies become active in the Spring, and by that time credit will have lost some of its present sensitiveness, there will be, if no untoward circumstances develop, a sufficient demand to enable the manufacturers to reduce materially their accumulated production. With a normal harvest in sight the demand will be accentuated and this will set in motion generally the wheels of commerce. There will, however, be no boom this year.

Mighty Conflict in Men's Wear

Host of Novel Fashions Beating Down the Barriers
Staid Custom has Thrown Up

By THE HABERDASHER

The rapid and more rapid shifting of styles in nearly every department of women's wear that has forced a new outfit each season as it comes, to the profit of designers and manufacturers, has suggested to makers of men's wear an outlet for increased sales by making it quite inadvisable for the average man to appear again in Last Year's. The changes in the past year in several lines of men's wear have been almost revolutionary. Not only are there pronounced modifications in existing styles, but entirely new lines, such as the "mushroom" shirt, and black edging on white cuffs have been introduced to stimulate the buying. While this has been received favorably for business wear, a stubborn fight is being waged against the attempted innovations in the staid and starchy evening wear programme. Another marked tendency in men's wear is to follow closely the new fashions in dress fabrics and accessories for women.

FOR the first time in the historic annals of the art sartorial, there is a conflict in the ranks for evening wear. The quiet simplicity of black and white that had been left undisputed arbiter of prescriptions for men's evening wear catches sight of a little movement like a small cloud the size of a man's hand, perchance, that betokens a combat.

The restless yearning for Something New that is the bane of the older theologians, pedagogues, Divine Right theorists, reactionary politicians, and antiquated merchants is sending a quiver through the ranks of the younger men, who hitherto have followed, unquestioning, the stereotyped dictates of a generation.

Or, perhaps, the movement must be traced back, partially, to some other influence. It has long been recognized among designers of styles and the manufacturing houses whose wares are the outward and visible expression of these inventive geniuses, that Something New is the only stimulant that can carry the bulk of the public along heavy pur-

chasing lines. The wearing of Last Year's or Hand-me-Downs may be a fine brand of domestic economy, but naturally one will search in vain for it in a treatise on the art of salesmanship. The makers of men's wear have ample precedents: the marvel is it took them so long to follow suit. Last year's vintage in hats and even mantles exudes a horrible reproach upon the lady light of purse. Time will come, they trust—and are planning—when men must discard the past season's, and outfit themselves anew from hat to boots.

But, to the conflict. It has centred, for a start, on shirts. The plain linen-bosomed article that may have been synchronous with Noah, first had to face a pique, then the medium pleated, and this year the "mushroom," or shirt with a thousand pleats, and smooth diagonal lines criss-crossing it, as if the edge of a hot iron had smoothed out the pleatings. It is as "easy-going" as a negligee, and has a certain smart appearance that has won votaries by the thousand, but the most are blind to its attractions for formal evening wear and line it up

with the Tuxedo for an informal occasion. There has been some effort made to introduce a narrow black edging upon the edges of the cuffs for evening wear, and down the centre of the bosom, to match the black edging of the white vest, but so far the "lookout" reports "nothing doing."

In ties for formal wear the pique is strong. Both it and the old reliable linen are rather broader and tie into a short, fat bow, the longer bow being pretty well discarded. With the Tuxedo grey and black are coming strong as a change from the plain black bow and many are made to match the vest exactly.

A few blue suits are found in the largest Canadian cities instead of the black, but even London is not progressing in this departure from tradition.

In make-up the dress suit shows one important change—the bottom of the coat does not slope towards the front as before, but comes out straight. The length of the tails, however, remains the same.

Overcoats appear to be in a transition stage. The vogue of the chinchillas the past winter was the first instance of the designers dominating the public with a single "novelty" line to the exclusion of most others; and the shawl collar and belted back were almost as universal. For the first time the clothiers (retailers) are nervous over "what will be what" for next season, as the public seem now to have been cast adrift from their old moorings of frieze with storm collars, meltons, and tweeds.

There is a growing feeling that a man must prepare for a greater variety in overcoats, that evening dress, for instance, demands a distinctive covering. The old cape was the most convenient that ever was invented, but now that this has fallen into the discard the single-breasted Chesterfield, often with silk-faced lapels, is in favor, or the more recent Balmacaan, with "drop shoulder," somewhat resembling the kimona sleeve, and very loose at the bottom, a handy slip-on garment. This form in its turn has been adopted in tweeds, for motoring and ordinary business wear, and promises to be a prominent feature by fall at least.

There are a few decided reverses to sack coat fashions, tending towards checks, instead of stripes, including shepherd's plaid, with black and white, and greys predominating. A shorter sack, a shade more close-fitting in coat and trousers, slightly more pronounced roll to the collar, and a higher vest are a few of the general modifications.

In everyday ties it is rather difficult to draw up a schedule; at first sight there seems no end, no beginning to the styles. But, without fear of contradiction, let it be set down as a basis that hereafter, as during the past year and slightly more, the window of the men's furnishing store has settled styles in ties. Not the public so much. Prove it this way: what's the use to a man of a big flowing end on his tie? No one sees it, and it is harder to tie. And yet

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flowing ends are in to stay and there are hardly any selling that are not. You cite knitted silks. And yet have you noticed since late in the winter, they have doubled the width of those straight, Derby-cut knitted silks; doubled it to make it show up as a stronger incentive for buying, in the haberdasher's window? Just another point: border ends are weaker, and all-over patterns are sweeping them aside. Even butterflies and dragon-flies are coming in. And this suggests another principle in men's wear; it is following closely the line of women's wear.

A men's furnisher, a designer of men's ties and shirts said to the writer: "I read up every fashion magazine I can get my hands on; it helps me in working out ideas for men."

"You've noticed those printed butterfly designs on dress fabrics? They came out before the men's ties. One of the best-known tie manufacturers in America wrote not long ago: 'The predominating styles in men's neckwear for the coming season are stripes, figures and plaids in contrasting colorings, such as blue, red, purple, emerald, orange, mandarin, flaming gold, absinthe, tuscany and firefly. If you added tan and tango you would have an almost complete list of the latest shades of a Paris couturier.'

In shirts it is nearly the same, brighter colors, following women's fashions, and pink and red and deep purple, salmon and blue and helio will be right in order this summer.

And this suggests slashed trousers! New York is responsible. London laughs, "absurd!" But women have had it (substitute "skirts," please), although even now they are on the wane—and man may yet adopt it in Canada.

There is an old French saying—one is tempted almost to suggest it had its origin in the Garden of Eden—if any trouble comes, "Cherchez la femme" ("look for the woman"). If you want to be a true prophet of men's wear, "cherchez la femme." In the spring fashion books—for men's clothing—there was a predominance this year of a combination, a lady with each man. And the clothing had to harmonize.

Blame it all on the woman.

Explosion of Paper Dust Wrecks Factory

Explosion of paper dust occurred recently in a paper-tube factory in Tourcoing, the first recorded in France, and investigations developed the fact that the ends of the tubes were trimmed by forcing them against cylindrical grindstones, and hundreds of pounds of dust were produced every day. This dust was drawn by suction to filter chambers where it settled and the filters were cleaned each week. Laborers entering this room, which was dark, carried ordinary lanterns, and the dust, which was found to contain 83 per cent. combustible matter, exploded with fatal results.

The Doubling of Heyward West

(Continued from page 16.)

A minute later Thomas returned with the information that Mrs. West would see him. "She hasn't left her room since it occurred," whispered the serving man, who was beginning to assume an air of importance, as a result of the attention that the newspaper fraternity had been paying to him all day. "It's my opinion she's going off her dot."

"I felt sure she had not been into the room since you made the discovery," was the only comment Porter made as he ascended the stairs.

He was shown into a small living room on the floor above. Mrs. West was reclining on a couch and did not rise when he entered. She was still dressed in the gown she had worn the previous evening. Despite the fact that her face was pale and haggard and her eyes told of the mental strain she had undergone, she greeted him with quiet courtesy and admirable restraint.

"I believe that I can promise you good news, Mrs. West," said Porter, plunging at once into the object of his visit. "An extraordinary turn is coming in this case. But before I can give you any inkling of what it is, I must request you to answer a few questions."

"I don't understand what you mean by good news," said Mrs. West, in a tone which reflected the dullness of despair that filled her whole being. "How can there be any good news for me? But go on. I'll answer you if I can."

"When did Morley leave the house last night?" he asked.

"I don't know. He telephoned to the house late in the afternoon that he was going to Montreal on the evening train. Thomas got the message."

"When did you see Mr. West last?"

"I spoke to him when I came in last night from the hall, but did not see him. I saw him last at lunch."

"Didn't he have dinner at home last night?"

"He did not take dinner. He was working hard in his study and did not pay any attention when dinner was announced."

"Did you not send for him?"

"Oh, no. When he was working hard, he did not like to be interrupted. No one dared go near him at such times."

"Mrs. West, I trust that I can inspire you with confidence in me to the degree of following what may seem very unusual instructions," said Porter rising. "As I said before an extraordinary turn is going to take place. Will you believe me when I say that I am actuated only by a desire to help you in this matter?"

"You are very mysterious and I don't understand what it is you want," she said.

"This is what I want you to do," explained Porter. "Some time this evening I will send a carriage for you. Accompany the driver without question, wherever he takes you."



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Mrs. West had risen now and was studying him with the first hint of a real interest in her eyes.

"But why?" she asked. "Please—what is going to happen? What is this extraordinary turn you mention?"

"If it were not that I am afraid to rouse your hopes at this stage, I would tell you," replied Porter, gravely. "Will you promise to do what I say?"

There was a pause.

"Yes!" she said.

An hour later Porter secured information at the G.T.R. station that the tracks had been cleared for ten miles out and that the train which had pulled out for Montreal on the previous night would back in again within half an hour with its load of half-starved passengers. He at once despatched a carriage to the West house, giving instructions to the driver. He got a telephone message a few minutes later from Smith.

"A warrant's out for the arrest of Trevelyan," announced the latter. "Tooley has it."

"Don't let him get away from the station until I get there," exclaimed Porter. "I'm coming right over."

"So you have a warrant for an arrest in this West case, Tooley," he said, when he had arrived almost breathless at police headquarters. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Have it framed for my sitting room at home," said the detective with broad sarcasm. "What do you suppose a warrant's for?"

"Don't try to execute it for half an hour anyway, Tooley," said Porter. "Something is going to happen. I'm speaking in all seriousness, man. Come with me and bring a blank warrant along."

"See here, Porter, what is this? A practical joke?"

"It will be no joke for you if you execute that warrant. Better come with me, Tooley. Your man can't get away in the meantime. You come too, Smith."

The detective followed them in a decidedly puzzled state of mind. They reached the station just as the storm-bound train pulled in. At the same moment, the carriage that Porter had sent for Mrs. West returned. As she stepped out, Tooley, with a startled exclamation, made as though to cross over.

"Now what is she up to?" he demanded gruffly.

Porter grasped him by the arm and swung him around.

"Your attention this way please," he said. "Who is that tall, sandy-complexioned man coming down the steps of the steps of the third coach?"

"Heyward West!" exclaimed the detective, with a gasp of astonishment.

Someone else had seen at the same moment. They heard a quick gasp between them, followed by a cry of mingled joy and incredulity, and the next moment, Mrs. West had plunged forward and thrown herself into the arms of her husband.

Tooley's jaw dropped at a ridiculous angle. He stood transfixed, literally struck dumb and motionless with the surprise of it.

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"Then who was murdered?" asked Smith, the first to recover himself.

"Morley, the secretary," said Porter. "If you brought that blank warrant, Tooley, fill it in with the name of Bart Bryce. You'll get him at the Hanlon House under the name of H. W. Barton."

With the click of typewriters and the rush and bustle around them that pervades a newspaper office when an "extra" is under way, Porter gave Smith the facts that he required to fill in his story.

"Morley and Bryce were partners up in the north country. They knew they could make a pile if they got advance information on the recommendations that West was going to make. So Morley applied for the job of secretary to West when it fell vacant a month ago. But West was careful to keep Morley away from the real facts and the latter began to see that he would have to find some other way. He and West were busy in the Railway Department yesterday afternoon. A telegram arrived for West from a firm of engineers in Montreal, asking him to see them at once. He decided to take the evening train out and told Morley to notify Mrs. West. Being rushed, he occupied himself until train time and then made for the station and got on the train without dinner. It is likely that, owing to the storm, no one noticed him on the street. In the meantime, Morley knew that his employer had completed the work of putting his recommendations in writing and West's departure seemed a golden opportunity to rifle the papers and get the information he wanted. Accordingly he telephoned to the house that he himself was going to Montreal and then probably made his entrance to the house unobserved, by means of the door opening into the study alcove.

"The next step showed considerable cunning on Morley's part. He knew that it would take considerable time to go through the papers and secure the information he required. West had given strict instructions to the household not to permit anyone to enter the study when he was not there and so Morley could not hope to remain there long undetected. He and West were almost identical in height and build and had hair of the same shade. Accordingly Morley put on the dressing gown the engineer always used. He was acting on his knowledge that no member of the household dared come into the study when West was busy. By pacing the floor and talking to himself he gave warning against intrusion, Mrs. West and the servants being thus led to believe that West had returned home.

"Left in undisputed possession of the study, Morley pried open the engineer's desk and got out the papers. To enable him to go over them free from fear of detection, he took them to a table in a corner of the alcove. He then let his side partner in through the back door, taking the precaution of locking it afterward and putting the key in his pocket. While Bryce went through the mass of



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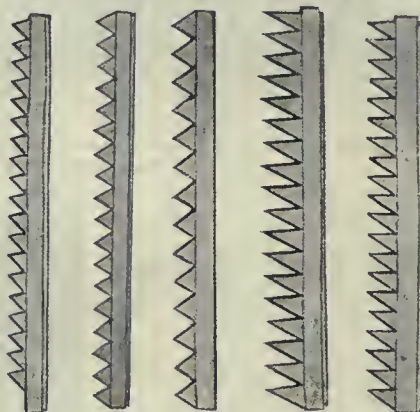
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papers at his leisure in the back room, Morley paced the study, thus advertising to the household the fact that the engineer was still there and not to be disturbed under any circumstances. Can you imagine more ideal conditions for a burglary?

"What transpired in that room no one will ever know—unless Bryce elects to tell. What I imagine happened is this: West had very carefully collected all really important data and the copy of his recommendations before leaving the house that day. He assured us on this point at the station just now. When Bryce failed to find them he became irritable and this probably led to words. Hard feelings over some old feud must have come to the surface leading to a clash. In a fit of rage Bryce seized a war club from the wall and struck Morley down with one terrific blow. They were both men of violent temperament as their records in the north country show: and this picture of a midnight struggle between them in the study of the man they planned to rob, which may seem unreal to you, is easily understandable when you know the men. After striking the fatal blow, Bryce found the door locked and being in a mad haste to escape from the room, did not stop to look for the key, but succeeded in forcing open the window, being a man of tremendous physical strength.

"That," he wound up, "seems to cover the case."

"But how did you get wise to it?" asked Smith. "There was no indication of all this on the surface."

"You were too busy looking for coloring for your story to notice anything else," responded Porter smiling, "and as for the police you wouldn't expect them to get the essentials."

"There were several things that set me thinking right at the start. The fact that the papers had been taken from West's desk on the study and removed to a small table in the back room was suspicious in itself. Why should West do this? Then there was a cigar on the table and I had a well-defined suspicion that the engineer did not smoke. Finally I found a piece of Hanlon House stationery among the other papers on which various notes had been made in a rough hand. It was quite apparent that this was not the work of Heyward West. And yet the idea of anyone else going through his papers in that way when he was around did not seem feasible. This started me thinking on the right track—and the rest came easy."

Smith bent over his typewriter and began to pound the keys. "In half an hour this story will be on the streets," he said.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has become a member of the Legion of Honor. Her aspirations for the honor had for many years been frustrated by influential opposition. The cross of the order was pinned on the breast of the famous actress at the conclusion of a performance in her own theatre in Paris.

Burned Out

Continued from Page 10.

It was three hours and a half after they had left the shore that the men stopped, puzzled.

"It's only fifteen miles across here," said Grasset. "We should have hit the point by now."

"The wind was straight north when we started."

"Neither spoke the fear that it had changed. Compassless, they turned and went on, the wind still at their left shoulders. Fifty yards away they could see nothing through the whirling, twisting, flying snow. Behind them their trail was obliterated in the same distance. Both men, their pace slackened, began to feel the wind, a wind which was a gale with the temperature twenty degrees below zero. But they kept on for another hour.

"The wind switched to the north-east," Grasset said when one of their now frequent stops was made. "We've got to head straight into it and make back to the north shore, or drift across to the south side, and that means a long way around."

Moir was silent. He was dead tired and stood listlessly, shielding his face from the storm. Grasset looked keenly at him and then turned squarely into the wind, straight back in the direction from which they had come.

Twice in the next hour Grasset stopped to help the other to his feet. The cold and exhaustion had ended Moir's usefulness. After the second fall Grasset motioned him to the rear, where he stumbled along until, at last, unnoticed, he fell into the snow.

After a time Grasset looked back. Only the toboggan followed. He returned on the trail, which was fast filling. Suddenly he stopped. The toboggan could just be seen in the storm. There was nothing on the back trail.

Weary as he was, Grasset ran back to the toboggan, turned it around and again retraced his steps, dragging his burden. At last the trail vanished. Made on the hard packed snow on the ice, it was not deep and had filled quickly. He could not feel it with his snowshoes. For a hundred yards he kept straight on with the wind behind him. Then he stopped and looked around. There was nothing in sight. For a moment he stood irresolutely.

"I'll give him one more chance," he muttered, dropping the traces and going on alone, circling this way and that, turning every moment to be sure the toboggan could be seen. At last, when he was about to return, he saw a dark spot on the snow and hurried to it. It was Moir, lying huddled in a little ball over which the snow was fast deepening.

Shaking, striking, rolling, dragging the body, Grasset finally was rewarded by seeing the younger man's eyes open. "On your feet, quick, man!" he exclaimed.

The body did not move. Again it was struck, kicked, jerked and thumped until the legs straightened and Moir sat

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up. Grasset seized his collar and yanked him to his feet.

Though semi-conscious, Moir understood when he was placed between the traces. He stumbled on after Grasset. When he fell the toboggan struck him, and he was lifted to his feet again by the patient demon who kept pushing straight on into the storm.

Moir's falls became more frequent. At last he could no longer stand. Grasset stood perplexed. Then, feeling a slight abatement in the wind, he turned to see the dim outline of trees off to the left.

He lifted the young man to his shoulders and, staggering beneath the weight and straining at the traces, made his way slowly toward the land. Soon the wind ceased to bite at his frozen face, the snow ceased to drive against his eyes, almost closed. One snowshoe caught on a boulder on the shore, and he and his burden fell into the drift.

Grasset, his body exhausted, his limbs numbed by the cold, his mind by his sorrow, welcomed the soft embrace of the snow. He vaguely sensed that the end had come and he was glad as all freezing men are glad in the stages just before death. And perhaps it would have ended there had not a faint call penetrated the wind and the snow drift, a call muffled by the gale and by the thick coat about Nellie's head.

An hour later Nellie and Moir sat beside a large fire in a spruce thicket. Grasset, after getting them to shelter and starting the fire, had left. Slowly and painfully, the two rubbed life back to frosted skin and absorbed warmth in their chilled bodies. For a long while they sat silently, and it was after dark before they made anxious conjectures as to Tom's whereabouts.

And then he came, a small pack on his shoulders, a kettle swinging in one hand. Without speaking, he built up the fire, melted snow for tea and placed strips of caribou meat and a round bannock before the flames to thaw. Then, for half an hour, the three silently ate and drank, reveling in the distended stomachs and the new life coursing through their blood.

"Where did you get it, Tom?" demanded Nellie, when she had finished.

"Old May-me-qweb's tepee is back only a mile," he answered. "This point is fifteen miles from the post. I recognized it when we struck. I knew the Indian was in the same place he was last year, on a little creek that flows into the lake just beyond the point."

"And now," he went on before they could comment, "you can make the post easy in the morning. You two will go on. I will go back to the tepee. I can trust May-me-qweb to keep quiet. After a day or two I'll strike westward. You can rest at the post and then go below together. I'll never bother you."

Nellie, who had been half asleep when he began to speak, sat up quickly as his meaning came to her. She stared at the face of her husband and then looked quickly at Moir. He, too, had started, but at once looked back at the fire. Only in his eyes did he show that he had heard.



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"I was wrong, Nellie, in thinking I could bring you up here and make you happy," Grasset went on. "I am older than you, and we lived differently before we were married. I was just beginning to see when he came.

"And then I saw how it was with you two, how it couldn't be with you and me together again. At first I wanted to kill him, and I was going to the morning the cabin burned. But this trip has shown me different. I know now he is a real man, and if you love him he'll make you happy. And I—I want you to be happy."

Grasset arose, put on his snowshoes, looked at the woman beside the fire and turned into the blackness of the spruce.

The man and woman sat motionless, staring at the retreating figure. As it disappeared, Moir's hand stole across the boughs and rested on Nellie's. As if she had touched the glowing coals, she sprang back and to her feet.

"Tom! Tom!" she cried. "Tom! Don't leave me! It's you. Tom, only you!"

Floundering in the deep snow, she struggled into the darkness after her husband.

"Tom, Tom," she cried and fell into his waiting arms.

For a minute he held her silently. Then her hands reached up about his neck, and she burst into tears.

"There was only you," she sobbed. "Didn't you see that I was just lonesome for company, that I wanted someone to talk to after those long, weary, lonesome days? I didn't love him, didn't even think of loving him. You just didn't understand, Tom. You've never known women, up here."

Grasset carried his wife back through the snow to the fire. Moir was putting on his snowshoes. He arose and went toward the lake. Outside the circle of firelight he turned to see the woodsman sitting beside the blaze, his wife in his arms. Then he went on into the night.

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2	21.43		1.60	27.303		61.043	60.143	2.40		12.50
3	67.880	27.52	17.20	72.658		64.958	61.736	2.20		
4	42.072	32.60		47.213		16.170	12.975		25.72	10.23
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Speeding Through Solid Rock

(Continued from page 7.)

phere, can keep the water in a tumbler upside down if he knows how. Most people have seen the trick done. On the same principle, when we are digging a hole through ground saturated with water, or through quicksand, which flows like water, we can keep either out by an equally opposing pressure. Invisible and all-pervading air is the medium by which you can apply that pressure all around. But once you have applied it, you dare not remove it until you have put something in the hole to take its place.

In the course of such work, an air lock is used to obtain access to the tunnel. This air lock is a steel chamber at the end of the shaft or tunnel leading to where the work is being done. When the air pressure in the lock is the same as in the tunnel we can open a door into the latter, and haul out the muck into the lock. Then we close the door and reduce the pressure in the lock down to atmosphere without reducing it in the least bit in the tunnel. A door opens at the other end of the lock, and out comes the load of muck to be emptied. As it goes back for another load the process is reversed.

Tunneling by compressed air is not all such straightforward work as this, however. Elaborate precautions have to be taken to see that exactly the right amount of air pressure is got and maintained. Too little pressure is as bad as none at all. Too much air may result in a blow-out. Another problem that was met with under the East River was due to the fact that the air pressure required at the top of the tunnel was different from that required at the bottom.

Apart from "blow-outs," where the high pressure air escapes and permits water and flowing ground to rush into the tunnel, the greatest danger in subaqueous tunnel work is from the men locking out of the compressed air too fast and getting what is called the "bends." If the men were to come straight out of the compressed air into atmospheric pressure it might kill them at once, and to come out in anything but the most leisurely way is apt to give them agonizing and often fatal cramps.

In this work the tunnel digger is dependent on the sand-hog. These men sometimes work under four atmospheres, and there they usually stop, for forty-five pounds gauge pressure to the square inch is about the limit of human endurance, although I believe 52 pounds has been used. In the tunnels under the East River the men worked in three-hour shifts under forty pounds pressure. Then they had to spend three-quarters of an hour in the air-lock while the pressure was slowly reduced to atmosphere. After a good rest they could repeat this just once, and then they were through for the day, when they could earn another \$4.50 in the same manner.

Origin of Compressed Air System

Antedating compressed air in tunnel building under rivers was an ingenious plan devised by De la Haye in 1845. His idea was to dredge out a trench across the bed of a river, build a mat in this trench, and sink the tunnel tube on this foundation. This plan was successfully used in the Detroit River tunnels, completed in 1909. A later plan is the freezing process, as exploited by Sooy-Smith. It has been experimented with a good deal in New York, but has not yet been found to be commercially practical.

Of course, digging the hole is by no means all in tunnel building. The lining of the tunnel, either by timber, rubble masonry, brickwork, concrete, or cast iron, has next to be done. This is often very complicated and at times so closely associated with excavation as to be practically inseparable, as in the case of shield work.

With the aid of improved methods and machinery, many wonderful triumphs in tunnel building have been achieved in recent years. In the case of the Mount Royal tunnel we have established a record for speed on this continent in driving a heading through solid rock. But when all is said and done, tunneling is slow and expensive work. When we consider the difficulties encountered and the comparative slowness of our progress, despite all the help modern science can give us, we cannot but admire afresh the daring and perseverance of the ancients, who conceived and accomplished such great works in the face of such overwhelming odds.

The Kaiser's New Cafe at Potsdam

THE Kaiser has lately added to his commercial activities by becoming the proprietor of a restaurant and cafe at Potsdam. Some time ago the municipality of Potsdam decided to close an old cafe situated beside the historical mill in front of the Sans Souci Castle. The people of Potsdam complained to the Emperor that they had been deprived of their favorite cafe, and the Kaiser decided to build and equip at his own expense a restaurant on a site near the windmill. This restaurant has recently been opened. The Kaiser wrote to the lessee as follows:—

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The restaurant is doing well, and one of the most regular customers is the Kaiser himself, who always inquires how "my restaurant" is going.

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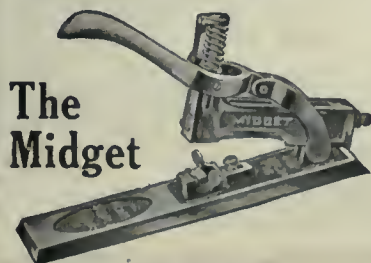
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



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Faults In Our Immigration Policy

By R. C. CRAVEN



A MARKED DECREASE

Since this article was prepared, figures have been given out at Ottawa which show a decrease in the number of immigrants leaving Great Britain for Canada. The statistics are as follows:—

	1913	1912
December	1,868	3,070
January	1,936	1,913
February	4,458	3,571
Totals	8,262	8,559

This decrease may be attributed to the fact that conditions have been admittedly dull in Canada. On the other hand, conditions in the Mother Country have not been favorable and this under ordinary circumstances would serve as a stimulus to emigration.

These figures point the lesson that Mr. Craven is endeavoring to drive home. Is our immigration policy broad enough?

IS the immigration policy of Canada shaped to achieve the best results?

The future status of Canadian citizenship depends very largely upon the class of immigrant that is brought in to-day. If the Canada of 1925 is to be a thriving country of twenty million souls, as every Canadian likes to think, then at least half of that number will have to be brought in from across the border and beyond the seas. Looking at it in that light, the immigration problem looms up as the gravest question that Canada has to face. It becomes a duty, therefore, to consider our immigration policy in all its phases; to probe for its weaknesses and to find remedies.

If the Government and the agricultural community of Canada desire to encourage the immigration of more Britishers and of a better class of Britisher than hitherto, a vast deal will have to be done in re-shaping the immigration policy and revising the methods under which that policy is directed. The mother country still has sons and daughters to offer her colonies. But other countries besides Canada call to the old countryman to-day. South

Africa, and particularly Rhodesia, is opening up, New Zealand and Tasmania have done a quiet steady business in immigration for some years while Australia has come swiftly forward.

At the present time Australia, with a fixed and well-defined policy, is attracting a fine type of British settler. It is not contended that Australia is securing men and women in such large numbers as Canada, but there is no shadow of doubt as to the quality of the men and women who are leaving the old home for Australia. The heads of the Australian Government know exactly what they want, they know the kind of man and woman whose assistance they desire in populating that vast island continent. Knowing what they want they have set out to get it.

Canada is but a week's journey from English ports; to reach Australia entails a sea-trip of forty days. If for no other reason, Canada ought to attract vastly greater numbers than a continent so far away. But of those who feel called upon to choose between the two an increasing number are giving their



Their first glimpse of the promised land.

attention to Australia. Early last year a new and successful move was made by the Australian Government. They conceived the idea that the scarcity of farm help might be met by bringing out a large number of youths between sixteen and twenty years of age. They considered that if they secured boys of this age, the young fellows would be more likely to settle down to country life than men of twenty-five or thirty, who had become wedded to the life of the cities. An appeal was made for boys from sixteen to twenty years. As an additional attraction the authorities in Australia offered to provide a considerable sum towards the cost of the voyage and guaranteed employment for every selected boy at the rate of at least ten shillings per week with board and lodging provided free.

Australia's Methods

All that a youth needed to possess before obtaining his ticket of passage were a good character, a healthy body, and a sum of three pounds. Imagine a voyage of 12,000 miles for a cash-down payment of less than fifteen dollars!

The response justified the experiment. It showed that in many homes the problem of selecting a suitable career for a youth was solved in the grip of Australia's outstretched hand. Many parents, whose other family calls prevented them finding the cash to start their boys in a professional career, saw the opportunity and took it. In other cases boys, whose natures rebelled against the drudgery and confinement of the city shop or warehouse, obtained parental consent, scraped three sovereigns together and boarded an Australian-bound vessel.

It may seem early to judge of the success or otherwise of this experiment. The best evidence on the point is that Australia is satisfied, so satisfied that the policy is being maintained and further developed.

And amongst those who know, it is stated that these intelligent, educated, middle-class boys are but the pioneers in very many instances for whole families. They are learning the business of agriculture, are spying out a suitable location. At the right time new acres will be opened out, shacks will be built, and in those shacks father, mother, brothers and sisters from the old land will reunite with the pioneer in the new.

Australia loses money on the boy pioneer, but gains handsomely in the end.

Australia, too, has cast a searching eye in the direction of another fine type of Britisher—the time-expired army man. The man who has served a few years in the British army, who has come through with a straight record, is just the man for any new country. He is physically fit, is intelligent, understands what it means to obey orders, has the sinew to pull him through a hard day's work. If he has served in a cavalry regiment he represents a splendid type of horseman. He knows how to care for his mount, how to get the best out of the animal.

The Retired Army Man

A number of these splendid fellows are making their way to Australia, but neither Australia nor Canada has yet realized to the full how the ranks of settlers may be swollen by these fine young men. These men must, however, be attracted as soon as their service period has expired, and before they have had time to drift into a life of casual labor with the demoralizing tendency which accompanies it.

Comparisons are odious; and it is not my intention to institute a comparison between the policies of Canada and Australia. Mention of the latter country has been made for the sole purpose of showing that the competition we must face is growing stronger. It is my intention, however, to point what various ways in which the immigration policy of Canada could be improved and to suggest certain ideas which a lengthy study of conditions lead me to believe would serve to bring a better class of British settler to the Dominion.

More must be done to convince the Britisher that Canada is the place for him, that her soil can give him the passport to independence, that her snows are not a curse, but Nature's blessing and restorer, that the Government of Canada can be relied upon to render every reasonable service to the settler after he has cast his lot in this new country. Can-

adian agricultural conditions are such as to charm and tempt permanent residence.

For reasons which it is not possible to analyze here, too many have returned to the Old Country from Canada in a disgruntled frame of mind. All have not found fortune here. One has heard in England stories of hardships, of a long struggle to acquire a homestead and of the whole lot being seized for some debt. These stories may be true, they may only be half true, or they may be false. But, whether true, entirely or in part, these cases are a standing hindrance to hundreds of others coming out. If they are true, it becomes the duty of the Government and the people of Canada to see if something cannot be done to give the settler an extra chance, a lengthened lease of life. Could not some scheme be devised for backing the struggling settler during the first years, when expenses are heavy and crops uncertain?

Better Immigration Agents

The Governments, national and provincial, must see to it that the men who go to England to engage in the business of immigration are the very best men who can be found for the work. It is no use repaying the time-server with a soft job on the immigration staff. If political or other services call for some reward let the reward take any other form than that of emissary to the Old Country. Make the man Lord High Something-or-Other of a cannibal island, but don't send him to represent a glorious cause and a glorious country before the farmers and working men of Britain. Any such policy either means that the whole business doesn't matter, or involves acceptance as an axiom that the Britisher is an out-and-out fool.

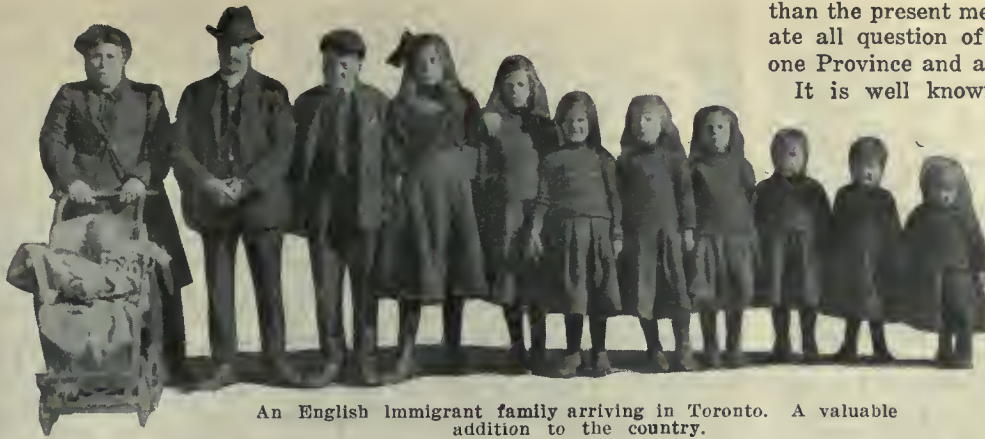
The men to engage in this work must be the best available. They must know Canada or some particular Province, so well that they can give trade figures, settlement and other statistics without reference to handbooks. Their information must be absolutely up-to-date. If their special work is lecturing they must be men with particular aptitude for the work, must be able to carry conviction to an audience. They must not spend whole years in England; they must live at least six months of each year in Canada, touring the rural districts, viewing lands open for settlement, and they must arrive back in England early in October so as to make the appeal at the best time of the year—from October to February



The entry to the "promised land." Foreign immigrants arriving off the Atlantic liners.

These lecturers, too, must be sufficiently competent and must know their subject well enough to be able to invite questions at the conclusion of their addresses. The lecturer does not usually reach the basic ideas of an audience, and the answers elicited at question time very often contain more real information than the lecture itself. It is a poor finish to a lecture when the man with the knowledge has to request that those who desire special information shall address their questions to him privately in an ante-room.

It is my firm opinion that each Province should have its own agent-lecturer in England during the winter. Expense



An English immigrant family arriving in Toronto. A valuable addition to the country.

in this matter cannot be considered. It is but a drop in an ocean of money. It is impossible, owing to the size of Canada, that any one man can do more than generalize when dealing with the whole country. What is the use of a lecturer talking about apple crops to the man who may be thinking of Manitoba? One man, one Province would be far better

than the present method, and would obviate all question of jealousy as between one Province and another.

It is well known that jealousy—or should one say rivalry—exists as between the different Provinces. Besides keeping clear of difficulties which might arise through saying too much of one Province and too little of another, the Provincial representative would deal in hard facts and not in generalizations. The Britisher wants facts.

With specialization by individual Provinces it would be possible to organize so that work-seekers could be placed in direct communication with farmers seeking help. The Provincial agent could be kept informed by the farmers' organizations of their approximate requirements

Continued on Page 133.

The Shame of It: By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

To the sensitive is ridicule more to be feared than contempt? Could a man be placed in such a position that he would rather sacrifice honor than to suffer humiliation in the eyes of friends? Alan Sullivan thinks so and proceeds to prove it by developing just such a situation. Read this story through—to the last line—and you will agree that it is possible.



"—— But then I saw it was Stewart. He turned very white."

WE were all sorry when Stewart lost his money. He was one of those fellows with whom money had never made any difference, though he had more than any of us except Mason. And it was Mason who told me that Stewart had come a cropper in South Africa. I remember very well that

we were talking about it at the club, when Stewart came in, and, because we stopped so suddenly, he walked down to us and sat down with a queer smile on his face and pushed the bell.

We both wanted to push it first, having a queer idea that the time had come when Stewart ought not to pay for our

drinks. We remembered that afterwards. Anyway, he was very frank about it all, and was just going up to see the secretary about his resignation. Mason and I did our best, telling him that he was such a clever devil that he could get along very comfortably and every man in the club would want to put something in his way.

But Stewart just looked at his glass. "Its awfully decent of you chaps to talk like this," he said. "But as a matter of fact you can't do anything for me because I can't do anything myself. I'm a fool at figures, and a perfect duffer at business. You see everything has always been done for me. So I'm just going to drop quietly out, and in a week or two I won't be missed at all."

We expostulated at this, but he was quite firm. He had a quiet decision about him that made us think what a good man he would be at something if he had not felt too old to begin.

Of course we couldn't help. Stewart would have thrown money in our faces. Mason got him a billet with a man he

knew in the city; but after a few weeks Mason's friend told him that Stewart's work was impossible, and he hadn't courage enough to let him go, he was such a decent chap. Mason laughed and arranged that some clerk should work overtime and straighten the books out every night. Then Stewart found it out and he came to Mason white with rage, and of course, chucked the job at once.

For the next year we saw him occasionally. He never passed the club, but we used to meet him suddenly going round corners. Sometimes he pretended not to see us. And all the time he was getting leaner and shabbier. I heard afterwards that he had pawned most of his clothes and paid up every cent he owed, which was not much, but a stiff thing for a ruined man. His faced used to haunt me, especially in winter—thin, with a delicate sensitive mouth, pointed chin, large, soft grey eyes, hollow cheeks and small ears that laid close to his head; always clean shaven, he began to look like an ascetic monk. His clothes commenced to show the seams and were worn threadbare, but I never saw them dirty or untidy.

I suppose it's awfully easy to lose heart when one has been down on one's luck for some time. Of course Stewart had no one dependent on him or we could have acted. But being alone he seemed to live, as it were, in isolation, and, so far as we could tell, get a grim sort of satisfaction from sticking it out alone.

Mason and I worried over it. You see there was a part of Stewart we couldn't get at, and that was his pride. If he had not been so infernally well-born he might not have been so stiff-necked, but his attitude was such that it made us feel we were offering alms to the whole aristocracy.

"You know," said Mason one night when we sat in the club windows and watched an occasional thin black figure slouching down Piccadilly. "I often wonder what would happen to most of us if we came croppers. It's all very well to sit here and say we would do so and so and feel jolly confident about it, but could we do it if we had to? I believe that the very necessity of it weakens a man's power. He is appalled at the thought of the consequences of failure."

I thought for a while. That was a new way of putting it. I had read a good deal of what men accomplish under terrific strain and load, and I said so.

"Yes, that's all right as far as it goes, but these were mostly men of genius. Huxley or some clever Johnny said that genius was the spontaneous variation of the race. That will explain it because genius can accomplish anything. But there's no variation about you or me—England is full of us, decent enough fellows as we go—but, Good Lord, we don't produce anything. We're consumers." He threw back his head and squirted up a long straight column of smoke, then stared at it. "As a matter of fact there are too many of us."

Mason seemed wound up so I let him go. "What do you mean?"

"I mean this. We're too damn good. There are enough aristocrats in England

to provide every country in the world with a complete nobility if it hadn't one already. But have we anything else? Look at Stewart! A better fellow never lived, but there isn't a pitman in Yorkshire who isn't more of an asset to the country than Stewart is—or than you or I would be under the same conditions."

That was the way with Mason. He was full of ripping ideas, and, always, just as we expected him to try some of them out, he'd go off shooting to Greenland or fishing to Norway, and when he came back he'd have a totally new set that would carry him over to the next expedition. I think he used to like calling himself a good-for-nothing unproductive slacker.

It was about a month after that talk, when we were dining in a little out-of-the-way place, that we next saw Stewart. Mason kicked me when the waiter came up. One doesn't always look at a waiter's face, but then I saw it was Stewart. He turned very white. His duty was to wait on that table. He had not recognized us till he came up, and then, of course, he could not refuse without losing his place. It made me rather sick and I was just going to say something when Mason kicked me again. Of course the only thing was to see it through. If we had gone out he would have got into trouble. I had not thought of that—and there wasn't another empty table.

It was a ghastly meal—we both nearly choked. Stewart stuck it out like a hero and stood behind us with a napkin over his arm. In my time I had seen many men die many deaths, but that beat them all. We could not talk, but just rammed food down our throats. We sent Stewart off for something and then shoved a five-pound note under a plate. When he came back we settled up, the exact amount—I swallowed a lump in my throat at the way he said "Thank you." That was because we had not offered him a tip. But in the morning Mason opened an envelope addressed to him at the club and found the five-pound note inside.

The next time, curiously enough, we met Stewart was also at dinner, but then he sat between Mason and me. It all came about through Paterson. Paterson was one of our fellows who had been in Australia for years and came back with a big black beard—and rolling in money. He was telling us at the club about his sheep—I think he had four hundred thousand of them—a few nights later when he looked around and said suddenly, "Where's old Stewart?"

He was awfully sorry, and, of course, wanted to do something at once. Then Mason told him about the five-pound note.

Paterson didn't say anything for a while, then he blurted, "I think you fellows have made a hell of a mess of it. What Stewart wants is self-respect. Don't you see! He thinks that just because he's lost his money he has changed in our eyes—not fit for us—and all that. It's pride gone crazy, that's all. Now what we've got to do is to stiffen up his self-respect, and by George I know how to do it! I'm going to give a dinner and ask him!"

"He won't come," said Mason.

Paterson laughed. "I'll bet you fifty pounds—proceeds to be invested for Stewart in either case."

Mason took him, only he was puzzled how Stewart could ever be got to take the proceeds.

Now, whether it was just a long shot of Paterson's or whether fellows out in the colonies get a bigger view and better range of things—I don't know, but the strange part of it is that that invitation found Stewart at his last known address, and Stewart answered that he would come. It was the old stereotyped thing—Mr. Paterson requests the pleasure of —, and Mr. Stewart accepts with pleasure. It gave us all a queer feeling. We were to sit with him and talk and smoke and spin yarns, just as if nothing had ever happened. I had my doubts, but Paterson somehow gave me confidence that it would go off all right.

It was a curious dinner. Most of us were there when Stewart came in. He did it awfully well—rather pale, but as proud as Potiphar. His clothes were threadbare and I could see places where he had worn them through with cleaning. But after a while things went very smoothly. We talked hunting and shooting, and, of course, no one mentioned the club. Paterson yarned away about his place up-country in Australia, and I could see Stewart's eyes fill up with a sort of helpless wonder at his host's success. One thing we all avoided and that was any mention of women. We all felt that among men everything was all right, but once we introduced the women it would make it damnably hard for Stewart.

I think I never saw a man eat like he did. He didn't chew things, but just bolted them whole. He was so thin that the skin seemed stretched tight, straight from cheek bone to chin, and his collar was away big for him. I don't want you to think that he guzzled—he didn't—one hardly knew that he was eating till his plate was bare. He seemed physically comforted long before dessert came, and had patches of color in his face, and his eyes were as if someone had lit a lamp inside them. I know that as time went on we began to feel it more and more difficult to avoid subjects that might be hard on Stewart: and then somehow we began to talk about precious stones. Everyone had stories of them. Suddenly Mason leaned forward and asked to see the emerald Paterson wore on his left hand. It was a cabochon—a beautiful thing and must have been worth a lot of money.

Paterson slipped it off, and handed it to him. I was a little surprised at his wearing jewelry, but somehow it didn't seem so out of the way in a man who had knocked about as much as he had. His black hair and eyes and everything about him was a little unusual.

Mason admired the ring and sent it on round the table. There were twelve of us altogether. Mason was on Paterson's right and Stewart on his left. I was next Stewart.

The ring reached me after a few minutes. It was set in platinum and though the stone must have been very firmly

placed, it looked as if one could pry it out quite easily. Then I laid it on the table beside Stewart.

Now, I don't quite remember what happened next, but in a little while Paterson laughed, "Which of you fellows has succumbed to my ring?"

The man on my left said, "Not guilty," and looked at me. I said the same thing and looked at Stewart.

I thought at the time it was the food and wine that made Stewart so red, but he shook his head. "Haven't got it."

Paterson laughed more than ever. "Come on you chaps. This is a poor welcome to a wanderer from the antipodes."

Someone said something about spoiling the Egyptians; then we grew rather merry, and just as we were starting off to the Palace, Paterson said again, "Whoever has that ring please cough it up." I think he was getting vexed.

At that we looked at each other. The thing had gone rather too far. Paterson saw we were not joking and really did not have his ring. I watched Stewart and would have sworn he was telling the truth just like the rest of us. Paterson evidently was up a tree. You see the only man there who could have had any reason for taking it was Stewart.

It was getting infernally awkward, when Mason said, "Look here Paterson, this thing must be cleared up. Now, this instant."

Paterson nodded.

"Now I want you to search me. I'll search the man on my right, and so on, all round. Everything found goes on the table. There's a nigger in the fence somewhere."

Everyone agreed to that except Stewart, who got ghastly white, and said nothing. I remember staring at him and saying to myself, "He hasn't got it. He hasn't." And yet I knew I had laid that ring beside Stewart's plate.

The searching would have been funny if it had not been so horribly serious. Man after man stood up and had his pockets emptied. I know there were nine gold watches, match boxes, cigarette and sovereign cases, and a lot of money. The table looked as if a highwayman had gone through us. Paterson took it awfully well. He tried to laugh and joke and looked at the ceiling most of the time. Most of us were thinking about Stewart and what a mistake this whole affair had been.

The searching took a little while and after I had been cleaned out I turned to Stewart. Now mind you, all this time

he had not said a word, but got whiter and whiter. Then when it came to his turn he sat still and said stiffly, "Gentlemen, I decline to be searched. I have not the ring."

We could have heard a pin drop. Every man looked at the little heap of things in front of him and for a moment there was a silence that none of us wanted to break. I was sorry for Stewart, but even sorrier for Paterson, who always had very strong ideas of honor, and I know he had wanted to take Stewart with him to Australia.

Then as if we had all thought of it at once, every man got up and stood there like a graven image. "Slip it to me for God's sake," I whispered under my breath to Stewart. "I'll find it under the table."



Stewart turned just like an automaton—bowed to Patterson very formally, then to the rest. Something galvanized us all and we bowed back.

I know he heard, because his lip twitched, but he just stood there and stared at the wall. His mouth was pressed tight, his chin stuck out, and there was not a shred of color in his face.

Then just as I wanted to shout and break this horrible spell, Paterson went to the door. I think he was suffering as much as Stewart. He opened it and looking at Stewart, said in a queer cracked voice. "I'm sorry, very, very sorry."

Stewart turned just like an automaton. His eyes were as hard as steel and never in my life have I seen a man look so proud. He stopped just as he reached the door, and, would you believe it, bowed to Paterson very formally, then to the rest. Something galvanized us all and we bowed back. Then he vanished and

left us with that extraordinary picture in our minds—his cadaverous, threadbare, solitary figure bowing at the door and the eleven of us—standing round a table covered with gold watches and things shining in the candle light—and bowing stiffly back to a self-confessed thief.

We didn't go to the Palace but sat talking for a long time. I think that what we felt most was that Stewart should have kept this rotten thing for Paterson, after we had wanted him to let us help for so long. Paterson said very little. He didn't mind the loss of the ring, but I know from what he had said about some of the men he had met in Australia, that he had a tremendous idea of good form. As he put it—if Stewart had broken a window and helped

himself, it would have been quite all right; but to wait till he was one of ourselves again—if only for an evening—was a bit too thick. You see the very thing that Paterson wanted to reach—his self-respect—had gone to pieces, and that hit us pretty hard. "Nothing of this outside," said Paterson, and we all agreed.

Two days later when I was sitting in the smoking room, Mason came up, touched my shoulder, and jerked his head. I followed him till we saw Paterson in a corner. In front of him was a table and on the table an open letter. His face looked queer and he handed the letter to me. I read it and gasped. Then Paterson held out his hand—the ring was on it.

"I don't know what to do," he said brokenly. "The damned thing was in the carpet. It evidently fell off the table at Stewart's place and the vacuum cleaner pulled it out next day. You remember the rug was very thick. I went at once to try and find him, but he's cleared out. He kept in his room that night, and then vanished. They have not seen him since. He—" Paterson hesitated, "He didn't come in next night."

Occasionally men see what idiots they have made of themselves. We saw it then. Paterson felt worst of all. We had visions of poor Stewart floating down past Tilbury or being fished out of the Serpentine. I don't think there was one of us who would not have given half he had to undo that evening. We put advertisements in every paper—in such a way that he would understand, but no one else could—and Paterson had de-

Continued on page 141.

THE agricultural development of the Canadian West, apart from ranching, divides into three chapters. First was the settlement of the Red and Assiniboine watersheds in eastern and southern Manitoba. The second was the development of the two Saskatchewan valleys, south and north, respectively. The third epoch, on which we are now entering, is the opening of the Mackenzie basin, commencing with the valleys of the Peace and the Athabasca. Will the third chapter exceed the second as the second did the first?

The Peace River country is on every man's tongue in the West. No longer is it the dread, rather mysterious and almost unattainable land of Arctic rigors and natural obstacles. It has become instead a country of commercial and agricultural possibilities, and as such is now the objective point of the pioneer.

This article is written in the new North, after an adventurous, exciting and decidedly laborious trip down the circuitous and risky waters beyond Athabasca Landing. We have passed the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca, run the Grand Cascade, struggled over many a weary portage; and we have begun to see the new North with new eyes—with eyes that glimpse the greatness of this wonderful land, which cannot fail but convey to the mind a sense of prophetic certainty. Beyond the Landing one starts to see visions of a new empire.

We of the East have had an idea that the region north of Edmonton was wholly unsettled. What was our surprise to find at St. Albert, Clyde, and various other points along the C.N.R.'s hundred-mile line from Edmonton to Athabasca, extensive settlements where half a dozen stacks of grain marked many a homestead, and oat stooks studded the fields as thick as on the Saskatchewan plains.

The black-loam soil of the prairie extends all through this territory. Barring a few jackpine ridges and some rough country along the north shore of Lesser Slave Lake, we saw nothing else on a five-hundred-and-fifty-mile journey from Edmonton to Grand Prairie, via the Athabasca River, Lesser Slave Lake and Peace River Crossing.

A stream of people of the very finest class that ever developed a new country have been pouring into the North. The train to Athabasca had twelve freight cars and twelve passenger coaches. The train agent informed us they had been

The Third Chapter

Trend of Settlement is Now Toward the MacKenzie Basin, a Land of Wonderful Promise



A street scene in Port Cornwall. The Grand Rapids are shown to the right.

The Third Chapter of Western Growth opens with the reader's attention fixed on the Peace River district. A wonderful country lies to the north in the basin of the MacKenzie, not a land of ice and snow, but a district where agriculture is possible, where the best of wheat is grown. The rush to the Peace River, which is now on in

carrying a hundred and sixty or seventy passengers a day.

Many thousand homesteaders and holders of scrip have already located in one part or another of the great region traversed. Think of hundred-acre fields of oats at Athabasca Landing, Peace River Crossing, and Dunvegan! Behold extensive settlement along the south shore of Lesser Slave Lake; on the plateau north of the Peace between the Crossing and Dunvegan; again in Spirit River prairie fifteen miles south of Dunvegan; south of this again in Grande Prairie, and yet again in the newer section of Pouce Coupe, sixty miles northwest of Grande Prairie and divided by the British Columbia boundary. The most thickly settled district of all is Grande Prairie, situated over a hundred

miles north of Edmonton by latitude and between two and three hundred miles west. It lies within view of the snowclad Rocky Mountain peaks, through the passes between which it receives many tempering Chinooks. The first con-

siderable quota of settlers reached Grande Prairie in the

mid-summer of 1909, trekking by ox-teams the whole five hundred and fifty miles from Edmonton, the nearest railroad station and base of supplies. Even yet, machinery, provisions, clothing, furniture and seed other than that now produced in the district have to be freighted from Edson, Athabasca or Smith, opposite Port Cornwall. Thus, in addition to the usual handicaps of pioneer farming, operations have been seriously hampered by lack of machinery to do seeding and harvesting with dispatch. Yet in Grande Prairie this past autumn and early winter, five threshing outfits winnowed three hundred and seventy-five thousand bushels of grain, besides which enough had been fed out of the sheaf or reserved for such use to have run the total crop close to half a million. Barley threshed thirty-five to fifty bushels per acre, and was nearly all ripened hard. Wheat yielded variously as to quantity and quality, but as much as forty bushels of good milling grain per acre were obtained. Oats averaged perhaps sixty, though yields of seventy were common and one acre turned out a hundred and twenty. The proportion of grain to straw is well nigh incredible. It is not at all unusual to bag a bushel from six or seven binder sheaves, whereas in the East a bushel from ten sheaves is counted satisfactory. At the risk of



A homestead on the Lesser Slave River.

of Western Growth

By
W. D. ALBRIGHT

Illustrated by Photographs of Peace River District



A general view of the rapidly-growing Town of Grouard at the head of the Lesser Slave Lake.

real earnest, will be the last trek of the pioneer in Canada—and some say the greatest. Edmonton, once the "ultima thule" of the settler, is now becoming a "half-way place" to the northern land of great promise. In the accompanying article a brief summary of the possibilities of the land is given. It is well worth reading.

my reputation I will add that I assisted in threshing one load of oats grown on late spring plowing which turned out a hundred and one thirty-five-pound bushels according to the machine weigher. Count of the sheaves indicated a bushel to each four and a half sheaves. Yet these oats, being sown late, had been frosted before being cut. The sample, nevertheless, was superb, as the editor may judge from the small quantity submitted.

I came to Grande Prairie well informed and therefore confident of the future of this particular area, but open to conviction regarding most of the other sections within what we have broadly styled the Mackenzie basin. I am already convinced beyond all hesitation that many million acres of prairie and bush land will soon be occupied and gradually brought under profitable cultivation. Who knows but that Marquis and Preston and Prelude wheat and sixty-day oats may yet do for the New North what Red Fife did for the West? If that hope be too sanguine, great stock-raising possibilities remain. Oats and barley ripen well beyond the wheat line and, what is more, oats cut in the milk make excellent feed. Clearing and drainage will gradually reduce the danger of frost so that what is now being accomplished in Grande Prairie may be taken as an earnest of what will soon be duplicated

in other tracts—is being duplicated in fact. One of the surprises of our trip was a large frame barn with shingled hip-roof at an extensive settlement just north of Dunvegan. At this same neighborhood we saw a bin of Marquis wheat said to contain fifty-four bushels, grown from one bushel sown on an acre. Near here a township thrown open to entry last summer was all filed upon in three days.

Before leaving for the North, I saw George Harcourt, Alberta's deputy minister of agriculture and got him talking about the new empire of the North.

"I want to give you a vision of the West," he said, unrolling a ten-foot map with red buttons stuck upon it here and there. The buttons represented places where wheat has been grown in the North, and were distributed within a line running from Fort McMurray, on the Athabasca River, sharply north-westward to Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, six or seven

hundred miles north of Edmonton.

"This line," he explained, "takes in all of Alberta, even its north-east corner, as well as land a hundred and fifty miles north and a hundred and fifty miles west of the Provincial boundary. How small the Maritime Provinces or the old-settled portion of Ontario seem in comparison with the tremendous sweep of territory from the international boundary north to the wheat line which this map shows!"

"The fact of grain production in the North is no mere dream of to-day or yesterday. The wheat that won first prize and the bronze medal at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876 was grown at Fort Chippewan, on Lake Athabasca. It weighed sixty-eight pounds to the bushel. The prize wheat at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, was raised at Peace River Landing (now called Crossing). A Hudson's Bay Company factor tells me that twenty-five years ago he saw Ladoga wheat ripened at Fort Laird. Oats, barley and potatoes can be grown successfully much farther north than wheat, thus promising a great future for much of the Northland as a stock-raising country.

"Then look at the river systems. The many tributaries of the South and North Saskatchewan, whose waters taste the salt of Hudson's Bay; of the Athabasca and the Peace, whose mingled volume reaches Arctic brine through the mighty Mackenzie, all take their rise on the Eastern slope of the Rockies. This watershed has been set aside as a forest reserve, ensuring a steady stream flow. What perfect conditions for stock raising on the plains through which they run!

"Climatologists have figured out that a thousand feet reduction in altitude is equivalent to between three hundred and three hundred and fifty miles of latitude. Calgary district is about three thousand feet above sea level, Edmonton a little over two thousand; Dunvegan, on the Peace, is thirteen hundred, and Fort Vermilion farther down the river is only nine hundred and fifty."

These figures, considered along with the tempering influence of the warm Japan current, whose soft breath is wafted across the Rocky Mountain range on the wings of the far-famed Chinook, go to explain the miracles of production now heard of from what was once supposed to be the frozen and forbidding North.



Gardening on the Lesser Slave River.

Who can set limits to the future of such a land? As J. D. McArthur, the well-known railway contractor, put it in conversation not many months ago—"Every prediction that has yet been made about the West has been gone one better." Mr. McArthur has been building railways in Canada for over thirty years, commencing west of Winnipeg on the C.P.R. He has constructed part of every Canadian transcontinental and if all his sections were pieced together they would span the continent. He is at present constructing the Hudson's Bay Railroad under contract for the Dominion Government, and incidentally pushing through a line of his own from Edmonton to the Peace River by way of Lesser Slave Lake, to which the road is already graded and partly in operation. At least it is purported to be his own, although speculation has been rife as to whether the C.P.R. or the G.T.P. would not operate it when completed. At all events, Mr. McArthur has been building it. He is also president of the Canada Central, which will branch off from the E.D. & B.C. near Grouard to Peace River Crossing and thence to Dunvegan. Since our interview he has also completed negotiations with the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway.

Here is a project to fire the imagination. The Alberta and Great Waterways is projected from Edmonton to Fort McMurray, at the head of uninterrupted navigation on the Athabasca River. Scows ply between Athabasca Landing and Fort McMurray, but they have to be tracked back up the ninety-odd miles of rapids above the Fort. Practically, therefore, McMurray is at the head of navigation to the Arctic. From here on,

it is interrupted only by a portage around the cataract at Fort Smith. The chain of lakes and rivers thus to be tapped is almost inconceivable in possibilities. Athabasca River discharges into the lake of the same name, drained by the Great Slave River, into which the Peace empties near its head.

Slave Lake, which feeds the mighty Mackenzie, which swings north-westwardly toward the base of the mountain range that supplies its upper waters and then bears northward to the Arctic Ocean. Of this magnificent system of watercourses, J. K. Cornwall said, referring to the present C.N.R. spur to Athabasca Landing:

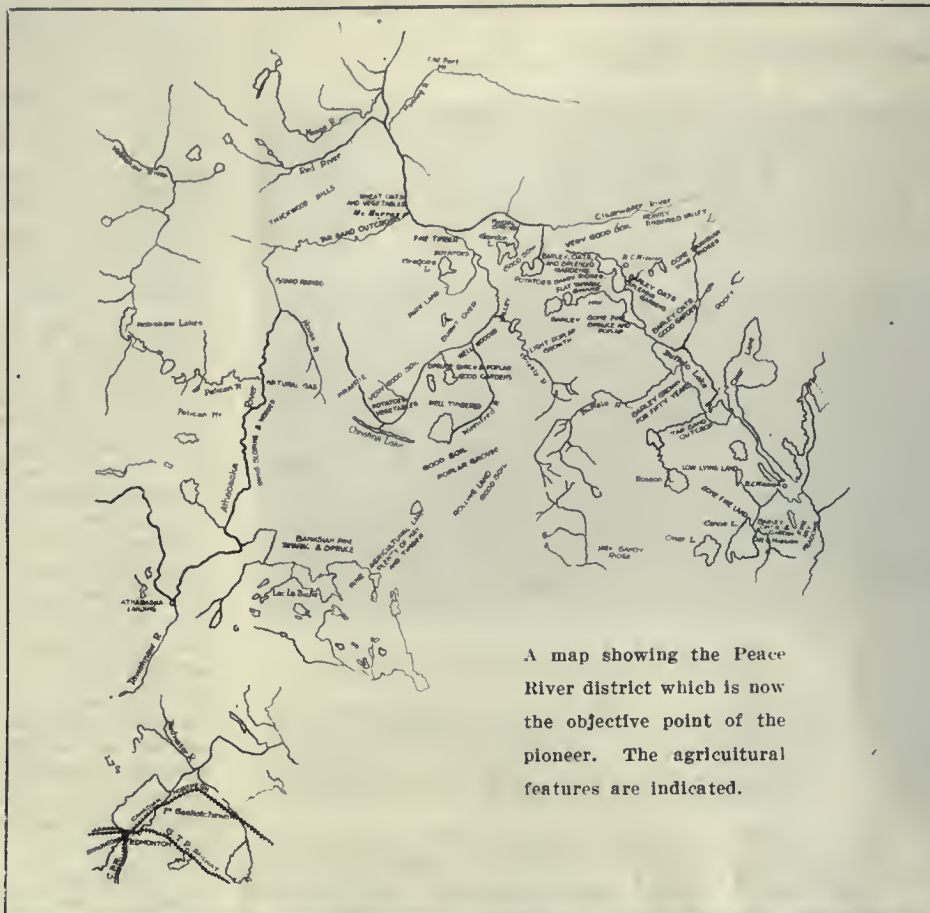
"Thirty-six hundred miles of navigable water connect with steel at this point."

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of these northern rivers is their immense navigable stretches, though water powers of great potentiality are available at certain places, while minerals of known and unknown value await exploitation by the capitalist. The A. & G.W. will place Calgary and Edmonton on one of the main crossings of the continent. At these junction points, east-and-west traffic will be intercepted and switched toward the New North. Globe trotters will change cars here for a thousand-league rail and water trip to summer resorts on the Arctic Sea where blubber soup and caribou steak will be features of the menu and whale-fishing a favorite pastime.

Of the Peace River climate I speak from three months' personal knowledge. These have been the pleasantest, most healthful and most favorable for accomplishing work outdoors of any corresponding period I have ever experienced, whether in New Brunswick, Ontario or Alberta. With just enough snow for sleighing since early November,

with many fine days ranging from freezing to zero and with no storms as yet (writing the fore part of February, equal to what I have experienced elsewhere, we have been

Continued on Page 140.



A map showing the Peace River district which is now the objective point of the pioneer. The agricultural features are indicated.



The opening of a new street in Mirror Landing, now Port Cornwall at the Junction of the Little Slave and Athabasca Rivers.

Of these three rivers Ernest Thompson Seton writes, "The Athabasca is a great river; the Peace is a greater and the Slave is worthy of its parents," or words to that effect.

The Slave pours its flood into Great



Efficiency of the Individual

By GEO. H. SHEPARD

Illustrated by A. LISMER

AN Englishman once said that the American business man leads a life of intense activity. He rushes to his office, after a hasty breakfast, reading the morning newspaper at the table or in the car, for lack of time to read it otherwise. He opens his mail, reads it hurriedly, and dictates the replies. He snatches a quick lunch in ten or fifteen minutes or goes hungry. He posts off to another part of town, attends a business meeting or two, meets representatives of several other concerns, hurries back to his office, reads and signs his mail, and hurries away to an evening meeting. Said the Englishman, "He has not been idle fifteen minutes all day, and he has not thought fifteen minutes about anything."

Such strenuous, intense, driven lives fill early graves and recruit the mad-houses, while they show little in the way of achievement in comparison to their enormous outlay of energy.

In exceptional cases men of unusual endurance drive themselves like steam engines and attain wonderful success; but there are at least well known instances where men of that type, in the physical slump that comes to men in later middle life, have gone down completely.

For the hurried, driven, and overworked there is relief.

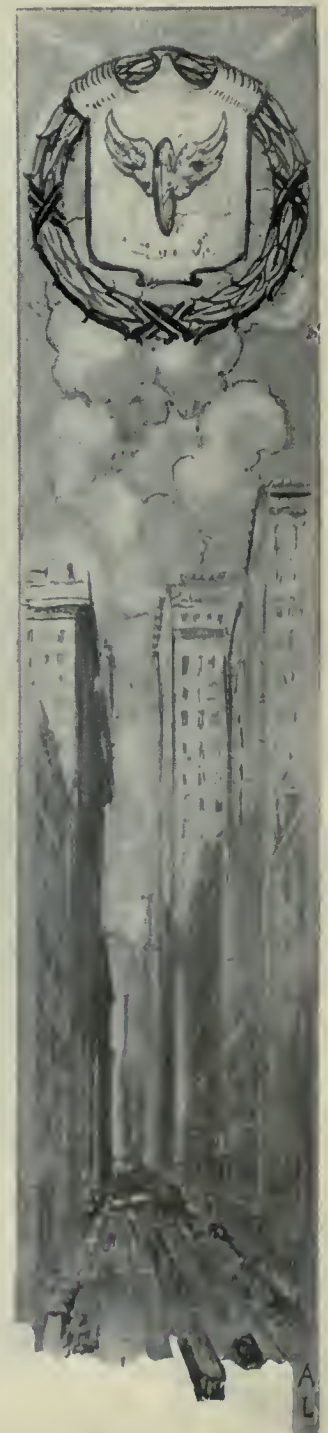
The effects of the application of the principles of efficiency in industry are well known. As a general average based on American practice, the possible results may be roughly stated as a thirty per cent. reduction of unit costs, excluding materials.

These economies are the sum of detail results throughout the business, of savings of the time of this worker, of the labor of that one, of reduction of waste of material on this article, of economy of power on that machine, of reduction of idle capital here, of effective use of waste room there.

These economies of time, labor, and money in a business are, after all, obtained only as the sum of such results in the cases of many of the persons in its service.

It is proposed, in these articles, to apply the lessons of industry for the benefit of individuals.

Results are obtained by the application of a few definite principles, as follows:



Ideals; personnel, scientifically selected and organized; higher common sense; discipline; fair deal; standards; conditions and work adapted to each other; doing things the best way; instruction; planning; despatching; immediate, adequate, and reliable records; efficiency reward.

I should advise any one who wants to increase his personal efficiency to begin by memorizing thoroughly the above list of principles. They should be learned so thoroughly that they become subconscious, that is, so that it becomes second nature to apply them without conscious thought, just as one walks without any attention to what his legs are doing.

The rest of this series will be devoted to an explanation of every principle in turn in its application to the individual. As the meaning of a principle becomes plain, it should be put into personal application. As soon as a violation of a principle is recognized, it should be corrected. By so doing the application of the principles will become habitual and subconscious.

IDEALS

It is desirable to set forth some ideal which will be universally accepted.

The most civilized philosopher, the most ignorant savage; the ascetic religious devotee, the gay votary of pleasure; the busy man of affairs, the dawdling idler; the gentlest woman, the most hardened criminal; all have one ideal in common. Each in his own way and according to his own light, desires and seeks happiness.

I would, therefore, set forth happiness as the supreme and all-inclusive ideal for the individual.

We are so made that we find happiness permanently only in altruistic service. This is a law of nature against which we rebel, but to whose obedience we are driven back by those severe penalties which nature visits upon all violations of her laws.

Let a man adopt any egoistic ideal and his efficiency, though it may be great in quantity, becomes negative in sign.

Like the ancient Hebrew king who gathered silver and gold and all delights, so that he was great and increased more than all that were before him, but who gave himself successively to the ideals of pleasure, of greatness, of wealth, and finally even of wisdom; for him shall be the cry:

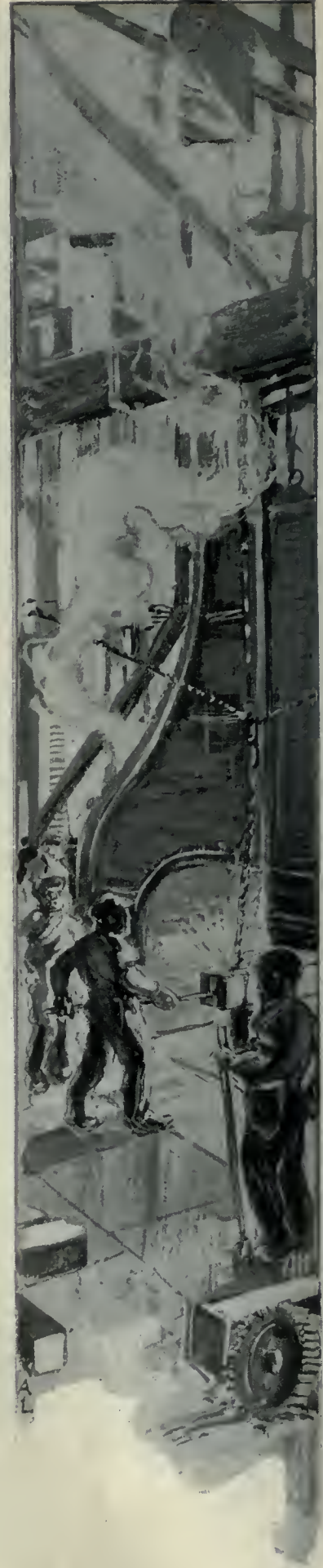
"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? . . . Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Most happily, in late adolescence develop both the altruistic feelings and the attraction between the sexes. The natural result of the latter is marriage and family life and cares, in which one's altruism finds immediate and stimulating exercise, and in which most of us find the only real happiness that we ever know.

The happy result of the altruism into which nature, before we realize what she is about, thus forces us, sets forth as a corollary to the proposition that happiness is our supreme ideal, that the immediate secondary ideal is altruistic service, even though one's circumstances may limit his practical application of that ideal to the support of his own family.

The ideal of service includes all other right ethical ideals. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy

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Messrs. Gaso, Carb, Spark & Co.

How the Conquest of Blackthory's Hill Won an Election—and a Wife—as told to the Spirit of the Road.

"If you lose Blackthory's—there will be no to-morrow with me."

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD



WITH a lift and a sigh she swept eagerly up over the last rise in the great hill, and with quick, sure tread picked up the sudden downgrade into the valley before her. Her long black hood rode with a sort of shining arrogance, snug over the shoulders of the big front wheels. Her projectors, catching the admiring eye of the sun as she turned, flashed a quick smile into the wall of shadows on the opposite side of this new valley. Her springs cradled the gleaming body like thistle-down on wind. Her velvet-shod drivers beat the white road steadily back from behind. She moved like an arrow of light! Like a great bird coasting down the side of a gale; swiftly, straight and silently, power and pride in every line.

In the instant that she paused on the crest of the hill before beginning the descent, something had leaped out into the road from a gnarled haw-bush which commanded a view of both valleys. It might have been a bee, or a puff of dust, and a thin, piping, voice, that seemed both old and young, cried in the wake of the car:

"Hold up! Hold on! Wait!"

"Tut!" the Exhaust replied as the car gathered speed again, "Tut! Who're you talking to? Here, catch on if you want to say something. Hop up on the gear cover! Now, what you want?"

And with that the dust cloud dissolved over the rear axle, revealing a quaint figure perched there, with long dust-colored draperies wrapped about bony knees; with two wisps of timothy sprouting from his shiny forehead like horns, a sort of Elizabethan ruff made of dandelion-down and long whiskers, obviously purloined from the nearby barley

fields. It was something betwixt child and old man. It wore under its chin and showing occasionally through the thin whiskers, the red pod of a wild rose that had gone to seed. From its shoulders stood stiffly two battered and dusty butterfly wings that did not match.

"Look't!" he began, "Look't here! I'm the Spirit of the Road. I'm the inventor of automobiles—at least, if it hadn't been for my foolishness I'd never 've b'en in the fix I'm in, and there'd never have b'en any motors. It was my beckonin' and coaxin' and suggestin' and lurin' people t' follow me that caused folks to invent automobiles instead of buggies or coachin' rigs. I used t' sit on any old hill I liked and dast folks on the far h'izon t' come and just pee-ek over. Yet these motor cars got so's they could take any one of 'em—except Blackthory's. And now you've climbed Blackthory's hill that's never b'en climbed before! I want t' know what right you got! Who give you leave? What makes you think a motor car's got the right to climb every hill it takes a fancy t' climb? What's t' become of me? What'm I to —"

The Exhaust sighed indulgently.

"Why Bub," he returned, "You shouldn't worry. You should know us. Don't you remember—the other night? Night before, the election?"

"W-was that you? A-all I saw was lights and a rush of air an' some dust. Then—then you've b'en up *twicet*! Ugh!"

"Don't be sore," chided the Exhaust, "Never mind. Stick where you are awhile and enjoy the ride. Guess this is the first real motor you ever saw?"

"Oh no," returned the Figure, "There's b'en lots tried Blackthory's Hill but they

all went back, 'round by the Dewsbury Road—except you."

"Just as I said," chortled the Exhaust, "You wont mind us, once you get used to us. Hang on now,—get a grip of something—we're getting more gas. If y' arn't comfortable there, crawl up the transmission under the hood. You'll enjoy the ride—and none of the fellows up there will say anything to you. Hop up!"

The big car began to leap ahead, free of the brakes, on the level road in the valley-bottom. The cool air from endless sweet-smelling fields, floated against it. Here a brook, here an orchard heavy with fruit, here a farm home nestling modestly among its trees—it was truly a beautiful country, and a rare day. The country-side seemed to move swiftly toward the advancing motor, offering glimpses of a thousand beauties, endless groupings of trees and cottages, endless combinations of shadow and sun-light, and through gaps in the hills, vistas unnumbered and unpaintable.

"Waal!" drawled the Spirit of the Road as he stood in the half-light under the hood of the car. "Waal!"—and he stroked his chin, "So this is it! So this is what carries the rig along, and lifts it over hills. Um! What's all this? What's all these different parts? W-what're y' all s' quiet about?"

"We are attending to our own business," retorted a cool cultivated sort of voice, "and we are very busy at present. I must ask you to be as quiet as possible and keep out of our way until we are through. Now gentlemen!" This to various vague shapes in the darkness, "Ready? I'm getting more gas. There!" And as the Carburetor spoke the speed of the car increased.

Overhead seemed nothing but a blank roof. In front a certain amount of light filtered in through a shutter, along with a steady draft of cool air. Leaning cautiously over the edge of the crank casting the intruder could see the road slipping beneath like a long blurred golden ribbon. He shuddered as he contemplated the speed. "I've had rides on grain wagons," he muttered, "but this is very different. I—I must be a long way from the Haw Bush, yet there's no use sayin' anything. Can't possibly get off. Phew!"

Presently he distinguished six great steel towers standing in a row in the gloom to one side of where he stood. To

the eye they were unintelligible but to the ear, as he stood close beside them, there came a low murmur, the song of great forces, laboring together. The very atmosphere under the hood was vibrant with terrific energy.

"There!" exclaimed the Carburetor as the car slowed down again, "The Exhaust tells me you are a stranger to the under side of the hood. Perhaps I can tell you something about our work here—Messrs. Gaso, Carb, Spark and Company, as we are known."

"Would y' now?" replied the Spirit of the Road, almost eagerly, "That'd be real kind of you. Now f'r instance—" and he asked many questions.

"You see," said the Carburetor finally, "we are a company—Limited. We are an assortment of people all working together under a sort of limited liability arrangement.

That is to say, we are rated to develop forty-two horsepower. We are liable to that extent. Of course, no good automobile limits itself to just the amount of its horsepower rating. We are rated, for instance at 40 horsepower but in a factory test which we went through we developed over 60 horse-power!

"You see those six towers? Those are the cylinder family. There are six with us, but some cars have only four and

there was once a time when cars only had one cylinder. Each of those cylinders is a sort of stomach into which I feed gasoline vapor, a mixture of gasoline and air. The space inside the cylinder is reduced or expanded by a piston head which moves up and down inside by a piston rod, connected with the crank shaft of the car. As the piston head is drawn down by the turning of the crank shaft, the space inside the cylinder reaches its maximum and is filled with gasoline vapor. Then as the crank-shaft continues to revolve the piston rod shoves the piston head up and compresses the gas. When it is tight compressed, one of the Spark Brothers—there is one to each cylinder—explodes the gas with a flash, and the explosion drives out the piston-head, which shoves the piston rod down, which turns over the crank shaft, which turns the fly-wheel and so sets the car moving. The next up-stroke of the

piston forces the burned gas out through the exhaust. The next down-stroke sucks in new gas. Then comes the compression stroke and the power stroke again."

"And all six of those fellows are going through that one after the other?"

"That's it."

"And what do you do with the power when you've got it?" demanded the Spirit of the Road.

"The crank-shaft passes it out along the transmission through the gears to the rear axle. They hand it to the drivers and they—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the intruder, "They beat the road in the face with it. I know—I'm the Road, or the Spirit of the Road."

"You! Then you saw us make the Hill the other night? Blackthory's?"

"Yaas. I noticed. That was the first

left her in the shed, was over in Old Man Roden's house, across the way, discussing business with the secretary of the local party organization.

"Politics—" admitted the Carburetor, "and something else."

"What was that?" suggested the Road Spirit.

"Shall I tell him?" asked the Carburetor, looking around at the assembly.

"Whatever you like," said the first cylinder.

"Sure, tell him," agreed the Exhaust, who was not without the pride of the flash in his make-up.

"Roads are fearful gossips," murmured the radiator, "They run alongside and swap yarns with a person and then they carry the yarns on to the next car they meet."

"Oh well, I know," returned the Carburetor, "I know what you mean—but then it isn't necessary to chatter. I was just going to tell about the Chief and the night before the election."

"Hh! Well, I've reason to believe lone roads make trouble with feminine garrulity. If you have a puncture out on some quiet country road and your driver takes longer to fix it than he should, or bungles it, or doesn't handle his implements as

well as he should, the news will get 'round the country quick as a blow-out. One road passes the word to the next, ahead of you. First thing you know you'll be goin' along as smooth and fine-looking as anything, right in the fashionable part of your own city—and you'll hear some measly lane telling a cross-street that you're the car that was held up so many minutes by a puncture on the Oakville road."

With his knees drawn up under his chin, and his whiskers on his shoe-tops, the Spirit of the Road sat in the centre of the gathering and waited for judgment.

"Suit yourselves," he chuckled, "If it's somethin' honorable y' needn't be afraid to tell it and of course if it ain't—"

"Honorable!" exclaimed the Carburetor, "Why my dear Sir—why—"

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"—Revealing a quaint figure with long dust-colored draperies wrapped about boney knees, with two wisps of timothy sprouting from his shiny forehead like horns."

time ever any car got up that hill."

"Of course," agreed the Carburetor.

"Um! Well, why?" demanded the Spirit of the Road, "What was the hurry? That's what I want t' be told."

"Sh!" whispered the Carburetor, "Didn't you know? Why if we hadn't gotten up the hill that night—if you'd been able to stop us—we'd all have been beaten! Defeated! The Chief and all! That was the night before the election! Don't you understand?"

"Oh!" returned the other, "So it was politics!"

II

"So it was politics?" the Spirit of the Road hinted as the big car stood at rest in the driving shed of the English Church at Roden's Corners. The man who had driven the car up the hill and who had

Canadians at Harvard

The Part they have Played in the History of America's Great University

By HAROLD GARNET BLACK

THE story is told that some years ago President Eliot with his customary courtesy, was showing around Harvard a husband and wife who were abundantly furnished with this world's goods, and who were, praise-worthily enough, thinking of establishing a new university to perpetuate their name. Believing that money could buy everything, the husband inquired as he stood in Memorial Hall about to bid good-bye, "Well, President Eliot, for how much could your plant here be duplicated?" President Eliot stated the amount of the endowments and the value of the real estate and apparatus. "Well, we could do better than that, husband," said the lady. "Madam," replied the president, bowing low and glancing toward the line of portraits, "we have one possession that is above and beyond all this, which cannot be estimated in money—270 years of devotedness."

Harvard is, undoubtedly, regarded as the greatest of the universities of the United States. For Harvard is the oldest institution of higher learning in America; her history everywhere replete with charm and interest, extends through almost three centuries. The real beginning was in 1636—only sixteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth—when there appeared the following record of a meeting of the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts held in Boston on October 28th—a meeting adjourned from September 8: "The court agreed to give £400 towards a shoale or colledge, whereof £200 to be paid the next yeare and £200 when the worke is finished, and the next court to appoint wheare and what building." The following year the court appointed a dozen of its most prominent citizens "to take order for a colledge at Newetowne," a name which was soon after changed to Cambridge in honor of the English university town where many of its colonists had been educated.

Harvard Died at 31

In the following year, 1638, a Non-conformist clergyman named John Harvard, died at the early age of thirty-one, leaving to the college about to be established one-half of his property, and all his library. This bequest amounted to £779 17s 2d, and three hundred and twenty books (only one of which remains

to-day) and was therefore about double in value the original sum voted by the court. Thereupon it was decided to open the college at once and to honor the young Dissenter by naming it after him. Thus did John Harvard unconsciously make his name imperishable.

From such a humble origin, then, has sprung up what may truthfully be called the premier university of America, an institution which has had twenty-four presidents, beginning with Henry Dunster, who entered on his duties in 1640, and to whom is due the Harvard motto

Statue of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University.



Veritas written across three open books, and ending with Abbott Lawrence Lowell, appointed in 1909 to succeed Charles William Eliot, who had acted as president exactly forty years, and whose physical and intellectual vigor, despite the weight of eighty years, is attested by his recent ten months' trip around the world.

An Intellectual Reciprocity

There has ever been a sort of intellectual reciprocity existing between Harvard University and Canadians. She is the one university of the United States

that, for a variety of reasons holds Canadians with a special interest. It is true that Harvard does not now enjoy the distinction that she had a decade ago of having the greatest number of students of any American university, having fallen into about the third or fourth place. But mere numbers, it must be admitted, are by no means a safe test of the real greatness of a university—otherwise Cairo or Calcutta would have perhaps the greatest university in the world. In wealth, however, Harvard is probably not exceeded by any, a conservative estimate of her buildings

giving her at least \$12,000,000 while her invested funds closely approximate \$25,000,000. Every year about \$140,000 is given away in fellowships, scholarships, and in other aids to students. She has, furthermore, a high standard of entrance in both college and professional schools, a large and highly trained professoriate, second to none on the continent, and a splendid equipment of buildings, the medical group alone costing \$3,000,000. Her library is the third largest in America, being exceeded only by the Congressional Library at Washington and the Boston Library. Two years ago it contained 980,000 books and 600,000 pamphlets, an increase of 40 per cent. since 1903. Some of its collections are of great richness, that of folklore and mediaeval romances being the best in the world. Finally, she has a long tradition and an antiquity of which no other American university can boast—in these two alone she has a unique distinction which cannot be bought and cannot be taken away.

Harvard's history as a British institution of learning was, of course, broken when the independence of the United States was granted in 1783. It is interesting, however, to notice that although the Stars and Stripes have sheltered this great university for 131 years (1783-1914), yet she had previously flourished under the Union Jack for 145 years, so that in reality she was a British institution *fourteen* years longer than she has been an American!

The number of students attending Harvard, though varying slightly from year to year, usually approximates 4,300. This, however, does not include the 1,100 registered in the Summer School, the 500 in Radcliffe College for ladies, nearly one-half of whose staff consists of Har-

vard instructors and whose degrees are granted under the Harvard seal, or the 900 in the University Extension courses which Harvard, in company with several other educational institutions, provides. All these students together with the 650 officers of instruction and administration, it will be seen, constitute a college community of between 6,000 and 7,000.

A Canadian Takes Highest Record

Canadian students at Harvard—and they come all the way from Halifax to Vancouver—for the most part enter the graduate and professional schools. The uniform excellence of their work is perhaps best shown by the number of scholarships and fellowships which are annually granted to them. In the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences alone, for example, we find that out of the 124 scholarships and fellowships awarded in 1910-11, fifteen went to Canadians. These fifteen totaled \$4,500. A \$1,150 E. W. Hooper traveling fellowship, the most valuable in the gift of the university, was held in 1911-12 by Mr. T. Thorwaldsen, a graduate of the University of Manitoba. In 1912-13 this coveted honor fell to Arthur E. Boak, of Vancouver (formerly of Halifax), while two years before Lloyd Dixon, a graduate of Mount Allison University and later a Rhodes Scholar, won a John Harvard fellowship, which, though without stipend, is nevertheless regarded by all Harvard men as a mark of the highest scholarship, for it is given only on account of sheer merit.

Not a dozen people in Canada are aware that the distinction of making the highest record ever made in the nearly three centuries of Harvard College's history belongs to a Canadian, Robert Alder McLeod, of the Class of 1869, a native of Bedeque, Prince Edward Island, his average during his four years of undergraduate work being over 98 per cent. This is the more remarkable in view of the equipment with which he entered college.

"Until I was nearly nine years old," he wrote, "I went to no school, except for a few weeks to a country school in Point de Bute (N.B.), while there on a visit. In August, 1852, I was sent to the Mount Allison Academy, Sackville, N.B., about a month after the term had commenced, and studied there during the rest of the scholastic year." He then tells how in 1856 he got three months more schooling in Baltimore and another three months in 1858 in the same city, and how when a store clerk in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1860-61 he spent his evenings and leisure moments "studying chiefly the common English branches." "I had been present," he says, "in the Charles-



The Canadian Club House at Harvard.

ton Convention, December, 1860, when the ordinance of secession was passed . . . and was very enthusiastic for the Southern cause." He enlisted as a soldier, began fighting immediately, was wounded in the leg, afterwards lost his right arm, was taken prisoner in 1864 and later exchanged, going finally to Spartanburg, S.C., where he began the study of Greek.

"During my service as a soldier," he continues, "I had never lost sight of my chief aim—study. My plan was to make abstracts of whatever I studied in the quiet of camp, and commit these to memory, so as to have something to repeat to myself on the march or in the face of the enemy, when books were hard to procure. In this way I got some knowledge of Universal History and Latin grammar. As a private, I made my hours of guard-duty pass pleasantly by reciting to myself the whole of the "School of the Company" and the "School of the Battalion" of "Hardee's Tactics," i.e., one volume and a half which I had

learned by heart . . . Having found a copy of Caesar in a sacked house, near Richmond, I was making good progress in it, in the trenches around Petersburg, before I was taken prisoner. In 1863 I invented a new style of signals which was approved—for the navy. To keep up practice in composition I kept a diary throughout the war." In 1865, after a month's hard study, he borrowed twenty dollars to pay his railway fare, passed the Harvard entrance examination successfully, and entered on the most brilliant undergraduate course

that Harvard has ever known, paying his own expenses by winning scholarships and prize money, and by fees received for giving private tuition. Think of that for a record! Nine years later he died in Algiers where he now lies buried in a little English church there.

So remarkable a figure was McLeod as an undergraduate that Andrew D. White, former American ambassador to Germany, writing in his autobiography, records an interesting incident in connection with young McLeod's competition for the Boylston prize at which he and James Rockwood Hoar, afterwards Attorney-General of the United States, were judges. So inspiring a personality was he that the mind of the young man whom he tutored for two or three years when traveling in Europe in the middle seventies was turned to literary and historical pursuits, a young man who has since become a magazine editor, the author of several books, and perhaps the leading American authority on Italian history.

A Canadian Alumni

For many years Canadian students have been going to Harvard lured by her vast resources and by the wide range of instruction which she places at their disposal, students, many of whom have later become distinguished in political and professional circles in Canada. Let me quote a few lines from Dr. Benjamin Rand, of the philosophical department, an enthusiastic Harvard Canadian. "In the early New England migration to Acadia were Harvard clergymen. Among the United Empire Loyalists also were more than two hundred sons of Harvard College, and many of these left the Eastern States during the Revolution to become pioneers in the Canadian Provinces. They sent their children back to their Alma Mater and so the connection of many of these Loyalist families with the university has been maintained for well over a full century. In the past century the University has drawn many hundreds of students from all parts of the Dominion, but more particularly from the Maritime Provinces, and it may be



Abbott Lawrence Lowell, president since 1909.

doubted whether any Canadian university can boast of a more distinguished body of Canadian alumni." Among the Canadians on the Harvard University staff may be mentioned, Professors S. M. Macvane, now an emeritus, W. H. Schofield, whose appointment four years ago as an exchange professor to Germany caused so much discussion, W. A. Neilson, E. C. Jeffrey, W. B. Munro, W. S. Ferguson, Drs. Benj. Rand and K. G. T. Webster.

Five years ago Dr. Rand with great care compiled a list of all the Canadian and British subjects who attended Harvard University during 1805-1909, which shows that by far the greatest proportion came from the Maritime Provinces. We tabulate here his results. The total number is 1,137, comprised as follows. Nova Scotia, 442; New Brunswick, 295; Ontario, 209; Quebec, 114; Prince Edward Island, 64; Manitoba, 8; British Columbia, 5. In addition there were 25 British-Americans from Newfoundland, the British West Indies, and British Guiana; 95 from England, 13 from Scotland, 13 from Ireland, 4 from Wales, 8 from Australia, 5 from New Zealand, 5 from South Africa, 10 from India and China, making a grand total of 1,315 British and Colonial subjects. Statistics for the last five years would, of course, materially increase these numbers. It is noteworthy that until about 1875 nearly all the Canadians who studied at Harvard were students of medicine. Thereafter they came rather more for law; now they come chiefly for training in professional teaching (modern languages economics, science, history, and government), and for the study of law. No doubt the development during the past third of a century of Toronto and McGill as medical schools has contributed largely to this change.

First Canadian Club

The growth of Canadian Clubs in all of our larger Canadian cities during the last ten years has been one of the outstanding features of young Canada—both praiseworthy and interesting as showing the development of our national spirit. Yet the Harvard Canadian Club, founded in 1890, had anticipated this movement by at least a decade, and furthermore claims the distinction of being the first Canadian Club ever founded at any foreign university. Its membership is open to all who are or have been members of any department of Harvard University, and its object as expressed in its constitution is "the promotion of social intercourse among its members and the furtherance of Harvard University in the different parts of the British Empire and more especially in Canada." At 12

Oxford street, in the heart of the chief university buildings, it has a commodious club house, which is used as a dormitory, and also provides a convenient meeting place for all Canadian or British students at the University. Many large photographs with autograph signatures adorn its walls, notably those of the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Grey, Premier R. L. Borden, Sir Charles Tupper, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Among men prominent in public life, who have addressed the club members or been entertained by them are Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Viscount James Bryce, Hon. Edward Blake, Sir Frederick Borden, Hon. J. W. Longley, Hon. H. R. Emmer-

indirectly permeated every part of our national life?

Who Was John Harvard?

A word about John Harvard may not be out of place here. Until 1884 practically nothing was known about him; he remained a dim figure of the misty past. Now, however, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Henry F. Waters of the class of 1855, who published in June, 1907, the remarkable account of his discovery of the Harvard clues, the chief facts of his life have been brought to light.* His kinsmen were all trades-people and had lived for generations in Southwark, a humble quarter of London. Fortunately the financial resources of the family enabled John to spend seven years at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where in 1635 he received his Master of Arts degree. John Milton, a year his junior, was a fellow-student, though at Christ's College. In 1636 John Harvard married Ann, a sister of his Cambridge friend, John Sadler. The inheritance a little later of a considerable estate enabled him to break away from the Church in which he had been educated and to come to the shores of New England. His constitution, however was delicate, ill-fitted long to withstand the rigorous climate and the hardships incident to pioneer life. It was the day of thatched roofs, wooden chimneys, and daubed walls, the day when probably both glass and oiled paper were used in windows, when milk was abundant and beer scarce, when corn was legal tender, and debts were paid in fruits, bullets, skins, and other commodities. Thirteen and a half months after his arrival in New England the young minister died—of consumption, Cotton Mather says—and was buried no one knows where. No likeness of him remains, the statue of him on the delta being but an idealized figure, seated and looking with expectant gaze towards the history of the greater West.

Why is John Harvard's fame so deathless? asked President Eliot in 1907 when addressing a large out-door meeting of students gathered to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the founder. This is his answer:

"Because he made one fine resolve and executed it. . . . He came over here to the wilderness in search of liberty, liberty of thought and speech. He tied his name forever to that great love in the human heart—of liberty. And then when he came to die, he set the first example on this continent of giving his estate to the public for education. Again he originated a great enduring movement among the American people. The stream of benefactions to education started with that young, sick, dying minister—and how the stream

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Where John Harvard was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England. Shakespeare was born in an adjoining street.

son, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, and Principal Peterson.

Thus it will be seen that Harvard's connection with Canada has been a long, an interesting and a vital one, by reason of her history, her British tradition, and her close association during so many years with what is now our great Dominion. Hundreds of Canadians have received their education at Harvard and have returned to enter the varied walks of life, public, private, professional, and to aid in building up and strengthening the mental and moral fibre of our young nation. Who can estimate the influence that she has exerted in moulding the thought and stimulating the ideas of the men who have received their training there—an influence which has directly or

*A good deal of information regarding John Harvard has been brought together in Mr. Henry C. Shelley's book, "John Harvard and His Times," published in 1907.



LIKE a snowball that starts down hill and miraculously, almost instantly, becomes a huge, immovable mass the quarrel between Stillwater Bill Bowne and Dan McCroddan, beginning with an irritable remark, had so quickly developed that, less than twenty-four hours after its completion, their cabin was divided by the sullen curtain of man's hatred.

"You never did learn to bake bread," Stillwater Bill had grumbled when they were eating their first meal in the new building.

"Never had a wife to teach me how," Dan had retorted.

Bill would not have spoken of the bread, for Dan was a good cook, nor would Dan have mentioned a subject which he knew to be so distasteful to his partner, had not their nerves been bared. It was late in the summer when they had made their discovery, which meant a hard, fast journey to the outside to file their claims and obtain provisions before freeze-up. Long days of toil had followed, and their cabin had been finished in a last burst of speed that strained the tempers of both and had barely won in the race with the sudden winter.

The men had been partners too long, had lived together in too many cabins, had toiled together on too many trails, to permit ill-humor to last. Always before, a night between the blankets had wiped out its remembrance, and this would have been the case the first night in their new cabin had not the roof leaked directly over Bill's head. Dan had laid the roof. The melting snow dripped down onto Bill's face to sizzle on a temper not yet cooled. As the two men lay in their bunks in the darkness, nerves taut, bodies weary, they said things that

The Barred Cabin: How the Intrusion of a Miner's Wife Settled a Bitter Feud

Robert E. Pinkerton has become one of the first favorites with readers of MacLean's Magazine. Since the publication of his "Print of the French Heel," he has been recognized as a writer of live fiction who always has something worth while to offer. A Pinkerton story is sure to possess originality; and it is for the

still echoed in the little log building when they arose in the morning.

And that was the last time they had spoken. Their years together had given each a thorough understanding of his partner, and words were not necessary in the rearrangement accomplished the following day. No housewife is more painstaking or methodical in her work than the old woodsman, and both Bill and Dan were good housekeepers. It had been their custom for each to cook a week, turn about, the other bringing the wood and water and washing the dishes. They merely continued this practice, with the exception that neither spoke, that neither ever crossed to the other's side of the cabin.

Straight down the centre of the room ranged all the things used in common. The table was placed beneath the window in the centre of the back wall. The stove was in the exact centre of the cabin. Between it and the door was a small bench with a wash basin. The water pail was on the table, beneath the window. The two men lived as separate lives as though each were alone. They worked together through the day, ate their meals together, sat beside the stove

and smoked in the evening, but neither in any way ever recognized the presence of the other.

Seeds of hatred find no more fertile soil than in an isolated cabin in the northern wilderness. The long evenings for brooding, the lack of companionship, the depressing hush that envelopes the land, bring morbid, unnatural thoughts. The present holds nothing; there is only the past for reflection. Vindictiveness is read in almost forgotten actions and returns to irritate. Slights and slurs are dug up from the past and magnified by the distorted perspective.

As the months passed the hatred of the two men grew. Each became more scrupulous in doing his share of the work, and yet each became convinced that the other was shirking, that he was going out of his way to do irritating things. Their thoughts became petty. Trivialities demanded a week's brooding. The long silence had bared nerves, goaded tempers, until only a spark was needed to send one or the other across the centre of the room and end the quarrel in the death of the weaker or less fortunate. In the first month a fight was what they needed, for neither had lost



A Tale of the North Country

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Author of "Print of the French Heel"

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

original that the reader, sated with the stereotyped offerings of the average fiction writer, seeks. He has a free and trenchant style and he knows the north country and the ways of its people thoroughly. For all of which reasons, MacLean's Magazine is glad to be able to present another of Mr. Pinkerton's tales of the Northland.

control of himself, neither had forgotten what their long years together had brought in mutual self-sacrifice, risk and dependability. After January a fight meant only death for one, possibly both, and each knew it.

As the winter waned the atmosphere in the cabin became more tense. Wordless, companionless, more solitary than if they lived alone, the men began to show the effects of the unnatural strain. Only three times had they seen another human being. The Hudson's Bay Company ran a dog-team between a post fifty miles south and another as far to the north, and the drivers sometimes stopped for a moment to talk with the two partners. Had it not been for these interruptions, the crisis might have come sooner than it did one Sunday afternoon when the two lay brooding on their bunks. Dan had dropped off to sleep when it was his turn to put wood in the stove. Bill, shivering, had at last arisen and rekindled the fire. He was muttering to himself when Dan awakened. He heard what the other said and jumped to his feet.

For the first time each showed that he recognized the presence of the other.

Across the stove they openly looked their hatred. Each knew that the settlement had come. Dan, his eyes blazing, his lips moving slowly, unconsciously tensed the muscles of his arms and shoulders, opened and closed his hands. Bill, outwardly calm, his body apparently drooping, gave indication only through his eyes of the white heat that blazed within.

After a minute Dan took a step forward. He needed only a lashing tail to make complete a resemblance to the concentrated fury of a great cat ready to spring. Bill did not waver, did not move.

And then both men quickly turned their heads. Out on the lake they heard the faint tinkle of dog bells. The sound became more distinct, yet neither man moved. Then it stopped before the cabin. After a moment there was the sharp command of a driver, and the tinkling began again, growing fainter and fainter as the team sped on up the lake.

Dan turned his head with the loud exhalation of a long-held breath. Bill stood as before, his gaze unwavering. Dan took a step nearer. Only the little sheet-iron stove stood between them, only a second intervened before they would clinch.

And then the head of each turned sharply toward the door. There was a light, crunching step on the frozen snow outside, a quick, decisive step. As the men stared, the door was thrown open.

"Rowena!" gasped Bill.

"Hell!" muttered Dan under his breath.

Neither moved as a little woman entered the cabin and walked toward them. She glared at Bill and turned upon Dan a glance in which disapproval clearly predominated.

"William!" she snapped. "You don't appear glad to see me, though I didn't expect you would. Not after the way you've covered up your trail. But now I've found you, and you won't get away again. Ten years is too long for a married woman to go without seeing her husband. From now on I'm going to see you every day. Understand?"

Stillwater Bill only gaped. Dan, open-mouthed, shrank back toward his bunk.

"And who is this?" she went on, turning toward the retreating Dan.

McCroddan could not find the words to answer, and she turned on Bill.

"He's my partner, Rowena, Dan, my partner."

"Not a good recommendation, though he don't look that bad. But I dare say he is. You never did use judgment in choosing your companions, William."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Bill submissively.

"Now put on the kettle and make me a cup of tea. Don't you see that I'm cold from that long ride? I thought I never would get this far after I left the railroad. The man who runs the post I left this morning wasn't going to let me come with the dog team, and he wouldn't if I hadn't showed him that he had other duties in life than that to his detestable

old company. How you can live in such a country, and with such men, I can't understand."

Bill hurried to place a kettle on the stove, which Dan crammed full of wood. Then, glad of an excuse, he hurried to the lake for water. He returned to find Bill actively engaged in preparing supper, although his week did not begin until the next day. Dan filled his pipe and sat down on the foot of his bunk.

"Put away that nasty thing!" exclaimed Rowena, glaring at the prospector. "You may injure yourself by smoking if you wish, but you will not do it in my presence."

Dan thrust the pipe, still alight, into a pocket and shrank back against the wall.

"Supper is ready," announced Stillwater Bill in a low, humble voice. "Sit right here, Rowena," and he placed his own bench between the table and the stove and brought the wash bench for himself.

The three sat down, Rowena quickly and emphatically, Dan timidly and close to the wall, Bill with a stealth intended to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

"William, are you trying to make me uncomfortable?" demanded Rowena. "My back is sizzling. Move this table so that I don't have to sit so near the stove. To-morrow things will be different in this house."

"But—," began Bill.

"Don't 'but' me. Do as I say. I won't eat my meals with a stove so close to me as this. Come, you big lummox," and she turned sharply on the staring Dan, "grab hold of your side and help move this out from the wall."

She carried her bench to Dan's side of the room.

"This will do," she said, pointing to a spot between Dan's bunk and the door. "Set it here."

Panic-stricken, Dan grasped the table and began to pull it toward him. Bill held back on the other side. But Dan was too frightened to see that his partner did not wish to cross the dividing line of the cabin, and he yanked him over, table and all. Bill followed, and the table was set down where Rowena directed and to the tune of her opinion of their clumsiness.

The meal followed in silence on the part of the two men, although Rowena talked steadily.

"I just said to myself that it was no way for a married woman to live," she concluded the account of her search for Stillwater Bill. "It might be all well and right for you to give me your share in the Little America, and it's been paying me more than two thousand a year, and sometimes as high as three, but it's disgraceful to have you roaming around the country and me waiting at home, never knowing whether I ought to be wearing black or not. So I decided to come. It's a wife's duty to share her husband's life, to help him, and I've come to help you, William. I'm your rightful partner, William, and it's not right for you to take up with a man and live with him when you have me. Mr. Dan, here, may be all right, but he is not going to take my place with you, William. If he

were the right sort of man, he'd have a wife himself. As I look at him now, I think he has been responsible for your staying away so long."

Dan, although he had hurried, arose from the table without finishing his meal and went out of the cabin.

"Your cake is not fit to eat, William," exclaimed Rowena, pushing the plate from her in disgust.

"Dan made that, and there ain't a better cook in the bush than him."

"You've been away from home so long you don't know what good cooking is. But that will all be changed after to-day. In the first place, you've got to get rid of him. I don't like his looks."

"Why, I can't do that. We're partners! Staked here together!"

"Partners! And is the claim of a man, a stranger, stronger than mine? Are we not holy partners? Can any one come between us? Well, I guess not. If you have been away from civilization so long that you have forgotten your duty to me, it's time I came to teach it to you. Partners! Huh!"

The great body of Stillwater Bill shrunk as much as possible before the ninety pounds of fury that paced the room before him. Once he glanced hopefully toward the door, but there was no sound from Dan. Had his partner deserted him? The long hatred, forgotten since the arrival of his wife, surged back, and he started angrily to his feet.

"Sit down!" commanded Rowena. "I'm not through with you yet," and the big body again settled into a heap on the bench.

"I said you have got to get rid of him, and you have. If he has a claim staked here, let him build a cabin on it. If he's such a good cook, let him do his own cooking. If he's such a good partner, let him show it by leaving you to live, as you should, with your wife, your lawful partner. I'm going to run this cabin. This is my home."

Bill turned an anxious glance toward the door. His face brightened as he heard a step outside. There came a tapping on the logs, as of a man emptying his pipe. Bill felt a sudden, intense desire to cuddle the bowl of his own brier in his hand. Then Dan came in, hesitatingly, looking furtively at Rowena, appealingly at Bill.

"Mister Dan," exclaimed Rowena, "you may as well understand now as later what's what in this cabin. You may think you are William's partner, but I staked him first. Until you have built a home of your own, you may remain in this cabin. But you are to begin work to-morrow. William is to live here with me. You are to do your own cooking, look after yourself. I find that I have enough to do to look after one man in this world."

"Now, I'm tired," she went on, speaking to both men. "That rascal of a dog-driver started four hours before daylight this morning, and I need rest. I'll take this bunk here"—she indicated Dan's—"and you men may sleep there. You have plenty of blankets, and you can hang one across this corner so that I will have privacy."

The two men only stared.

"Come, both of you! Move!"

Bill and Dan jumped to their feet, Dan, panic-stricken, crossing the middle of the room to Bill's side.

"Take that blanket and stretch it here!"

Awkwardly they pawed at the bedding on Bill's bunk, finally tearing a blanket loose from the many-folded mass.

"Hang it from the window to the wood pile."

Dan found some nails, and Bill went out for an axe. Somehow they got the curtain up, though consciousness of Rowena's silent, but critical supervision caused them bunglingly to prolong the effort.

"That will do for to-night," Rowena decided. "Now I'm going to get some sleep. You men keep quiet, and put out that light when I tell you to. I need the rest, and I don't want to be disturbed."

She lifted the blanket and disappeared. Bill retreated to his bunk, and Dan, though neither was conscious of the fact, took Bill's bench at Bill's side of the stove. Both stared at the curtain, awed, subdued, fearful. After a minute Stillwater turned toward Dan with a gesture of despondency. Dan, compassion in his eyes, shook his head.

Bill absently reached for his pipe on the little shelf above his bunk and began to fill it. He was about to strike a match when Dan lifted a warning hand. They looked at each other helplessly. Then Bill, beckoning to his partner, began to tiptoe to the door. Carefully he lifted the latch. Silently the two men stepped outside and, still on tiptoe, walked down the trail to the lake.

"Lord!" breathed Bill heavily when their pipes were alight.

"And this the best prospect we ever had!" commented Dan.

"It's tough on you."

"Me? Think of what you've got to stand for."

Stillwater shivered and turned appealingly to Dan.

"We've got to do something, get her away somehow," he cried. "Think of something, Dan! Think of something!"

"There's only one thing we can do, from what I've seen of the lady," whispered Dan, after a moment's thought. "Just leave her the place. We can't move her, so we've got to move."

"But the claims! They'll make us rich! We never had a chance like this before."

"Damn the claims! Who wants to get money that way? There's too much risk, Bill. Money's all right, but who wants it if it don't get you peace and quiet? There's only one thing for us to do, and that's mooch, and mooch now."

Instinctively both men looked at the sky, scented the wind.

"It's fifty miles to the post, and a good trail, the team just having come up," whispered Bill excitedly. "We can make it by breakfast."

"She won't starve and she won't freeze, with all the wood and grub we got. And the team will be back in a week if she wants to leave."

"We ought to have a lunch, and some tobacco and a little money. I've got a

Continued on Page 116.

Eighty-four Years Old, Still at Helm

How John McClary Found the Elixir of Perpetual Efficiency

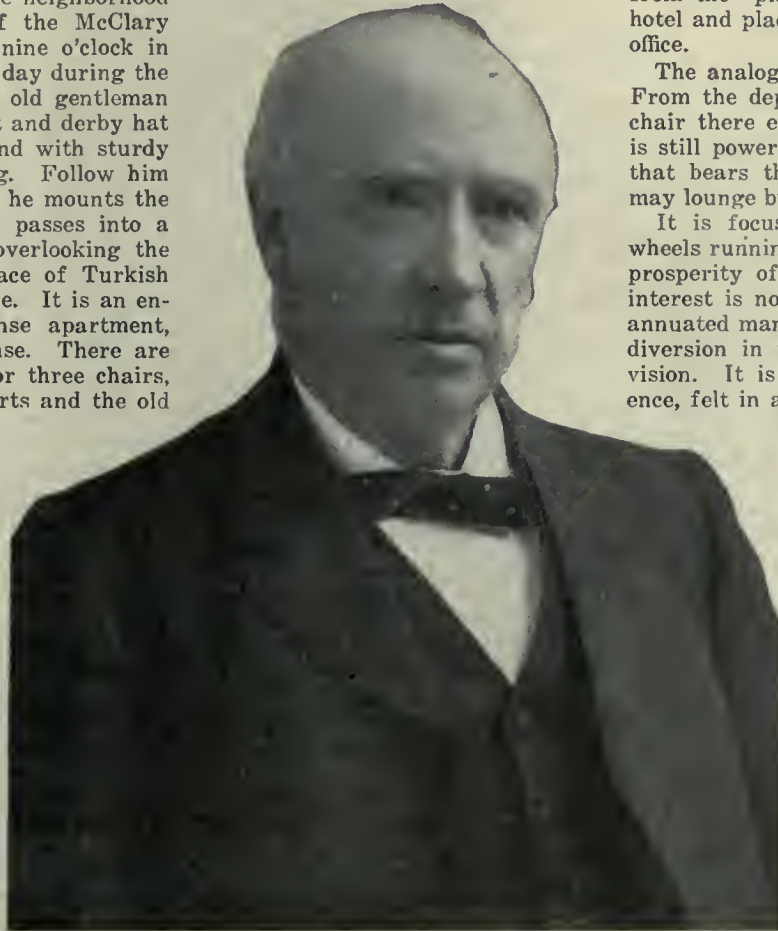
By W. A. CRAICK

IF one happens to be in the neighborhood of the big city plant of the McClary Mfg. Co. in London, at nine o'clock in the morning of any business day during the winter, he likely will see an old gentleman in a heavy fur-lined overcoat and derby hat step out of an automobile and with sturdy step enter the office building. Follow him up and it will be found that he mounts the stairs to the first floor and passes into a private office at the front overlooking the street. This office is no place of Turkish rugs and mahogany furniture. It is an entirely plain and commonsense apartment, showing signs of constant use. There are a couple of desks and two or three chairs, with portraits of Lord Roberts and the old gentleman himself on the wall.

Having divested himself of his overcoat, but still retaining his hat on his head, he stands forth, a stout figure of a man, rather over middle height and still fairly erect in bearing. The face, which is of a heavy cast, is clean-shaven. He wears an ordinary pair of glasses and is dressed in a plain and democratic suit of grey. His motions, as he passes from one part of the room to the other or sallies out into the big general office, are quite easy and rapid for a man of his years. In short there is about him an expression of alertness and keenness that challenges attention and lets the onlooker know that this man, who is of course John McClary himself is still a force to be reckoned with.

In a day when the stress and strain of business life wears out many a man before he is sixty, when there is so much talk about pensions, annuities and superannuation and when the control of great enterprises seems to be passing into the hands of a still younger set of men, the record of John McClary of London, the octogenarian manufacturer of stoves and tinware, affords an example of virility that is a welcome relief to the accustomed experience. For sixty-six years, with but a slight break, Mr. McClary has been engaged in business in the Forest City.

What manner of man is he who has thus been able for over half a century to direct the affairs of a large industrial plant? What has been the reason for his business success, what the secret of his continued physical strength and keen mentality?



John McClary, at eighty-four, remains actively at the head of the business he has built up so successfully.

The truth can be found in a study of the man himself. Concentration, foresight, the power to discriminate wisely, a proper regard for the laws of health conservation, are among the qualities which have enabled John McClary to remain an efficient executive head of a large corporation for sixty-six years.

The purposeful strength of the man does not manifest itself on a cursory glance. His typical pose seems to hint at relaxation rather than concentration. Among its other furniture the private office contains a capacious rocking-chair, swung well out into the middle of the floor. Into this comfortable piece of furniture the octogenarian manufacturer of stoves and tinware customarily thrusts himself, leaning well back, one leg crossed heavily over the other. He rocks back and forth very gently, at times almost imperceptibly. With his derby hat pulled over his eyes, his large frame reclining at ease and his expression generally exceedingly solemn, he looks for all the world as if he had been lifted bodily

from the piazza or rotunda of some big hotel and placed in the middle of a business office.

The analogy however extends no further. From the depths of that self-same rocking chair there emanates a dynamic force that is still powerful to drive the huge industry that bears the McClary name. The body may lounge but the mind is alert and active.

It is focused on the task of keeping wheels running smoothly and preserving the prosperity of the business. The veteran's interest is not confined to that of a superannuated manager, who is permitted a little diversion in the form of pretended supervision. It is a real and dominating influence, felt in all parts of the works.

With clearness and deliberation that makes repetition unnecessary John McClary dictates correspondence and memoranda to his secretary. He possesses a flow of language that would be the envy of many a less gifted business man, while his words are well arranged and his sentences quite grammatical. Customarily he sits with a pad on his knee on which, as he dictates, he draws all manner of hieroglyphics; occasionally he makes notes in a hand which is almost undecipherable, for penmanship was never one of his strong points.

Of course, while it is true that his personality still dominates the great industrial mechanism and his word continues to be all-powerful, a large proportion of the detail of management has been handed over to Lieut.-Colonel Gartshore, the Company's vice-president and John McClary's son-in-law. Colonel Gartshore has won the entire confidence of the founder of the business just as he has gained the esteem of all his business associates, and to him must be attributed a great deal of the prosperity of the industry during recent years. Mr. McClary's present interest is confined very largely to the financial end of the company's affairs, though he keeps an eye on all departments of its activity.

His punctuality has become proverbial. Precisely at nine o'clock every morning, he climbs out of the automobile which has brought him from his house to the general offices of the company and goes upstairs to his room. Exactly at eleven o'clock he leaves for home. The stroke of three sees him back again at his desk and at four-thirty to

the minute his day's work, so far as the office is concerned, is done. He sticks to this routine with the utmost regularity and will not alter it except for the most important reasons. It is also a part of his established programme to walk through the works every morning and make a personal inspection of everything that is going on.

John McClary is proud of two things. One is the success of the business undertakings, to which he has devoted his life. The other is his family connection. The McClarys are an old family, whose ancestry, thanks to the veteran's fondness for working out genealogies, has been traced back for many centuries. On the paternal side he is the descendant of a Scotchman who came to America many years before the Revolutionary War. His grandfather, who took part in the War on the American side, married a grandniece of John Adams, the second president of the United States and through her was related to John Quincy Adams, the sixth president. His father, John McClary, Sr., was born in New Hampshire in 1784 but moved to Pennsylvania in early life and there engaged in the lumbering business. He married Miss Sally Clark, a descendant of General Stark of Revolutionary fame, and had a family of twelve children, of whom John McClary, Jr., was one of the youngest members.

In 1813, during the war between England and the United States, the Pennsylvania lumberman had the misfortune to lose a large cargo of timber; which was seized and burned by the English. The disaster crippled him financially and he determined to move to Upper Canada and there seek to restore his fortunes. He accordingly transferred his household goods to the Township of Westminster in Middlesex County and settled near the village of Nilestown, where he carried on the joint occupations of farmer and lumberman. At the parental home on January 22, 1829, the present John McClary was born.

The great adventure of John McClary's life took place when he was a young man twenty years of age. He had left home two years previously and had apprenticed himself to a tinsmith in London, under whom he learned his trade. The excitement of the great gold rush of 1849, however, captured his fancy and he set off for California. He traveled by the Panama route, a circumstance which doubtless accounts partially for his present keen interest in the Panama Canal, and, arriving in San Francisco, decided to set up as a tinsmith. He opened a small shop and remained in business with varying success until a terrific conflagration destroyed the greater part of the city and reduced his premises to ashes.

At a loss to know what to do, he was persuaded by a couple of friends to accompany them to the diggings. The account of this expedition as related by himself is full of intense human interest. The trio had to tramp many miles on foot, carrying their belongings on their backs. After enduring many hardships and being almost worn out with fatigue,

they reached their goal. But luck was against them. It just required three days to convince them that the enterprise was hopeless. In those three days and in Mr. McClary's own words they did not find ten cents' worth of gold, and being unable to maintain themselves on such small scrapings, betook themselves back to the Coast. John McClary did not remain longer in California. He returned to London and resumed the occupation which had been interrupted by the wild-goose chase to the gold fields.

It was now that the firm of J. and O. McClary was formed in a very humble way, the returned gold seeker being joined by his brother Oliver. Their first undertaking was the manufacture of tinware. John superintended the industry, while Oliver set out to peddle the products of their small factory, through the country. Those were the halcyon days of peddling and peddlers with their carts were familiar figures on the country roads. Soon the business began to expand and presently the brothers had set up no fewer than forty of these old-fashioned commercial travelers. Then to their output they added ploughs and for a time produced large quantities of implements. At last they made their most important departure by undertaking the manufacture of stoves.

To relate in detail how the business developed from very small beginnings to its present important proportions is unnecessary. Growth was the outcome of hard and persistent work. Neither of the brothers dissipated their energies in other directions. Society had no charm for them and social ambition was not in their line. They lived plainly and most abstemiously, devoting all their attention to the progress of their business. John McClary, though younger than Oliver, took the lead and, being shrewd and far-sighted, carried along the growing enterprise with great success. To-day surviving his brother by several years, he can look forth and see two immense manufacturing plants humming with industry and giving work to over 1,200 hands; large warehouses, filled with the products of these factories, situated in all the chief trade centres of Canada; and a fine, well-built city surrounding his works and called into being largely as a result of his endeavors. Surely no mean achievement this for any man.

To-day, John McClary, fourscore and five years old, is just as plain-living and unpretentious a man as was that young John McClary, the tinsmith's apprentice, sixty odd years ago. He may be proud of his achievements and of his descent, but this pride does not exhibit itself in any manners of superiority or attitude of greatness. He is to the workmen in his factories, just "Old John," and among the older employees at least, he is on terms of personal friendship.

Quite a typical incident of his thoughtfulness of others, is related. Recently an addition was put up to one of the plants. John McClary recalled that an old carpenter who had helped to build practically all the buildings occupied by the company, was confined to his house unable to do any more work. It occurred

to him that it would please the old artisan to be remembered on this occasion. He accordingly sent his motor for the old man, brought him to the new building and had him drive a few nails, so that he might be able to say that he had taken part in building every part of the plant.

Incidents such as this might be multiplied. Perhaps in no other industry in Canada has welfare work been so much emphasized as in the McClary plants in London and while Colonel Gartshore deserves much credit for its elaboration, yet without John McClary's interest and support, the present splendid system could hardly have been developed. He has shown a real concern for the well-being of his employees and in endeavoring to keep the flow of work at an even level, alike through periods of prosperity and depression and through summer and winter, has done much to maintain them in comfort and prosperity. He has always adopted the principle that so long as a man is doing his best, his efforts will be appreciated.

Wrapped up as he has been in his business, he has had no time and little inclination for social intercourse. He is not a club man, has never gone actively for politics and has taken no part in sport. His sole diversion is a game of cards and to card-playing he is strongly addicted.

Transportation is probably Mr. McClary's pet subject, because it concerns his business most nearly. He will discuss the effect of the opening of the Panama Canal, the enlargement of the Welland Canal or the widening of the Erie Canal, with intimate knowledge of the situation, and in the recent agitation in London for the electrification of the London and Port Stanley Railway, he was a tower of strength to those who favored the scheme. Not only in speeches, mostly to mass meetings of his employees, but also through letters to the press, did he make his opinions known.

Mr. McClary no longer takes any exercise but he makes up for this lack by frequent massages. To this treatment he attributes his continued good health, which is really a matter of remark in one of his years. He also contrives to sleep a good deal and is so regular in his habits that he is like some well-balanced machine.

There is an attribute of John McClary's which commends him to all with whom he comes in contact, and that is his laugh. He has the heartiest laugh that one could well imagine. It bursts out at the mention of some amusing incident and resounds through the whole office. So entirely spontaneous is it that one can scarcely mark its coming. At one moment the heavy face will be immobile. Next instant the eyes will twinkle and out will come the almost boisterous laughter. He is a man who is quick to grasp the funny side of a situation and who thoroughly enjoys a good joke, which may be another reason for his longevity.

Spanish Gold

By GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM
Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

The Story of a Search for Treasure on the Coast of Ireland and the Amusing Situations which Arose

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The Rev. J. J. Meldon, curate, of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, while visiting his friend, Major Kent, comes across an old pocket-book of the Major's grandfather, in which he finds an account of some treasure, supposed to have been hidden by the Spaniards of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, on the Island of Inishgowlan. The Major possesses an excellent yacht, *The Spindrift*, and they decide to take a trip to the island to search for the treasure, which Meldon is very confident of finding, but of the existence of which the Major is very skeptical. Meldon also owns a yacht, *The Aureole*, a worthless tub, which he lets to a Mr. Langton, who, with a friend, wishes to take a trip round the coast. On arriving at the island Meldon and the Major find Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's, engaged in surveying the island for the Government, and dividing it up into allotments. He informs them he is prevented from completing his work by the obstinacy of one old man, named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, who owns a piece of land in the very centre of the island, entirely surrounded by other people's land, but with which he will not part at any price. Meldon, not wishing to divulge the real reason of his visit, tells Higginbotham the Major is a Government mineralogical expert who has been sent to examine and report on the island's mineral resources. Meldon and the Major start to explore the island and discover they are being followed everywhere by an old man, who turns out to be Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, and who declares he cannot understand a word of English. Meldon tells him they are naturalists looking for sea beetles, and manages to get rid of him; continuing their search, they find an inlet with a hole, which is only visible at low tide, and here Meldon decides the hidden treasures must lie. On returning to the yacht they notice the arrival in the harbor of the *Aureole*. The following day Meldon starts for the inlet and the cave, and on his arrival discovers a man, who is being lowered over the cliff to the entrance of the cave. This turns out to be a Sir Giles Buckley, the friend who is with Langton, on the *Aureole*, and son of a neighbor of the Major's, who had lately died. Sir Giles would also have heard of the treasure, as his grandfather was a friend of the Major's grandfather, and had visited the island with him. After some discussion, Sir Giles calls out to Langton to haul him up, and both he and Meldon depart, as the tide has nearly covered the hole in the rocks. The following day, Meldon having set adrift Sir Giles' boat to prevent his leaving the yacht; again visits the cave with the Major. They make their way through a long underground passage and eventually find two old iron boxes which, however, are empty. At this point Langton and Sir Giles appear on the scene through a hole in the top of the cavern which it seems is just under Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's plot of land. Disappointed they all return to the yachts, and Sir Giles and Langton later on pay a visit to Meldon and the Major suggesting that as the treasure is evidently somewhere on the island, they should all join forces instead of working in opposition to each other. We here find them discussing the matter.

“IN Trinity College Library,” said Langton, “before I resigned my post there.”

“Resigned?” said Meldon, with a grin.

“If politics are barred,” said Sir Giles, “so are offensive remarks. I have agreed to respect Major Kent's feelings about the Union Jack, though I'm blest if I understand how they come in. You must not insult my friend Langton.”

“I apologize,” said Meldon. “We'll be non-sectarian as well as non-political.”

“You tell this part, Langton,” said Sir Giles.

“There's not much to tell. While I was in the College Library I came across an old manuscript written in Spanish. It was a good deal mutilated—in fact there was neither beginning nor end to it. It appeared to be the log of one of the Armada captains. It began with an account of being shipwrecked on a small island off the west coast of Ireland. The island wasn't named, nor the situation described, but he told how he and his crew left the island in two curraghs. Their own boats were, I suppose, destroyed. Before they went—”

“They hid the treasure,” said Meldon.

“Precisely. They couldn't take it in the curraghs. They meant to go back for it.”

“Did he mention the hole in Thomas O'Flaherty's field?”

“Yes.”

“I see. I could not understand how you got at that. This is most interesting. Go on.”

“There isn't much more to tell,” said Sir Giles. “We put our stories together—”

“Oh, but I want to hear what happened to the Spaniard,” said Meldon.

“It doesn't matter about him. The log broke off abruptly, didn't it, Langton? What we did was, put our stories together. We made up our minds that the thing was good enough to try for. The sale of the furniture in Ballymoy House brought in some money. I sent Langton over to hire a small yacht. He knew nothing about boats, and you stuck him badly with your old *Aureole*.”

“I don't like that,” said Meldon. “We agreed to be non-sectarian and you go introducing religion.”

“I only said you stuck him over the boat. There's nothing religious about that remark.”

“There is,” said Meldon. “To stick a man is a form of swindling, and swindling is a distinct breach of one of the Ten Commandments. There isn't a sect of Christians in the world which doesn't profess to have more or less respect for the Ten Commandments, therefore your remark about sticking Langton over the boat is in the highest degree sectarian and a distinct infringement of the terms of our agreement.”

“I've knocked about a good deal in my day,” said Sir Giles, “and I've met lots of queer people. In fact, I thought I'd met every kind of man there is in the world. But I'm hanged—‘hanged’ isn't swearing, it's only a form of emphasis—I'm hanged if I ever met quite as queer a fellow as you.”

“What do you propose to do now?” said the Major.

It was his first contribution to the dis-

cussion, and the other three men looked at him in surprise.

“Before going into that,” said Sir Giles, “we'd like to hear what you know about the treasure. You've had our story. Let us hear yours.”

“We've no story,” said Meldon. “We had the information in Major Kent's grandfather's log, pretty much the same as what you got from your grandfather. That's all.”

Sir Giles and Langton looked at each other. Suspicion was in both their faces.

“We had nothing else to go on,” said Meldon.

“Then how did you find the cave?”

“By inductive reasoning,” said Meldon. “By careful observation, and a proper use of what is called the scientific imagination.”

“If you won't be open and above-board with us,” said Sir Giles, “there's no use our talking to you. It's neither fair nor honorable of you to keep a card up your sleeve in this way when we've laid all ours on the table.”

“I've got no card up my sleeve,” said Meldon. “As a matter of fact, I don't play cards, so I wouldn't be likely to have one about me—up my sleeve or anywhere else. I haven't played cards since I left college, and even there I didn't cheat.”

“Do you expect us to believe that out of all possible places on this island where that treasure might have been hidden you lit on that cave straight off by accident?”

“I don't expect you to believe anything of the sort. What I said was, that I arrived at the cave by a process of reasoning. You may not be able to reason



"Please don't stir. I shouldn't dream of taking your chair. I'll sit on the table."

yourself, but there's no use denying that other people can."

"Strikes me as a bit thick, that. What do you say, Langton?"

"It's a damned lie," said Langton.

"Now, if I said a thing like that to either of you," said Meldon, "you'd lose your tempers and try to break my head

with a stone. But I happen to have some self-control."

"I believe," said the Major to Meldon, with a broad grin, "that this is the first time you've spoken the truth since we came to this island, and it's the only time you haven't been believed."

"We may as well go," said Sir Giles.

"There's nothing to be gained by standing here arguing with men who have no sense of honor or decency."

Langton gulped down the remains of his whisky and water and stood up. A sharp bump against the yacht's side shook him into his seat again.

"What the devil's that?" said Sir Giles.

"It must be Higginbotham," said Major Kent. "He always does that. He's come on board twice before and each time he has rammed the yacht as if he were a torpedo specially paid to knock holes in the sides of ships."

"I'll fetch him down," said Meldon. "Don't go yet, Sir Giles. You'll like Higginbotham when you meet him, I'm sure. He'll want to talk to you about tuberculosis. He's frightfully keen on every kind of consumption, and he's got it into his head that you're interested in the subject."

He rose to go on deck. Before he succeeded in getting clear of the table Higginbotham descended rapidly, legs first, into the cabin. He was flushed, eager, and evidently in a condition of great nervous excitement.

"I've just got back," he said. "I came off at once—I haven't a minute to spare—to tell you that the Granuaile is in."

"What is the Granuaile?" said Sir Giles.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't see that you were here, Sir Giles. I was going over to your yacht to tell you. I thought you'd like to know. It will be time enough to give my report later on, won't it? I can't stay now."

"What's the Granuaile?" said Sir Giles. "Let's get that first."

"She's the C.D.B. yacht, and the—" "For God's sake, man, don't talk alphabetical riddles. What's the A.B.C.?"

"C.D.B.," said Meldon mildly, "stands for Congested Districts Board. Mr. Higginbotham is part of the C.D.B. He's the board's representative on Inish-gowlan."

"The Chief Secretary is here," said Higginbotham. "I can't possibly stay. I'm expecting him up at my place every minute. I must be there to meet him. Good-bye. I suppose you'll come ashore soon and pay your respects. Good-bye for the present."

He backed rapidly up the companion ladder and disappeared. A minute later there was a sound of scraping and another bump against the yacht's side.

"Am I to understand," said Major Kent, "that the Chief Secretary is on the island?"

"Apparently he is," said Meldon. "I wasn't expecting him, but now that he has turned up we must all try to make his stay as pleasant for him as possible."

"Who is the Chief Secretary?" said Sir Giles. "What is he Chief Secretary of? Is it that A.B.C. thing which the last lunatic talked about?"

"You've lived abroad," said Meldon, "or else you'd know that the Chief Secretary is the principal boss of the Government of this country. In fact, he is the Government. He's far and away a bigger man than the Lord-Lieutenant, although he doesn't wear such good clothes or look so ornamental. He varies, of course, from time to time according to circumstances, that is to say, according to whether the English people think they'd like a Conservative or a Liberal for Prime Minister. At present he's a man called Willoughby—the Right Honorable Eustace Willoughby, M.P. By the way, Major, I told you there was sure to be a Member of Parliament on that

steam yacht. I turned out to be right, you see, in spite of your sneers. I don't happen to have met this Chief Secretary, but they tell me he's not a bad sort of man in private life. I shall look forward to having some quiet chats with him while he's here."

"You won't get them," said the Major, in a determined tone. "I'm off at once."

"Whatever he is, he has nothing to do with us," said Sir Giles. "We've got our own business to see to. Come now, Mr. Meldon, before we go, you may as well tell us the truth about how you found that cave."

"There's no use my repeating what I've said before. I've told you all we know about the matter. If you don't choose to believe me, don't believe me. I can't help it."

Sir Giles scowled at him.

"Very well, Mr. Parson, if you are a parson, which I doubt. We've offered to run this business in partnership with you and to go shares. It was a fair offer and you've refused it. You won't have me for your friend. You'll find me a nasty enemy to deal with. I tell you straight I mean to handle that treasure before I leave the island. Come along, Langton."

Meldon went on deck with them, saw them into their punt, and waved a cheerful farewell as they rowed away. Sir Giles, who was rowing and faced the Spindrift, scowled in reply, and, to Meldon's intense delight, began to swear.

CHAPTER XV.

MAJOR KENT came on deck. He was agitated and showed signs of being in a hurry. Without speaking a word to Meldon he went to the end of the boom and began to unlatch the cover of the mainsail. Meldon watched him take it off, roll it up, and stow it in the sail locker.

"What are you at now?" said Meldon.

"I'm going to get up sail and go home at once. I'll listen to no more talk from you, J. J. I've had too much of it already. My mind is made up. I'll not stay in this place another hour."

"Why?"

"Why?" said the Major, who was casting loose the ties which bound the mainsail to the boom. "Do you ask me why? Didn't you hear Higginbotham saying that the Chief Secretary is on the island? I'm not going to stay here to be made look like a fool over all the lies you've told. What could I say to the man if I met him?"

"Do you mean about the geological survey?"

"Yes I do. Of course I do. And about Sir Giles being a medical missionary or whatever the fool lie you told about him was. And about the National Board of Education building a school, Higginbotham is sure to tell him everything you've said."

"You may make your mind quite easy so far as the school is concerned. That is no business of the Chief Secretary's. The Education Board is the one thing in the country that he has no control over. That came out in Parliament some time ago, as you ought to remember."

"Well, what about the geological survey? You said I'd been sent here by the Chief Secretary and the Lord-Lieutenant. And what about Sir Giles and the tuberculosis?"

"Take one thing at a time, Major, like a good man, and don't confuse yourself. You're afraid he'll be angry because I said he sent you here to make a geological survey of the island. I assure you he won't even be surprised. You don't know these Cabinet Ministers, and, of course, it's hard for you to realize the life they lead. Now just listen to me. That man, Eustace Willoughby, spends his time mainly in receiving deputations. Hundreds and hundreds of deputations wait on him every week. There isn't a public body in the country, not so much as an association of licensed publicans, which doesn't send two or three deputations to each Chief Secretary. I expect he's receiving one this moment, headed by Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. To every deputation he says something—something nice and sympathetic. He must, you know. That's how he earns his salary. Now I put it to you as a sensible man, can he possibly recollect all the things he's said to all the deputations? He can't, of course. You put a bold face on it. Speak to him civilly, but without any show of timidity. Tell him that you went to him as part of a deputation from the Irish Incorporated Geological Surveyors' Institute, and that he sent you to this island. He won't know in the least what you're talking about, but he'll be afraid to give himself away by saying he doesn't remember. He'll believe what you say. He must."

"I don't mean to give him the chance. I'm going home."

"Well, if you funk it," said Meldon, "though I can't myself see what there is to be afraid of, I'll go on shore and talk to him. I'll settle the matter all right. You can trust me not to let you in for anything unpleasant."

"I wouldn't trust you an inch. I've trusted you a great deal too much already, and look at the fix I'm in. I'm going straight home."

"Think of the treasure."

"I wouldn't give you the chance of talking to the Chief Secretary for £500 down. You'd make things worse than they are at present, if that's possible."

"Do think of the treasure," said Meldon, persuasively.

"There's no treasure, or if there is, somebody else has got it. I tell you I wouldn't stay here to be ballyragged and bullied by a Chief Secretary for all the treasure in the world."

"I'm not putting the matter before you in that selfish way at all. Do try to be a little altruistic, Major. I am speaking about the treasure from the point of view of public duty. Either Higginbotham or Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, probably the latter, has the treasure. But that scoundrel Sir Giles means to steal it. I could see it in his eye that he meant to, and so could you. Sir Giles, as you know, is a man who sticks at nothing. He wanted to murder me to-day with a stone. We're the only people on the island who are in a position to interfere with his abominable plans. If we go away

he'll do poor old Thomas O'Flaherty out of his hard-earned gold. He'll rob Mary Kate of her inheritance, of the money that would make life brighter for her. I tell you, Major, I've got to be very fond of that little girl and I won't let the thing be done. Or, if it's Higginbotham that has the money. Sir Giles will go at night and cut Higginbotham's throat. You wouldn't like to think of poor Higginbotham lying all gory in a lonely grave in Inishgowlan, far from his family burying-place and the associations of his innocent youth. It'll be your fault, remember, if he does, because you won't stay here to protect him. I should think that Higginbotham's ghost, a most objectionable-looking spectre, will haunt you to the end of your life. And you'll richly deserve it."

Major Kent made no answer. He loosed the halyard from the belaying pin at the foot of the mast.

"You're still determined," said Meldon, "after all I've said, to get up sail."

"Yes; I'm going home."

"You may get up sail but you'll not go home."

"Why not?"

"Because there's no wind, as you could have seen for yourself long ago if you hadn't been off your head with nervousness. It may amuse you to hoist the sails and get up anchor, and then drift about, up and down the bay, till night-time. The only result will be that you'll go foul of the Aureole or the Granuaile. If that's what you want to do, I'll help you, of course; but I must say it seems to me a rotten way of spending the afternoon."

Major Kent sat down on the deck and glared at Meldon.

"Why couldn't you have told me that before," he said, "instead of standing there and talking like a born fool?"

"I preferred," said Meldon, "to appeal to your higher nature first. I'd like

to have seen you doing your plain duty voluntarily. There's very little credit in staying here simply because there's no wind to take you away."

Major Kent smiled feebly.

"I give up," he said. "Say what you like to the Chief Secretary; make any muddle you can. You'll most likely land me in prison before you've done. You'll certainly have every newspaper in the three kingdoms making fun of us. I can't help it. I can do no more. I don't even mean to try."

"You needn't; I'll manage all right. All you have to do is to keep cool and avoid fuss and excitement. Come on shore and let us interview the Chief Secretary at once. I expect we'll find him quite a reasonable man. After all, a fellow can't climb right up to the top of the tree, become a Chief Secretary, a Cabinet Minister, and all that sort of thing, without being more or less reasonable. As long as a man is reasonable it's always quite easy to get on with him. The people who kick up rows and make themselves unpleasant are the smaller kind, the men with prejudices and ridiculous conventional views. Willoughby must have knocked about a good deal in his day. I know he's been ragged a lot by Suffragettes, and that shakes a man up. I expect we'll find him quite amusing."

A boat pulled by two men with a coxswain in the stern left the pier and headed for the Granuaile. Major Kent saw her and pointed her out.

"Perhaps he's leaving at once," he said; the yacht has steam up still."

Meldon got the glasses and took a long look at the boat, following her in her course to the Granuaile.

"He's not in that boat," he said. "He wouldn't be pulling an oar himself. That wouldn't be suitable for a man in his position, and the fellow who's steering

is evidently one of the yacht's officers. He has gold buttons on his coat. Besides, they'd be sure to fly a white ensign, or whistle 'God Save the King,' or make some kind of show if they had a Chief Secretary on board; whereas that's just a plain, ordinary boat."

He laid down the glasses and looked at the pier.

"I see a stranger standing there with Higginbotham," he said; "a plump, little man in light grey clothes with a Panama hat. Give me the glasses again. He has a small, brown moustache and a thick, short nose. I can see him distinctly. It's certainly the Right Honorable Eustace Willoughby. I'd know him anywhere by his likeness to a cartoon there was of him in Punch a couple of weeks ago. I wonder, now, why the boat's going off and leaving him there?"

He shifted his position and looked at the Granuaile again.

"By Jove! the yacht's getting up anchor and hoisting the boat on the davits. She's off somewhere in a dickens of a hurry. But why have they left the Chief Secretary behind? What will he do? He can't surely mean to stop the night in Higginbotham's wigwam. There's only one bed, and I happen to know that it's full of broken glass. It was just underneath the pane I smashed this morning when I hove the oars in through the window. All the bits of glass went into the bed; I saw them. This is becoming serious. The Granuaile is certainly off. He must mean to sleep in Higginbotham's bed. He'll probably lose his temper if he does. No man likes being cut about the body with broken glass just as he's going off to sleep. I wouldn't like it myself, and I expect it would be perfect torture to a plump man like Willoughby. What had I better do?"

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The Granuaile's boat with Father Mulcrone in the stern approached the pier.

The Law and the Motor

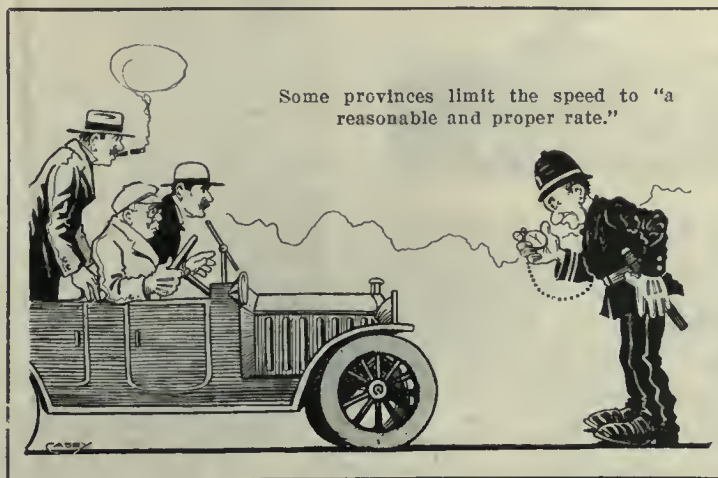
Why the Future Will See a Complete Change in the Legal Viewpoint

By JAMES GRANTHAM

Illustrated in Cartoon by WM. CASEY

INNOVATIONS and innovators receive cold welcomes in this world. The same people who are always seeking novelties and declaring, with an air of boredom, that the man was right who said there was nothing new under the sun are the very first to turn the eye of doubt and point the finger of suspicion at a new invention, or a new method of doing an old thing. Europe was by no means cordial to the idea that the earth was round. Men scoffed at the new-born steam engine, jeered at wireless, pooh-poohed the aeroplane, mocked at the proposal to build the C.P.R., and were loath to admit even the humble sewing machine into their world. And of all of them, scarcely one has had so difficult a reception on the part of the world at large, as the automobile. There are still people who cherish the ideal of a horse-drawn world and remember the days when a fast-trotting horse seemed the most thrilling means of locomotion to be found. True, people have gotten over the habit of telling the ancient joke about "the gasoline smell"; the comic papers have almost mastered their mania for showing the farmer's team dragging a perfectly able-bodied, but recalcitrant, motor out of the mud-hole. But the motor is still fighting to make itself understood in the streets of the world, still compelling the traffic squads and legislators to revise their methods, and still compelling mankind in general to "get a move on," and adjust itself to the newer and better means of getting over the ground and doing business. The world is still adjusting itself to make room for the last newcomer, the automobile, in spite of the fact that thousands of cars are owned in Toronto alone, and to own a car is the dream of the average pedestrian, even while he growls under his breath, at having to escape one at an intersection.

A man might almost be lulled into thinking that the only consideration in buying a motor is price: the price to buy and the price to maintain. One might almost be tempted to suppose that having the requisite bank account was the only needful thing and that once one could meet the bills which the owning of a car is said to involve, the rest is easy. But it is not. On the contrary, so comparatively cheaply are motors made nowadays, and such a saving are they accounted to be in business, that "the price" is after



all not so important. Far more important are the responsibilities which the ownership and operation of a car involve. They are very great indeed! One scarcely realizes them until, with bated breath and jaded eye, one wades through the statutes concerning motors, and sees how the motor-owner is hedged about with laws and injunctions. He must do this and he must not do that. Almost every possible contingency in traffic is thought of, and provided against elaborately until, getting married and raising infants is a simple, off-hand matter in comparison with owning a motor; and the process of collecting enough dollars from the reluctant cash register to pay for a car, is as simple as drawing breath, compared to guiding a six-cylinder, or even a little, low runabout, through the intricacies of the law.

Before ever there were tame horses, before there was any need for vehicles, beasts of burden, and roads, man led a more or less happy life. He lived beside or at the ends of bridle paths. The tracks which he made from his prehistoric cave or tent of skins to the nearest spring or to the place where the Druid priest made the sacrifices, or to his lady-love's father's abode—these were the first lines of land traffic ever seen. Seas and rivers and small boats were, of course, the next step, and the use of horses or oxen to draw vehicles on wheels, was a third. The paths of the first generation became the roads of the fourth generation (or it may have been the tenth generation) and the tribes had to adjust themselves accordingly. The foot-travelers, who formerly lorded it over the paths, had to make room for the drivers of rude wagons and the riders of wild chargers who now became part of the traffic. They had to be on the alert lest they fall un-

der the wheels of the ox-cart or be trampled by the feet of the horses. There became at once an aristocracy on the road, and a rank and file. The rank and file that went afoot did not love always the aristocracy on horseback or ox-cart, but since horse and ox-cart were tools of awakening civilization and developing commerce, they perforce remained the aristocracy of the road, and challenged the foot-passenger by thrift and industry to place himself in the class of horse-riders and ox-cart owners. Thus begun the first quarrel of the road and thus ended.

But then came the automobile! Does anyone ever stop to think what a long time elapsed between the first traffic development I have just mentioned and the greater development which the automobile signified? For centuries the cart—improved, of course, but still a cart—and the horse—better bred but still using four legs only—were supreme on the road. The bicycle had a sudden vogue and a sudden death and then—came the automobile, a clumsy, lumbering affair that rolled sullenly along, snorting and smoking and smelling, and frightening the countryside. And from the first, it had to fight or be fought for by its sponsors. Like the pedestrian-savages, who undoubtedly raised strong objections to having the horse and the ox-cart placed on the roads, so now the descendants of the first horse-owners and ox-cart drivers objected to the "horseless carriage," and were backed up by the pedestrian who never did approve of any but the one mode of travel anyway. The horseless carriage! What right had any carriage to be horseless? What right had any man to be able to sit on a four-wheeled affair, turn a lever or two and start to move off down the road? Why should such a mystery-propelled vehicle go faster than a horse? Why, indeed, should the horse be allowed to travel faster than a pedestrian? Sunday supplements printed pages of pictures and "leaded" articles to prove that the motor car was only a toy. It would never last. It was commercially impossible. People needn't worry about it—the fad would soon die out, etc. How did they know? Because this man and that man gave out weighty interviews to prove it. "Right Honorable Joshua Smith thinks the horseless carriage is only a passing fancy!" "Prominent London horseman

says the horse will never be replaced!" etc. The automobile and its disciples had to begin their first fight, and they are still fighting, though in a different way.



The "horseless carriage" stayed on the streets and made fewer and fewer breakdowns. Presently men heard the new word "automobile" and women in polite society were curious to know whether one should pronounce it "automo-byle!" or "autoe-mobil"—and compromised on "auto," which to-day is considered a decadent word and is replaced by the more elegant term "car."

A survey of the motor laws of the various Provinces of Canada reveals the astonishing fact that the horse has had more consideration in the various Provincial statutes than most men receive. If it were necessary to prove that man loves his horse, it would only be needful to observe the means the Canadian legislator has taken to protect his equine friend from the evil ways of the motor car. It may be said that the law which bids a motor-driver stop his car and his engine on approaching a horse driven by a woman or a child is passed in the interests of the human freight behind the horse, and, no doubt, this has very much to do with it; but that the laws have been framed almost entirely with an eye to protecting the horse and the pedestrian, is undeniable. In most of the Provinces a motor must stop on signal from the driver of a nervous horse—or a nervous driver! In Prince Edward Island, where until recently the use of motors was absolutely prohibited, it is still the law that cars cannot be driven on the highway on Tuesdays, Fridays, Saturdays or Sundays. In short, a car may be used only three days a week in that Province, and all because the horse is supreme. In British Columbia a motor-driver must not pass a funeral, or must turn up a side-street and get out of the way—lest the horses in the cortege be frightened, and lest the hurrying motor show, or seem to show, disrespect to the dead. In Toronto the motor-hearse has come into use and sad processions make the long journeys to outlying cemeteries in brief time. But this is the exception. The mere thought of a motor funeral is still repugnant to the great majority of Canadians.

The manner of considering automobile legislation is slowly, but surely, changing. The factors which have hitherto determined the making of the law are

being changed and added to. This is the beginning of possibly the last, and certainly the most important phase of the process by which the motor is becoming

properly adjusted in the community. Already it has been recognized as indispensable. Men no longer venture to suppose, but that the horse as a commercial animal is doomed, except for very special sorts of labor. Yet there are still hampering laws on the automobile, laws which make the use of motors sometimes difficult and which there-

by retard their introduction into other fields of usefulness which are still awaiting them.

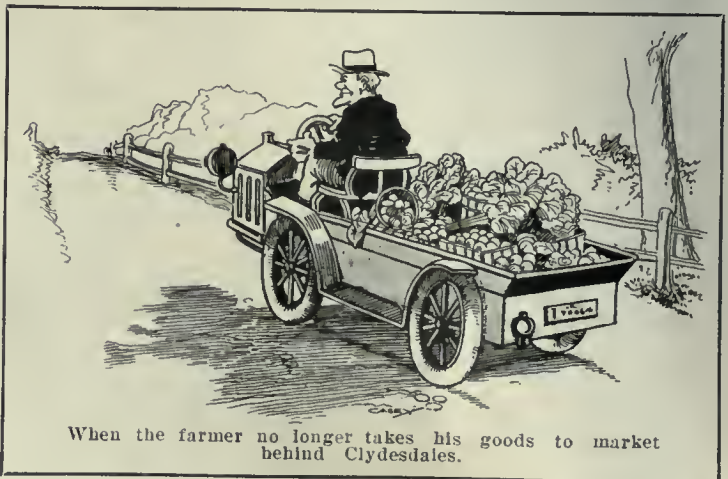
If you obtain copies of the various laws of the nine Provinces of Canada, and even of the United States of America where the motor has made slightly greater headway, you will see that the majority of these laws have been the result of legislative guess-work. They seem to have been drawn with little or no scientific knowledge of the subject. Legislators seem to have said to themselves: "These automobiles are ticklish things. We'd better look out that they don't go to killing off all the other traffic in the country." So one Province says no motor shall travel at a greater rate of speed than twenty-five miles an hour, another says twenty miles an hour. Some limit the speed to "a reasonable and proper rate" and then go back on this magnanimity by specifying only one mile in four minutes as the maximum rate allowed. Some Provinces require that a motor carry one white lamp in front while others require two. Ontario says that a car must turn always to the right and overtake vehicles on the left, while British Columbia reverses the rule. Some require that the drivers of cars be all licensed, whether owners or not, while others would license only the chauffeurs.

One of the great desiderata in regard to motor legislation is uniformity between the different Provinces. In the United States of America one of the great motor associations is spending large sums of money just in order to wipe out the difference between the motor laws in one State and those in another. For example, a man motoring from New York to Boston—a very common run—is liable to get

into trouble unless he knows that there are certain things required in one State which are not required in the other. Knowing them he can avoid any infraction of the law, but he is in ignorance he is liable to be hailed before a magistrate and fined for some technical breach. To remove the discrepancies the Automobile Association is working hard and employing great lawyers to smooth out the laws of the various States. Discrepancies still remain, but they are fast being removed. Until they are all wiped out, the man who makes a tour covering a number of States has to be a sort of lawyer, with a knowledge of the fine points which distinguish one State's laws from those of its neighbor.

With the completion of the great trans-Canadian highway which has been started in British Columbia and which is slowly crawling across the Rockies toward the plains and toward the East, there will be a great increase in trans-Canadian motor traffic. Rather, that traffic will begin: so far, it is hardly possible, much less a common thing to see a motor make a run from Halifax to Vancouver. But when the great highway is completed, when the Toronto business man can contemplate making an excursion in his own touring car from Toronto to the Rockies and even through the great hills to the Pacific coast, then will the need for uniform motor legislation between the Provinces, make itself felt. The completion of this road, and the wiping out of the differences between the laws of one Province and another will make the motor car a nationalizing influence in Canada, will help to bind one Province to the next and the ends to the middle. It is a consummation greatly to be desired.

But the new basis on which future motoring laws must be based, is important. When the last delivery horse is dead, when the farmer has given up ploughing with a team and is using gasoline tractors, when he no longer takes his grain to market behind Clydesdales, but on a motor truck—many of the existing motor laws will be almost worthless. There may still remain those who keep horses for the sheer love of the beautiful animals, and



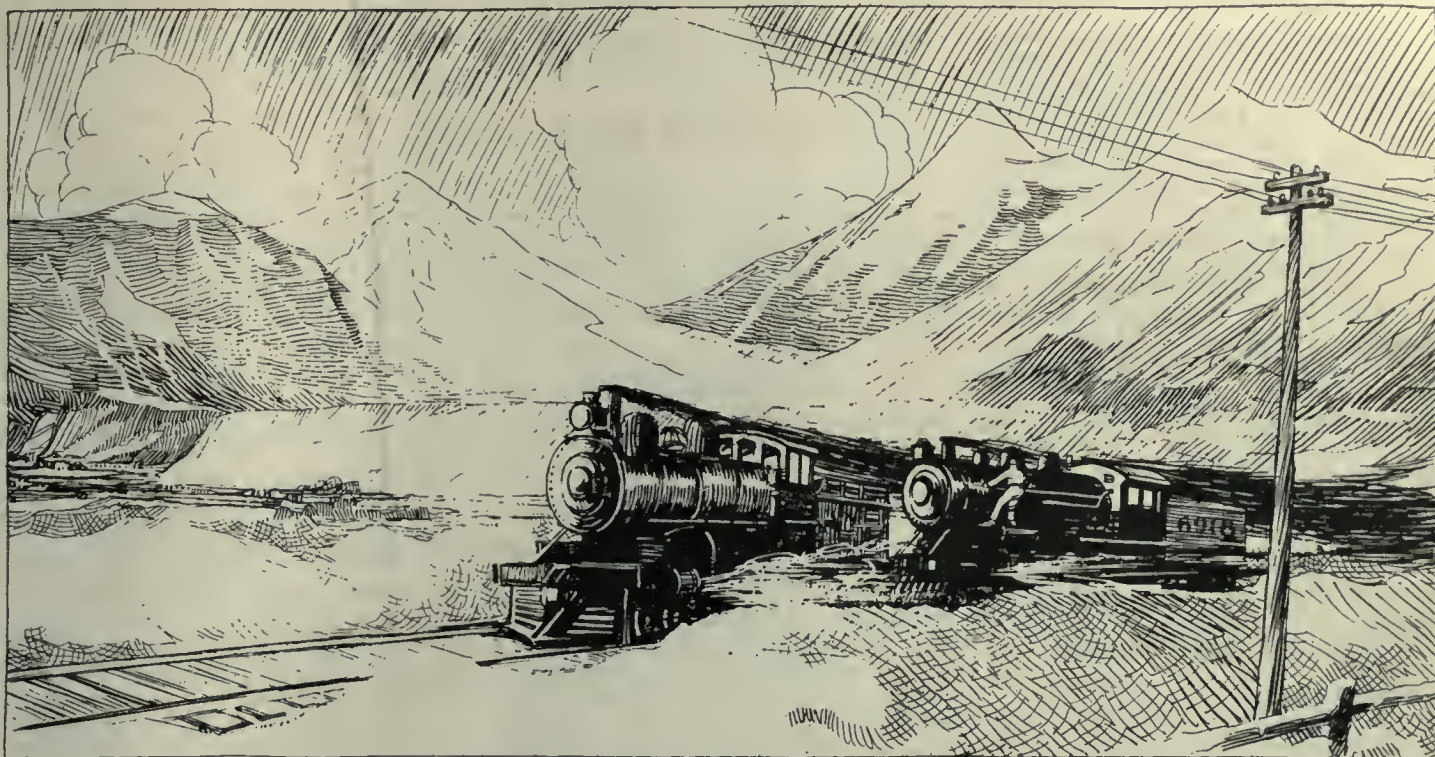
who will ride them or drive them on the public highway, but the laws which now exist and which were made in contemplation of the horse-drawn carriage.

Continued on Page 111.

Six-Nine-One-Eight

By L. R. RORKE

Illustrated by DARBY MOORE



As the engine slipped past the opening between the hills they had caught one glimpse—above the foothoard, a glint of blue—the engineer's blue shirt.

SHE stood impatient on the siding at the divisional point of Jackman, a snorting, shining beauty—the big Mallett engine which pulled the westbound morning express through the length of Bald Mountain Division, No. 6918, and the pride and love of Ould Michael McConnell, her engineer.

Ould Michael had little else to be proud of, save it was the reputation of being the best trusted engineer on the line. In the roundhouse the men speculated, looking out through blinding storm, on the whereabouts of stalled trains, and took bets with the unwary that "Ould Mike McConnell" would "pull through with 6918." They were seldom wrong. No train on all the mountain division ran closer to her schedule, no train came more triumphantly forging its way through storm and snow; but this, McConnell averred, was merely the excellence of the great engine, and in no way due to any superior judgment or energy on the part of her engineer.

"She's a darlin'!" he would say, his eyes appreciative on the ice-coated engine, "Just a bit of coaxin' she needed. Took her two hours to clear the cutting this side of Ould Baldy, but she's here, not tin minits behind her time—an' 674 sittin' shnortin' forninst a drift beyant Sleepy River."

That was as near to sentiment as Ould Mike had been known to come openly, but Bill Lanning, his fireman, told how

How Ould Michael McConnell Saved the Engine He Loved—and Averted a Wreck

when the tail of the Wallace Mountain slide had heaped itself two feet deep for half a mile along the track the old man had brought his train with the special car of the president and his party attached triumphantly through in time to make important connection with the Coast City Express. For three hours the big engine had bucked snow—for there was no waiting for the ploughs.

"Ah, thry her again for me," McConnell would coax, backing out of the snow for a fresh start. "Shure, it's but shnow bowlders, me dear. Don't be afeard now. Ah, but that was crool hard! Shtuck, are ye? Come out of it. Is it rested ye ar-re? Thry her again—Ah, ye're a darlin'! Good for yez!"

So for three hours of struggle Ould Mike entreated, coaxed and praised, and the big engine, thrilling response, flung herself again and again at the wall of snow, while the passenger-coaches, detached, waited comfortably in the rear. At the end of that time she had nosed her way to the clear track beyond and Ould Mike started out to regain what he might of the hours thus lost.

Except for this strange sweetheart the old man had little to love. He had come to the Bald Mountain division twelve years before, "Ould" Mike McConnell

then. Finlayson, to be sure, who claimed a prior acquaintance with the grizzled old engineer, talked occasionally of "Young Mike McConnell," telling dare-devil

tales of the days when this same young Mike "waked up the town o' nights." He even whispered that young Mike had been no woman-hater, that Annie Rafferty was "the foinest girrl in Warrendale," and that the night she died—but that, mind ye, was nigh unto two years after she married Tom Nixon—McConnell's engine came thundering into Warrendale an hour before she was due, and Old Bridget Mallory, who was with Annie at the last, told how she thought it was her husband's engine coming in, "But her mind was wanderin' an' 'twas Michael" she said, an' turned her face to the tracks an' wished he'd come. 'Twas "Michael" was last on her lips—an' shmall wonder, for Mike was that handsome an' lovin', an' Annie couldn't forget herself of the years they'd been sweet-heartin' before the quarrel that Christmas night, when young Mike tried to murder Nixon an' Annie gave him back the ring."

But these wandering reminiscences of Finlayson's were never repeated save when the old man had been drinking to excess; and those who knew McConnell best refused to place any confidence in such tales. McConnell, who had no friends, no home—who cared for none, dividing his time between long runs on

his engine and the miserable discomforts of a railway boarding house—there was no connection between this man whom they knew and the young Michael McConnell of Finlayson's drunken meanderings.

"Finlayson'd ought to write a book," The engineer of 794 stood chatting with a bunch of men on the platform before turning in after his all night's run. As usual when this remark was made it was McConnell who was under discussion. "Looks queer to see anybody beside Ould Mike take out 6918."

"Sure enough! That's Rogers. Is Mike sick or drunk?"

"Up the line with the ploughs. Davis was hurt in the smash yesterday and they sent for Mike last night. Seems they're pretty badly blocked in the cutting and on the Atchison line, but the main line's clear again. They'll likely keep Ould Mike with the ploughs till the Atchison line is clear. Hello, Rogers! Coast City late?"

"Fifteen minutes."

"What's doing down there?"

Rogers turned and glanced down the shining rails to the big engine on the siding.

"Petro's gang coaling her up. Lazy beggars!"

"Does Lanning go out with you?"

"Yes. There he goes now. Why, what in—" the engineer broke from the group and started on a run down the long platform.

Lanning, running wildly, shouting at the top of his lungs, was some sixty yards ahead. Suddenly he turned and started back waving frantic directions to the switchman in his signal cage above the tracks. Behind him the big engine, gaining speed as she came, thundered up and passed. A moment later with a swaying lurch she had left the siding—they heard the switch clank shut behind her—and was on the main line. As she swept toward them the watching men saw Rogers, nearer on the platform, crouched as if for a spring, his eyes intent on the canvas-covered door of the cab. Then she roared past him and he straightened himself again with a gesture half hopeless, half bewildered. The huge monster drew abreast of them, roared a derisive greeting and was gone. They faced each other with horror, for the cab was empty and the throttle wide!

Pandemonium reigned on the long platform. A hundred men sprang into life from office, waiting room and round-house. Question and explanation filled the crisp clearness of the winter sunshine.

"What's happened?"

"What?—How?"

"6918."

"Where's Ould Mike?"

"Dagoes coaling her up."

"Where's that Petro?"

"There he goes! Get him!"

"Where's the express?"

"Thought he'd bring her up nearer the coal—"

"Scared—Yes, jumped. Yes, wide open."

"Where?"

"Across the fields like a coyote—"

"See him run!"

"Lynch him!"

"They'll never get him!"

"Where's the Express?"

"He shant get off that way! Come on, men!"

"Where's Ould Mike McConnell?"

"Where's the express?"

"Make it hot for him!"

"Where's the express?"

"Where was Rogers? Where's Lanning?"

"Where's Ould Mike McConnell?"

"Where is the Coast City Express?"

Inside the dispatching office, shut off from this babel only by its thick brick walls, was silence absolute save for the voice of the chief, low, intense, steadfast, calling Kestor Station. He had tried Ready, a tiny station with a siding where it was possible to ditch the iron monster could they be reached in time, but the express never stopped there and the mixed was not due for hours. There had been no response.

The men who had just left the desks—the night force had been changed some five minutes—stood grouped in the doorway, haggard, intent. By the little desks throughout the room men stood where they leaped to their feet at the news, receivers, pushed back from their ears listening for the chief's replies. In the stillness watches hidden away in silent pockets spoke out with sudden distinctness. Over in the corner where the last telegraphic dispatcher on the division still kept his desk a message rapped out, sharp and distinct, and was answered. A moment later another. Marton met the eyes of his chief across the room. Ready and Cormack had both announced the passing of the runaway.

Men held their breath. Between Cormack and Kestor was a stretch of wilderness—mountain, cutting, tunnel, forest and the bare sides of Bald Mountain, a few sidings seldom used whose switches were operated by the engineer, and close to Kestor in the sloping side of Lower Hill, a disused spur which opened into an old quarry. Here the huge monster might be easily trapped. Here against the cruel rock she could dash out her angry force in one huge onslaught. Here, her strength gone, she might lie broken and disgraced until the company saw fit to send its salvage ship in the shape of some huge flat car and load and tow her away—to be used again, it may be, in the structure of something newer, wiser, and less rebellious—never again to be 6918, the pride of the division and the joy and love of Ould Mike McConnell, her engineer.

There was plenty of time. Running light and wild the engine would do it in much less, but ordinarily it was an hour's run between Cormack and Kestor Station. It was for the whereabouts of the Coast City Express that the silent men listened, trying to gather the truth of her danger or safety from the chief's words.

They could not know the answer to his order for signals out against her, but Garry McLean saw his chief's hand suddenly clenched. He caught his breath sharply and the other men looked at him

—and looked away. McLean's father was conductor on the Coast City Express.

Then the voice of the chief dispatcher broke the silence. "Good," it said, "hold for further orders."

A little stir swept the room. Men sought for confirmation of their own relief in the faces of their comrades and finding it dropped again to their places. Only nobody looked at young Garry McLean, whose head was bent low over his train sheet. The chief was giving quiet commands spelled in the repeating as to the opening of the spur and the holding of work-extra No. 5. The ploughs were already in the siding. The group at the door vanished; low voices took up their work; and the incident was closed. Silence, save for the quiet tones of the men at work, fell in the great room.

At Kestor Ould Mike pleaded with Manisty.

"Leave me thry it, sor. I kin do it. Ye can't ditch a big engine like 6918 as if 'twere a toy. Leave me thry!"

"You're crazy, Michael. You couldn't do it—not in the mountain division."

"Leave me thry, sor! I can do it. Shure, see what you'd be savin'! Leave me take 711 from the Coast City; she's got her steam up."

"An' wreck them both! And lose a good engineer to boot! No, Mike, it can't be done. Besides I have orders—"

"Indade it can, sor. Leave me show you! Obey yer ordhers! Send yer man to open the switch; I'll whistle on him to close it for me when I come. Give me 711 off the Coast City—" He broke into low, rapid explanation. The other man listened unconvinced.

"No, Mike," he said at last, "I can't. It's nonsense."

Mike turned away despairing. He had a vision of his engine lying a broken wreck among the granites of the old stone quarry, and the thought made him desperate. He started blindly for the ploughs.

"Mike!" A man in a huge storm-coat, who had been pacing the platform stopped him as he came out? "Any luck?" he asked.

McConnell shook his head.

"Well," the other responded pointedly, "that's Denton's car and Leeming is in it."

McConnell listened to the information unheeding. "Is it so, sor?" he responded and would have passed on.

But the other reached out a detaining hand. "Mike," he said with unmistakable emphasis, "Leeming is general manager of the line."

An instant comprehension flashed into the face of the old Irishman. He flung away and down the long platform, springing aboard the standing train and presenting himself, grimed and eager before Leeming and Dr. Challoner, who to while the monotony of waiting had started a game of chess. Laughing behind him came Denton himself, the new president of the company.

The trained eyes of the engineer distinguished the railroad man. As Den-

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The Little Princess of the Stage

The Rise of Christie MacDonald, Winsome Portrayer of Madcap Royalty

By MARGARET BELL

No actress in comic opera to-day is more popular than Christie MacDonald. Winsome and winning in manner with a voice of unusual sweetness and a thorough knowledge of the arts and wiles of the comedienne, she has established herself as a prime favorite with stage goers everywhere. Miss MacDonald is a Canadian by birth and her holidays are always spent in this country. Needless to state, Canadians take an unusual interest and pride in her work. In the accompanying article Margaret Bell tells in bright style the story of the rise to mimic greatness of the little star.

THE little town of Pictou, Nova Scotia, was effervescing.

Now, there are many things which will make a small town effervesce. The most standard being the descent of sudden fortune, or the indiscretion of some citizen in doing what he pleases.

Pictou was outraged because one of her daughters had dared!

The absurdity of the dare never appeared to them. Only the unfairness of it. Nor did one of them stop a moment to consider whether the report of her daring was true. It might have been more wise, had they done this. For the news of the astounding thing had come to them through the press. A most unreliable messenger to be sure.

All of which may sound somewhat ambiguous.

The gist of the whole thing is this. News had come to Pictou that Christie MacDonald had journeyed all the way from Basswood Island—which is one of the Thousand—to New York, for the sole purpose of buying a coffin for her pet cat lately deceased.

And that was not all. The price of the coffin was five hundred dollars! Which sum the grief-stricken mourner had paid, without a murmur!

Small wonder the citizens of Pictou gasped. Small wonder that there were afternoon rockings on front verandas, and numerous cups of tea and discussions!

Following up the discussions were letters, vicious, scathing letters, addressed to Miss MacDonald at her summer home on the St. Lawrence.

It was a rare treat which awaited her, one day, after a round on the links. Mandy, the dark-hued maid, who looked after Miss MacDonald's personal affairs, kept an eye on the golf links, and paused, now and then in the act of polishing a silver scent bottle. Mandy was a conscientious maid, with a Kentucky drawl and South African color scheme. Moreover, she had a certain discernment about her unusual in maids of any color.

That is how she came to run down the stairs and out on the veranda, down the steps and past the croquet lawn. She had seen her mistress coming, and she wanted to break the news!

"Oh, Mis' MacDonald, dere's such heaps an' heaps ob lettahs, from dat town Pictou, I do believe dere's someone dead!"



Christie MacDonald in Victor Herbert's latest operetta, "Sweethearts."

And she dabbed the corner of her polishing rag into the white part of her left eye.

Servants have a way of hovering around, when they are interested in anything. Mandy's duties kept her on the veranda, all the time it took her mistress to go through the Pictou mail. Now and then, she saw Miss MacDonald smile, and guessed that nothing was seriously wrong.

"It's all right, Mandy. There's nothing wrong."

And the petted prima donna of the American stage leaned back in her chair and laughed till tiny rivulets appeared on her cheeks.

Of course the good people of Pictou were indignant. When the weekly newspaper arrived, with a huge picture of Christie MacDonald, on the front page, accompanied by the news that she had paid five hundred dollars for a coffin for her pet cat, they sat down and wrote her their thoughts on the subject.

Such indignation burned in their words! If she wished to throw away money, why not endow a dog and cat hospital in her home town? Why not send a cheque to be the embryo of a fund for the prevention of hydrophobia? Why not? Why not? Oh, the viciousness of their satire!

Miss MacDonald had not enjoyed such a good laugh, for many a day. And it was the first she had heard of her extravagant purchase.

Which goes to show that one must not take a press notice too seriously.

As a matter of fact, the good people of Pictou had been waiting for their opportunity for some time. Fifteen years, to be exact. Ever since the MacDonald girl, of the MacDonalds of Glenlivet, left home to study for the stage.

That was a coming-off! Play actin', the stage, all such terms were synonymous with "eternal destruction," "Hades," "heat" and all such pleasant anticipations.

True, they all admitted that the girl had talent. She always was a good mimic, they said. And many a time, when she was a wee thing—even more wee than she is now—she sent them home in a happy state of self-contentment, after an entertainment at "the kirk." For little Christie was never sparing of her talent.

If members of "the kirk" had been superstitious, they might have guessed that some evil was going to befall them. For Christie's last appearance at one of

the local entertainments was the occasion of much sadness. Not because it was her last. They did not know that, then. But just before she made her bow to the audience, it was discovered that "the kirk" was on fire. There was a great panic, great consternation. And the little MacDonald girl was carried out, even before making her bow.

Surely that portended something! To have "the kirk" destroyed, just before Christie MacDonald said her piece!

There were frowns a-plenty when she packed her telescope and round-topped trunk, and set out for "Boston Toon." Then to a life of hard work and study. Then to a vista of tall buildings, smoke and hazy skies. Christie MacDonald was following in the wake of Margaret Anglin and all the ambitious ones who had set out but a few years before. The hall bedroom was the recipient of all her joys and disappointments. And there were plenty of both. For a young girl's life is not hedged in by roses, when she starts out to tramp its paths.

Many a night when she came in from strenuous hours of declaiming and singing of scales, she would wish for the green fields of Pictou and the cosiness of the home fireside. It is a poor sort of girl who has never tasted the pangs of homesickness.

And she would turn out the light, roll up the shades and snuggle down by the window. The same old moon looked down on the Pictou home. That was something, even if everything else was so different.

She knew names she never knew before. She had peeps into a life she had dreamt of, but had never felt certain existed. It was different from the quiet of Nova Scotia.

But she was learning. She was going to be great, some day. She would show all the people back in the home town, that it was not such a disgrace to leave home to go on the stage. And so on, and so on. Who can ever tell the thoughts which go careening through a girl's head, when she is preparing for something really worth while?

One day, Francis Wilson came to Boston, Francis Wilson, the great actor, in a revival of his former success "Ermine." Christie's teacher obtained an interview with him, and told him of the little girl from Canada who was anxious for a part, no matter how small.

Francis Wilson sent for this little Canadian and asked her to sing for him.

Which she did. Oh, the agony, the

pain, the bliss of being sent for and asked to sing! But it was soon over, and the great man was kind. More than that, he was enthusiastic. He talked with her teacher for a few moments. She wondered what they were saying about her. For she knew it was about her. One never needs to be told when one is being talked about. One feels it. Especially a woman.

Well, Christie MacDonald was engaged for the chorus. It was a beginning. Small, but a beginning nevertheless. And it enabled her to pay for the lessons she still continued. They took almost all her salary, together with the rent of the little room. So that she was still dependent

never have the opportunity of putting that study into practice. It was evident that the star which peeped down on Pictou, the night Christie MacDonald first blinked her baby eyes, was a very lucky star. Four weeks! It was but a breathing spell.

Lulu Glaser was playing Javotte in "Ermine." One night, she could not appear. That was Christie MacDonald's opportunity. She took Lulu Glaser's place. People wondered who was the new singer, but all they learned was her name, which meant nothing to them. That is, it meant nothing then.

In three or four months, it did. For Miss MacDonald had the part of Javotte for her own.

When Christie used to "say pieces" in the old "kirk" at Pictou, she often dreamt that she was appearing as a great princess, in some play. It did not take long to have her ambitions realized.

When Francis Wilson chose her, some little time later, to appear in "Half a King," she was really a stage princess, with beautiful clothes and jewels and all sorts of people to wait on her. It was about that time when the baskets of home-cooked food began to be less necessary. Christie MacDonald was going to "make good."

"Making good" requires a great deal of courage, observation and tact. One needs to keep one's eyes open. That's what this popular singer has always done.

When it was about time for "Half a King" to be thrust into the dungeon of obscurity, "The Bride-Elect" was produced. This was an operetta by Sousa. It also had a princess.

Christie MacDonald was watching. And what's more to the point, people were watching her.

Usually, when people are

focusing the rays of public opinion on someone else, there is some reason for it.

Miss MacDonald was to be another princess. Sousa had approved of her princess capers in "Half a King," so it was only natural that he should want her to appear in his own operetta.

Which she did. And there were more court dresses to be ordered and made, more songs to learn, more work. And when the opera was produced, there were long press notices, interspersed with praise.

But the Scottish ancestry in the little prima donna would not allow her head to be turned. Flattery was received with a smile, and dismissed without a moment's

Views of Christie MacDonald in "Sweethearts," a play which gives ample scope for winsome drollery.



An exceptionally good photograph of the little prima donna taken in the seclusion of her home.

upon the boxes and baskets of excellent home-cooked food, which found their way from the little town of Pictou. They came regularly, every week, eagerly looked forward to by the aspiring, little chorus girl.

One day Francis Wilson told his new member of the chorus that she was to understudy the principal parts.

More work, more study. But she did not mind. It was an opportunity. And the home-cooked food tasted even better, after a day of strenuous understudying.

For four weeks, this work went on, without any chance to display itself. But that was not very long. Some people spend most of their life studying, and

thought. If one were to pay much attention to the flattery one receives—particularly an actress—one would have no time for more serious things.

Miss MacDonald, by this time, was beginning to be known by her princess parts. When one thought of her, one thought of court trains and the like. For she was a fascinating bit of stage royalty.

And even her next role was a royal one, the title part of "Princess Chic." Her success in this opera is too well known to need particular comment.

It has been said that too much persistence in similar parts is not too good for one's art or versatility. So, the little Nova Scotian, having a wise head set firmly upon her shoulders, decided that it was time for a change.

And she made it. She took an important part in "Miss Hook of Holland," and scored a great hit.

It happened that there was to be a revival of the "Mikado," soon after that. And it seemed natural enough that the Canadian prima donna should be chosen for it. Her work was so successful that unbiased critics—if such there be—said she carried off all the honors. A great burden surely for so small a person.

As yet, Miss MacDonald had not advanced far enough to consider further study unnecessary. All the time, she kept up the vocal exercises which had been taught her, when first she went to Bos-



"The Spring Maid" gave Christie MacDonald the opportunity she had always wanted.

ton. Strange as it may seem, she was never carried away with the idea that there was nothing more for her to learn. She had not yet seen her name in front of a theatre entrance, glittering out the news that a new star had flickered its way into the world. But she hoped for the time to come, and believed it would, when she was ready for it.

Which was not far distant. One season, not many years ago, the New York papers bristled with the information that there was a new operetta produced by a new firm, with a new star twinkling through it. And everyone went to see.

They saw. And they went again. They listened to the most sprightly music that had been heard in New York in years. They saw the most refreshing, little operetta that had been seen there in years. And they cheered themselves hoarse for the new star.

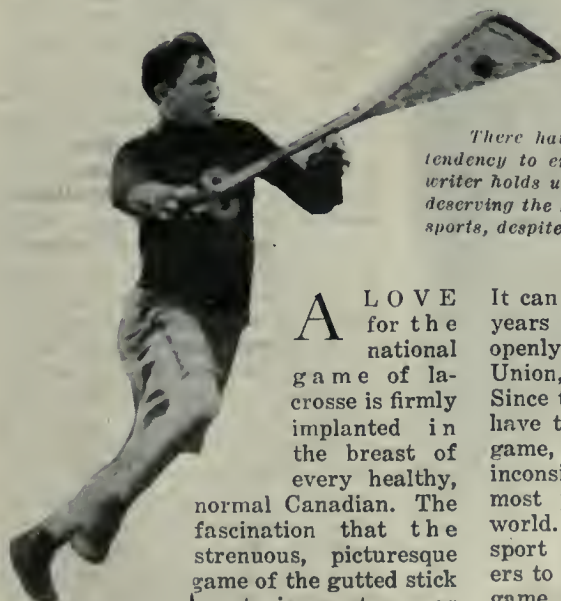
"The Spring Maid" gave Christie MacDonald the opportunity she had always wanted. And she gave "The Spring Maid" the success it never might have had without her.

A whole season in New York was followed by a tour of the country. It was then that the little Highland star came back to her own land to show its doubting Thomasines that she had done what she started out to do.

Continued on Page 97.

A Plea for the National Game

By FRED JACOB



There have been evidences of a prejudice recently in certain circles against lacrosse, a tendency to criticise it in comparison with other sports. In the accompanying article, the writer holds up Canada's national game in its true light, as a fast, scientific and manly game, deserving the heartiest support of the Canadian people. That lacrosse is not so rough as other sports, despite the imputation frequently laid, is one of the points made.

A LOVE for the national game of lacrosse is firmly implanted in the breast of every healthy, normal Canadian. The fascination that the strenuous, picturesque game of the gutted stick exerts is as strong as ever. And yet to a certain extent lacrosse as a sport has been put on the defensive in Canada.

The condition is undoubtedly a temporary one, but it is nevertheless real.

It can be traced back to the time, a few years ago, when professionalism was openly adopted by the National Lacrosse Union, popularly termed the "Big Four." Since then many lovers of amateur sport have turned their backs on the national game, giving their interest with strange inconsistency to baseball, which is the most purely professional sport in the world. A tendency has developed among sport enthusiasts and newspaper writers to dwell on the rough features of the game, to overlook its virile strength and manliness, and to concentrate on its occasional casualties.

This carping attitude has not only served to prejudice the minds of sport lovers in other countries against a game

presented to them in the light of a close approach to medieval warfare. It has also undermined to some extent the popularity of the sport in Canada. It is time that we found a true appreciation of our national pastime.

Some day a man who likes to juggle with ideas will set himself the task of explaining why certain sports have become the national games of certain peoples. What an opportunity it is going to give him to toss about quaint conceits! He will find how closely the outstanding characteristics of the sports parallel the characteristics of the nations that have adopted them. With elaborate historical detail it can be demonstrated by any artificer of words who likes to take the

time, that they could not help coming together, the nations to express the games and the games to express the nations.

England will be seen symbolized in cricket. The man who does not know the game looks on and thinks it is slow, but if he examined it closely he would find there was purpose behind every stroke from start to finish.

Baseball stands forth as the national game of the United States. There is nothing about it that requires patience or stubborn persistence for the two things most in demand are dispatch and efficiency. The baseball fan has a lively contempt for the man who takes his sporting entertainment in half-day doses: he believes in having the thing cleaned up in an hour or two with some result to show. Baseball teams are so constructed that they work like machines on the field, and if some detail in the working goes wrong, you can point at once to the cog that slipped. It becomes naturally the game of the people who have spelled the word "efficiency" with capital letters. There is another side to the game that might be dwelt upon at considerable length. On this continent we have developed a mania for letting somebody else play our games for us, while we sit back and tell how it ought to be done. Baseball offers greater opportunities than any other sport ever invented for the experts of the grand-stand, and at times they are almost more entertaining than the exponents on the field. Surely baseball was bound to become the national game of the people who invented the slang phrase, "Let George do it."

Shall we say that bull fighting suggests Spain with its color, its medievalism and its luxurious cruelty? Who could not find some resemblance to Scotland in a curling match?

So the symbols may be continued until Canada is reached, which has been expressed in lacrosse, a hardy game demanding speed, condition, grit and an ability to think and act quickly. One would not expect to find a northern people playing an anaemic game.

Lacrosse is a game that brings out the best qualities of the athlete. To become expert, a player must not only acquire the speed of the sprinter and the staying

powers of the Marathoner, but must have a quick eye and an alert mind. And he must know how to handle his

The national game is undoubtedly a strenuous one, but it does not deserve the continual harping on the strain of roughness by critics.



In lacrosse, as in hockey, the play is continuous, and thrills do not follow one another, but are prolonged for an indefinite period.

"stick"—that pesky imitation of a fish net which is so difficult for the amateur to handle, but which in the hands of an expert becomes the means to a dazzling display of skilful balancing.

Perhaps no player is better known than John White, the Cornwall Indian. The long, lank and brown figure of John White has been seen on every lacrosse field in Canada more or less, and one still hears tales of his prowess. John was above all else a great worker. One



The fascination that the strenuous, picturesque game of the gutted stick exerts is as strong as ever.

moment he would be seen back on his own nets valiantly essaying to get the ball into safer territory; and a few minutes afterwards he would be found in the thick of the fray in front of the enemy's goal.

"I wonder how far that Redskin would run in the course of a game?" said one lacrosse man to another, as he watched the seemingly tireless player.

A test was made. During the next game every move of the Indian was watched and the number of times that he traversed the field was counted. It was reckoned at the finish that on a conservative estimate, he had covered over ten miles. And this was not straight-away running. Most of the time he was sprinting at full speed, with his eye on the ball and his mind on the other fellow, turning, twisting, dodging, with

many intervals of titanic struggle for possession of the sphere, short stops and sudden starts, handling the "stick" all the time.

To old-timers the name of "Billy" Aird will be a familiar one. Aird had reduced stick-handling to such a fine science that his stick seemed as much a part of him as his arm. He could catch the ball on the dead run at any angle or pick it off the ground with the surest ease. He could shoot from either side; above his shoulder or with the "scoop" stroke. His work seemed little short of marvelous to the on-looker.

Who could see "Henny" Hoobin, late of Shamrock fame, and perhaps one of the greatest home players lacrosse has ever known, skim with the speed of a runaway locomotive through the ranks of the opposing defence carrying the ball on his stick or perhaps run in from the side, leap into the air to take a pass and shoot the ball with unerring direction at the goal, before touching the ground again, without realizing that lacrosse is a game which gives as much scope for truly great work as any other pastime? Who, seeing Albert Dade, erstwhile of Shamrocks, Brantford and Montreal, shoot from any angle and put the ball within a few inches of the same spot each time, could say that lacrosse does not call for as high a degree of skill, of trained efficiency, as, say, baseball.

There is an everlasting contro-

Continued on Page 97.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

JOYRIDING
IN THE STONE AGE



Here is the second of the series of cartoons of Stone Age life by that inimitable young artist, Dudley Ward. MacLean's Magazine has introduced a distinct innovation in this series—one which is finding ready favor with our readers. These drawings are presented with a double pleasure as we believe they will serve to introduce to the public a Canadian artist with a big future.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

*A Selection of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive
Articles from Home and Current Foreign Magazines*

THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

Abyssinia the Richest Unexploited Country in the World

THE death of Menelik Negus or King of Abyssinia gives Dr. Dillon an opportunity in the *Contemporary Review* of providing us with some useful particulars of that little known country and its people.

Among the rich unexploited countries of the world, Abyssinia occupies the foremost place. Its minerals and metals including gold, are said to be superlatively abundant. On land lying below 2,400 metres elevation tropical vegetation thrives; bamboos, cotton, tobacco, India-rubber flourish, and cocoa can also be grown. Rubber is a most lucrative industry. In its present semi-developed state it has been taken over by the Abyssinian Government, and constitutes the most profitable business in the Empire; for the quality of the wild rubber is excellent. The higher land is suitable for vineyards, coffee plantations, olives, pomegranates, lemons, bananas, European corn, and fine pastures.

It is, according to one German writer, "A country flowing with milk and honey, and blessed with a climate of perpetual summer. Sunshine floods the tableland for eight months of the year, yet thanks to the altitude, it is not accompanied by extreme heat. The remainder of the year abounds in rain. Almost daily it rains at the same hour, the showers are short but abundant, and in the intervals the tropical sun smiles down in the refreshed vegetation and drives it to luxuriant growth. In this paradise the field bears three crops a year."

Justice and Religion

Justice is administered in primitive fashion. The two litigants appeal to passersby, set out the subject of their dispute, and call upon them to settle the matter according to their sense of fair play. Menelik's method of dealing with erring subordinates was summary and efficacious, like that of Peter the Great whom he resembled also in other respects. He had the culprit brought before him, told him what the misdemeanors were which he resented, reminded the man of his duty, chid him loudly, administered a sound blow or two with his hard, heavy hand, and then let him go and reform

himself. Survivals of barbaric ages render some of the punishments meted out to criminals cruel in the eyes of the cultured man of to-day. Thus, for theft, the culprit is branded on the forehead. Stoning is a recognized form of capital punishment. Some convicted felons lose their ears, others are condemned to have their tongues torn out.

Religion mingled with superstition plays a large part in the daily life of the country. It is Christian in dogma, with an admixture of Judaism in customs. The fasting days amount to about six months of the twelve. Saturday and Sunday are both regarded as Sabbath days. The priests wield a far-reaching influence in the country and own a large proportion of the land.

Relations to the Sexes

The legitimate relations of the sexes throw a certain light on the culture of the people. There are several kinds of recognized matrimonial alliances, which differ from each other by being easily dissoluble, dissoluble and indissoluble. Very often this last kind of union is put off until the decline of life. It is contracted in church with traditional rites and sacramental solemnity. An essential form of the ceremony is the administration of communion to the bride and bridegroom, whereby each one receives half of a broken host. The first-mentioned knot is generally tied in an informal way, and at such an early life-stage that the nuptial benediction might well run, as it once did at a marriage solemnized in Pernambuco, when the priest exclaimed: "Heavenly Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Girls of twelve often contract this alliance and sometimes become widows before they have been wives a twelvemonth. This union rarely endures. In most cases husband and wife separate after a year or two or less, never to come together again. The second form of matrimony is ratified by a ceremony which imparts to it greater force and durability, and it can be dissolved only with the sanction of the church. But no human power can loose the knot if the bride and the bridegroom have had a communion marriage.

Abyssinia was a feudal and patriarchal state when the late Negus came to the throne; and the various tributary Kings or Rasses were continually fighting with each other. Menelik set himself to break the independence of the vassal monarchs and to centralize the power of the State

in himself. The work of reform had previously been initiated by King Theodore, who abolished polygamy, punished drunkenness, and by way of hindering it destroyed the vineyards. Animated by the best intentions towards his subjects, Menelik often attempted to realize his schemes of reform in childish ways and by means which would bring a smile to the lips of Europeans. But provided by nature with sound judgment, intuition, tact, and a winsome manner, he effected more in a single decade than his predecessors had accomplished in centuries. What he lacked was system and a practical knowledge of what may be termed the technique of statesmanship. These defects and the unpreparedness of his people obliged him to confine his efforts to partial reforms, and the durability even of these is dubious owing to the slipshod methods of his fellow-workers.

In opening up the country to industrial and commercial enterprise he encountered much opposition from his own people, and especially from his consort the Empress Taitu. "As for me," exclaimed Menelik to a European visitor, "I am heart and soul for progress. But my clergy, my Rasses, and my wife loathe it."

The New Negus

Menelik's sons having all died, he decided to appoint his grandson, Lidj Yassu, his daughter's child, to be his successor. The new Negus is eighteen years of age. He is said to be a bright, right-minded lad, full of enterprise, animated by good intentions, physically and morally courageous and endowed with strong will power. He is inaugurating his reign under favorable auspices. The predicted risings and revolutions have not broken out. The unity achieved by his grandfather is still intact. The greatest obstacle to complete fusion—the power and strife of the vassal kings—is displaced. Peace with foreign countries is apparently secured, and several of the conditions indispensable to rapid and pacific revolutionary reform are fulfilled.

But Menelik's work is still incomplete, and his successor's task is proportionately arduous. The facade of the political structure has, indeed, been erected, but there is nothing but the old ramshackle building behind it. Whether the present Emperor has it in him to continue the work of his predecessor and carry it to a successful consummation is uncertain.

Whether all the neighboring Great Powers can and will resist the powerful temptation to trespass on the possessions of the youthful ruler is more uncertain still. Greed is a vice from which states are as little exempt as individuals.

PILFERING PATTERNS

How the Parisian Dress Models are Copied and Reproduced

(Translated for MacLean's from the French in Lectures Pour Tous.)

THE few Parisians who happen to visit the Rue de la Paix during the months of August and September remark with some surprise that far from being transformed into a desert, the street on the contrary wears a very animated aspect. The appearance, however, is not the same as during the "season." Limousines with armorial bearings which then formed a triple line of barricades before the doors of the world-renowned dress-makers have now given place to red and yellow taxis, and the monocle of the former habitués seems to be replaced by gold-rimmed spectacles. There is a general air of excitement, the workrooms are all bustle, and in the show-rooms before a throng of crowded visitors the mannequins pass with slow and stately step. The coming winter fashions are being exhibited to the foreign buyers, who have arrived from all parts of the globe to learn the new decrees of Paris, and to take away with them something of that impalpable charm symbolic of French elegance.

America is the first to appear with the representatives of the dressmakers of New York and Philadelphia, and of those immense stores, which are all "the largest in the world." A week later come Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, St. Petersburg, and many others with intent to choose the most striking or sensational dress: the "Paris model," in fact, which is to prove to the clients of such, in no matter what part of the world, that the modiste is living up to his reputation.

It is in vain that foreign Governments have endeavored to cope with this supremacy of French fashions. In New York the imposition of a 75 per cent. ad valorem duty only had the effect of increasing the price of the dress and thus making it still more "elegant." Great Britain is the best customer of the Parisian workrooms, the value of her imported dresses in 1912 amounting to over twelve million dollars. The Argentine comes next with seven million, then follow the United States, Belgium, and Germany, with four and a half million, four million, and two and a half million dollars, respectively. These figures do not include the value of dresses taken in by travelers personally. On the whole the total value of dresses exported from France falls not far short of sixty million dollars annually.

Stealing the Styles

The chief enemy of the Rue de la Paix is naturally the "maison de copies," or copying house. Every buyer knows the



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for instance, can the head of the firm
know that the little old lady with white
hair who, with her spectacles, seems so
short-sighted, and who possesses such an
unmistakable Yankee accent, is a young
"first hand," who with her experienced
eye is taking in every detail, every fold,
and every stitch of the gown exhibited?
The means most favored, however, is that
of the commissionaire or broker to whom
are sent all the models ordered by the
foreign firms, it being much easier for
the makers to deliver to this responsible
intermediary than to buyers in the five
parts of the world. These cases, care-
fully opened, enable the contraband
sketcher to make a rough outline draft
of the model.

Another method more difficult of de-
tection is that employed by the "client."
It is even whispered that certain society
women adopt this system of reducing
their dressmaker's bill, as it is the
"maison de copies" that pays for their
gowns. Who is to know that the robe
they are wearing with such distinction,
has been sent to the copying house for
some days? By such means also the for-
eign buyer is sometimes enabled to re-
duce the cost of his model. The costumes
brought to him, generally two hours be-
fore his departure, are sometimes copied
either at his hotel, or in a nearby apart-
ment, by a clever workwoman, who pays a
portion of his heavy bill, which amounts
probably to \$200 or \$250 for each model.

The employees of the large houses are
the recipients of many enticing offers
and temptations in this respect. The
work girls are all closely watched and
none are allowed to leave the workroom
with a parcel without first showing the
contents. But a pattern is so easily
slipped underneath a skirt, or a silk mus-
lin blouse, in the sleeve of a mantle, that
no one notices it, and at eight o'clock the
next morning it is replaced. Neverthe-
less those who succumb to temptation
are few in number.

But the system of robbery, which, ow-
ing to its being absolutely impossible to
prevent, is the most outrageous of all, is
that of our near neighbors beyond the
Rhine, who are past masters in the art.
The representatives of some of the
American firms are so fully cognizant of
this that they go direct to Germany to
buy stock "French models," and fin-
ish up by buying one or two special
models in Paris. They can even dispense
with the journey to Berlin. The head of
one firm recently mentioned the name of
a German buyer, who, after arriving in
Paris for the opening, had ten days later
arranged an exhibition of his orders in
his hotel room, promising his colleagues
who arrived later to deliver them an ex-
act copy of each model a week later on
his return to the Fatherland.

How can this state of things be reme-
died? A model of one of the large houses
represents a real tangible value. Think
of the hours spent and the material
spoilt before arriving at a harmonious

and satisfactory result! Then, just as one is anticipating the shoal of orders which are sure to be attracted by a "good model," buying suddenly stops, and buyers are informed that such a house at Berlin is supplying the same model. All the efforts of the creating house are rendered valueless.

Every precaution to stop this seems to have been taken. Indeed, it is most difficult to gain the entree to any of the houses at the beginning of the season. In many houses there is a tacit understanding that anyone inspecting the models shall take one or two at least.

An association was lately formed between the firms of Paquin, Callot, Doucet, Dœuillet, Worth, Cheruit, etc. There were at first eleven firms—there are now only seven, the others having yielded to the commissionaires or brokers and their threats of boycotting. The "seven," however, have decided only to deliver orders for abroad in the country of the buyer, and to make the consignments in special sealed cases which will only be opened by the Customs at destination. The dates of delivery also will be carefully fixed. A firm delivering in New York, August 25, will not deliver in Germany till September 5, so that any German copies sent to New York would not arrive till some time after the original.

A notice is also inserted in all the principal papers giving the names of the houses that have bought Paris models, and the number bought. The important clients benefit by this—not so, however, those who have not really bought. This year another notice has been added: "X & Co. beg to inform their clients that none of their models will be sold before such a date. None have yet been sold to anyone, and the pattern of the waist ribbon, as well as the color has been changed."

One of our great Parisian "artistes" lately signed his model and deposited it with the courts, which gives him a kind of copyright and entitles him to some protection. Shortly afterwards a young lady with a slight foreign accent paid a visit to one of the couturiers, who indulge in copying, saying: "I am a friend of your client Mme. X., and I have just been admiring a lovely costume, which is, however, very expensive. I understand you can supply me with an exact copy! Is that so?" The couturier gave the required assurance and at once took measurements. The trying on passed off satisfactorily, but when it was completed, the purchaser who had now donned the dress, said: "It is not exactly like the model I mentioned. The buckle should be on the right and the knot is smaller." In order to settle the matter the couturier fetched from the workroom a sketch of the dress signed by the "grande artiste," and which had been copied several times. The client convinced, declared she would wear the dress and went to telephone to her chauffeur to fetch her. Five minutes later the workrooms were visited by several gentlemen, of whom one was the commissioner of police. The dresses were compared then and there, and a summons was issued. But the lawsuit which followed is still dragging on.

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RELIGION OF DANCING

Religion and Love the Origin of all Dancing, Says One Writer

THE origin and history of dancing are comprehensively dealt with by Havlock Ellis in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Dancing and architecture, he says, are the two primary and essential arts. Dancing is the primitive expression alike of religion and love—of religion from the earliest human times we know of, and of love from a period long anterior to the coming of man.

'What do you dance?' When a man belonging to one branch of the great Bantu division of mankind met a member of another, said Livingstone, that was the question he asked. What a man danced, that was his tribe, his social customs, his religion; for, as an anthropologist has recently put it, 'a savage does not preach his religion, he dances it.' There are peoples in the world who have no secular dances, only religious dances, and some investigators believe that every dance was of religious origin.

Among primitive peoples religion is so large a part of life that the dance inevitably becomes of supreme religious importance. To-day we find religious people who in church pray for rain or for the restoration of their friends to health. Their forefathers also desired these things but, instead of praying for them, they danced for them the fitting dance which tradition had handed down, and which the chief or the medicine-man solemnly conducted.

All religions, and not merely those of primitive character, have been at the outset, and sometimes throughout, in some measure saltatory. This is the case all over the world. It is not more pronounced in early Christianity and among the ancient Hebrews who danced before the ark, than among the Australian aborigines whose great *corroborees* are religious dances conducted by the medicine-men with their sacred staves in their hands.

Dancing Was Sacred Then

What by some is considered to be the earliest known Christian ritual—the 'Hymn of Jesus,' assigned to the second century—is nothing but a sacred dance.

The very idea of dancing had a sacred and mystic meaning to the early Christians, who had meditated profoundly on the text, 'We have piped unto you and ye have not danced.'

In English cathedrals dancing went on until the fourteenth century. At Paris, Limoges, and elsewhere in France, the priests danced in the choir at Easter up to the seventeenth century; in

Roussillon up to the eighteenth century. Roussillon is a province with Spanish traditions, and it was in Spain that religious dancing took deepest root and flourished longest. In the cathedrals of Seville, Toledo, Valencia, and Xeres there was formerly dancing, although it now survives only at a few special festivals in the first.

As Old as Love

Dancing is not only intimately associated with religion, it has an equally intimate association with love. Here indeed the relationship is even more primitive, for it is far older than man. Dancing, said Lucian, is as old as love. Among insects and among birds, for instance, it may be said that dancing is often an essential part of courtship. The male dances, sometimes in rivalry with other males, in order to charm the female; then, after a short or long interval, the female is aroused to share his ardor and join in the dance; the final climax of the dance is in the union of the lovers.

It is indeed in this aspect that dancing has so often aroused reprobation, from the days of early Christianity until the present, among those for whom the dance has merely been, in the words of a seventeenth century writer, a series of 'immodest and dissolute movements by which the cupidity of the flesh is aroused.'

But in Nature and among primitive peoples it has its value precisely on this account. It is a process of courtship and, even more than that, it is a novitiate for love, and a novitiate which was found to be an admirable training for love. Among some peoples, indeed, as the Omahas, the same word meant both to dance and to love. Here we are in the sphere of sexual selection. By his beauty, his energy, his skill, the male must win the female, so impressing the image of himself on her imagination that finally her desire is aroused to overcome her reticence.

In our modern world professional dancing as an art has become altogether divorced from religion, and even, in any vital sense, from love; it is scarcely even possible, so far as western civilization is concerned, to trace back the tradition to either source.

There can scarcely be a doubt that Egypt has been for many thousands of years, as indeed it still remains, a great dancing centre, the most influential dancing-school the world has ever seen, radiating its influence south and east and north. We may perhaps even agree with the historian of the dance, who terms it 'the mother-country of all civilized dancing.' We are not entirely dependent on the ancient wall-pictures of Egypt for our knowledge of Egyptian skill in the art. Sacred mysteries, it is known, were danced in the temples, and queens and princesses took part in the orchestras that accompanied them.

The real germ of the ballet, however, is to be found in Rome, where the pantomime with its concerted and pictur-

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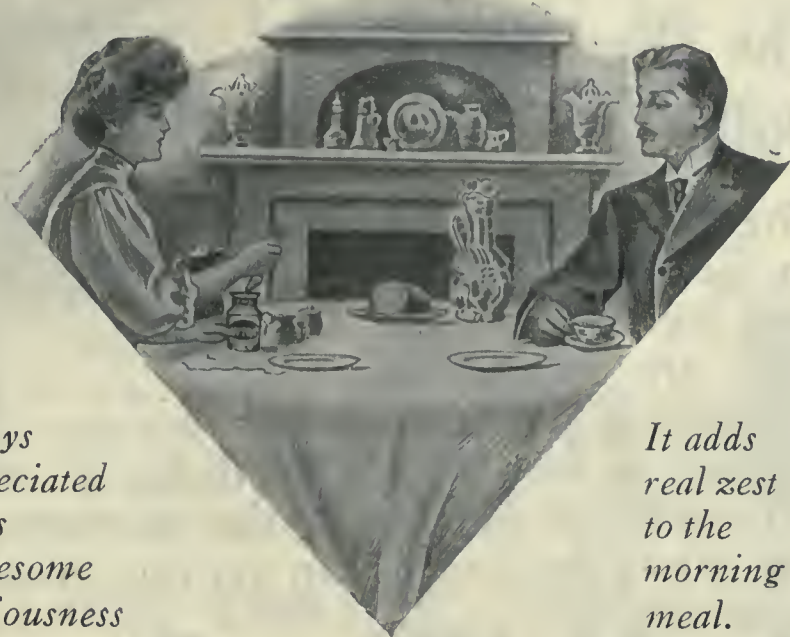
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esque method of expressive action was developed; and Italy is the home of Romantic dancing. The modern ballet, it is generally believed, had its origin in the spectacular pageants at the marriage of Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, in 1489.

The popularity of such performances spread to the other Italian courts, including Florence; and Catherine de Medici, when she became Queen of France, brought the Italian ballet to Paris. Here it speedily became fashionable. Kings and queens were its admirers, and even took part in it; great statesmen were its patrons. Before long it became an established institution with a vital life and growth of its own, maintained by distinguished musicians, artists and dancers. In the French ballet of the eighteenth century a very high degree of perfection seem thus to have been reached, while in Italy where the ballet had originated it decayed.

The Russian ballet was an offshoot from the French ballet, and illustrates once more the vivifying effect of transplantation on the art of romantic dancing.

Dancing as an art we may be sure cannot die out, but will always be undergoing a re-birth. Not merely as an art but also as a social custom, it perpetually emerges afresh from the soul of the people.

The dance lies at the beginning of art, and we find it also at the end. The first creators of civilization were making the dance, and the philosopher of to-day, hovering over the dark abyss of insanity, with bleeding feet and muscles strained to the breaking-point, still seems to himself to be weaving the maze of the dance.

TEETH AND HEALTH

Neglect of Teeth More Injurious than
Abuse of Alcohol

THE importance of sound teeth to the would-be healthy person is dealt with by Lewis M. Ferman in the *Forum*.

"A tooth," said Don Quixote, "is worth more than a diamond." The world's leading medical authority, Dr. William Osler, agrees with this and expresses the belief that more physical degeneracy can be traced to neglect of the teeth than to the abuse of alcohol. There is no doubt that it affects very many more people.

Diseased teeth are responsible for an almost inconceivable amount of ill-health and misery. Indigestion, anæmia, general debility, retarded growth of mind and body, nervousness and various infectious diseases are some of the most common results. Complications with heart and ear are not infrequent. Life expectancy and industrial efficiency depend in large measure on the condition of the teeth. Moral efficiency also and the joy of living depend, directly or indirectly, about as much on one's teeth as on one's philosophy or religion.

During the Boer War over 3,000 British soldiers were invalided home because

of defective teeth. Out of 23,000 rejected applicants for enlistment in the British army 5,000 were for defective teeth. Statistics from other countries show that these are probably average conditions for the adult population of Europe and America.

That dental disease is so serious and yet so prevalent might lead one to suppose that the causes and means of prevention were shrouded in deepest mystery. But not so. The causes are definitely known, tangible, and amenable to control.

Dental decay is a disease of childhood and youth. If kept in repair till the age of twenty the teeth should be sound at sixty. Neglected till twenty, teeth with any tendency to decay are beyond hope of salvage.

Examinations of thousands of school children in diverse parts of the world have established that fewer than 10 per cent. are free from diseased teeth or gums, dental caries (decay of teeth) being the most common defect. The average school child has from three to five decaying teeth. Many investigations report as many as 20 to 30 per cent. of all the teeth as affected.

The influence of defective teeth is of four kinds chiefly: First, decreased power of mastication, due either to decay or irregularities of the teeth; second, the toxic action of the pus, which is absorbed directly into the blood or taken into the stomach and intestines; third, reflex nervous disturbances due to crowded teeth, toothache, etc.; and fourth, the possibility of the defective tooth acting as a breeding ground and distributing point for dangerous bacteria.

Why Teeth Decay

Dental caries always begins on the outside of the tooth and is always due to external causes. Fermentation and putrefaction of particles of food are caused by the bacteria ever present in the mouth, and this results in the production of acids. The enamel and the soft underlying dentine are broken down by the acids. The problem therefore is the prevention of acids.

The rate of acid formation depends also upon the nature of food particles left in the mouth, the sweets being the foods which most readily ferment and produce acids. For this reason the meal should not end with jams, cake, candy or other foods rich either in starch or sugar, nor should these be eaten between meals. When sweets are eaten they should be followed by solid foods, such as apples, which have a cleansing effect. The high susceptibility in this country to dental caries is partly accounted for by the fact that our sugar consumption per capita is by far the highest in the world.

Whatever the food, the essential thing is to keep the mouth clean. Wallace has shown that sound, even, well-matched teeth clean themselves in the thorough mastication of solid foods, and that they do this more effectively than the tooth brush. If the food is pasty, however, mastication plasters it so tightly against the teeth that no ordinary amount of brushing removes it. This authority be-

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believes that the choice of solid food and its deliberate mastication are more important preventive measures than any amount of artificial cleanliness. His opinion is based on over 6,000 experiments made for the purpose of determining differences in the tendency of different foods to lodge in the mouth. In order to try the theory he secured parental co-operation in subjecting fourteen children to the test. From the age of three or four years they were given foods of high tooth-cleansing power and were required to masticate thoroughly. After each meal the mouth was rinsed. At the age of five to seven years not one of the children had a carious tooth.

This theory sounds so reasonable that it is well worth considering. Everyone knows, for example, that apples leave the teeth cleaner than pie. And even if our faith in the theory is not strong enough to enable us to live contentedly without our tooth brushes, its general acceptance would at least insure more thorough mastication; and this would be no small gain in the score of health.

When a tooth is sore, mastication is shifted to the other side of the mouth or else slighted altogether. As a result, the teeth do not then clean themselves and decay is likely to set in, spreading gradually to the adjacent teeth.

So far as is known, enamel once formed never changes for better or for worse from natural causes. We must go through life with our original dental armaments. When nutrition is insufficient during infancy and childhood the teeth are sure to be imperfect. Growing cells cannot build a perfect structure without suitable material.

Now the main cause of the infantile malnutrition which results in defective enamel of the teeth is artificial feeding. Investigations which included nearly 200,000 children showed that those who had been breast fed had only 9 per cent. of their teeth carious, while the artificially fed had as high as 27 per cent. decayed. Malnutrition, more often perhaps than the absence of the tooth brush, is responsible for the inferior teeth among the children of the poor. Jewish children, who as a rule are breast fed and otherwise well cared for, have better teeth than non-Jewish children.

Appropriate preventive measures during childhood would probably insure good teeth to the majority of adults. This means cleanliness, thorough mastication, suitable food, the care of temporary teeth, careful nutrition during infancy and childhood, and the prevention of decay, irregularities and impaction by the repair of defects as rapidly as they appear.

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To-day we greet you on this page to extend this invitation:

Go to your grocer and buy from him a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Take this coupon with you. Then he will give you—for the coupon—a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice, and we will pay him for it.

Thus for 10 cents you get a quarter's worth of Puffed Grains. And the Puffed Rice meals are all with us, given with our compliments.

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To tell you of grains which are steam-exploded to eight times normal size. Of grains like airy bubbles, filled with a myriad cells. Of thin-walled grains—crisp, fragile, inviting—with a taste like toasted nuts.

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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, remember, mean more than mere delight. They are whole grains made wholly digestible, and that never before was done.

Inside of each grain there occur in this process more than 100,000,000 explosions. One is caused inside of each food granule, and it blasts the granule to pieces. Thus digestion can instantly act.

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grains from guns—is the only way known to break all of the granules.

So these are more than fascinating morsels. They are scientific foods. All the elements in these grains are made available as food.

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This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Wheat, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Rice.

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NOTE: This same recipe may be used with other canned fruits.

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nothing but smudge and darkness. So an oil lamp was devised and sold at 7½ cents. 875,000 lamps were sold the first year, and 2,000,000 the next, while oil sales went up by leaps and bounds. As its inventor, Vice-President Bemis remarks, "this lamp of mine has promoted industry in China and been a great uplift to the nation. They couldn't work on their silk after four o'clock in the day before they had it. Now they can work into the night."

When the Chinese Government decided to develop its oil-lands it naturally turned to the American company for aid. The Standard Oil officials were ready and willing, and there was signed a few days ago what Vice-President Bemis believes to be the first partnership arrangement that has ever been made between a great nation and a private corporation. In a few weeks, we are informed, the American petroleum-experts will be punching holes in the ground around Chen-te-fu and watching the first Chinese oil spout forth. The Standard Oil officials expect to spend \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in this new partnership in the near future, and to reap large profits. They believe that the Chinese Government also will find itself well repaid, that the United States will gain in commercial prestige in China, and that trade between the two countries will be reawakened.

In an article based on an interview with Vice-President Bemis the *New York Sun* says:

"The work of development is to proceed under a Chinese-American company, in which the Standard Company holds a large majority control, with the Chinese Government sharing the profits of development as its partner.

"The Standard gets the right of exploration and development in the two great northern provinces of Chihli and Shensi, to begin with, besides other provinces. It has the vitally essential privilege of building railroads and pipe-lines, in addition to the sinking of oil-wells, establishment of warehouses, storage tanks, and all that accompanies oil development.

"One of the most far-reaching grants is the guaranty of the Government that it will assume control of all lands needed for this development, and in turn will give these to the partnership company.

"Taken together with the successful endeavor of the American Red Cross to arrange for American construction of a \$20,000,000 river-improvement project in China, and the reported arrangement between the Bethlehem Steel Company and the Chinese Government, it is now declared that American enterprise can succeed in China to a considerable extent, even if it is not supported diplomatically by the Wilson Administration. . . .

"It is recognized that should there be difficulties with the Chinese Government in the future, the Standard Oil Company will have the right to demand and expect the diplomatic support of the United States Government regardless of its present policy toward American enterprise abroad."

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TOO OLD AT FORTY

What is the Matter with the Middle-aged Man?

THE *Quiver* gives prominence to an article dealing with the above subject and embodying the opinions of a number of well-known men. The views of Sir Joseph Lyons, head of the well-known catering firm, aptly sum up the whole subject.

"Although," declares Sir Joseph, "I believe that 'youth will always tell,' and know that nothing else can be so valuable in life, I wish I were only forty that I might put a theory of mine to the test.

"That there is a great deal of truth in the phrase 'Too old at forty' cannot be gainsaid in respect of many men, but it should be noted that it is usually applied *not* to the man who has found his groove in the path of life—it is the wail of the man who has failed to do so.

"If I am right in this, it is, generally speaking, the failure who is 'too old at forty,' doubtless because he is then too old to change his habit of life.

"Any attempt to answer definitely *why* a man is too old at forty should prove more difficult than the effort to refute the statement, for the reason that the successful man at this age will always, by his weight of character, overshadow the very existence of his unsuccessful brother. It will perhaps be of more use if I indicate the system I have always tried to adhere to.

"As I mentioned at the beginning of this note, I am a great believer in the power of youth, consequently I and my colleagues have always sought young men to assist us in every department of our business. Naturally these men cannot remain young; therefore they are urged from the very beginning to look about and find the particular groove, in the many tracks along which our business runs, for which their energy and talent are best suited.

"If he finds this the young fellow's path is easy—as easy, that is, as any conscientious man can expect who keeps a cautious eye on the youngsters behind him scrambling for one of those places in the sun that the middle-aged man has secured, and which, if he be wise, he will spare no effort to retain.

Keep in Touch with Younger Men

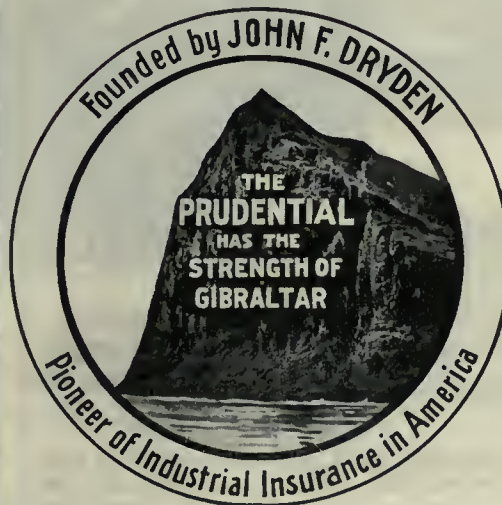
"But, you may ask, how is he to keep it? My answer to that is, by keeping in close touch with the keenest of the younger men about him. 'Too old at forty' often arises from the false conviction that the young man is no match for his elders, whereas he is proving every day that the elder man must be very alert indeed if he is to forestall the efforts of the youngsters to get in front. The man of twenty-five to thirty is always studying the methods of the man of thirty-five or forty-five or more, seeking, if he can, to benefit by the experience his elder companions have had. How rarely do the middle-aged study and sympathize with the efforts of the young man to increase the value of his experi-

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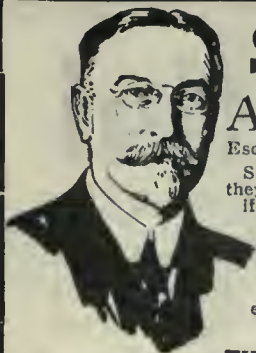
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LIQUID GRANITE



ence and force it home with his ever-present energy?

"Therefore I say I wish I were forty that I might show that I could learn sufficient from the young men about me to keep me from slipping back behind them.

"It seems to me that if the middle-aged failure was ever a success in life, he owes his downfall to a period when his success of the moment induced the condition known popularly as 'swelled head.' He thought the race was won before it was finished, and the young man generally knows that a race is never finished until it is won.

"If, on the other hand, he never has been a success, the older he gets the more will his failure be accentuated if his circumstances in life do not protect him from the struggle for existence to which most of us are happily subjected. I say 'happily' because without the struggle there can be no victory, and without victories life would be a dull experience."

One must progress in one's youth, continues the writer of the article in summing up, or "retrogress" in one's age, for the plain fact of the matter is that the man who is still able to fill only a lowly position when he is forty must necessarily seem too old to an employer. If he has failed to advance in his younger years, when the greatest measure of enthusiasm and the greatest readiness to take chances are naturally expected of him, of what earthly use can he be in a business? He brands himself a failure if he is capable only of performing the same little round of duties to which he became accustomed in the beginning.

We can sum it all up in a paragraph, I am afraid, after all. The man who has "got there" is never too old at forty, but the average man who has got nowhere in particular is almost always too old at forty, because it is extremely improbable that, having reached that age, he will ever get anywhere worth getting to!

RUBBING TO HEALTH

The Value of Our Skin and How to Make the Best of It

HAS it ever occurred to you to look upon your skin as a species of clothing? And do you know that there is no organ of the body which is more generally neglected than its outer covering? Lieutenant Muller, who served in the Danish Army, is world-famous as an athlete. He has won countless prizes—over a hundred of them championship and first prizes—in almost every possible branch of sport or athletics. In *Pearson's Weekly* he discusses the subject, and gives details of some useful exercises.

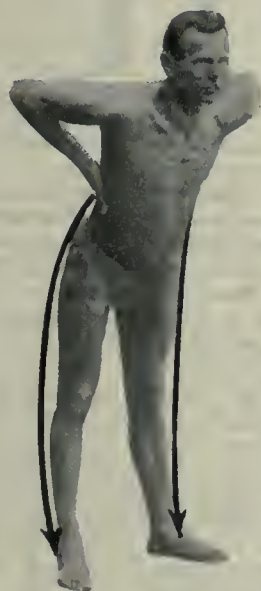
There are many people in the world to-day, he says, going about under the mistaken impression that their skin is a sort of impermeable covering—something, on the whole, rather indecent, and never to be mentioned in polite society. As a matter of fact, we feel with and partially breathe through our skin, and we use it to regulate the warmth of our bodies and to pass off obnoxious matters.

It is on account of this very general and, often, quite unconscious neglect of the skin that I would urge upon my readers the necessity of devoting every day a few minutes to skin gymnastics—by which I mean the thorough and systematic rubbing of all parts of the body.



These exercises can be performed wherever and whenever it is most convenient, and, when you combine the vigorous massage of your skin with an air bath, you can perfectly well dispense with the more ordinary soap and water tub as a daily practice. In many cases, I believe, soap does more harm than good, for the soap is apt to remain in the pores and irritate the skin.

The dirt that collects on the body during the twenty-four hours of the day can be removed just as well by dry rubbing. If you doubt this, stand on a plate of glass and rub yourself with ardor; then



observe the layer of minute particles that gradually forms on the glass beneath you.

The dirt from outside which settles on hands and face is, of course, of another character, and needs warm water and soap for its removal.



The Chef of Spotless Town is gay—
You'll note it by his saucy way.
He minces dressing for the birds,
But doesn't stop to mince his words.
"It saves a stew," says he, "to know
That pots demand

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More than once, when expounding my theories to a member of the fair sex, I have been met by the objection: "This rubbing and this exposure of my skin to the air is going to make it very hard and ugly."

Never was idea more mistaken. The skin becomes inured to all climatic conditions and as soft as velvet; it acquires facility in the transmission of warmth and coolness, dryness and moisture, and the different chemical and electrical influences, so that these, instead of harming or weakening the body, invigorate and preserve its vitality.

The skin of the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet becomes hard and horny through constant use, but the skin of the rest of the body, the more it is rubbed and exposed to the sun and wind, the softer it becomes. The fine, healthy skin of the ancient Greek can be yours to-morrow, if you choose to make it so.

It is a common error to suppose that strength lies simply in muscle. On the contrary, bulgy masses of muscles are not of the least use to you unless all the organs of your body are in perfect



working order, and of these the skin is one of the most important.

These rubbing exercises, once you have gained proficiency, should not take more than a bare six minutes to perform. Bear in mind that the limbs get stroked more towards the body than from the body, and that more strength should be exerted when rubbing in towards the body.

The breath should never be held at all; the air should be inhaled deeply, quietly and without interruption the whole time. Which brings me to another point—namely, that the air to be breathed must be good. Only beginners should do these exercises with closed windows, and then on the understanding that the windows have been wide open for an hour before.

The need will soon be felt for opening the windows wider and wider; and don't be afraid of opening the door too. Wind does not constitute a draught, and can never prove injurious if skin rubbing exercise is kept up while inhaling the air into the lungs.

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR SONG

You Will Probably Say at First You Have Never Heard It

THERE cannot be the least doubt whatever according to George Wade in *Chamber's Journal*, that the most famous song in the world, judged by its being known in the most lands and by the most varied nations, and by its being one of the oldest and most widely sung ditties ever known, is that which has for its first line, "*Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*"; which if we were to give the English version of it, instead of the older French words, would be, "Marlborough goes away to the war."

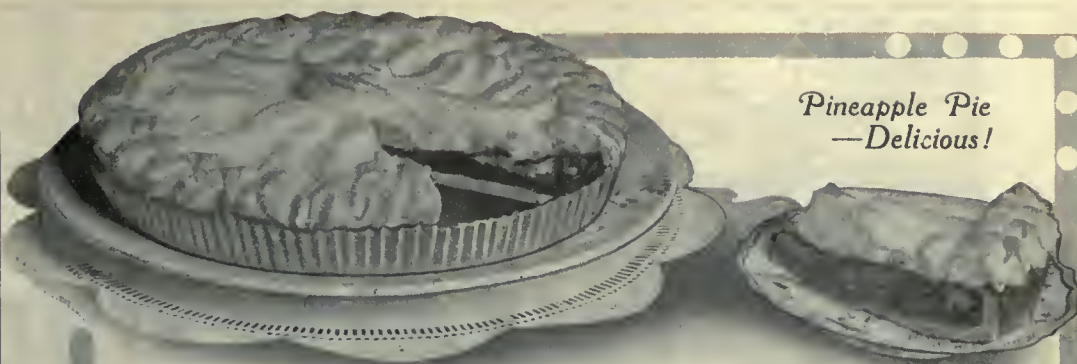
But you say, "That the most famous song in the world? Why, we must be dreaming! We never even heard of it!" Yet it unquestionably is so; and that you've acknowledged yourself many a time, though you've not known it! Yes, you have! For, I repeat again, there has never been such a popular song as "Malbrook," and you yourself have agreed to this often and often when you have sung so enthusiastically and heartily the song's splendid refrain:

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us!

Let me give you the history—a perfect romance in itself—of this wonderful song, which has gone into almost every civilized spot in the world; which is sung by Arabs in the Sahara, by wild Turks on Asiatic steppes, by Britons in every clime at festal gatherings, by vivacious Frenchmen on every continent, by Hindus swarming on "India's coral strand," by trappers on the bleak icy plains of Labrador. Hear how it was chanted by the brave Crusaders as they marched to fight for the Holy Sepulchre seven centuries ago; how it was crooned by queens and nurses during the palmy days of the grand empire of Louis; how it rang out amid the wild orgies of the French Revolution; how it is shouted with glee wherever Englishmen or Scotsmen gather to-day to greet with enthusiasm the hero or the true man!

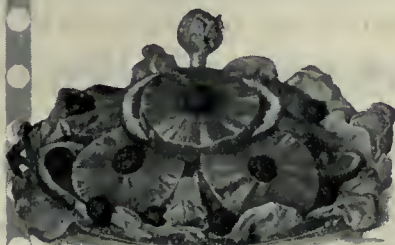
The gallant Crusaders, when they returned from their wars for the Holy Sepulchre in the thirteenth century, brought back with them to France a tune which they had learned afar. They sang it and hummed it as they marched, till it caught the nation's fancy, and became at last one of the songs of France, whence it soon crossed the Channel and delighted the English.

When we come to the days which saw our own Duke of Marlborough going to fight the French in Flanders during the reign of Queen Anne, the French, who had for centuries, as we have seen, sung this song beginning "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*," made an easy change of a word in the first line, and so hit off the situation to a nicety.



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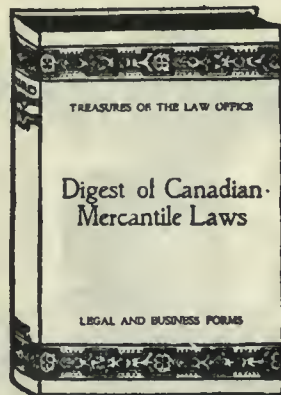
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Let us explain here that the original word "Mabrook" did not refer to the Duke of Marlborough at all; it was the named used in the song for generations previously. Now "Mabrook" itself is an Arab name, and this would seem to afford strong proof that the famous song originally came from the men who during the great Crusades fought (under the name of Saracens) against our own kings, and who to-day travel over the wide deserts.

By a clever thought the French altered "Mabrook" to "Marlborough" about the time of Malplaquet, and so made the song tell how our great Duke set out to the war, but returned not.

Now the paraphrase of this French version runs freely as follows, with regard to the first verse, to which a special chorus was added from an unknown source. But this chorus became immediately a tremendous success with the French. Thus the song went:

Marlborough, prince of commanders,
Has gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;

But when will he come home?

He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear!

The English Variation

This was the French version of the song. But by this time the fine air and parodies of the words had become known to many in England, and they saw that the "He won't come home till morning" was the wish which was father to the thought, as we say. So in derision they themselves retorted with another chorus, which made the great song run:

Marlborough, prince of commanders,
Has conquered the French in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;

And he's the best of all.

For he's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us!

It was thus, then, that the greatest song in the world took on more or less of its present form. To-day the verses of the song are unknown to most ordinary folk, because, having little or no topical relation to present things, they have long been passed by in ignorance or forgetfulness. But who doesn't know and hasn't yelled out the chorus thousands of times? And, mark this, that same air and chorus are to-day just as popular in nearly every other land where Britons and Frenchmen gather, in every country which the Arab traverses, as they are in our own, with, of course, several variations of words to suit the spot and time. There cannot be the slightest question that this is the song which is the best known and most widely sung throughout the whole world in this year of grace 1914.



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LIVING CHESS

Battles of Far-off Days Portrayed by Living Chessmen

THOSE who pride themselves on their knowledge of the world of chess will not need to be reminded that the people of Bohemia are almost unrivaled in the fertility and variety of their ideas on the game. In the *Strand Magazine* Mrs. Herbert Vivian gives a description of a giant tournament of living chess which was one of the chief features of a meeting of that most interesting order the Sokols of Prague, held on the heights above the city some time ago.

The society of Sokols is one of the most remarkable developments in the history of modern Europe, and few people in this country perhaps realize what a power it is and may eventually become. It originated in Prague in the year 1862, at a time when Austria was both suspicious of and hostile to Bohemia, and may be described as a Slav brotherhood.

Every five or six years there is a great festival in Prague, to which Sokols flock from the four quarters of the globe to take part in gymnastic and other displays.

At the time of the festival of which we have to tell the whole city was swarming with Sokols. There were twenty-four thousand of them on the Letna Field as performers or onlookers, and each wore the dress of the order—blue serge frogged, with high Hessian boots, a Hussar jacket slung over one shoulder, and a little round cap with a falcon's feather, for the word Sokol means falcon.

Picturesque Tournament

But undoubtedly the most picturesque event of the meeting was the wonderful Chess Tournament, representing the defeat of the army of King Sigismund by the Hussite troops under the heroic leader Jan Zizka. The Church and the King declared a crusade for the destruction of heresy, and adventurers flocked from all parts of Europe, lured by hopes of pillage. However, such was the enthusiasm of the Hussites and the skill of Zizka that before long most of the country had fallen into their hands. Zizka lost his remaining eye in battle, but though blind continued to command the victorious army. Sigismund was utterly routed and driven out of Bohemia, and it is of his defeat at the Battle of Kutteneberg and Deutschbrod that the tournament treats. The chessboard was of mammoth proportions, divided up into great black and white squares. Each side was represented by two hundred and ten Sokols. All around were tribunes which held hosts of spectators. Chess-players were hugely interested in this novel war game, and ordinary mortals were enthralled by the unique scene, which carried them back to the costumes and methods of warfare of mediæval times. It was all so realistic and so life-like. There were the encampment of the forces, the wild dances on the eve of battle, the songs of the soldiery, for which special music had been composed, the bivouacs, and the watch-fires. At

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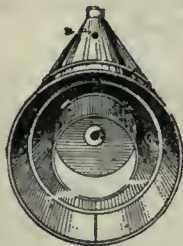
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each end of the immense ground on which the chess-board was marked out were two great gates. The northerly one represented the city of Kuttenberg, where the first events of the tournament were played out; the other Deutschbrod, where the final rout of Black took place.

One of the most impressive episodes of the whole tournament was the entry of the Hussites. The Royal troops had already made their appearance. It was an effective scene, with one of Prague's beautiful old churches in the background.

Suddenly in the distance is heard the wonderful old Hussite hymn and battle song, "All ye that are warriors of the Lord." It comes gradually nearer and nearer. Then, soberly and sedately, the peasant army, such a contrast to the gay, rollicking soldiery opposite, march through the gate and finish singing their chant as they range themselves on the board.

With regard to the story of the campaign depicted on the chessboard, here we have it in short.

Sketch of the Plot

King Sigismund and his army, which consists of Hungarians, Poles, Silesian troops and mercenaries, at the opening of the game are resting in the villages and fortresses round Kuttenberg, after a series of battles. Suddenly, on January 6th, 1422, the mighty Zizka appears like a whirlwind and carries the fight into the heart of the Royal army before they have realized he is upon them.

The left flank is attacked and the centre of the army broken up. The King, paralyzed with fear, retreats in the utmost confusion, followed by the head of his staff. General Pipo Span. The peasant army follow pell-mell on the heels of the enemy, who lapse into a disorderly rout. The King has taken refuge at the fortress of Habry, but when Zizka arrives and prepares to open the attack he finds that Sigismund, who fears being captured, has again flown. He and his army cross a frozen river and the ice breaks under the weight of the guns of the Hungarian artillery and thousands lose their lives in the stream.

Six hundred Royal wagons fall into Zizka's hands, full of all sorts of plunder. He calls a halt, and whilst his men are settling for the night, lighting huge watch-fires and singing songs of thanksgiving and victory, the King flies on and on, leaving the leadership of the remnant of troops to the Ambassador of the King of Poland.

Zizka arrives at Deutschbrod, the scene of the final struggle, to confront this remnant, and after mass begins *pourparlers*. Whilst these are going on sympathizers in the town open a side gate, and before Zizka can control his men they pour in and sack the place. The Polish Ambassador is taken prisoner with the remainder of the Royal troops.

This puts the crowning points to the campaign. The King has crossed the frontier and leaves the country for good. Zizka returns to Prague to receive honors and the thanks of the nation, and with that the story of the tournament comes to an end.

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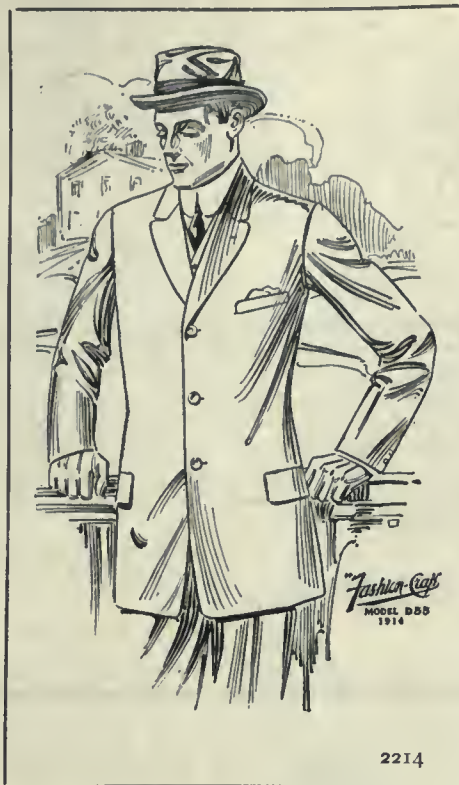
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With extreme skill the Sokol chess-players devised a game which represented as faithfully as possible this historical episode.

All praise is due to those who clothed the tournament in its wonderful historic dress. The marches, the battle array, and, more particularly, the irresistible onslaught of the Royal cavalry were peculiarly effective and inspiring. Each phase was set to music, as was only fitting, for music played a great part in the Hussites' life. Each chess-piece had its own individual air, which not only gave a charm to the proceedings, but also afforded a useful clue to the performers by announcing that their turn had come. Everyone seemed to know his part, and the four hundred and twenty performers had evidently not only been well drilled, but were, moreover, animated with the keenest patriotic enthusiasm whilst living over again the heroic deeds of their Fatherland in those far-off days.

TACTICS OF INTERVIEWING

How a Journalist Persuaded a Railroad
Magnate to Talk

PROFESSEDLY with the hopes of helping his fellow-craftsmen, Edwin Lefevre, the New York journalist and writer, gives in full in the *Saturday Evening Post* the introduction to a talk he had with the late E. H. Harriman, whom he had determined to induce to talk to him.

I had, he says, to startle him into attention—to shock him, as it were, into far greater respect than he habitually felt for the usual newspaper interrogator. If I give my talk in full it is with the hopes of helping my fellow-craftsmen.

"Well?" he said, neither amiably nor unfriendly.

"Mr. Harriman," I said, "listen to me carefully: For years the magazines have been urging me to write a character sketch of you; but I refused to do it because I didn't think it was fair to you before I had a heart-to-heart talk with you. Now I know a hell of a lot about you"—the expression was intentionally strong, that he might realize the man who spoke was no favor-seeker—"but it doesn't help me, because it is all material obtained at second hand; and, moreover, it has come chiefly from your enemies. Do you know why this is so?"

"No."

"Because for every friend you have two hundred enemies. You know that much, don't you?"

"I know nothing of the kind!" he retorted angrily.

"Well, you know it now!" I said as firmly as I could. "And when a trained observer like myself, who has for you neither fear nor affection, tells you such a thing you ought to be mighty grateful. Just assume you have more enemies than friends, will you?"

"Wall Street isn't the place to look for friends," he began defensively.

A Tip to Our Subscribers

Every subscription is entered under the name of the town from which the subscription is received. If you change your address and desire to receive your magazine without delay, always give us your old address in addition to your new one, otherwise we are unable to make the correction in our mailing list. As we publish fourteen magazines and newspapers, please mention MacLean's Magazine in your letter.

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What the Voter Saw

"Listen some more!" I cut in. "Do you know what the result of the disproportion between your friends and your enemies has been? This: That when the average wide-awake American who reads his newspapers, and therefore votes for Roosevelt, hears the name of Harriman he sees—what do you think? A man, with eye and nose and mustache, and hands and feet? No, sir! He sees a Thing, unspeakable, malignant, hateful, with claws instead of hands—claws always busy with the public's pocketbook and with state legislatures—the incarnation of what they call the Wall Street spirit; all the bad they have ever imagined of the Standard Oil at its worst and of the Money Power at its greediest—that's what millions of voters see when they hear your name. Take it from me that they do!

"You can't have any illusions about your popularity. Now you must acknowledge that it is never a particularly clever thing to boast of indifference to public opinion; and to allow the public's opinion of Harriman to continue to be what it is would be particularly stupid."

His eyes were fixed on mine with an unblinking intentness. I felt he was not only listening to my words but trying to see the workings of my mind as well. When I stopped to breathe he asked simply:

"What do you want me to do?"

"Talk to me! That's what! Talk frankly. Answer my questions. Don't write my article for me. Concern yourself with telling me your real thoughts. Wait a minute!"—for he made as though to interrupt. "Do you know why you should talk to me the way I tell you to talk?"

"Why?" His eyes never left mine.

It was exactly what I wanted. In interviewing this is so important that to secure it I would even act the part of an anarchist.

Now, I have no burning desire to deny that I am a remarkable person, and it is of no consequence to me to be suspected of excessive vanity. Those who know me and knew Harriman will understand why I spoke to Harriman as I did. For the benefit of others I shall explain.

I had to break in a recalcitrant subject. For several years now this exceedingly busy man was so busy making millions by the hundreds that he had grown accustomed to having his own way. He had become dictatorial at home and in his office, careless of others' feelings, indifferent to others' opinions. He had lost the salutary check of being opposed, the blessing of being laughed at. Even from the great multi-millionaires this dehumanized genius of finance had the worshipful deference that capitalists always show toward the machinery that increases their capital.

Grand Tactics of Interviewing

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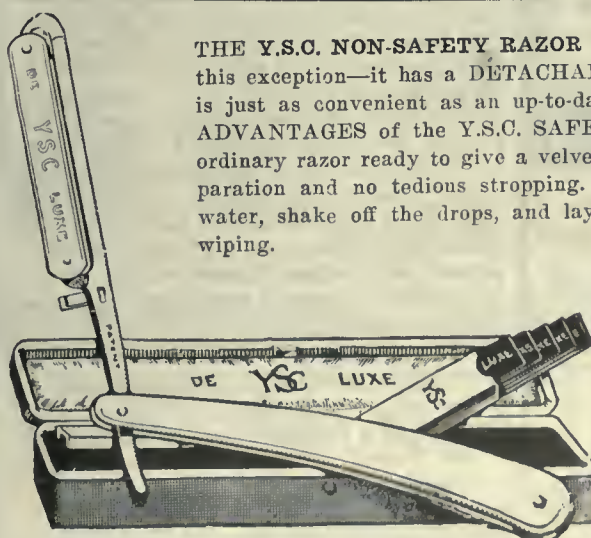
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table fell golden crumbs, scraps that glittered; a man to whom governors bent the pliant knee of the wealth-seeker, whose nod ruined magnates, whose wish was an order to great bankers.

My task was to impress one fact on this builder of an empire and creator of a wonderful transportation machine—on this Titan whose battle against time for more time was an epic of human vanity and of the Greater Wisdom that limits the life and endurance of the human insects—I say I had to impress the one fact on his mind that one Edwin Lefevre was the one man in all the world to whom he should talk frankly. I must compel him to differentiate me from the rabble; and then, when he did begin to talk I must listen so understandingly that within fifteen minutes this uncommunicative captain of industry must realize that he was thinking aloud in the privacy of his study.

The delivery of the interviewer, as of any other speaker, must be impressive; but before a man like Harriman there must be substance to the speech and no false modesty. To a man who never considered the non-essentials one must talk facts. Therefore whatever I said had to appear to be facts!

"Did you ever read my books?" I asked him.

"No."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Well, I know you write—"

"If that's all you know," I interrupted him, "you don't know who I am. If you wish to find out you might telephone to Otto Kahn or Frank Vanderlip. They know my work. Or H. H. Rogers, who will tell you how, when I thought he was wrong, I told him so, plainly. But I can save you time by telling you who I am. Shall I?"

"Yes," he said, and nodded.

I cannot say I hypnotized him; but his mind worked very quickly and he wished to learn whether, after my impressive self-introduction, I was going to prove a time-wasting jackass or a man from whom he might learn something of value—one, therefore, to whom he could talk.

"What you are in railroads I am in my line," I said; and I shook my finger in his face as though he had dared to doubt me. "I am the E. H. Harriman of Wall Street writers; and when you talk to me it is merely a case of one tiptopper speaking to another."

"Yes!" he said.

"I know all about the Union Pacific. I know what you've done and how it was done, and what credit you deserve—and what blame."

"What blame?"

"Don't interrupt me yet! I mean I don't want to talk about U.P. yet. I've made money in it and I never asked you for a tip—and don't want any."

"I never give tips," he said impatiently.

"So much the better for me, because then all you can do for me is to talk frankly for a little while about the human side of E. H. Harriman."

"I will!" he said. And he did.

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AN ALL-ENGLISH THEATRE

Have American Actors and Playwrights Influenced Canadian Manners?

A SCHEME discussed by J. H. Terry in the London *Outlook* is at present being promoted by Mr. Carl Leyel. By it, theatrical companies will travel from England to Canada, thence to Australia and home via South Africa.

Our Canadian cousins, says Mr. Terry, will perhaps pardon us if we have remarked that in their ideas, their manners, and their sympathies they show a tendency to incline more toward an American standard than toward a British. The fault of this—if it be a fault—is not theirs. Until quite recently no English literature could enter the country except at a prohibitive price. As a natural corollary of this circumstance American novels and magazines have been widely bought and circulated throughout Canada, with the inevitable consequence that the American point of view has been impressed upon the minds of the younger generation, to the detriment of the British or Imperial point of view.

The Canadian theatre is completely dependent upon American agencies for its supplies. Even the English companies that occasionally visit the Dominion travel under the auspices of an American agency; and even so they seldom go farther afield than Montreal and Toronto. Should an English company score a big success in the United States it is not permitted to cross the border; so that, if American predilections may be taken as any criterion of dramatic efficiency, Canadian playhouses, when they do get English companies, get only the second best. For the greater portion of every year, therefore, the Canadian theatre is at the mercy of the American playwright and the American actor, and it is not to be wondered at that many a young Canadian models his conduct, his manners, and his ideas upon the American pattern. Occasionally the sentiments of an American play are violently anti-British. It is then that the menace to Imperial progress becomes very real and very urgent. The danger is recognized fully by thinking men and women throughout the Dominion, and this recognition has had much to do with the enthusiasm which the proposal to establish a British theatre in Canada has evoked in them. When Mr. Carl Leyel (who, with Mr. William Holles, is the promoter of the enterprise) traveled through Canada recently to lay his ideas before its leading men, he was accorded a triumphal progress, and the concrete result of his endeavor has been the establishment of the British Canadian Theatre Organization Society.

At the moment Canada has no national theatre whatsoever. To create one for her will be one of the main objects of the society. There is plenty of raw material in the Dominion from which may be molded actors and actresses of renown.

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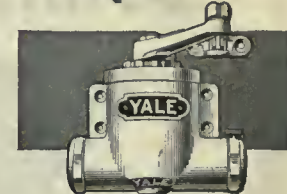
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It will be some time, of course, before anything approaching to a national theatre can be established. A start will be made by the formation of stock companies into which the young Canadian actor will be received, and in which he will be schooled, until eventually the Dominion will possess its own drama and will need no longer to rely entirely upon the mother country and the States for its supplies.

DYNAMIC EDUCATION

How Germany Makes Investments in Human Power

ALMOST everyone is agreed that we have many things to learn of Germany in regard to systems of national education. Mr. John Mathews, the writer of an article in *Harper's Magazine*, is one of those who think that scholastic training in the Fatherland is in a far more advanced condition than it is on this continent.

Undoubtedly the most effective work is done by the free public continuation schools of the cities. Their superiority is not alone in the fact that their standards of teaching are high, but that they perceive the opportunity and duty of the continuation school to do more than merely produce workers who shall render more efficient service to their employers. The several systems of public continuation schools definitely set themselves the task of training for citizenship, not only by offering men a reasonable prospect of maintaining themselves and their families, but by endeavoring to instruct the individual concerning his relation to the community in the several trade capacities, his civic function, the laws which relate to him most intimately, personal and industrial hygiene, physical development, general culture—in short, "nothing less than educating the whole man."

Industry and education have the same interest at stake. The employer complains of the average inefficiency of help and the weight of his taxes, but continues to employ the cheap, untaught, unripe labor which society affords him. Any survey of unemployment conditions brings a conviction that, in general, education has been inefficient and insufficient, as regards the body of humanity; that the sense of citizenship is inadequate; that the ignorance of ordinary health laws is one of the great zeroes of the system; and that the failure to provide elementary technical fundamentals in a curriculum planned for workers is one of the greatest causes of human misery and inequality, past, present, and future. The cost of the proper education of children is not unreasonably increased by these new developments, even if the improvement in the quality of their labor did not, according to abundant evidence, immediately increase business efficiency. When one considers that, properly directed, this system is nothing less than investment in human power, and that it involves the protection of labor heretofore exploited, it is at once obvious that nothing more important has been undertaken since elementary schools were made compulsory.

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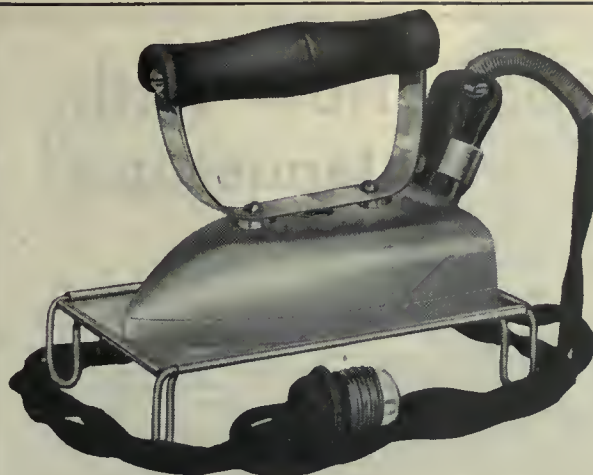
How the Methodist Church is being Popularised in Canada

THE manner in which the church in Canada is making use of the moving picture theatre is described in the *Technical World Magazine*. "The Canadian Methodist Film Exchange" is the name of the company. It has a capital of one hundred thousand dollars and is establishing "movie" theatres in the name of the church throughout the Dominion. "Sane but interesting pictures," is their Methodist slogan. "Children can be taught with animated pictures; there is no necessity of allowing them to spend their time swallowing the hack love plots of the starving author. The defunct church becomes a moving picture theatre, and not only receives the sanction, but the support of the church.

It was no ordinary clergyman who put the Church Exchange on a financial basis and established the first outpost of the company at Vancouver. No ordinary business man could have upset the staid customs of the church, and yet no usual minister could have had the business ability required to launch such a venture. The man who could do both is Dr. Fred Stephenson, typical of the new school of the clergy.

The first films to be contracted for were taken in foreign countries, depicting the work of the Methodist missionaries and educators in those fields. Along with these, the nature studies and industrial and geographical pictures which fascinate the youthful mind, will give actual instruction in the most efficient manner. It may be necessary to keep this a secret, but it is of course the idea behind the adoption of the system. The school teacher may be in for some amazing days when the youngster, half way through,—"Mexico is bounded on the West by the Pacific Ocean and the Bay of California, on the North by the United"—ends up in a new way—"and down there they have tarantulas, and deserts and they wear big straw hats and the Gila monsters are liable—." She may have to attend the "movies" herself. At some of the points on the circuit, which will extend throughout the Dominion and be operated on much the same plan as the commercial film syndicates and exchanges, regular places of worship will be used as "theatres." A large variety of films will be secured so that constant changes of programme can be presented.

The films will be distributed from the head office at Toronto to branch exchanges in the different provinces in Canada. Dr. Stephenson is a keen advocate of the principle in vogue in Germany where moving picture shows are regarded and treated in much the same manner as are art galleries and other national institutions. There films are carefully selected for their educational, artistic and aesthetic qualities. High



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THE EARTH'S INTERIOR

Is It Solid Metal or Molten Liquid?

WRITING in the *Deutsche Revue* on "Our Knowledge of the Interior of the Earth," Professor Borne says that various researches all lead to one conclusion.

The study that has given us the most direct evidence is that of earthquakes. An earthquake sends out disturbances in all directions through the earth, and the speed with which these disturbances travel tells us the nature of the substance through which they pass. From this we learn that the centre of the earth must be a homogeneous, heavy, and very rigid mass, surrounding which is a shell of lighter matter, which shell is not thicker than 1,800 kilometers, and is similar in substance to the rocks which exist on the surface of the earth. The central mass is probably of metal and is heavier and more rigid than any substance we know on earth. Disturbances from an earthquake also travel round the surface of the earth, and from a study of these we learn that only a small portion of the crust is liquid, and that these liquid portions are all at definite depth and are irregularly distributed and probably consist of volcanic lavas; again the fact that the earth responds only to a very minute extent to the action of the sun and moon, which causes the tides in the sea, shows that it must be of very great rigidity.

The discovery of radium has given us a further confirmation. In all the rocks which form the crust of the earth, radium and its allied substances are found; these bodies are giving off heat all the time. If we calculate the heat given out, supposing that radium was distributed throughout all the earth in the same quantity as it is found on the surface, we find that the earth, instead of gradually cooling, would be gradually getting hotter, which we know is not the case.

If we examine the meteorites which fall on the earth, and which are formed from the breaking up of other worlds, we find they consist either of rocks similar to those on earth, which contain retroactive bodies, or of iron, which contains practically none. Therefore from these two facts we are driven to conclude that radium is not equally dispersed throughout the earth, but that the central kernel consists of metal, probably iron, which contains no radioactive substance. Thus we see that all different methods of testing the matter lead practically to the same conclusion—the heavy, very rigid, solid central mass, covered by a lighter crust.

THE ETHICS OF BATHING

Temperature, Bodily Condition, and Mode of Application Should be Studied

THERE are many people who can not take a cold full bath—that is, a bath at from 80 to 75 degrees, says a writer in *Modern Sanitation*. If such a bath causes headache or depressed feeling, if it is very much of a shock at the time and is followed by a heavy feeling in the head or a tired, languid feeling, it should not be repeated. It is not being taken in the proper way. A safer method is the cold shower. If that is much of a shock, the bather should try standing in a hot foot-bath while taking the shower, which will decidedly lessen the shock.

In health a bath hotter than 105 degrees should never be taken under any circumstances. The taking of hot baths at night is a great mistake. The hot bath is stimulating, and the result is wakefulness instead of a desired drowsiness. Nothing will revive and refresh one suffering from fatigue more quickly than a bath at 104 or 105 degrees. But it should not be taken just before retiring. It is decidedly a bath for the daytime, for the woman who has come home from a shopping tour with tired body and aching feet, for the man who has had a strenuous morning and has an important engagement for the afternoon and needs body and brain revived. If the tired one can steal five minutes for a hot bath, he will come forth refreshed and ready for any other duties ahead. In this, as in all other instances, it should be remembered that a full bath should never be taken within two or three hours after a full meal. It is a good idea to wrap a cloth wet in cold water about the forehead during this bath, to prevent a faint or dizzy feeling.

Value of Salt

As a tonic for one in convalescence from fever or other sickness where the body is run down and the vitality is at a low ebb, the ordinary hot foot-bath with a salt rub will be found very efficacious. The patient should be wrapped in a sheet and placed on a low stool with the feet in a tub of hot water. A large dish of coarse salt should be placed conveniently near, and it is a good idea to have a sheet or large cloth of some kind spread on the floor to catch the salt as it drops to the floor. The attendant, who need not be professional—any one can give a salt rub—then takes a handful of salt and rubs it briskly over the arms, chest and back, abdomen, hips, legs, and lastly the feet. A new handful of salt should be taken as often as needed. This is an excellent eliminative skin treatment.

Insomnia is another condition for which there is no better treatment than the proper kind of bath. I have already said that the hot bath at night is a mistake. People who feel nervous and too tired to go to sleep often take a hot bath, and then lie awake wondering why, when

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Among oat lovers, all the world over, Quaker Oats is known as a rarity. Even Scotch connoisseurs send here for it.

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they feel so much more rested, they can not sleep. As already stated, a short hot bath is stimulating. The blood is quickened, the body invigorated, and sleep is farther away than ever.

Instead of a hot bath at night, the sleep-wisher should take a neutral bath. This bath is body-warm, and no warmer, and a sheet should be spread over the tub and quite close about the neck to keep off the air. The cold wet bandage about the forehead will keep the blood from gathering in the brain.

Neutral Baths at Night

It is well to have a head-rest in the tub for this bath, which may be continued for twenty minutes or half an hour. In stubborn cases, people have remained in the neutral bath for two hours; indeed in certain sanitariums, nervous patients needing the sedative effect of the neutral bath have been allowed to go to sleep in the tub and remain there during the night.

After the neutral bath there should be no cold shower and no rubbing, for a reaction is not desirable lest the drowsiness produced be overcome and the bather pop wide-awake again. Just a gentle drying and quickly to bed.

Sometimes a cool sponge-bath or wet-hand rub followed by a gentle rubbing of the whole surface of the body with the dry hand will slacken taut nerves and bring sleep to wide-open eyes.

A sheet is better than a towel for drying the body after a bath. By wrapping it about the body one is protected from the air, and the drying is done more quickly by the absorption of moisture from certain parts while others are being rubbed.

Slight friction or an oil rub is good after any bath except a neutral one for insomnia.

No bath should be taken too soon after meals.

Baths should be taken in a well-ventilated room at a temperature of from 70 to 85 degrees. Invalids require a warmer room than persons in health.

THE WIFE OF R.L.S.

Pen Portrait of the Famous Novelist's Wife

THE death of Fanny van de Gift Stevenson, says *T. P.'s Weekly*, removes one more link with the author of "Treasure Island." Robert Louis Stevenson first met his wife in France during his visit to that country in 1878. She was then Mrs. Osbourne, and living with her son and daughter, Lloyd Osbourne and Bell Osbourne (now Mrs. Strong) in the art-world of Paris, whither she had flown, as one chronicler says, from an "uncongenial husband," whom she left in California. It is well known that Stevenson's married life was happy, and that Mrs. Osbourne proved not only a help-mate but a congenial and loving companion. Indeed, the Osbourne family be-

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me personally, Y. D. MORRIS, Manager.

1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

came part of his very being, administering to his needs both literary and mundane; Mrs. Stevenson and her son, the now well-known story writer, Lloyd Osbourne, collaborating with him in several books. And if further proof is needed of the happiness of the union we have only to turn to Stevenson's beautiful poetic tribute to his wife, the famous lines beginning "Trusty, dusky, vivid, true." Rarely has a wife received so noble a tribute:

Honor, anger, valor, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty Master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The august Father
Gave to me.

The late Mrs. Stevenson was, of course, an American but of Dutch extraction. Stevenson married her in 1880 and immediately after the marriage he took her to Scotland and introduced her to his family, who were somewhat sceptical about the match. All doubts were set at rest when the family came to know her; Stevenson's father even joining in the general approval and remaining on the best terms of friendship with Mrs. Stevenson until his death. Here is a little pen-portrait of Stevenson's wife taken from Mr. H. B. Baildon's excellent book on R. L. S.

"I saw only a smart little American lady, in a carriage standing at the door of 17, Heriot Row, distinctly American in *coiffure* and dress. I should have judged her for a Southerner from the almost Indian darkness of her complexion, but could note nothing further. So far as I can gather from descriptions, photographs, etc., her attraction lay not in any strict or regular beauty of feature, but rather in a magnetic force and fire, which, for want of a better phrase, we call mesmeric. The Samoans, very subject to such influences, stood, I believe, in some awe of her, and called her the "witch woman of the mountain." Originally and principally Dutch in extraction, I cannot help thinking that, like Stevenson himself, she shows a touch of some blood which may fairly be called foreign in a Germanic pedigree. Possibly this far-off strain may have brought them into some remote kinship from which some part of their intense affinity may have sprung."

Mrs. Stevenson collaborated with R. L. S. in the writing of "The Dynamiter," now called "More New Arabian Nights—The Dynamiter"; the volumes written with Lloyd Osbourne as collaborator are "The Wrong Box," "The Ebb Tide," and "The Wrecker."

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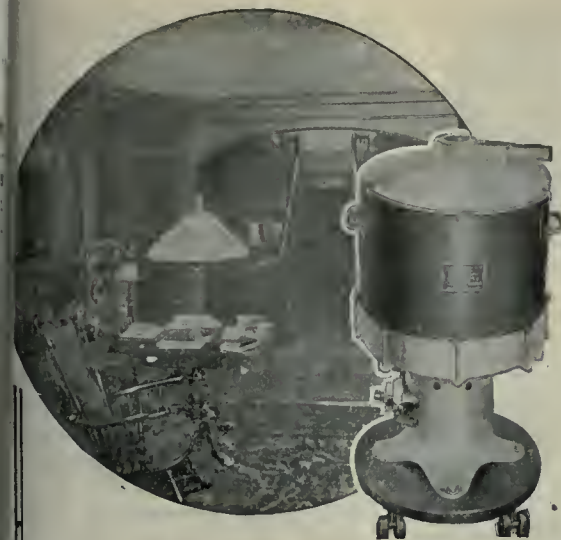
A British Peer the "Moody of Europe"

THERE died a few weeks ago in Paris, says the *Outlook*, an Englishman whose extraordinary career deserves more than the mere passing mention which was given to it in the daily newspapers. Lord Radstock was born in 1833, was educated at Oxford, and in early life was in the army. In 1866 he resigned from his command and devoted himself to evangelistic work and lay preaching. His methods of conducting revival services were what are nowadays called "old-fashioned"—that is to say, they were as radical and unconventional as his theology was conservative. His high social rank—by birth and marriage he was connected with some of the most distinguished families in Great Britain—brought him into touch with social groups that are not ordinarily reached by the revivalist. He carried on, for example, in 1878 an evangelistic work among the Russian aristocracy in St. Petersburg which was so effective that the movement came to be known as "radstockism." One of his converts was a Colonel Paschkoff, a brilliant member of the Court circle. Colonel Paschkoff opened his palace to meetings and began himself to preach to the peasants and what we call "the man on the street." The Imperial Government, with its fear of popular education of any kind, finally interfered, and Colonel Paschkoff was compelled to leave St. Petersburg; but until the day of his death he carried on his work in England and on the Continent, and the common people heard him gladly.

A correspondent who once attended one of Lord Radstock's meetings in Germany sends us the following interesting account of it:

A Striking Request

"In the seventies and later Lord Radstock was engaged in evangelistic work, particularly on the Continent of Europe. He has been called 'the Moody of Europe.' When I was a student in Berlin in 1874, Lord Radstock, having completed a very successful series of meetings in Russia, came to Berlin. He spoke through an interpreter; but the smaller hall which he first took became too small to contain the crowd that attended his meetings. The old Emperor William invited him to speak in the Garrison Church, which used to have the largest capacity in the city, and I was present at a remarkable meeting there. The body of the church was filled with soldiers and civilians, all men. The Emperor and his suite occupied what might be called a box in one of the galleries. While the Emperor and those immediately with him were seated, everybody else stood. At the close of the meeting, Lord Radstock asked all who were desirous of leading a better life to kneel while he prayed. This request came as a shock, for it was then the custom for men to stand at such services, though if ladies were present they usually knelt. I saw that



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the interpreter hesitated to translate this request, and that he said something in return to Lord Radstock; but the old Emperor, who understood English and saw the point, nodded to the interpreter to proceed. He therefore made the request, and, advancing to the front of the box in the sight of all the assembly, Emperor William knelt. Of course the officers immediately followed the example, as did the men. After an earnest prayer, the meeting was dismissed, and the whole assembly marched out, singing a German choral, the soldiers continuing it as they marched down the street, until it died away in the distance."

QUEER THINGS ABOUT JAPAN

Douglas Sladen Writes of the Lighter Aspects of Nippon Life and Character

VERY few books about Japan are so delightful as this one by Mr. Douglas Sladen, says *The Argonaut*. But Mr. Sladen is careful to tell us that his book is not a serious one. It deals with Japan from the lighter side, from the side of the street, the hotel, and the theatre. His own acquaintance with the country began when it was a sort of doll's house and before any one imagined that the country would ever play a role on the world's stage. At the present time, says Mr. Sladen, there is nothing funny about the Japanese army, or navy, or politics, but there is still a great deal that is funny about the daily life of the people, and it is mainly with these aspects that he deals.

The Japanese make good servants and good waiters, but their efficiency as waiters is somewhat impaired when they wear foreign dress, and especially foreign boots, because it is unnatural for a Japanese not to run. It is not safe for a lady to go back into the dining-room for anything she has left, for she will probably find the waiters shedding their uncomfortable foreign dress, and they may not have their own dress underneath.

A Japanese has one good quality. He may not be able to understand English, but before you have been in the house three days he will know your tastes, and if you like the breast of a chicken better than the leg you will get it, and whether you like your steak to look purple or burnt amber when it is cut, you will have it. If he saw you use a teaspoon after your wife, he will very likely bring you a used teaspoon with your next morning's tea. His motto is that there is no accounting for the madness of foreigners, and the forms it takes.

The Japanese policeman, says Mr. Sladen, is always taking notes. It seems to be the chief part of his duty to record whatever goes on. He is of high birth and low stature, but that does not matter, since he understands Jujitsu, although his authority is so great that he never has to use his supernatural powers.

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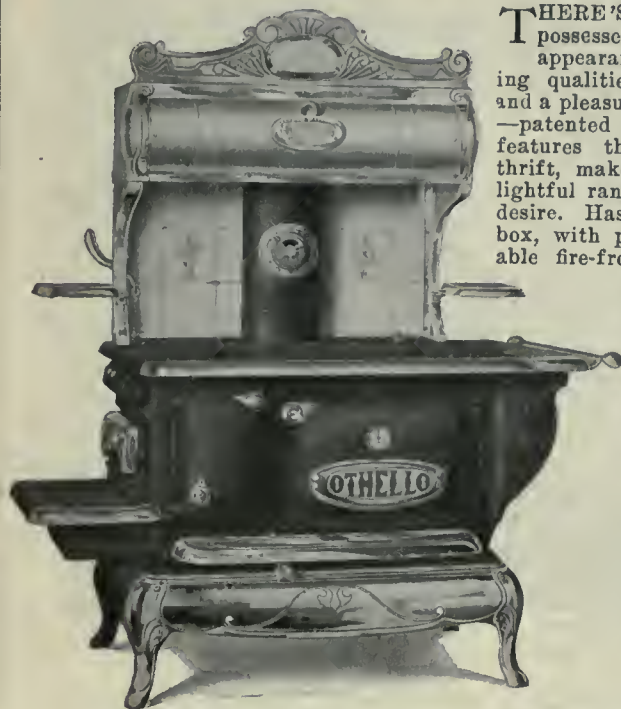
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Jujitsu Experiences

Mr. Sladen gives us some curious information about Jujitsu, although he says that when he was in Japan he never even heard of it. At that time it seems to have been regarded as a kind of secret knowledge never to be imparted except under very strict conditions and to those who had in some way proved their fitness. We have the following among numerous remarkable examples of the art:

Mr. Yamamoto, who weighed fourteen stone, was tremendously powerful, and was himself one of the leading exponents of Jujitsu, kindly allowed Mr. Tani to operate upon him. Mr. Tani took him by the wrist and walked him off the stage, which is made of thick, soft Japanese mats, about twenty-four feet square, as easily as if he had been a child. With another grip he threw the big man over his head a dozen feet away, and then in a dozen other ways he threw him about as if he had been a boy of eight. The audience were breathless; for several minutes they could not enjoy the marvelously exciting display of science for fear that Mr. Yamamoto's neck would be broken; but Mr. Yamamoto knew how to make himself into a ball like a hedgehog, so as not to pitch on a vital part. You can see that if instead of being a trained Jujitsu man he had been a prize-fighter, accepting Mr. Tani's challenge to meet all comers, each using his own method of attack, and had been flung about like that, his neck would have been broken in two minutes.

A Beautiful Fairyland

To-day Japan is a fairyland, because all the most beautiful spots are shared with the gods. In every great wood you come upon stone causeways leading to lonely shrines or vast monasteries and temples. Every beautiful mountain is made more beautiful by climbing stairs and hanging terraces of antique mossy stone; and, wherever its slopes yield a level lawn, rise temple buildings, exquisitely graceful and exquisitely in harmony, whether their colors are sober brown melting into the surrounding woods, or gold and scarlet and green and white standing out against dark cypress foliage.

Space may be found for a final picture of the Japanese hotel bedroom, which still leaves much to be desired in comfort and privacy.

Before dinner is over you begin to long for your bed. You ask to be taken to your bedroom, but your bedroom is taken to you. Its walls and the bed are brought in. The walls are paper shutters which make a slice of the sitting-room your own; the bed is a quilt. "Take up your bed and walk" is an everyday occurrence in the East, where a bed is a spread. The only way an European can get any comfort out of a Japanese bed is to sleep on about half a dozen at once, one on top of the other. If you want to wash, you must do it outside. The Japanese will not allow a basin of water on their precious mats.

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LOW BIRTH RATE NOT A MISFORTUNE

Diminution of Birth Rate in Britain
Matter for Congratulation says a
London Doctor

WE have been so accustomed to regard as unfortunate the country with a diminishing birth-rate, that the theory advanced by Dr. Rigby in *The Nineteenth Century* on this subject comes somewhat as a surprise. In his opinion not only is the diminution of the birth-rate a simple and unavoidable result of economic causes operating constantly in our midst and not a national danger, but it is actually a matter "on which we can afford to congratulate ourselves as being for the benefit and well-being of the people at large and tending to their prosperity, their collective happiness and their general welfare."

Speaking generally his contention is that the diminution of the death-rate more than counterbalances that of the birth-rate. This results in a greater increase of the number of people of a higher age, that is, more of the active wage-earning class than where the death-rate and birth-rate are both high.

Dealing with another oft-mentioned side of the question, he says:—

"A great deal has been made of the fact that it is in the upper and middle classes the decline of the birth-rate has been the greatest, and that therefore there is a greater increase proportionately of the lower and least desirable classes; applying the same process of reasoning—it is very difficult to get statistics to prove this, so I am compelled to fall back upon my own personal observations and experience—in my opinion the importance of this has been and is much exaggerated. The death-rate amongst the better middle class is abnormally low—not more than five to seven per cent. of their children die in infancy; that is, they bring up to maturity quite ninety to ninety-five per cent.; on the other hand, the death-rate in children in the lower, more indigent, and debased classes is comparatively a very high one—it might without any exaggeration in many cases be placed as high as forty or fifty per cent.; the result is that, though the middle and upper classes do not have as many children born, there is often a natural increase quite as large or even larger than in the lower classes, and there is not that decadence of the race as a whole against which there is such an outcry.

Small Families Healthier

"It may be taken as an axiom that in a family of from two to four children, most of whom live, the children are likely to be stronger, healthier, and more vigorous than where there is a family of from six to twelve, a considerable proportion of whom die before attaining maturity.



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In the small family the children are better fed, clothed, housed, better educated, more thoughtfully looked after, more kindly and considerately treated; and the mother herself, who has the duty of motherhood placed upon her at longer intervals, enjoys better health, is less worried and anxious, and altogether, though she produces fewer children, those she has are likely, as before stated, to be stronger, healthier, and more vigorous mentally and bodily than where the children come at a more rapid rate.”

Dr. Rigby is satisfied that the decline in birth-rate proves no loss of vigor, procreative power, or virility in the community; but that the present race have come to the deliberate conclusion that they should restrain themselves, have just so many children as they can afford to keep comfortably, to educate properly, to settle in life advantageously to themselves, and who will not unduly drag their parents down in the world and render their life miserable, unhealthy, impoverished, and, in many cases, degraded and undignified.

Miserable Gospel of Comfort

The Bishop of London in a recent address said: “It is as completely proved as anything can be that the cause of the declining birth-rate is a deliberate limitation of families,” the cause of which he puts down to the “miserable gospel of comfort;” and the cure is “to live the simpler, harder life our fathers lived when they made Britain what it is today.”

“The Bishop,” says Dr. Rigby, “would take us back to the cave dwellings of our ancestors. What is the present tendency of all improvements but to increase our comforts, to render life more pleasant, more happy, and more enduring? Why do we tap lakes and convey the water therefrom hundreds of miles to the large centres of population? For our comfort, so that we can have a liberal supply of pure water, hot or cold, at our doors. Surely he would not resort to the practice of our forefathers, who had to carry each pail of water by hand before it could be used. Again, would the good Bishop do away with our railroad and ocean-going steam service and return to the time when land journeys were made by coach, wagon, or on horseback, and sea journeys by sailing vessels?—yet the great difference in favor of the modern method is one of comfort and expedition. The “miserable gospel of comfort” which he derides is what we are all—and very naturally and properly—endeavoring to attain to, and notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary the time seems to me to be rapidly coming when the lot of the ordinary mortal will be rendered much more agreeable, comfortable, and desirable than ever it has been; and one method of accomplishment of that ideal will be by each individual becoming the parent of as many children as he can prudently see his way to maintain in comfort and prosperity, and no more.”

AMERICA THE MELTING POT

The Anglo-Saxon American an Illusion
says a Jewish Writer

A REMARKABLE and suggestive article lately appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle* from the pen of Israel Zangwill. The article is really an abridgment of the author's introduction to the book form of "The Melting Pot"—a play that has achieved great success across the border. "The Melting Pot" sprang directly from its author's experience as president of the emigration department of the Jewish Territorial Organization, which, founded shortly after the great massacres of Jews in Russia, will soon have settled 10,000 Jews in the Western States.

By "Melting-Pot" is meant, of course, the United States, that vast crucible in which all white races and types are fused together, even the Jews, for all their toughness of fibre, being melted up in a short time like old silver.

America as a New Zion

The Jewish immigrant is, says Mr. Zangwill, the toughest of all the white elements that have been poured into the American crucible, the race having, by its unique experience of several thousand years of exposure to alien majorities, developed a salamandrine power of survival. And this asbestoid fibre is made even more fireproof by the anti-Semitism of American uncivilization. Nevertheless, to suppose that America will remain permanently afflicted by all the old European diseases would be to despair of humanity, not to mention superhumanity.

The Jew in the United States is a citizen of a republic without a State religion—a republic resting, moreover, on the same simple principles of justice and equal rights as the Mosaic Commonwealth from which the Puritan Fathers drew their inspiration. In America, therefore, the Jew, by a roundabout journey from Zion, has come into his own again. It is by no mere accident that when an inscription was needed for the colossal statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, that "Mother of Exiles" whose torch lights the entrance to the New Jerusalem, the best expression of the spirit of Americanism was found in the sonnet of the Jewess, Emma Lazarus:—

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,

The wretched refuse of your teeming
shore,

Send these, the homeless, tempest-
tossed, to me;

I lift my lamp beside the golden
door.

And if, alas! passing through the golden door, the Jew finds his New Jerusalem as much a caricature by the crumbling of its early ideals as the old became by the fading of the visions of Isaiah and Amos, he may find his mission in fighting

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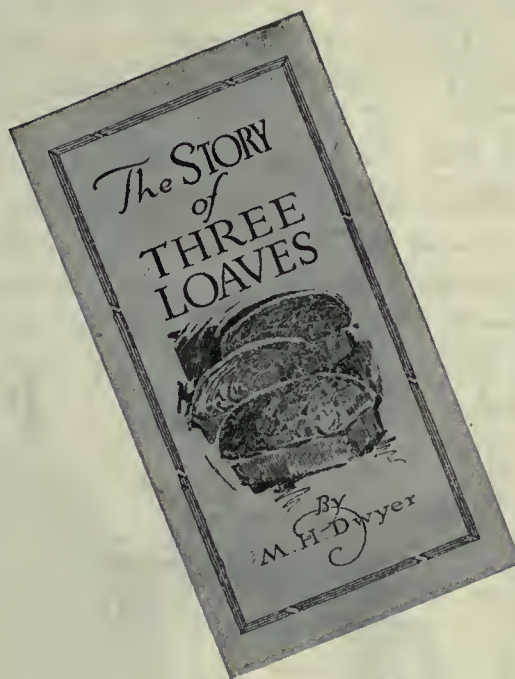


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for the preservation of the original Hebraic pattern.

Assimilation

In this fight he will not be alone. Inter-marriage with his fellow-crusaders in the new Land of Promise will naturally follow wherever no theological differences divide.

These discords, together with the prevalent anti-Semitism and his own ingrained persistence, tend to preserve the Jew even in the "Melting-Pot," so that his dissolution must be necessarily slower than that of the similar aggregations of Germans, Italians, or Poles. But the process for all is the same, however tempered by specific factors. The reality of this process has been denied by no less distinguished an American than Dr. Charles Eliot, ex-president of Harvard University, whose prophecy of Jewish solidarity in America and of the contribution of Judaism to the world's future is more optimistic than my own. Dr. Eliot points to the still unmelted heaps of racial matter, without suspecting—although he is a chemist—that their semblance of solidity is only kept up by the constant immigration of similar atoms to the base to replace those liquefied at the apex. Once America slams her doors, the crucible will roar like a closed furnace.

When the Furnace Roars

Heaven forbid, however, that the doors shall be slammed for centuries yet. The notion that the few millions of people in America have a moral right to exclude others is monstrous. Exclusiveness may have some justification in countries, especially when old and well-populated; but for continents like the United States—or for the matter of that Canada and Australia—to mistake themselves for mere countries is an intolerable injustice to the rest of the human race.

Whether any country will ever again be based like those of the Old World upon a unity of race or religion is a matter of doubt. New England, of course, like Pennsylvania and Maryland, owes its inception to religion, but the original impulse has long been submerged by purely economic pressures. And the same motley immigration from the Old World is building up the bulk of the coming countries.

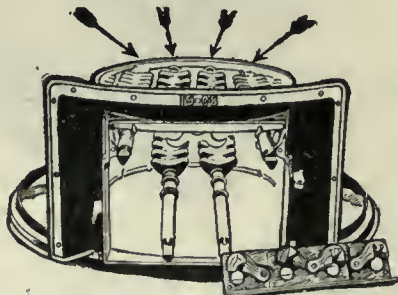
Fusion and unification are part of the historic life-process. "Normans and Saxons and Danes" are we here in England; yes, and Huguenots and Flemings and Gascons and Angevins and Jews and many other things.

In fact, according to Sir Harry Johnston, there is hardly an ethnic element that has not entered into the Englishman, including even the missing link, as the Piltdown skull would seem to testify. Is it wonderful if the crucible, capable of fusing such a motley of types into "the true-born Briton," should be melting up its Jews like old silver? Jews are, unlike negroes, a "recessive" type whose physical traits tend to disappear in the blended offspring. There does

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CANADA

not exist in England to-day a single representative of the Jewish families whom Cromwell admitted, though their lineage may be traced in not a few noble families. Thus every country, has been and is a "Melting-Pot." But America, exhibiting the normal fusing process magnified many thousand diameters and diversified beyond all historic experience, and fed not by successive waves of immigration but by a hodge-podge of simultaneous hordes, is, in Bacon's phrase, an "ostensive instance" of a universal phenomenon. America is the "Melting-Pot."

Her people has already begun to take on such a complexion of its own, it is already so emphatically tending to a new race, crossed with every European type, that the British illusion of a cousinly Anglo-Saxon people with whom war is unthinkable is sheer wilful blindness. Even to-day, while the mixture is still largely mechanical, not chemical, the Anglo-Saxon element is only preponderant; it is very far from being the sum total.

H.M.S. DIAMOND ROCK

To the south-west of the Island of Martinique, at a distance of fifteen hundred yards from the shore, lies an islet known by the name of "Diamond Rock." It is one of the most remarkable islets in England's naval history, for it was actually commissioned as a sloop of war and provided with a crew of one hundred and seven officers and men during our struggles with the French for possession of the West Indies. Commander James Maurice captured this remarkable "sloop of war" in January, 1804, and armed it with seven guns, three of which were hauled up to the top by means of hawsers from a ship, the position being otherwise inaccessible except by means of a rope ladder. On May 14th, 1805—i.e., some five months before losing Trafalgar—Villeneuve, when tempting Nelson across the Atlantic, was briskly cannonaded as each of his ships passed Diamond Rock on their way into Fort Royal (then called Fort de France), so a fortnight later he sent a squadron of five French ships, mounting two hundred guns, besides eleven gunboats and three hundred and fifty troops, to attack the rock. Against such a force the four lower guns were indefensible, so Maurice, retreating to the top, defended himself with the three guns left him throughout a bombardment of two hundred guns lasting from 8 a.m. on May 31st until 4.30 p.m. on June 2nd, when, his ammunition being all but exhausted, he made advantageous terms with the enemy and surrendered; but the French lost seventy men in this affair, besides three gunboats, whereas the English lost only two killed and one wounded. Such is the story of H.M.S. Diamond Rock, the only sloop in his Majesty's fleet which never floated, dropped anchor, or set a sail.



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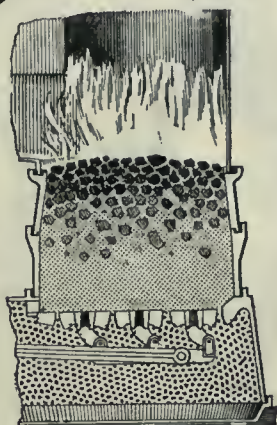
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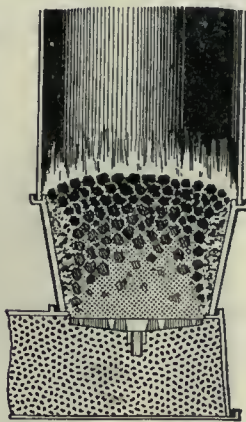
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Ordinary Fire-pot.

EARTHQUAKE FREAKS

How the Face of the World is Changed

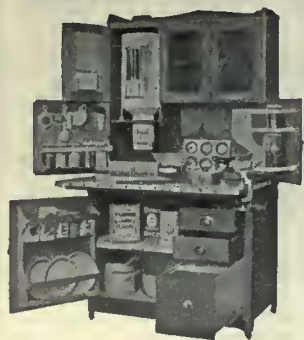
THE terrible tragedy of the Japanese island of Sakura-Shima is a reminder that the peoples of the world are ever at the mercy of the titanic forces which lie hidden in the bowels of the earth. The stupendous subterranean powers imprisoned under the earth's crust are shown by the many changes effected in the geography of the world. An article in the *People's Friend* mentions instances where mountains have been obliterated or new ones formed, islands have been made or destroyed and whole coast lines wiped out.

For instance, in September, 1759, on the lofty tableland about 150 miles south-west of the City of Mexico, a piece of land four square miles in area was suddenly raised 550 feet, and numerous cones appeared, one of them—the volcano of Jorullo—being nearly 1,700 feet high. Java, in 1772, suffered in the opposite way, for a tract of country fifteen miles long by six broad was swallowed up entirely, a mountain of 9,000 feet being reduced to 5,000 feet in the process. In 1822 a great earthquake in Chili produced a permanent elevation of from two feet to seven feet over nearly 100,000 square miles of the country between the Andes and the coast, and geologists have discovered traces of sea-beaches at a distance inland which prove that such upliftings must have occurred previously several times.

In the great disaster at Lisbon in 1755, when nearly the whole city was wrecked in six minutes, and over 50,000 people perished, the largest mountains in Portugal were shaken to their very foundations, great masses being hurled into the adjacent valleys. A new quay, built of marble, on which a huge crowd assembled for safety from the falling buildings, suddenly sank, and it is recorded that not one of the dead bodies came to the surface. Moreover, of the ships engulfed no wreckage floated, and the spot, though previously comparatively shallow, was afterwards stated to be of an almost unfathomable depth. An hour after the town had been shattered the sea suddenly retired so far as to leave the bar at the entrance to the Tagus dry, and then rolled in with a series of gigantic waves from forty to sixty feet higher than the highest tide, completely swamping the city. The effect of this earthquake was felt over an area of upwards of 7,000,000 square miles, and the velocity with which the shock traveled was computed at about twenty miles per minute.

The tidal wave which so often accompanies an earthquake is more dreaded than the earthquake itself.

History records that the great Calabrian earthquakes of 1783, which lasted for nearly four years, men and cattle were engulfed by the cracks in the surface, and in some cases thrown out again alive by the next shock, with great jets of mud and water. Another remarkable incident is recorded. Near Seminara an extensive olive ground and orchard were hurled by one of the shocks a distance of



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200 feet into a valley sixty feet in depth. A small inhabited house standing on the land went with it without injury to the building or occupants. Moreover, the olive trees continued to grow, and bore a good crop the following year. Hindustan has had many important geological changes effected by earthquakes. In 1762, Chittagong was violently shaken, the earth opening in many places and throwing up water and mud of sulphurous smell. Then sixty square miles of coast suddenly and permanently subsided, one of the Mug Mountains entirely disappeared, and another sank so low that only the summit remained. At the same time a corresponding rise of ground took place at Ramree, an island further along the coast. Again, at Cutch, in 1819, the fort and Village of Sindree were submerged and about five miles distant a long, elevated mound was raised, measuring in places some fifty miles by sixteen, out of what had been a perfectly level plain.

A Forecast of the World's End

Surely the most awful of earthquake horrors—appalling in its havoc and the terrible manifestation of the forces of nature—was that which overwhelmed a portion of the Island of Java in 1883. First came the tremblings of the earth; then the sea was stirred up by a great storm. Fifteen volcanoes next simultaneously belched forth torrents of flame and streams of molten lava, and the ocean, joining in the ghastly work rose up in waterspouts and dashed upon the fatal shore. The next day great earthquakes followed. The ground without warning opened into chasms and devoured those whom the flames and the waves of the ocean had spared. A lurid curtain of sulphurous vapor spread itself over fifty miles of country, lying heavily over the land for a whole night. Then suddenly it rolled away and vanished, and it was seen that where populous villages had been, where 15,000 persons had made their homes, the troubled waters of the Indian Ocean were beating. All had vanished! A whole population had had been wiped out of existence; the district surrounded by a range of mountains sixty-five miles long, had disappeared, and the mountains themselves had sunk beneath the sea, leaving not a trace behind. Many new volcanoes sprang up, and missiles which they hurled into the air dealt death everywhere. A mountain broke up into pieces and rolled in moving fragments over the valley. Red hot rocks set fire to many houses, and the flames were only quenched by the rising waters of rivers, which swept away whatever the fire had left untouched. Finally, a great tempest dashed over the land, and then the tragedy was completed. One hundred thousand men, women, and children perished. The face of the island was completely altered, and the channels of the sea were changed.

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PSYCHOTHERAPY, or healing by suggestion may look like a twentieth century discovery, but the truly remarkable thing about it is the extent to which it has been practised without being scientifically understood.

Popular psychotherapy, says Dr. Abram Lipsky in the *Popular Science Monthly*, has long known what science is only now finding out. The best known example of mind-cure is probably that of the toothache that ceases when the dental office is approached. If a man may cure his toothache by walking in the direction of a dentist's office, why may he not cure it by spitting into a frog's mouth, or scratching his gum with a nail and driving the nail into an oak tree. Why should it be more difficult to believe that toothaches have been cured by these methods as promptly as by the sight of a dentist's forceps? The therapeutic agent in each case is the same. It is psychical, and we call it "suggestion."

Among the country people of modern England a variety of devices for circumventing the ague are known. If you peg a lock of your hair into an oak and give a sudden jerk with your head, your ague will be transferred to the oak. Or, to mention only one other, you may take nine or eleven snails, string them on a thread, saying with each slimy bead, "Here I leave my ague." Frizzle them over a fire and as the snails disappear, so will your ague.

Effect of Suggestion

Observe how the last method accords with modern scientific psychotherapy. The practitioners of the Emmanuel movement tell us, in "Religion and Medicine," that when giving one's self a verbal auto-suggestion, it is well to accompany the words with some action, however trifling and absurd—the absurdity of the action, in fact, being rather something in its favor. For example, when you say to yourself: "I put away all worry," you might put an old shoe out of sight and think of your worry as staying with the shoe. The snail cure for ague obviously anticipates these directions. It takes advantage, moreover, in a very cunning way of another psychological discovery—the hypnotic influence of bright light when stared at fixedly. Most people now-a-days are familiar with this phenomenon from their experience in staring at strongly illuminated stereopticon screens. They know how difficult it is to keep awake—unless the lecture is unusually exciting. Now, suggestion is most effective on persons who are in a somnolent or hypnotic condition, and your credulous rustic, staring into the fire as the snails sizzle and repeating to himself, "Here I leave my ague," is performing a very pretty psychological experiment on strictly scientific lines.

Scientific psychotherapy has undoubtedly taken this hint of reinforcing verbal suggestion with a trivial action from popular practice. The device is perhaps

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best known in popular medicine as applied to the cure of warts. You strike the wart downwards three times with the knot of a reed as you make your auto-suggestion, or, you rub it seven times with the third finger of the left hand in the direction in which the sun moves; or, you wet your forefinger with saliva and stroke the wart in the direction of a passing funeral; or, you touch each wart with a pebble, place the pebbles in a bag and lose them—the finder getting the warts; or, you tie as many knots in a hair as you have warts and throw the hair away; or, you steal a piece of bacon, rub the wart and slip the bacon under the bark of an ash tree, thus causing the warts to disappear from your hand and appear on the bark; or, you get another, by hook or by crook, to count your warts, when they will pass over to him.

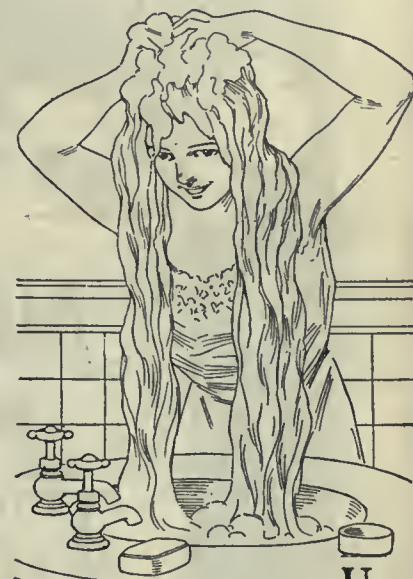
Any one who is of the opinion that these remedies for warts can not be effective because they are so little countenanced by scientific medical authority, will see the matter in a new light if he will take the trouble to look up the remedies that are recommended by the medical authorities themselves. A standard medical work (Foster's "Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences") names a few of them and dismisses the rest with the remark that they are too numerous to mention, as every physician has his favorite remedy. The diversity among these remedies being as great as among the popular cures, the inference seems justified that there is nothing inherently curative in the one class any more than in the other, but that they all depend upon that principle which is common to them all—the principle of suggestion.

Faith Necessary to Success

Belief in the curative power of the means employed is the most important element in its success. We know now that it does not so much matter upon what the belief is based so long as the belief is strongly present. Faith, in former ages, was almost entirely at the command of religious ideas. To-day, faith in scientific conceptions and scientific authority has largely taken the place of religious faith. Let a man feel that a certain mode of procedure rests upon scientific principles, and the method, whether right or wrong, will have therapeutic value. Cures recommended by popular tradition are contemptuously dismissed as mere relics of ancient superstition, but any remedy administered with a show of scientific reasoning and authority is sure to produce results.

It is no longer possible, as was only recently the tendency, to deny all the miraculous cures ascribed to sacred relics and to the touch of saintly persons. Science formerly had no explanation to offer and dismissed all such claims with contempt. They must now be admitted to be at least of possible occurrence. Authentic cures by healers not of the most exalted character have taken place in our own day almost before our very eyes. Faith in the power of a supposedly sacred personality has made them possible.

TO PREVENT Falling Hair



Use CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

DIRECTIONS: Make a parting and rub gently with Cuticura Ointment. Continue until whole scalp has been gone over. The next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient to remove dandruff, allay irritation and prevent thin, falling hair.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A. Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

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to make \$5,000 a year. Get started in an honest, reliable, money-making business. The wonder of the 20th Century. Hickman writes, I am making \$21.00 per day. Spaine takes 9 orders first day. Shimmerhorn orders 8 doses, first month. World's Magical gift has been realized by this new invention. Removes blackheads, wrinkles, rounds out any part of the face or body, and brings back Nature's beauty.

The BLACKSTONE Water Power MASSAGE MACHINE for the home
Lasts a life-time, new field, new business, price within reach of all; that is why it's easy to sell. Endorsed by Doctors and Massagers. Best agent's article ever invented, sells itself, no experience necessary.
FREE our big book—The Power and the Love of Beauty and Health. Investigate now, to-day. A postal will do.
THE BLACKSTONE MFG. CO.
901 Meredith Building - Toledo, Ohio



"NEU-TONED" WALLS ARE WASHABLE.

THERE is no home decoration more pleasingly simple than walls of plain, soft color tints. And there is no wall covering more sanitary than the washable, durable "Neu-Tone" Flat Paint.

"NEU-TONE" is the modern finish for halls, stairways, bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens—or in fact, for any Plastered Wall, Ceiling, Burlap, Wood or Metal Surface.

"NEU-TONE" is easy to apply, as it takes care of itself—works well under the brush—flats perfectly without a trace of laps or brush marks—producing a subdued flat finish of a soft velvety effect and with great depth of tone that is pleasing and restful to the eye.

"NEU-TONE" is also most economical because it gives you walls that are easily cleaned. When a "NEU-TONE" Wall becomes soiled, a sponge or soft cloth and lukewarm water, will remove dirt and finger marks and renew the soft velvety appearance of this finish.

Write for our beautiful book, "Harmony In Neu-Tone", one of the most elaborate books on home decoration ever issued—free for the asking.



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MONTREAL. 28

**A Few More Dollars
Will Put You Right**
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We have a proposition that enables energetic men to add a desirable increase to their present salary. The work is attractive, educative and profitable. You should know about it. For full particulars, write a postcard.

Making the Motor Truck Fool-Proof

How the Personal Element is Being Eliminated in the Operation of the Motor Truck

THE designer of the motor truck is confronted with far more serious problems than are to be found in the construction of automobiles. The reason for this is not far to seek. A \$25- to \$30-a-week chauffeur is hired for the automobile. This salary for a truck-driver would be considered extravagant and the tendency is to break in horse-drivers as truck-operators at a very slight increase in the \$12 or \$14 wages that they may have been re-

receiving previously. An article in a recent number of the *Scientific American* explains some of the devices which have been installed on the motor truck, which make it practically impossible for the novice who is handling it to do any real damage.

It is not to be expected that automatic steering and stopping devices will be installed, for every driver is supposed to possess the average amount of human intelligence, but the operation of interacting mechanical movements has been so designed that the manipulation of a lever at the improper time or in the wrong direction can do no more than to stall the motor. This effect, in part, is obtained by constructing shafts, joints, and bearings of sufficient strength to withstand any strain to which they can possibly be subjected, but this is supplemented by design of a finer order that materially reduces the probability of imparting such strains to the parts in question.

The design of clutches and transmission systems is illustrative of this point. Disk clutches or those of the cone type with cork inserts or small springs placed under the leather serve to prevent the sudden application of power to the rear driving mechanism—even though the driver's foot may slip from the clutch pedal or he may willfully release the pressure too quickly. The application of the load may be sufficiently sudden to stall the motor, but the owner may rest assured that there is no danger of a broken gear tooth or a sheared shaft key. The friction surfaces of the clutches, which are subjected to a greater amount of wear than any other portion of the



Spark lever inconveniently placed to prevent tampering.

car, are especially designed for such "punishment," and many instances can be cited in which trucks have been given hard usage for sixty and seventy thousand miles without the renewal of a clutch surface.

The planetary transmission has long been noted for its "fool-proof" qualities, for the fact that all of the gears are in mesh all of the time precludes the possibility of tripped teeth when the change from one speed ratio to another is made suddenly

without releasing the clutch. The limitations of the planetary transmission, however, to those of the two-speed type, has caused their gradual disappearance from use on heavy trucks, and to-day we find the three and four-speed sliding gear transmissions occupying the centre of the stage. These are of the same type as are used on pleasure cars, but their wide faces and general heavy construction make them better adapted to transmitting power to the greater loads at the rear wheels. While these gears are made of special steels and are subjected to special heat-treatment, all manufacturers do not think that this is sufficient protection against stripping or chipping when a careless or ignorant driver attempts to change speeds without first disengaging the clutch, and accordingly several devices to prevent this clashing of gears are in use on several makes of trucks. Probably the simplest of such devices is one in which the transmission lever is automatically locked whenever the clutch is engaged. The gears, therefore, cannot be shifted until the clutch pedal is depressed.

While these types of transmissions are not necessarily in general use, they are mentioned as examples of the thought that has been put upon "foolproof" design in order to eliminate, as far as possible, that uncertain personal equation that always enters into the success or failure of a motor truck installation.

But while considerable time and thought have been put upon the transmissions and "running gears" of trucks, the problem here is only one of mechanical strength. The motor, however,

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METAL GARAGE!**

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METAL GARAGES**

Fireproof, secure—can be set up in a day. Cost you less than a home-made one. Handsome, portable. Postal brings particulars.

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Because

- we are able to supply material at manufacturer's cost.
- we are able to prepare it, ready for erection, without waste, and by automatic machinery.
- half the labor of erecting is eliminated in the mill.
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- you get the benefit of modern methods of time and money-saving applied to house construction.
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Designed by experienced architects, and are the same as any other well-built houses when finished—warm, comfortable, beautiful.

We have an interesting book No. "A" of 100 beautiful homes that every home-builder should have. It is yours for the asking.

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Sovereign Construction Company

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RIDER AGENTS WANTED

everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Hyslop Bicycle with coaster brake and all latest improvements.

We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow 10 DAYS' TRIAL. It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive proposition.

is all it will cost ONE CENT you to write us a postal, and catalogue and full information will be sent to you Free Postpaid by return mail. Do not wait. Write it now.

HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited
Dept. H. TORONTO, Canada





Low Cost of Maintenance the Root of Hupmobile Popularity

One of the officials of this company is just back from a nation-wide tour.

Another official has just returned from a second trip around the world.

They traveled tens of thousands of miles, that they might meet and talk with men who sell, and men who buy the Hupmobile.

They wanted to learn the sources of its strength and popularity.

They went with open minds, to hear criticisms and suggestions.

Their reports—submitted separately—are in startling and significant accord.

Both point to the same irresistible conclusion—both single out one paramount and impressive fact.

The root and basis of Hupmobile popularity is the low cost of the superb and continuous service which it renders to the owner.

Both men encountered differences of opinion in regard to non-essentials.

But all over America, and all around the world—only one opinion on the all-important question of cost and service.

In the old world, they found the Hupmobile commanding an eager and magnificent market.

In America, a demand that is twelve months long—with a secondary

market for used Hupmobiles at a price so high that it is one of the marvels of the motor car business.

"I have found out," says one report, "precisely why the Hupmobile is 'the car of the Canadian family.' It is because the Hupmobile does all that any family could ask, and does it at a lesser cost."

"We have not over-stated the case," says the other report. "When we say we believe the Hupmobile to be 'the best car of its class in the world' we are only repeating what ninety-nine out of one hundred owners sincerely affirm."

Don't be satisfied with our say-so on this important subject of cost and service.

Stop and inquire of the first Hupmobile owner you meet.

Unit power plant, with small bore, long-stroke motor, 3¼-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke cylinders cast en bloc.

Trouble-proof carburetor, permanently adjusted, with air supply controlled from dash.

Right-hand steer, gear shift and emergency brake levers in centre.

Full-floating rear axle.

Touring car or roadster type, with regular equipment, \$1230.

With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carrier, \$1380.

Six-passenger touring car has regular equipment of over-size tires, demountable rims and tire carrier, at \$1480; with electric lighting and starting, \$1630.

All Canadian prices f.o.b. Windsor, Ont.

In every one of the forty-eight states—in every civilized country on the globe—you'll find the substance of these two reports backed up by the enthusiastic experience of the individual user.

All these thousands of owners are solidly behind you when you buy a Hupmobile.

A loyal servant, a faithful friend, a tireless worker, and a source of saving instead of expense—all these qualities you'll find pre-eminent in your Hupmobile.

is susceptible to a variety of conditions that affect its efficiency, length of satisfactory service, and power output. It is well known by every motorist, for example, that to obtain the best results from his engine, the spark lever should not necessarily be operated only in conjunction with the throttle, but that the speed at which the engine is operating should have an important bearing on the time at which the spark should occur. But to obtain that proper position in which throttle opening and engine speed are taken into consideration, the driver must have had considerable experience, and must "know" his motor thoroughly. In fact, it is better that the spark should be left in a fixed position than that it should be unduly advanced at slow motor speeds or fully retarded at wide open throttle. Because of the difficulty of obtaining truck chauffeurs who will pay proper attention to these important details of motor operation, some of the truck companies produce machines on which no spark lever is provided, the contention being that if the spark is set to occur at the top of the stroke, no harm can be done, and the loss in efficiency that would be entailed at high speeds is negligible when compared with the damage that might ensue through improper operation of the spark.

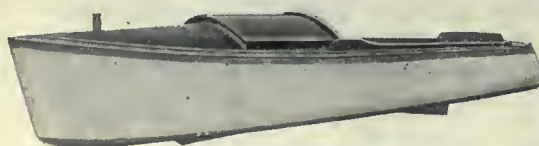
On other trucks, the makers have not taken quite so radical a step, but have assumed that some sort of spark control is advisable. They have consequently located the spark control lever on the dash board where it may be reached if the driver leans forward, the theory being that, if it is not placed close at hand on the steering wheel, the spark will not be advanced or retarded unnecessarily. But this desire to remove the spark control lever from the possibility of interference by incompetent hands has resulted in the development of magnetos provided with automatic spark regulation in which the ignition in each cylinder is controlled to occur in accordance with the speed at which the engine is running.

MODERN MOTOR FIRE APPARATUS

Cost 90 per cent. Less, Efficiency 60 per cent. Greater, than that of Horse-drawn Vehicle

THE motor propelled fire apparatus is a comparative novelty in Canadian cities; even south of the border they were regarded almost as a curiosity only a little more than three years ago. At the present time, however, quite a few cities have adopted exclusively the gasoline fire-fighting apparatus, and the number of cities on the American continent possessing one or more of the modern machines numbers close on one thousand.

Nor is it the big cities only which have shown a progressive tendency in this respect, in fact some of the smaller possess a greater number of motor fire-wagons in proportion than the larger cities. One United States town, for instance, of only forty thousand inhabitants possesses no less than eleven of these vehicles.



You won't envy the other fellows, when you have a "Robertson" Launch

Whether you buy a Robertson launch complete and fully equipped or merely get the "makings" and build it yourself, you will have a good, durable boat—the pride of the water.

Long experience has made us expert in boat and launch building, and we can give you good, practical advice in buying or making boats, yachts, motor-boats, semi-speed cruising launches, etc. Make this a season of enjoyable and healthy recreation in the open with a good water craft.

Write for Booklet "R." It Will Give You Some Valuable Suggestions

ROBERTSON BROS., Foot of Bay St., HAMILTON, ONT.

One of the principal benefits to be derived from the operation of the gasoline fire engine is economy of operation. Once the initial outlay is made, there is practically an end of expense; running expenses are purely nominal when compared with those of the horse-drawn vehicle.

Investigation shows that the average cost of the upkeep of the motor-drawn vehicle is, roughly speaking, something like twenty-five dollars for the year, whereas the cost of the horse-drawn apparatus was \$524. The average number of alarms, on the other hand, responded to by the former was much greater than that of the latter. The chief of the fire department of one city said recently that the upkeep of a triple combination chemical, pumping engine and hose-cart had been only about six per cent. of the cost of the horse-drawn, and that its efficiency was 60 per cent. greater. The territory which the former can cover is many times greater than the horse-drawn can attempt to look after.

In examining the records made by some of the most up-to-date fire apparatus we find there is another very important advantage resulting from their use. The loss in one city in 1911 when it had no motors was \$27,000, whereas in 1912 with three motor vehicles the loss fell to \$8,000. Reports from a large number of cities show that losses have decreased by as much as 75 per cent. with the introduction of the motor-drawn apparatus, and in the majority of cases there has been a reduction of at least 50 per cent. In many cases the saving in one year has been sufficient to pay for the new equipment. Another benefit derived is the attitude of the insurance companies to their customers in towns thus equipped, in not a few cases, property-owners have reaped the benefit of a considerable decrease in the rate of insurance premiums.

Many municipalities have shown an objection to discard the use of the steam pumping engines, which can be still used to advantage, and this feeling has induced quite a number of makers to build a chassis upon which these pumps can be mounted, and thus avoid the waste of the remainder of their term of service. In some cases a special chassis is provided upon which the steam pump is mounted bodily; in others a three-wheeled tractor takes the place of the forward wheels of the engine or the engine stands out well in front, driving through a shaft and side chains, and the forward wheels are replaced by a two-wheeled tractor.

The most efficient type of vehicle and one which is therefore being most generally adopted is that which uses only one engine, both for pumping and propulsion. The necessity for carrying two kinds of fuel is thus obviated.

An oil-burning steamer, the Siam, equipped with Diesel engines, recently made a 23,000-mile voyage without refilling her oil tanks, and could have sailed 8,000 miles farther without refueling. The voyage was from Borneo to Antwerp, thence to Copenhagen, then around Cape Horn to San Pedro, California.

You Should Read the *Studebaker* Proof Book

The writer of these words has been reading and preparing business literature for a good many years.

But he has never read and (he is sorry to say) he has never written as convincing a book as this Studebaker Proof Book.

The Studebaker Proof Book is simply a volume of evidence—evidence of the value contained in the Studebaker car.

He feels impelled to urge you to send for it.

And if you do send for it, he is willing to venture a prediction.

He is going to predict that you will buy a Studebaker car.

Turn an X-Ray on the Car

Because he is positive that you will recognize immediately, as he did, that this book is a book of Truth—solid, convincing, substantial Truth in every word, paragraph and page, from cover to cover.

Take the Studebaker FOUR, electrically started and electrically lighted, at \$1375.

This Studebaker Proof Book doesn't mention the Studebaker FOUR by name, except in the concluding page.

But every fact cited, every detail described, every process pictured, gives you an intimate idea of how that FOUR is built.

It turns an X-RAY on to the car so that you can see its very vitals.

It makes you appreciate perhaps for the first time, how marvelous that price of \$1375 actually is.

You Appreciate the Studebaker FOUR

You realize that it couldn't be sold for that price if it were not for the size and scope, and the scientific closeness of Studebaker operations which he describes.

You appreciate, as you travel with him through the plant, what it means to get in this \$1375 Studebaker FOUR—no less than 247 drop forgings instead of malleable iron castings.

You discover that not only the vital parts, but even the lamp brackets, body irons, seat braces are of steel, drop forged and heat treated in the Studebaker plant.

It begins to dawn on you why the Studebaker FOUR is lighter and yet stronger than the great majority of cars of equal carrying capacity.

Then you realize that the magnificent long stroke small bore motor in the \$1375 FOUR is not only Studebaker design, but very much more.

It is Studebaker-built, down to the casting of the cylinders, pistons and upper part of the crank case, in one of the finest—if not the very finest—foundries in the world.

You learn that Studebaker steel is steel indeed—that every piece that goes into the FOUR has at least from four to six heat treatments.

You Almost See the Actual Operations

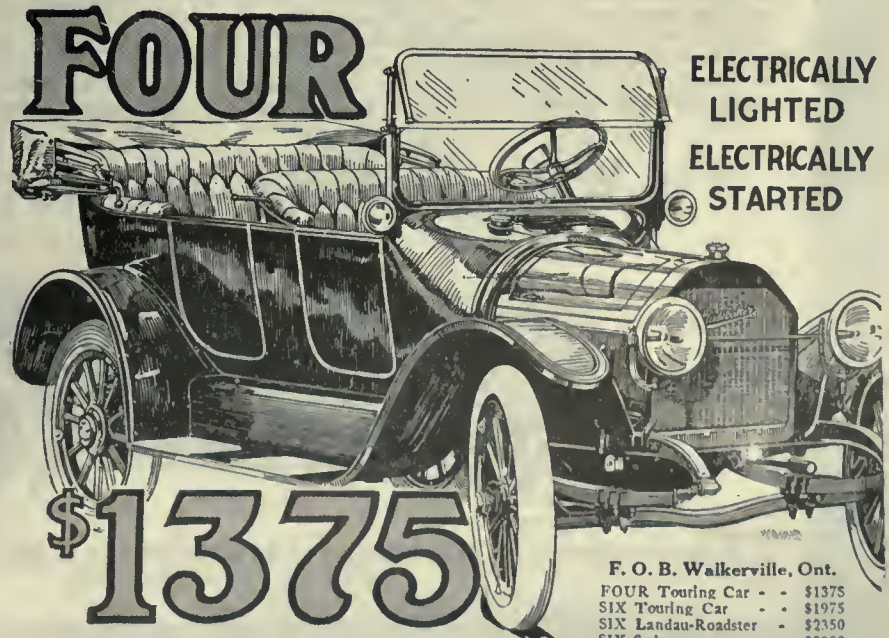
So step by step this graphic Proof Book takes you into forge shops, foundries, laboratories—shows you how the steel in the \$1375 FOUR is tempered and tested for cam shafts, crank shafts, connecting rods, gear wheels, transmission shafts, etc., etc.

By word picture and photograph it describes the drastic test of Studebaker springs—the grinding and cutting of gears—a hundred things you ought to know, told in a way you can understand, and every word of which you will enjoy.

Trust the experience of one who has spent a lifetime studying business literature—this is a book worth having.

Studebaker will send it to you if you'll ask for it on a postal card.

The Studebaker Corporation of Canada, Limited
Walkerville, Ont.



ELECTRICALLY
LIGHTED
ELECTRICALLY
STARTED

F. O. B. Walkerville, Ont.

FOUR Touring Car	- -	\$1375
SIX Touring Car	- -	\$1975
SIX Landau-Roadster	- -	\$2350
SIX Sedan	- - -	\$2950
"35" Touring Car	- -	\$1500
Six Passenger SIX	- -	\$1800

Buy It Because It's a Studebaker

Overland



\$1250

Completely equipped,
f.o.b. Toledo.

Duty Paid.

\$1,425—With electric
starter and generator,
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Paid.

The Most Suitable and Sound Investment For the Whole Family

RIGHT now thousands of families are daily depriving themselves of an endless chain of economical pleasures, comforts and benefits that could be theirs just as well as not. Get a big, handsome Overland touring car into the very midst of your family, and you increase the pleasures and broaden the viewpoints of everyone in the house.

Taking everything into careful consideration, the Overland is the most practical all-year-around-family-car on the market. It is not too large, nor is it bulky or cumbersome. On the other hand, it is not small, dinky or stunted—but just the right size for the full comfort, and the complete and everlasting enjoyment of every member of your home circle.

And the price—!

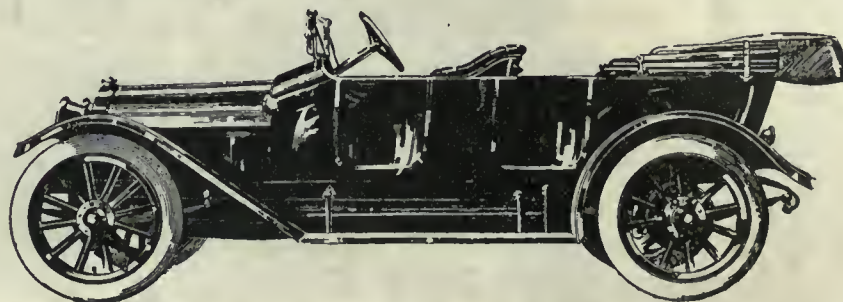
Other cars of similar specifications cost a great deal more. How much? That varies. But in practically every case a careful comparison will prove to you that an Overland costs fully 30% less than any other similar car made.

In view of this, can you afford to pay more for some other car that does not give you as much as you can get in the Overland?

Remember the cost is 30% less.

Spring is here. Get your family out of doors all you can. There is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up to-day. Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 18.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks.
Full information on request.

Messrs. Gaso, Carb, Spark & Co.

Continued from Page 16.

"Tell him!" commanded the cylinder brothers, in chorus.

"Well," began the Carburetor, "There are a great many things you must understand to begin with. You know our chief, young Harsant? He is one of the youngest men in Canadian politics and one of the most gifted of the younger set at Ottawa. Perhaps you noticed him in the car: a big fellow with a pair of clear eyes and a clean-cut face. He won his first election in this very constituency just by the sheer merit of his speaking and the force of his personality. He has always been popular. Life has seldom shown him her rough side. When he went from the Legislature to the House of Commons people knew at once that there was a great career ahead of him. He was moved from the back-benches to the middle benches in one session and people have been wondering for a long time when he would be moved to the front benches and given a portfolio.

"There was a reason but few people knew it. The fact that it does not exist any more is because we climbed the hill the other night—in time. The Old Man—that's the Prime Minister,—the Old Man's niece, and the little runabout which the Chief sold when he bought us, are the only ones that knew the reason. Our Chief lacked just one important quality. He was not reliable in team play. He wanted to be playing lone hands all the time. He wanted to be given big jobs and hard jobs, but he was never able to see the worth of doing plain, irksome, obscure pieces of work. He could be trusted with big things any day. He had judgment, discernment, discretion and brilliant flashes of aggressiveness, but he loathed the drudgery of the game. He couldn't be relied on to do little pieces of plain work conscientiously. That was his worst fault but it was a serious one, serious in a public man as it is serious in a motor car. Harsant would have been a junior minister long ago, when old Garbund died, but the portfolio went to Harbret, because though Harbret is comparatively dull, he is steady, always on hand when wanted, even in the grain, a good plodder.

"Well, there was the Old Man's niece—a woman! Our Chief's chances of promotion and of winning the woman all depended upon the Chief's learning to play the game as it ought to be played. The day before the election was the day we came from the factory and were delivered to the Chief. In spite of the election, when he heard we were ready he went down to the railway yards to meet us. He wanted to get right in and drive and as a matter of fact he did, as soon as he could. Election? Oh, he was sure of being elected. People knew his platform. His organization had been working well and surely he could take a

No Man Can Justify Higher Tire Prices

Higher Than Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires

Many other Canada-made tires are offered from one-eighth to one-third higher than Goodyears.

Made in Canada

These tires are made by Canadians in Canada. As part of the Goodyear organization, our Bowmanville factory gives you the benefit of the experience and methods of our great Akron plant.

More Can't Be Given

We say to you—after 14 years of trying—that more of value can't be given than we give in No-Rim-Cut tires.

And no other tire costs so much to make, unless that cost is due to wasteful methods or to smaller output.

We give you here, in a costly way, the one feasible tire that can't rim-cut.

We give you the "On-Air Cure"—to minimize blow-outs.

We have reduced by 60 per cent. the risk of loose treads.

And in All-Weather treads we give you an anti-skid with which nothing of the kind compares. Yet for these you actually pay less than for other Canada-made anti-skid tires.

And not another tire on the market offers you any one of these costly features.



We have a staff of graduate experts working simply on research and experiment. They build in our laboratory 8 or 10 tires a day, in efforts to get more mileage.

They test them on roads and on testing machines. But they have not in years found a way to add mileage, save through our All-Weather tread. So, in all probability, better tires never can be.

Where We Save

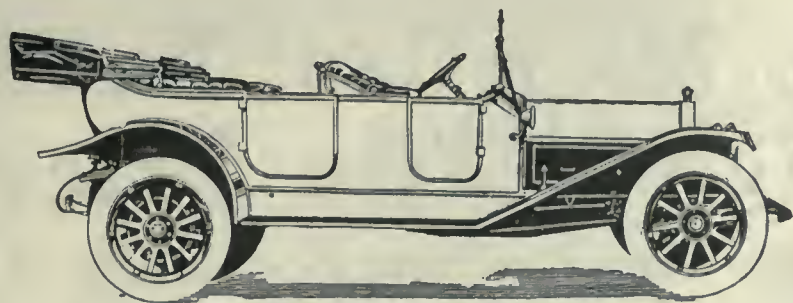
We save by modern equipment. We save by a low-profit policy.

Higher prices have no reason which means anything to you. Prove this, if you doubt it, by actual mileage tests.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

Head Office: TORONTO

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\$20,000 Challenge Still Open

Russell-Knight Supremacy Unquestioned

Sixty days ago we offered a challenge of \$20,000 to the whole world of manufacturers and owners of automobiles with poppet-valve engines, to equal the recent performance of the RUSSELL-KNIGHT at West Toronto.

To date no one has seen fit to accept.

Until this challenge is accepted and our record equalled, the Canadian-built

RUSSELL-KNIGHT

engine acknowledges neither superior nor equal.

For thirty days longer the challenge remains open. In the interest of motor manufacturing we hope some enthusiastic admirer of poppet-valve engines will have confidence enough in his favorite motor to accept the challenge and enter the test.

Meantime the World's Champion Motor is the Canadian-built RUSSELL-KNIGHT.

*Ask for Your Copy of Prof. Price's
Complete Report, Now Being Printed.*

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

Head Office and Factory, WEST TORONTO

Branches: Toronto Montreal Hamilton Calgary Winnipeg Vancouver Melbourne

few minutes off to try out the new car. Personal canvassing? Oh no. That was not necessary. He would make a speech in the auditorium that night. That was the way he reasoned, all in a good-natured boyish sort of way.

"Meantime he was driving. He tried us on low, on high, on good road and bad road. He racked us round the country till every one of us ached. Really, it was bad. He drove badly, fed the gas jerkily and couldn't leave the accelerator alone. When he finally brought us into his garage about supper time every single one of us felt like complaining. We had a talk though with the old motor which hadn't been taken away yet, and we learned a few things that sort of distracted our attention and perhaps made us more sympathetic toward the chief. We learned then about the woman Har-sant wanted to marry and who had promised her answer the day after the election. We learned that the whole riding except for Blackthory's division was largely fixed in its political beliefs and that the Chief relied upon Blackthory's, the remotest division from his home town, to give him the favorable balance. We learned too that Blackthory's was the most independent-minded electoral subdivision that ever existed, one that refuses to be won and stay won: the most suspicious-minded community in Ontario. And the Chief had neglected Blackthory's!

"That night after supper, but before it was time for him to go to his meeting, he came out to the garage, started us up, flung open the doors, whirled down the drive on twice too many notches of gasoline and with the spark advanced like a racer, had to brake hard to cross his own side-walk,—and finally arrived in front of the house where the Old Man's niece was staying. Believe me, there wasn't a single good-natured member in this car when he stopped with a jerk and jumped out. Each part was conscious of itself. The idea of team-play which had been pounded into us, carved into us, and melted into us when we were in the factory, was under pretty severe strain that evening. What was the use of team-play if we were to be treated like a horse and buggy! The cylinder crowd were working together because they had been made for the purpose and were controlled largely by force of habit, but they acted like snobs toward all the rest of us. The crank casing was mumbling that he couldn't see what sense there was in his having been made so light and strong and true to measure, if it was only to support a bunch of dead weights like the rest of us. The Exhaust couldn't see why he had to deal only with dirty gas, and why the Muffler throttled him just when he wanted to shout, and personally I, as the Carburetor, was beginning to contemplate the general uselessness of existence. The Ego in each of us was roused. We were beginning to feel like individualists! Anarchists!

"When they came out and got into the car, the Chief in the left hand seat and the Old Man's niece beside him, we began to listen to what they were saying. That

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Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless ornamental fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.

Send for free catalog. If interested, ask about our farm and poultry fencing. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

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Write for Catalog "G," which shows the special features that make "The Penetang Line" Launches so desirable and satisfactory.



"The Penetang Line—

One that is built on the safety-first idea, without sacrifice of space. The illustration shows one of our handsome crafts—Reliable, Speedy, Easy-going. Large, comfortable seating capacity. The kind you've wished for. At a price that enables you to realize your desires.

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In the following:

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Prices:
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der control—in "fighting condition." This wonderful cabinet bath right in your own home will give you an invigorating sweat every few days and take all the dirt, poison and accumulation of waste right out of your pores and make you and keep you internally and externally clean and vigorous month after month, year after year. Get rid of your La Grippe, Fever, Hard Colds and Rheumatism in this way. It's the ideal way that builds you up all over.

You Can Add Years to Your Life

Just by this little, systematic, careful attention to the needs of your body. You can make yourself superb in health, strength and the good looks that go with them.

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the safest Canoes made. Remarkable for durability and strength. Attractive in design, perfectly finished. Get yours now, and add real zest to your summer's enjoyments.

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Magnificent Steel Launch \$96
Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

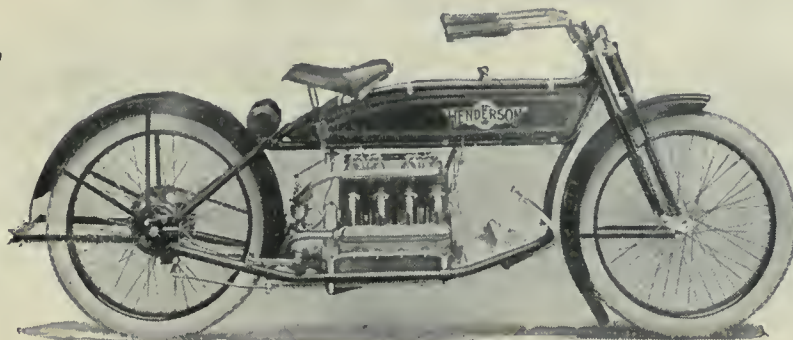
18-20-22 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. The Safe Launch—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. Free Catalog—Steel Rowboats, \$20.
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1378 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Does the Joy of Outdoor Life Mean Anything to You?

Is it not the short jaunt into the country; the week-end fishing trip, or the pleasure of a ride in your parks that makes life hum with sincere delight?

Has the need of a conveyance, within your means, been depriving you of these essentials to health and happiness?

THE



HENDERSON

Will make those favorite haunts in the country easily accessible to you and your companion—

Will give you the bracing air at intervals during your working day as no other vehicle can.

A quiet running, four-cylinder motor, lowest centre of gravity, longest wheel-base, most

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"We Mail It On Request"

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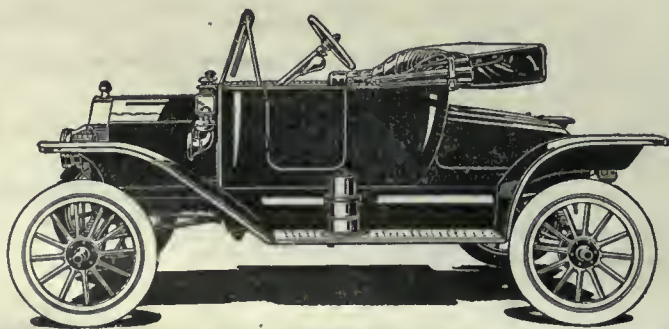


The Ford—the Lightest, Surest, Most Economical—the very essence of automobiling—and all Canadian.

Model T \$
Runabout
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Ontario

600

Get particulars from any branch agent, or from Ford Motor Co., Limited, Ford, Ontario, Canada.



is the privilege of every good automobile. The wind-shield, who claims to be a judge of women, sent down word to those of us who couldn't see her, that she was—as he put it 'Some Queen!' which we have since learned, is the superlative of praise from a wind-shield. But he said she wasn't smiling and we could hear for ourselves that the conversation was not at all as the old motor had intimated it might be. They were talking business!

"Oh, I know Marian," the Chief was saying indulgently as he threw in the clutch, "But you don't understand, I'm afraid. Blackthory's is safe and solid. Why, I couldn't get there now even if it were necessary. There have been floods and the Dewsbury bridge and the Dewsbury railway trestle have both gone out. It's a mighty poor district anyway except, of course, that it controls the balance. But so far as that is concerned we have it cinched. My last report was only two days ago and it said everything was sure to go my way."

"Listen Peter," she said, "Everything is not sure to go your way. Drive me once around the block and I'll read you this. It's a wire that came to Uncle and which he asked me to open and relay on to him at Ottawa. Listen: 'Harsant has fallen down in Blackthory's. Opposition has men working in that division all day to-day, spreading the Wharf Scandal. Story is new to Blackthory's and sensational. Voters are eating it up and we lose whole constituency unless we can counteract.' That wire, Peter, is from Harbret. He is jealous, of course, but he's right about Blackthory's division."

"But why hasn't your uncle communicated with me them?" demanded the Chief, flushing.

"Because Peter, he has not received the wire, and is not going to receive it. It is up to you to save Blackthory's yourself, without asking for help from the party organization. It's under big enough strain already. They haven't speakers enough for the constituencies where they really need them worst—and if you had watched Blackthory's you wouldn't have been in this position now. Listen to me, Peter Harsant! If you lose Blackthory's—there will be no tomorrow with me."

"But I tell you, Marian—"

"No. Let me out here. You'll be late for your meeting."

"He stopped in front of the house again, and she descended. She called good-night and was gone."

III.

"Late that night, the night before election day, two hours after we had returned from the meeting where the Chief had made his usual triumphant speech, he came stealing into the garage, fully dressed, and with a road-book in his left hand. Sitting on the running board he opened the book and studied various maps."

"The Dewsbury Road is closed," he ruminated, aloud. "There won't be a train for days, owing to the rains, and there's only the Blackthory route. Book says: 'Don't take Blackthory short-cut."

It is good only for east-bound traffic. Nothing ever attempts to go up except on foot. If stuck on the hill you are five miles across peat bog and blueberry patches, to the nearest farm, and twelve miles from Roden's Corners." Hm! a real hospitable hill! Nice prospect!' the Chief concluded.

"Then he turned to us.

"'Look here, Brothers,' he said, 'I'm up against a tight place. I'm in a hole and the only power that can get me out of the hole is you, you people under the hood—and the rest of you. When I bought you I bought you for something that would carry me round the streets or out on pleasure trips, with a maximum of ease and a minimum of trouble and expense. I figured you were the make that would fill that bill; speed, comfort and economy. But I want something more than that now: I want endurance, reliability and enough power to get up the worst hill in the province whether it takes more or less than your rated horse-power. Legally, I can't kick if you only deliver the power you're rated to deliver, whether it's enough or not enough. But to-night I want you to live up to the spirit of the contract, not the letter. I've got to get up Blackthory's Hill. It's up to you!' And somehow, we all began to understand the Chief. We began to see just what was wrong and one of the Spark Plugs whispered it to his cylinder who passed it on to me, that the Chief was no worse than he used to be himself when he always wanted to flash in the exhaust instead of in the stomach of the cylinder where no one could see him do it.

"But the Chief had begun to see what was wanted of him that very night. 'By Jove!' he said as he stepped in and threw on the starter, 'Now I know what playing the game is. It's like being a motor—like this motor. Some motors can make a big show on the road and show sudden spurts of speed in the level but the motor that counts—and the man that counts—is the kind that can be relied upon to do great things under hard circumstances, in complete obscurity and for no other reward than the satisfaction of having played straight and well.'

"Having said which, he gave me a little more material to work on and as I mixed it up and passed the vapor on to the empty bellies of the cylinder crowd, we moved out into the night."

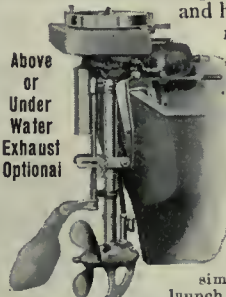
IV.

"It was a different man at the wheel that night. His hands that had once been jerky and erratic, were now curiously steady and heavy on the wheel. A motor, like a woman likes a good firm hand directing things. He moved his controls quickly yet wisely, with decision yet with good sense. Instead of letting out into high speed and then checking down suddenly as he had done in the evening, he chose a speed better adapted to the traffic he still had to reckon with and the corners he had to turn. Once on the straight road leading out into the country, he fed us up to the maximum, a little at a time. We moved without a swerve or a tremor straight out into the black night.



Enjoy All the Pleasures of a Launch At a Fraction of the Expense

TIME and again you've longed to own a launch—longed for some means of skimming about over river and lake without paying the penalty with a tired, aching back and blistered hands. Often you have wanted to go far across the lake or way down the river where fishing and hunting are best. But when you thought of the long, tiresome row, you became discouraged and denied yourself a world of fun and pleasure. Those days are passed now. Your dreams and longings for a power driven boat—one that will quickly take you to the fishing or hunting grounds, the camp or summer home—can now be realized. And realized at an expense far below your fondest expectations. All you need is a common row boat and a



Above
or
Under
Water
Exhaust
Optional

Caille Portable Boat Motor

—the handy little motor that attaches to the stern of any row boat by simply turning two thumb screws, immediately changing it into a reliable little launch. It develops 2 H. P., and steers with a rudder like a launch—not by the propeller. Rudder is of our folding, stone-dodging type (Pat. applied for). Weedless propeller is protected by a substantial fin. Motor is adjustable to any angle or depth of stern. Starts with half a turn of the fly wheel. Weighs but 55 lbs. Drives row boats 7 to 9 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. Runs in salt or fresh water. Furnished with battery ignition or reversible magneto. Send for catalog.

Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers Wanted

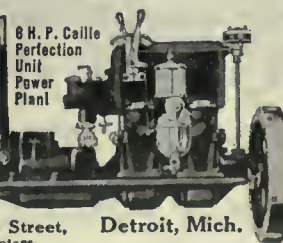
Our advertising is creating a tremendous demand for this remarkable little motor. We must have good reliable dealers everywhere. Write for our proposition.

For Larger Launches

we build a complete line of marine motors from 2 to 30 H. P.—one to four cylinders. They have absolutely proven their reliability for both pleasure and work boats during the ten years they have been in service in all parts of the world, under all conditions. All working parts are enclosed, preventing splash of oil and catching clothing. Send for our free Marine Motor Blue Book.

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World's Largest Builders of Two Cycle Marine Motors



SPEED THROUGH THE WATER AT 16 MILES AN HOUR

The **WOODBINE MOTOR** is the highest speed two-port engine on the market. Has largest bearing for bore and stroke. Water-cooled exhaust. Light in weight. Reliable, Durable. Every motor guaranteed. Will make 16 miles an hour, normal running speed. Double Cylinder, 1,300.

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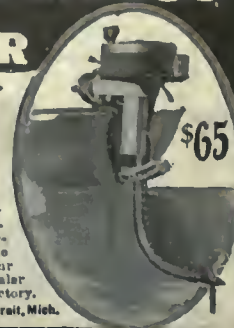
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GRAY GEARLESS DETACHABLE BOAT MOTOR

Attaches to any row boat or canoe. Just the motor for your vacation. Has several superior mechanical features found on no other outboard motor. You will find the Gray Gearless Boat Motor is

Mechanically Better

and you get more power, less weight, fewer parts, greater simplicity, easier steering and longer life at a remarkably low price—\$65 complete. Guaranteed by a responsible concern. Write for full details—ask a Gray agent—your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer or get immediate deliveries from factory. Gray Motor Co., 5406 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



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Worry

Lasts a
Lifetime

THE
ALKLUM
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In ordering a lighting set, or a self-starter,
INSIST ON HAVING AN

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if you want perfect results. It is impossible to get
the same satisfaction from any Lead Accumulator.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.—

LIFE.—

No Lead, No Acid, No Celluloid Case.

Ten times the life of Lead Accumulators.

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Cannot be hurt with over-charging or
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CONVENIENCE.—

Having very wide charging rates.

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Smaller than any other Accumulator.

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The voltage keeps practically the same
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The Lightest in the World.

GUARANTEED to be SUPERIOR to any
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Canadian Agents Wanted.

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WORSNOP & CO., LIMITED

LAMP WORKS, HALIFAX, ENGLAND

Worsnop & Co., Limited, are also the largest makers
of ELECTRIC MOTOR LAMPS in the World.

The night air whistled past the mudguards, the only sound save for the low purr of the tires on the road.

"At first it was easy-going, like sailing in a fine breeze, I heard the Chief mutter to himself. There was no more discontent among us, no more whisperings. The gasoline flower clear and even from the tank under the pressure of the air-pumps. I mixed it with air as cunningly as I knew how. The Cylinder crowd took the vapor in regular doses, the cylinder head compressed it, the spark ripped it into a thousand atmospheres, drove the piston head out, and the 'kick' was passed to the fly-wheel who saved 1,400 hundred kicks per minute and fed out this terrific accumulation of energy to the transmission and the drivers.

"After a time the road changed. We were no longer on pavement and only the vigilance of the spring brothers kept us from pitching ourselves to pieces. As it was, they eased us serenely over everything so that our work was not interfered with in the slightest. We swayed occasionally and once the Chief stopped to put on the chains for the clay road was very wet in spite of the fact that the roads in the city and even one stretch of gravel road, had dried since the recent rains. For an hour and a half we made the best time we dared to make over the clay, and then, sometime about four in the morning, we approached the ridge of which Blackthory's is a part, and we saw presently the grim shape of Blackthory Hill standing against the stars.

"Perhaps you don't know the different kinds of hills: the short ones that can be over-ridden in one spurt; the long easy hills; hills that have bumps half-way up and sudden depressions just below the most unexpected bumps in the road, which force a man to brake just when he needs all the energy he has to take the next bump in the hill. You know the kind where you have to be ready at a pinch to stop and start again all the while gravity is dragging at your drivers. Well—this Blackthory's was like the worst you could imagine, and the road was bad at that. A mile to the top, you say? It must be. But we did not take time to estimate. This was no hill to be taken on high just to show off. The Chief dropped us quietly to low speed gear and pointed us up!

"You know what happened. It is not for us to talk about. It was work for all of us, not merely for the cylinders, but for the very tires themselves. You should have heard the cylinder crowd ask, once in a while between breaths, whether the drivers were sure they were getting all that the six were sending them? Once or twice the clay got nasty under-tread and the drivers moaned with despair as they tried and tried to get a grip of honest ground to lift us by! How we worked then! All of us together! And how, when we'd wonder if we hadn't whirled our drivers into a clay groove, the tires would get a grip of things and we'd climb again. Suddenly the projectors sent back a shout: "We're up!

Now for a New Canoe and a season of real healthy, enjoyable pleasure. Let your selection be a C.C.C. canoe if you seek beauty, speed and safety. Perfect construction down to the smallest detail. See our catalogue first.

Catalogue "A" Shows Why a C.C.C. Canoe Will Please You.
Send a Postal for it To-Day.

The Canadian
Canoe Company
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BELLE ISLE \$28 MARINE ENGINE

Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable engine of its size on earth. Drives Canoe, Rowboat, or 14 to 20-ft. Launch with load, 6 to 10 miles per hour. Reversible, easy to install and operate.
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"WILSON" MOTOR BOATS

Conform with "WILSON" motors. Latest in design—best in quality—and lowest in price.

18 ft. complete with 3 H.P. Motor \$210.00
20 ft. 6 H.P. \$320.00

Send for Catalogue "W.B."

WILSON MOTOR CO. Walkerville, Ont.

We're up! We've climbed Blackthory's Hill!" But not one of us relaxed one tittle. We leaped ahead, the remaining twelve miles toward Roden's Corners. We drew up at this very driving shed just as the dawn was breaking.

"That was our job. The rest was up to the Chief. He got his workers together and gave them the reply to the Wharf Scandal. He held three small meetings and canvassed the most dangerous side-lines. He didn't stop to look for results that day, he merely worked; and when the returns were coming in at his town-headquarters that night and folks were clamoring for a speech, he and we were rolling through the country again toward home."

V.

The big car feathered over the road like an easy-going racing skiff on twinkling water, like a sleek wind taking a morning constitutional over a lake—and the Spirit of the Road sat in the curve of the Spare Tire, riding home to his haw-bush on Blackthory's Hill.

"Jimminy!" he yawned, "I'm dog tired! Doggone tired! I b'lieve this joy-ridin' must be bad for a man's liver and I dunno's I ever was s' far away from home before. But it's grand! It's real grand!"

"What you think about us climbing your hill, hereafter?" suggested the Exhaust.

"Hill! That hill! Shucks! What's the use of me eggin' people on to climb? They just take me on and call my bluff. Pers'nully, I'm thinkin' of movin' t' the other haw-bush at the foot of Blackthory's so's I can hop on behind the next time you're goin' up."

"That's to be to-morrow then," commented the Exhaust, "and the woman'll be along. He's promised to show her the hill."

"I'll have a good squint at her," said the Spirit of the Road, "she must be some account by what I hear. But I must be gettin' off now. Thanks fellers, for the ride. So long!"

RUTH, THE TOILER

There is that quiet in her face
That comes to all who toil.
She moves among the sheaves with grace,
A daughter of the soil.

There is that beauty in her hands,
That glory in her hair,
That adds a warmth to sun-brown lands
When autumn cools the air.

There is that gladness in her eyes,
As one who finds the dust
A lovely path to paradise,
And common things august.

There is that reverence in her mood,
That patience sweet and broad,
As one who in the solitude
Yet walks the fields with God!

—The Craftsman.

A SPENCER ROWBOAT MOTOR

Makes a Motorboat of Your Rowboat

TAKES ONLY A MOMENT TO ATTACH
USEFUL EVERYWHERE

Buy One, Try One, and Enjoy Some Real Pleasures

To be useful a rowboat motor must be practical. The Spencer detachable (and portable) boat engine is made to satisfactorily propel an ordinary rowboat—it does it. Has a vertical cylinder—this means efficiency and long life, an 11-inch weedless propeller that gives speed, and a device to elevate the motor when you desire to land, so that it will not anchor your boat in mid-stream and necessitate your jumping to shore.

Price	{ Battery Model	- - -	\$75.00
complete	{ Magneto Model	- - -	\$95.00
		f.o.b. Montreal.	

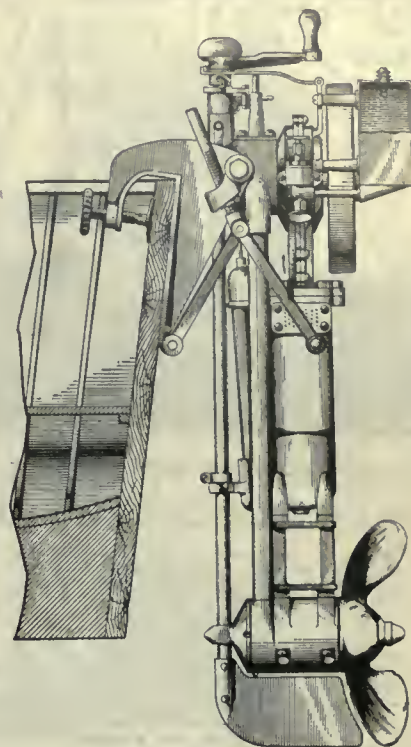
"Buy it because it's a better motor."

Write for further information.

SPENCER MOTOR CO. (Regd.)

DEPT. B, CORONATION BLDG.

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"Dean" Canoes must paddle easily—for they always win The Canoes that made Toronto famous



NOTE THE "DEAN" DECK

A. M. Mackenzie and O. A. Elliott, Tanlem Canoe Champions of Canada, 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913. During these four years they have never lost a race. Winners of the T.C.C. Championships.

This Model No. 10 holds ALL the Championships of America for 1907, 1908, 1909, 1911, 1912 and 1913, and Championships of Canada for 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1912.

"Dean" canoes possess the qualities that make them winners. They are light, strong, and durable. All materials are carefully selected and the workmanship is guaranteed. Our experience extends over a quarter of a century.

GET OUR CATALOG "D."

Make your selection from the various styles and enjoy the many benefits and pleasures of good outdoor recreation. Write now.

WALTER DEAN - Foot of York Street - **TORONTO**

INVESTIGATE OUR BIG LAUNCH VALUES

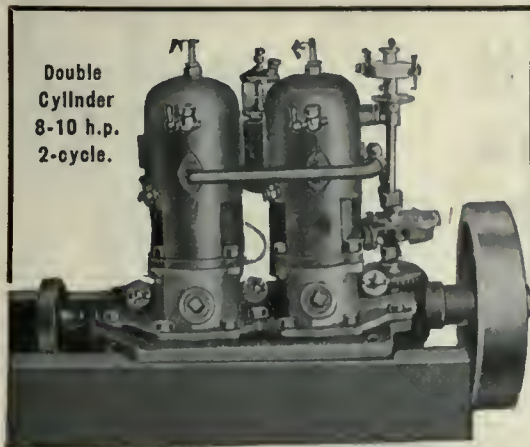
We build substantial, seaworthy crafts that give service and afford a wealth of pleasure. Our launches combine safety, speed and elegance of design. We have one that will meet your needs at a most satisfactory price.

We make engines from 1½ H.P., single cylinder, to 25 H.P., four-cylinder, and boats from 15 feet up.

Get our CATALOG "M," WHICH SHOWS OUR BOATS AND MOTORS.

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CHATHAM, ONTARIO





THE MOTOR THAT MAKES SUCCESSFUL BOATING

Equip your boat with a DAVIS MOTOR. It will do much toward making your boating season a real success. A "DAVIS" takes you there and back. No trouble, no delays. If your motor is not giving you satisfaction, get a "DAVIS"—the motor that gives an unintermittent service, and ensures the summer's pleasure. Strong, durable, reliable. If you want a classy little launch, fully equipped with good speed, write us, we have the kind you will be proud of.

Send a postal for our Catalog "D." It is interesting to prospective buyers or owners. It's worth having.

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YOUR MOTOR BOAT CONTROLS LIKE THE FINEST MOTOR CAR WHEN EQUIPPED WITH

AMERICA'S STANDARD 12-H.P. MARINE MOTOR

KERMATH

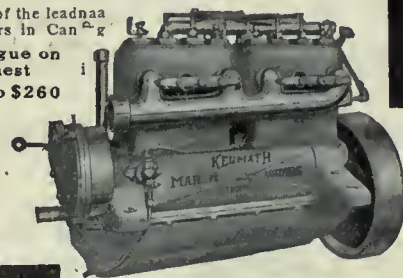
4 CYCLE 4 CYLINDER

That silent, smooth operation so desirable to all who appreciate a fine motor is found in the Kermath. The moderate price is due to the fact that we make one size only and a great quantity. The quantity of materials is that found only in the highest-priced engines.

Sold by all of the leading boat builders in Canada

Catalogue on request
\$180 to \$260

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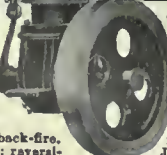


Detroit Marine Engine Uses Gasoline or Kerosene

Demonstrator Agent wanted in each boating community. Special wholesale price on first outfit sold. Amazing fuel injector saves H.A.F. operating cost, gives more power, will not back-fire. Engine starts without cranking; reversible, only three moving parts.

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GREATEST ENGINE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. 1, 2 and 4 cyl. 2 to 50 h.p. Suitable for any boat; canoe, racer, cruiser—or railway track car. Join "boosters" club. Send for new catalog.

Detroit Engine Works, 1378 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Motor Boat Progress

A Description of Progress Achieved in Hull and Engine Design during the Past Three Years

A COMPARISON of the motor-boat of to-day and that of three years ago as evidenced at the Olympia Exhibition lately held in London, Eng., forms the subject of an interesting article in *The Motor Ship and Motor Boat*.

Improvement is traceable, says the writer, in almost every direction. Taking cruisers first, we find that designers have learnt the value of a flat run, even on boats intended for very rough weather, whereas this was previously thought to be suitable only for smooth-water craft of high speed. In almost all cruiser designs at the present day the accommodation is very much more happily arranged than in previous boats. Better ventilation is provided for the engines, and in the case of small cruisers, which scarcely ever carry a paid hand, no space is wasted by building a fore-cabin, but in place of it there is generally an extra cabin for the owner's guests. Much has been learnt about controlling a small yacht in rough weather, and the position of the control station is arranged with very careful forethought. Some of the early cruisers were built on the principle of being "hermetically sealed" against the invasion of water if any came on board. Now, however, it is recognized that with boats of a certain type, having a raised fore cabin extending over more than half their length, it is frequently wise to leave the end of the engine space open to the air for the sake of ventilation and general convenience, while this is in no way a source of danger. Stability is better understood as applied to small motor yachts, and designers are much more settled in their ideas of yachts' beam to draught ratio, position of centre of gravity, and the many stability problems connected with a small and light sea-going craft.

Turning to small boat design, there is an increasing tendency to employ a flat run aft, just as in the case of the cruisers. Tunnel-screw boats are becoming increasingly popular, and an advantage gained by this means, which was not previously recognized properly, is becoming apparent, namely, that of better manoeuvring powers. The tunnel-screw boat, especially when built with a square tunnel, has a considerable grip of the water, owing to the column held in suspension, and the action of the water in the tunnel is of the greatest assistance in delicate manoeuvring in a crowded river.

Another point which has been found to be true is that there is scarcely any better form of stern for sea-going purposes than that of the square-built tunnel, since boats built on this principle "keep their feet" in a remarkable manner in a heavy sea. The double and treble system of planking is more used than ever before, and greatly improved conditions of working for the propeller are noticeable. In almost all racing boats at the present time the rudder is kept clear

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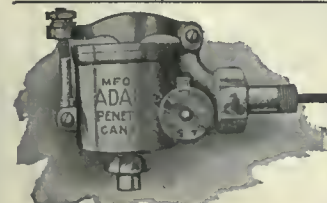
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of the propeller, and although this was common practice considerably before the last Show, the principles involved are only just now beginning to be properly realized. Twin-screw installations are becoming more popular.

From the artistic standpoint a good many improvements have been made. Designs which previously showed boats having either too much or too little sheer, or with the look of a boat out of trim owing to the topsides being carried too high forward and too low aft, are now suitably balanced at the ends, and are what may be called "eye sweet." Boats intended for high speed are given hard, straight lines and snubbed ends, while cruisers and slow-moving craft are designed to look rotund and comfortable with easy curves.

Fittings have been improved, both in general efficiency and lightness. There is now very seldom any experimental work in stern gear, since the capability of various types of propeller and gear is well known and unsuitable types may be avoided. Steering gears have very largely improved, and it is customary to fit much larger drums and wheels for the steering lines that was previously the case.

Turning to the engines, quite an equivalent improvement is noticeable. Certainly the chief and most important feature is the elimination of sources of unreliability. For instance, in place of a bundle of wires hung up to a hook overhead, there is now generally a neat tube running the length of the engine, carrying all the ignition leads and protecting them from damp and damage. Further than this, the connections to the plugs are protected in vulcanized caps or mushroom, which prevent any moisture settling on the terminals.

Whereas the older type engines used to embody a mass of copper pipes, tubes carrying cooling water, lubricating oil and petrol, with apparent indiscriminate, there are now, in a good many cases, scarcely any pipes visible, everything being neat and enclosed. A similar feature is also noticeable with regard to the valve tappets and other working parts. These are now generally provided with neat casings, which hide them and minimize noise. It is a growing practice to install both engine and clutch on the same steel angle bearers, which are then bolted or screwed to the ship's stringers. Not much difference in revolution speed is noticeable, but the value of a moderate-speed engine for slow-moving boats is much more completely recognized than formerly.

Lubrication systems are much the same as they were, although the forced-feed system is gaining in popularity, and is certainly fitted to more engines in the present Show than was the case at the last. An important movement is the development of the coal-oil carburettor or vaporizer. Since petrol has gone up in price the use of coal-oil becomes of increasing importance. There is now a number of devices on the market enabling a petrol engine to be used with coal-oil, provided the speed at which it runs is fairly constant. Since this con-

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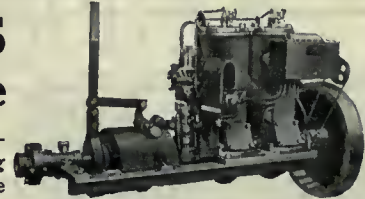
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dition obtains on a voyage as a rule, many of the devices have proved absolutely satisfactory in practice, much more so than in the case of cars, the engine speed of which constantly varies. Some rapid progress has taken place through the attempts of a few firms to standardize the different types of boat. It will be readily seen that by doing this the builders themselves obtain experience, which enables them to make their standard boats almost perfect in design, since those features which are undesirable in each boat turned out are eliminated in the next, and so a practically perfect boat is evolved. The same remarks apply, of course, to the installation. There is much to be said therefore for this system, since, apart from a re-

duced price, the purchaser obtains a boat built by a man who stands in the unique position of having produced many boats on exactly similar lines previously.

The problem of providing suitable stern gear has to a large extent been solved, and whereas in the earlier days quite a number of boats were designed with the propeller practically unprotected this practice is now only adopted with racing boats, ability to take the ground without damage having become a sine qua non of the average launch used for ordinary purposes. Owing to improved hull and propeller design slightly improved speeds are attained all round. Finally, considerable additions to the comfort of passengers have been made.

Best Selling Book of the Month

A Review of "The Rocks of Valpre," by Ethel M. Dell

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor of Bookseller and Stationer

Ethel M. Dell, author of "The Rocks of Valpre," which is the subject of this month's review, belongs to the same school of novelists as do Florence M. Barclay, author of "The Rosary" and Gene Stratton Porter, whose biggest success was "The Harvester." Wholesome books of this class are widely accepted by the reading public in Canada, and this fact, notwithstanding that these books represent no outstanding superiority in the craftsmanship of the novelist, nevertheless reflects a healthy condition of mind on the part of the average Canadian novel reader. Miss Dell, whose first novel, "The Way of an Eagle," appeared two years ago, scoring a big success on both sides of the Atlantic, is hailed as the probable successor to Marie Corelli and Mrs. Barclay at the goal of enormous popularity.

ETHEL M. DELL is probably the most conspicuously successful of the English woman novelists who have come into prominence within the past two years, and she has been hailed in England as the most likely successor at the goal of enormous popularity, reached successively by Marie Corelli and Florence M. Barclay. Miss Dell's first novel, "The Way of an Eagle," was published about two years ago and has reached its nineteenth edition. The Canadian publishers have put out three editions of this book and her second novel, "The Knave of Diamonds," was also an outstanding success. But her third book, "The Rocks of Valpre," has proved the biggest success of the three, coming out third in the list of best selling novels in Canada for the month of March and being the subject of this month's review by reason of the fact that "The Inside of the Cup," and "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," ranking first and second, respectively, in popular demand for March, have already been the subjects of reviews in this department.

Miss Dell's books are immensely popular in spite of the fact that her work is open to the same criticism that so many woman novelists have invited at the hands of captious reviewers. Among modern women novelists, two of this school who are the most successful of literary workers, are Gene Stratton-Porter and Florence M. Barclay. Their heroines are almost nauseatingly superb in their general perfection. Veritable present-day Sir Galahads—altogether too

wonderful in their super-manhood, while their heroines are superior in almost all human attributes. But in spite of all that, look at the total sales of such books as "The Harvester" and "The Rosary"! Hundreds of thousands of copies sold! Figures to conjure with in the book world and of such magnitude as to gladden the hearts of publishers lucky enough to have established connections with authors whose novels have achieved such exceptional universal acceptance, relations frequently effected by good fortune rather than extraordinary foresight. Perhaps it is the fact that the author of "The Rocks of Valpre" uses all the familiar old tricks of the female romanticist, that accounts for the high success of this book, in England, in the United States and in Canada.

Certain it is that she could well afford to snap her fingers at all adverse criticism were she so inclined, effectually disposing of it by simply pointing to the accumulated contributions of many thousands of readers, represented by fat cheques from her publishers, the latter being similarly jubilant by reason of their share of the proceeds from one of the six best sellers.

"The Way of An Eagle," although a first novel, did not have the earmarks of a maiden effort, as it revealed few hints of inexperience. "The Knave of Diamonds" was full of human interest and dramatic situations and so with "The Rocks of Valpre," although her newest

tale is hardly so original in theme as either of her preceding books.

The story opens with a scene at Valprè on the coast of Brittany. There we are introduced to seventeen-year-old Chris. Wyndham and her diminutive terrier at play on the seashore near "the magic cave" in the Valprè rocks which rise to an altitude of two hundred feet, overhanging the shore.

Scrambling over the rocky shore into the cave, Chris falls and cuts her foot on a jagged rock. From the depths of the cave appears Bertrand de Montville, a young French officer, whose presence there is accounted for by the fact that it is there that he is perfecting an invention—a gun which is to make the French artillery the most effective in the world. Bertrand binds up the wounded foot and this accidental meeting leads to others the result of strong mutual attractions. The old, old plot—hero and heroine involved in compromising situation through no fault of their own, leading to effects that follow them through life, is successfully enlisted. The fateful meeting takes place on the girl's birthday, which they celebrate by a delightful little picnic in the magic cave. Cinders, the little dog, gets lost and Bertrand going to find him meets with an accident, his fall on the rocks rendering him unconscious. When he recovers and finally gets back to the cave it is too late to leave because of the way back being cut off by reason of the tide having risen. Consequently they are obliged to spend the night there. This gets about in the village of Valprè and, of course, there is a scandal, an early outcome being a duel between de Montville and another officer in which de Montville is victor. This takes place on the seashore and is accidentally witnessed by Chris, but the Wyndhams, who have been holidaying at Valprè, return to England without Chris having another opportunity to see Bertrand. It is not until years after that they meet again and that is after de Montville has spent years in prison, a heroic victim of circumstances, suggesting the popular conception of Dreyfus in France some years ago.

Upon perfecting his invention and when de Montville is at the zenith of his success, disaster overtakes him, for it transpires that his gun that was to put the French artillery in a position of unassailable superiority, had been sold to another nation three months before he had sold it to the French Government. From being a national hero and the greatest artillery genius, he is disgraced, being court-martialed, dismissed from the army and sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress for a term of years.

Meanwhile Trevor Mordaunt, the other hero of the story appears on the scene and eventually wins Chris in marriage. As it turns out, Mordaunt, who had believed in the Frenchman's innocence, finds de Montville on the streets on the verge of starvation, de Montville having been exiled after the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Mordaunt takes him home and eventually, de Montville becomes the Englishman's secretary.

The enmity of the French officer worsened in the duel, follows de Montville and

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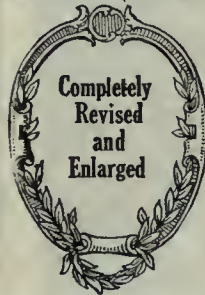
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fresh disaster ensues. Chris, in spite of having given her hand to Mordaunt discovers that after all it was Bertrand whom she loved all along and when she hears that he is to leave the house in disgrace, she throws discretion to the winds and implores him to take her with him. His genuine manhood is manifested in the manner in which he puts her duty clearly before her, this being probably the strongest and most touching passage in the book.

The Six Best Selling Books

Canadian Summary

Fiction

- 1.—The Inside of the Cup. Winston Churchill 101
- 2.—The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Hall Caine 88
- 3.—The Rocks of Valprè. Edith M. Dell 69
- 4.—T. Tembarom. Frances Hodgson Burnett 39
- 5.—Behind the Beyond. Stephen Leacock 32
- 6.—The Butterfly. Henry Kitchell Webster 27

Best Sellers in the U.S. for February

From the March issue of Baker and Taylor's Bulletin:

- 1.—Pollyanna.
- 2.—T. Tembarom.
- 3.—Inside of the Cup.
- 4.—A People's Man.
- 5.—Laddie.
- 6.—Devil's Garden.

Best Selling Novels in England

(Compiled for Bookseller and Stationer by W. H. Smith & Sons.)

Best Sellers for February.

- 1.—Bird of Paradise. Ada Leverson.
- 2.—Wanderer's Necklace. Rider Haggard.
- 3.—Initiation. R. H. Benson.
- 4.—When Ghost Meets Ghost. W. De Morgan.
- 5.—Happy Hunting Ground. Alice Perrin.
- 6.—Marriage Contract. J. Keating.

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I thank my God
That I may see the shadows of the clouds
upon the hills;
That I may hear the undertone that
through the forest thrills;
That I may see a color and be glad;
That I may see a form and be at peace;
Hear a chord and then be sad.

And though with pen or brush or stroke
I may not bear a part,
I thank my God he lets me hold
The vision in my heart.

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The Little Princess of the Stage

Continued from Page 35.

And Canada saw, and believed. And the little town of Pictou was proud.

She bought Basswood Island, among the Thousand Islands. There she spends her summers, golfing and boating and motoring to her heart's content. Basswood Island was the scene of her pet cat's death. And incidentally, the recipient of the letters mentioned above.

For the past season, Miss MacDonald has been appearing, with great success, in Victor Herbert's latest operetta, "Sweethearts."

And despite the indignant letters—for people must find fault—it is gratifying to the Pictou folk to open a magazine and see Christie MacDonald, who used to "recite pieces" to them, scattered through it in different poses. It is with a feeling of intense pride that they read how her advice has been sought by girls who are ambitious to go on the stage.

All this is gratifying because they still consider her one of them. And what can be more pleasant than the feeling that one has a share in a great glory?

A Plea for the National Game

Continued from Page 36.

versy in professional circles regarding the relative attractiveness and value of lacrosse and baseball. When considered calmly, this argument must seem stupid, for the two games are too far apart to be compared. It is not too much to say that the sciences have not a single point in common. One consists of a long series of separate plays, each one complete in itself, and each one commencing and concluding at almost a given second. It furnishes a spasmodic excitement with moments of rest for the crowd. In lacrosse, like hockey, the play is continuous and the thrills do not follow one another, but are prolonged for an indefinite period, with here and there a break in the action of the game. There are people who like to have their nerves jolted while others prefer to have them tingled. But who can decide by any process of logic which is the better game to watch? That is a mere matter of opinion.

Regarding the commercial value of the two games, there can be little room for argument. In the first place lacrosse is so strenuous and makes such tremendous physical demands upon the players that one game a week is about all the ordinary man can stand. Baseball, on the other hand, puts the bulk of the strain on a single individual, the pitcher, and by carrying a staff of batteries, the team can make daily appearances without growing stale. In these two facts, the comparative worth of the two sports to

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the magnates controlling them may be seen. With a game being played every day and the constant changes in the standing of the league, baseball has a natural advertising value that can never belong to a game that is played less frequently. People tell you that the public will line up behind anything which is sufficiently well advertised. If baseball got nothing more in the daily papers than the scores of the leading leagues, it would still receive more publicity than any other organized sport. There remains no doubt that the American national game is one that lends itself peculiarly to commercial exploitation. In that respect there is no sport like it in the world. When these contrasts between lacrosse and baseball are examined, even briefly, one begins to realize how impossible it is to argue with any hope of coming to a definite conclusion regarding the respective merits of the two games. The best attributes of one are practically never duplicated in the other.

Then strangely enough, professionalism in lacrosse has created in certain quarters an antagonistic stand against the whole game. It is a feeling that does not exist against professional hockey, baseball or soccer, and it is difficult to explain. If one may reckon from the number of men who have shown ability to become very expert lacrosse players, it is a harder game at which to excel than any of the other three. Now if a man does show himself to have all the qualifications, is there any special reason why he should not follow the example of his brother who plays hockey, baseball or soccer and makes money out of his expertness? Some persons prefer to see games played by amateurs, and they have a perfect right to support the unpaid players, but the professional ought not be continually subjected to abuse, for he may be "delivering goods" that somebody wants. The game that has both professionals and amateurs, with a very hard and fast line drawn between them, is much more likely to be in a healthy condition than the sport that tolerates pseudo-professionalism.

Putting aside these considerations, there still remains a question which might well be asked of the men who have taken no interest in lacrosse since the introduction of the paid players. Does such an attitude give a square deal to the hundreds of amateurs playing lacrosse at the present time in all parts of Canada?

Lacrosse has been subjected to a great deal of censure because of its roughness. The national sport is undoubtedly a strenuous game, and no one will attempt to deny the assertion, but it does not deserve the continual harping on the one string by critics. Oddly enough, some of the persons who condemn the rough work most severely make good-humored fun of the gentlemanly brand of the game played by the English. All the lacrosse enthusiasts ask is that the national game be treated with the same fairness as has always been shown in the criticisms of the other two strenuous Canadian sports, hockey and rugby. If an authentic list had been kept, it is possible that hockey and rugby might both show a worse

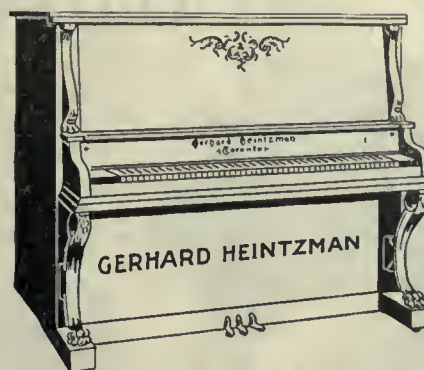
record for serious injuries than lacrosse. This is not said to injure the other sports, of which Canadians have a right to be proud, but merely to suggest that there should be a little less emphasis on this aspect of the national sport.

At the present time, there is a big boom in amateur lacrosse going on in all parts of the Dominion west of Quebec. It has received a great deal of backing from men whose desire is to see the national sport occupying its proper place in Canada. They are not trying to make out of lacrosse a rival for soccer or lawn-bowling, baseball or cricket, but they want to have the game established on such a firm foundation in the Dominion as to make it certain that the country to which the game belongs will always lead the world as the best exponent of how it ought to be played. One great factor in the national life of any country is its distinctive games and amusements. They make for individuality, and the people who are purely imitative are never worth visiting. That is one of the great reasons why lacrosse should not only be kept clean, but should also be developed and fostered. Then it will be universally recognized as something peculiarly Canadian, and a man visiting this country is bound to feel that he has not seen it properly unless he has witnessed a lacrosse game, just as a man visiting Niagara will not come away satisfied unless he has viewed the falls.

SUNSET IN THE DESERT

Beyond the Pyramids the red sun glows,
A quivering rose.
A shaft of jeweled light—Nile slowly
glides
On silent tides.
In softly-curving waves of white-hot
sand
Sleeps the old land.
From the Great Artist's palette swift
there spills
Across far hills
Elusive sapphire, lilac, dusk rose-red
With saffron wed.
And, subtly, over all the vast expanse
There broods romance.

Temples gleam out where falls the cool,
green shade
By tall palms made.
Through the chameleon hues where after-
glow
Meets nightfall. Lo!
At sunset-lighted rear of cavalcade
A man. A maid.
Pondering Life's mysteries. By Egypt's
spell made wise,
Dreams in their eyes.
From distant minarets, faintly through
listening air
Floats call to prayer.
Then crowding stars peep out at God's
behest
And there is rest.



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A Title on the Market

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QUENTIN QUARREN

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"I've had two or three calls already from men who seemed about fit for an insane asylum."



"Too busy," said Howelson, grimly, "I'm going down to see Joe Doyle."

THEY were in a particularly argumentive mood this evening, the group of three seated around a corner table in a snug little club up three flights of stairs; which explains why the matter was ever carried so far. No point could be raised, no matter how insignificant, without a snappy rejoinder or a biting commentary. Accordingly when Bert Dean, son of "Croesus" Dean, hazarded the remark that "wealth was a handicap," the rest of the company fell upon him with one accord.

"Now, I know what I've needed in my business all along," remarked Arthur Renton. "An active, every-day-in-the-week handicap."

"Lead me to the biggest handicap you can find!" declaimed Al. Tarrell, with a dramatic gesture. "Load me down with millstones of money! Hamper me with the fetters of financial backing! I'm tired of doing business without any handicaps. I'm willing to be crippled, overburdened, ground down under the bulkiest, heaviest handicap that can be loaded into one bundle."

"You fellows don't know what it is not to be able to do what you like," said Dean, in a nettled tone. "You've been able to map out your own careers. You've had liberty."

"If this is liberty," said Tarrell, "lock me up at once in the deepest dungeon of the prison of pelf. Liberty! With forty-eight dollars in the bank and tailors' bills in the pocket of the overcoat I've paid five down on!"

"Shut up, Tarrell," growled Dean. "Give me a chance to explain what I mean. There's only one thing in this world I was cut out for. I was meant for the stage. But would the governor

hear of me trying out? Not such as you could notice! He threatened to cut me off with a shilling. And so here I am, doing nothing at all and spending the old man's money!"

"Why not stage some amateur theatricals?" suggested Renton. "You could have the fun without any of the hard work that the professional has to meet. Don't see that wealth is any real handicap to you."

"You would make a bum actor anyway," added Tarrell.

Dean fell into a sulky silence and the matter dropped. The conversation soon veered around to another theme.

"I heard to-day that this English peer, Lord Leevering, had sailed for home," announced Tarrell. "He came over to find a Canadian heiress, but went back just as single and poorer than ever."

"Glad of it," said Renton, emphatically. "He may be alright personally, but the idea of a girl marrying a man just for his title is repugnant. We're too democratic in Canada for that sort of thing."

In an instant they were at it again, hammer and tongs.

"Democracy!" scoffed Dean. "It's a meaningless word, a mere nothing, a plausible platitude. Didn't the mesozoic maid always fall for the cave man who could trace his descent back most direct to old B. A. Boon, Esq.? And two hundred years from now the little worldlings will have eyes only for the male of the species bearing the name of the coal baron or the trust magnate of to-day."

"You're dead wrong," declared Renton. "For one girl who would put blue blood ahead of other considerations, there are a thousand who would listen to the dictates of true love—"

"Hark to him, Renton the confirmed bachelor, discoursing on feminine motives," put in Tarrell. "Personally I agree with Dean. Most women are willing to accept any kind of a man if a title goes with him."

"Then why did Lord Leevering go home without a wife?" asked Renton.

Dean sprang up at this juncture as though struck with a sudden idea. Whatever the idea was it seemed to afford him a lot of amusement. He thumped Renton on the back in sheer exuberance and then called loudly for the waiter.

"The best in the house," he ordered. "We're going to drink to the greatest little thought I ever evolved. I've got the idea for a badly needed holiday. You see I've been working too hard at doing nothing recently. You two don't know what hard work it is to do nothing at all. The old man won't hear to me engaging in anything but his rotten old railroad-ing, for which I'm about as well fitted as a Papuan native for bridge whist. I need something to do for a change. I thought for a time of taking a holiday digging ditches and then I considered going as a stoker on a steamboat. But now I've got the real simon pure scheme for a strenuous time. I'm going to kill two birds with one stone. Or to put it another way I'm going to carry conviction to the obtuse mind of Renton on two points at one crack."

Over the wine he explained his plan. "I'm going to pick out some town and go there disguised as a lord. I'll make love to all the heiresses in the place—the more the merrier—and show Renton here that a title is the surest way to the affections of the feminine heart. And at the same time I'll demonstrate to the pair of you that I'm a Barrett, a Booth, and an Irving rolled into one, but kept off the boards only by the handicap of wealth imposed by an obstinate parent."

"You've convinced me on one point already," said Renton. "You're a natural born chump, Dean."

"Say, Dean," put in Tarrell. "If you really mean to go ahead with it, try it out in my home town, will you? I owe the place a grudge."

* * *

Vanefair was a democratic town. Everybody acknowledged that, par-



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ticularly the members of the best families who frequently took part in church bazaars, contributed liberally to charities and so forth. There were a few disgruntled individuals who sought to impugn the fair name of Vanefair and spoke of it as a centre of social snobbery; but they were mostly people who had endeavored to break into the "holy of holies," the inner shrine of Vanefair society, and had failed. Tarrell was one of those who refused to bear tribute to the deep seated democracy of his home town, but Vanefair remembered him quite well as an irrepressible and cynical young man who had scoffed openly at everything and everybody.

Still it was not to be wondered at that all Vanefair felt a sense of pleasurable excitement and anticipation, particularly the members of the aforementioned best families, when it became known that a member of the British peerage, one Lord Leevering, had arrived in town. Vanefair had seen a cabinet minister or two, a famous musician, and the welterweight champion of America, but never before had a real lord come within its environs.

When the news first got around that a pompous stranger with a haughty air, a budding young mustache, and a most unmistakable old country suit of clothes had arrived at the Elite Hotel, and had signed the register with a flourish, "Gower, Lord of Leevering," that hostelry was besieged with curious townsfolk. The crush became so great finally that Sim Lemoine, the clerk, decided something would have to be done. He walked out to the front entrance step.

"All coming in stick to the right!" he announced. "Them as has paid their quarter and got their money's worth, stick to the left going out. Get your tickets here, gentlemen. The only real, live lord in captivity! Here you, where's your ticket?"

The individual addressed smiled sheepishly and sidled through into the lobby. Sim projected his rather bulky form into the doorway and blocked all further egress.

"What's he look like, Sim?" asked a friend in the crowd.

"Pretty much the same as any of us," replied the loquacious clerk, "except for his height. Say, shorty, he's only nicely started where you leave off. And as for chest, he'd make a pouter pigeon look round-shouldered."

At this point he was interrupted by the return of the curious native whose entrance he had questioned a moment before. "Didn't see him," complained the latter. "He'd gone to take a bath."

"Then I suppose you want a rain check," said Sim. "Here now, clear out, the whole lot of you. Positively the last performance to-day."

Lord Leevering had a busy time of it after he emerged from his tub. First he gave audience to two reporters from the local papers and explained that his presence in Vanefair was quite accidental. He had found himself with a couple of days not filled in and an acquaintance in Toronto had recommended that he see Vanefair.



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Then he played a game of billiards with one of the young bloods of the town, and displayed an almost unbelievable degree of proficiency, beating the local man, who had quite a reputation, into a cocked hat. Finally he accompanied his opponent to the local club and was introduced all around.

That night he dined with Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hempstead, the former a wealthy soap manufacturer, the latter leader of the inmost inner circle of Vanefair society.

It is not exaggerating to say that the town literally lost its head over the long-legged peer. He was induced to continue his stay and was dined and feted on every hand. More dances and dinners were crammed into the short space of one week than had ever been known in a whole season before. He enjoyed himself immensely and the fact that the younger element of Vanefair masculinity showed its detestation of him quite as openly as the ladies, old and young, showed their favor, added considerably to his enjoyment of the situation.

"Guess the time's ripe for the test," he said to himself finally, as he sat in the diminutive smoking room of the Elite, his long legs stretched out comfortably.

At lunch that day all Vanefair was discussing a choice morsel of gossip. It had progressed through various stages of exaggeration from its original form as discreetly given out by Lord Leevering himself, but the facts in the main were as follows. The peer had reached a crisis in his affairs. He had visited Can-

ada with the sole purpose of finding an heiress, the trip being financed by his creditors, who had decided to risk a little more in the hope of getting back the sums previously advanced. But here he had been three months in the country and was as far away from affluent matrimony as he had been when he started out; and the creditors were getting anxious. They had given him two weeks more and if he remained single and insolvent at the end of that time, they would foreclose on his estates. And so, ran the story, to avoid being engulfed in the waves of financial ruin, he was prepared to grasp at the first matrimonial straw that offered. In other words, he would agree to marry anyone who would come forward and offer to pay his debts.

The pseudo-peer had concocted the story with great care and was rather proud of it. It had been set in circulation through the medium of scraps of information dropped discreetly here and there; all that is needed to insure complete circulation of any information in towns of a certain size. Having thus baited his hook, he sat back and waited.

He did not have very long to wait. About two o'clock a visitor was announced in the person of Mr. Maynard Howelson, one of the wealthiest men in Vanefair. Maynard Howelson was a stout, pompous, old gentleman. But on the present occasion his usual air of bumptious self-confidence was lacking. He even seemed a little nervous as he shook hands.

"I might as well come to the point," he said, after they had discussed indif-

ferent topics for a few minutes. "There is a matter of—er—personal import I wanted to see you about. I trust you will not take offence at my repeating something I heard concerning you to-day."

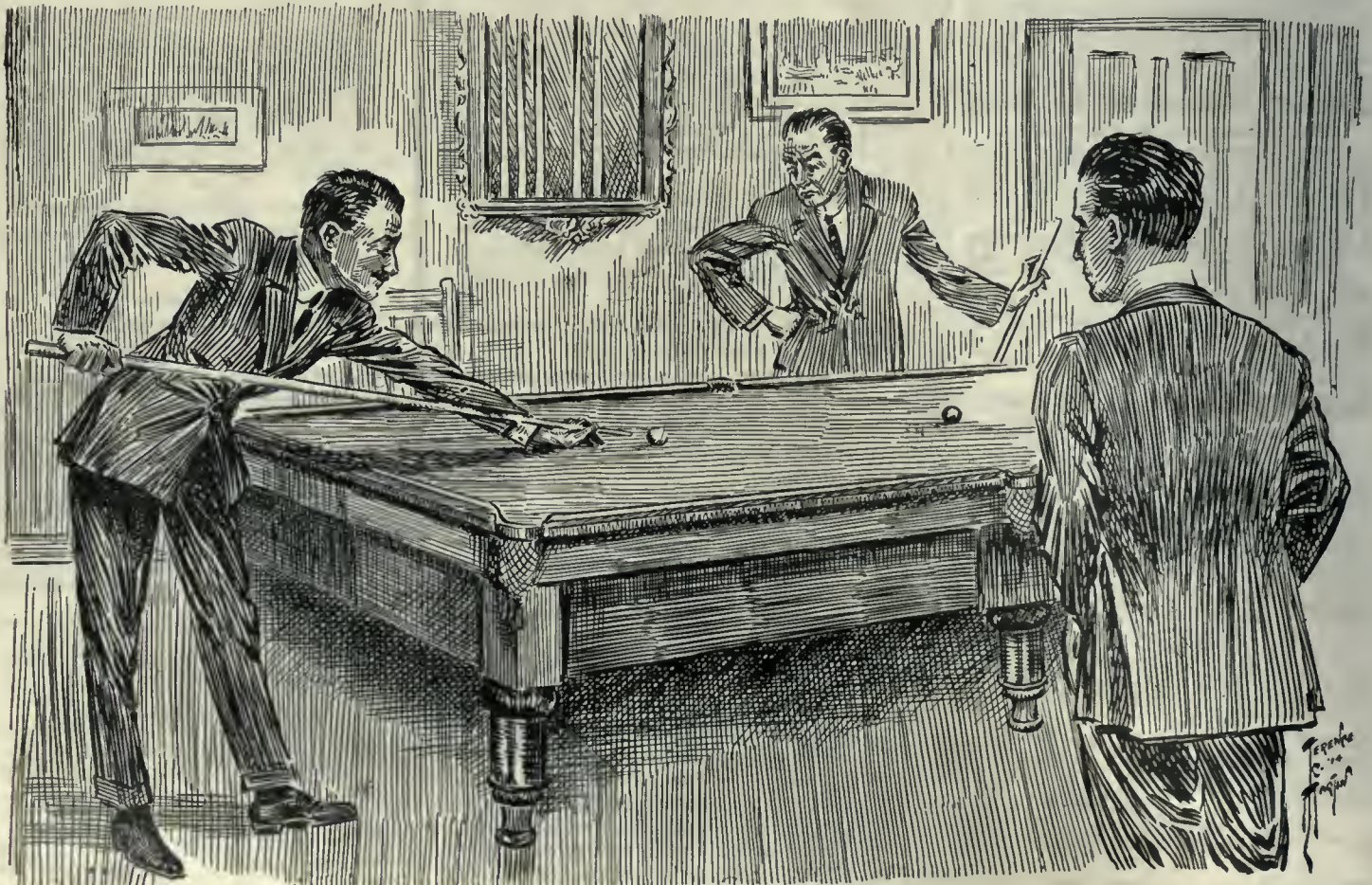
He then retailed substantially the story that the peer had himself set in circulation that morning.

"It is true," said the latter, nodding his head at the conclusion of the narrative. "I am indeed in an unfortunate position. Unless I can redeem my fortunes by marriage, my ancestral estates will be seized. But what can I do? How can I go about finding the remedy? I am a beggar, sir, or next door to one. How can I approach any of Canada's lovely daughters with a proposal of marriage when the involved condition of affairs is so well known?"

"Just what we thought," said Howelson, plunging eagerly at the opening thus afforded. "You are unable to take the initiative on account of the—er—peculiar circumstances of the case. May I ask, if you have—well, settled on any course yet?"

"No," said the impecunious peer, winking solemnly at the wall. "I can possibly describe my position best by saying that I am open to propositions."

"We have noticed, Mrs. Howelson and I, that you have seemed to like the society of our daughter," pursued Howelson. "Now under the circumstances, a matter of this kind can only be arranged by both parties going half way. You are in need of money. Win my daughter's consent and I'll see to the financial part of it. I have no real grounds for giving



He displayed an almost unbelievable degree of proficiency, beating his opponent, who had quite a reputation, into cocked hat.

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a definite opinion, but I have every hope
that she could be induced to consent."

The younger man felt the corners of
his mouth twitch. "Your kindness over-
whelms me," he said. "It is more than I
would ever have dared hope."

"Of course, you know the fickleness of
the fair sex," said Howelson, who was
getting back his confidence now that the
ice was broken. "I cannot speak for Julia.
But a young fellow with your face and
figure, my lord, should find the means
to break down any opposition in that
quarter. I leave that to you. Now, as to
the amount of your indebtedness."

"Something over seventy thousand,"
stated the peer coolly.

"Seventy thousand dollars!" cried
Howelson, startled at the amount.

"Pounds," corrected the other.

"It's a tremendous sum," said Howel-
son, after a pause, "a colossal fortune."

"Oh, quite paltry compared with what
some others in my station owe," asserted
Leevering. "And by the way, there is
another matter. You see it's this way.
My creditors and I have been disappoint-
ed on several occasions when we thought
everything was going to be settled. If I
don't have something definite for them
this time, I'm afraid they'll go ahead
and foreclose. So the only thing we can
do is to have some written proof to be
presented to a confidential agent of
theirs at Toronto—an assurance of fin-
ancial assistance."

Howelson thought hard and long. "It
might be done," he said at last. The
younger man led him to a writing table,
and after due consideration, the follow-
ing notice was drawn up and signed:

This is to certify that Lord Leevering,
of Manderton, England, being a suitor
for the hand of my daughter, Julia
Howelson, will receive from me, on the
occasion of their approaching nuptials,
the sum of three hundred and fifty
thousand dollars.

(Signed) MAYNARD HOWELSON.

"I don't think my legal adviser would
approve of this," said Howelson, parting
with the document reluctantly.

The peer placed the note in an en-
velope and the envelope in his pocket.
"It will serve our purpose, I think," he
said. "Now, if you will excuse me, I
will establish communications with my
solicitor."

They shook hands, and, just as soon
as the bell-boy could get it to him, the
pseudo-peer established communications,
by means of a long straw, with some-
thing to soothe his nerves. "Julia
Howelson!" he groaned. "They couldn't
give her away at a matrimonial fire sale."

He had four more callers that after-
noon and, when the last one had depart-
ed, he drew five envelopes from his
pocket and looked them over almost in-
credulously.

"Five," he said. "Who'd have believed
it! This town is worse than Tarrell said.
It deserves a lesson."

And then a new idea occurred to him,
one which caused him to lean back in his
chair with an almost beatific smile as he
planned out the details.

There were five decidedly uneasy men
in Vanefair that night, for each one of

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the five had stumbled on the same piece of information at the club. It was being rumored around that Lord Leevering was not a member of the peerage at all. Someone had heard that the real owner of that title had sailed for home three weeks before. The story was discussed with relish in the corners of the club though it had not been put into active circulation.

Maynard Howelson was down to breakfast the next morning before either his wife or daughter appeared. The vague sense of impending trouble which had been the cause of his early rising, vanished with the opening of a letter that he found beside his plate. It contained a note from Lord Leevering with an inclosure. Howelson read the note through twice with marked relief.

"Thank heavens!" he exclaimed. "I've got out of this mess easily. Says he is sorry, but events have transpired which compel him to return at once to England. Regrets having to withdraw from the suggested arrangement, and returns my note. H'm! I'm certainly glad to get that back. If anyone heard about this I would never dare show my face in town again."

And then a gasp of horrified amazement escaped him. He had opened the inclosure to find that it contained a note in the same terms as the one he had himself signed, but with the name of Cyrus Hempstead appended!

"So," reflected Howelson, "Old Hempstead was trying to marry off that old maid daughter of his. I suppose he has my note. Well, there's this consolation, anyway. We're both in the same boat. The pot can't call the kettle black. But, my stars, why couldn't it have been anyone else but Cyrus Hempstead!"

He rushed to the telephone and, after a vexatious wait of several minutes' duration, got Hempstead on the line.

"Good morning, Hempstead," he said. "Nasty mess, isn't it? Let's just exchange without a word either way, and then we can forget that it ever occurred."

"What are you talking about, anyway?" demanded Hempstead, who was inclined to be short-tempered.

"I have a note here belonging to you," explained Howelson. "It was inclosed in a letter to me by mistake, so I suppose you got the one intended for me."

"Howelson, of all men, to get that note," muttered Hempstead at the other end of the line. "He's read it, of course." Then aloud, "Much obliged, Howelson. I'll send up for it right away."

"Send mine up at the same time," suggested the other.

"I didn't get anything for you," came the unexpected rejoinder. "I did receive a note by mistake, but it was for another party entirely. Perhaps he has yours."

"Who in thunder's the third party to this infernal tangle?" demanded Howelson, his irascibility getting the upper hand.

"Alpheus W. Collins. You—er—didn't by any chance, inadvertently of course, ascertain the contents of that note of mine?"

"Of course not," snapped Howelson, ringing off.

In another minute he had Collins on the line. "You have some mail of mine, I guess," he began abruptly. "Howelson speaking. I'll send over for it."

"Hold on. I haven't anything of yours," said Collins. "Just the same I'm greatly relieved to hear from you. You must have the one intended for me. I've been rather worried about it, and just called up Aaron Frigett. You see I've a letter of his here inclosed in one to me by mistake, and I naturally concluded he had the inclosure intended for me. But he had one intended for someone else. I refused to give up his until I got word of my own and he got rather nasty about it."

"Jumping Jehosophat! Is this a new kind of endless chain!" roared the now thoroughly aroused Howelson. "Say, Collins, I haven't your letter, but I know who has. But I'm not going to tell you where it is until I get word of my own."

After getting the answer twice that the line was busy and once that he must moderate his voice if he expected any further service, Howelson finally secured connection with Aaron Frigett's residence.

"Howelson speaking," he began. "Look here, Frigett—"

"Well, don't snap my head off," said Frigett in a querulous tone. "I've had two or three calls already from men who seemed about fit for an insane asylum. Now, don't you act as though suffering from a brainstorm too. I suppose it's about a letter. Well, I haven't yours."

"Where is it, then?" asked Howelson, mopping his brow.

"Joe Doyle has it," said Frigett, who had a high-pitched voice that cracked unexpectedly at times. "And it's my opinion that you'd better get to him before he tells anyone else what that note contains."

"Confound it, man!" bellowed the baited Howelson. "Do you mean to say that bloated brewer read what was in my note?"

"He must have," chuckled Frigett. "Anyway he seemed to have a pretty good idea of what it contained."

There was a pause. Maynard Howelson swallowed hard several times.

"Well, I guess he's no worse than Collins anyway," he said finally.

"What's that?" snapped Frigett. "What about Collins?"

"Oh, nothing. Only he seems to be having a lot of fun over your note. I wouldn't be surprised if he had a bulletin board out by this time."

"I'll have the law on him. I'll teach him to tamper with my mail. It was bad enough when he refused to give it up, but if he has dared to read it—"

There was an interruption and Howelson thought he heard a crash at the other end of the line. After a moment's delay, Frigett again spoke. "Little piece of bric-a-brac," he explained. "I happened to touch it. You can't draw a deep breath in this house without busting a Botticelli or something. But look here, Howelson, I'm going right over to have this out with Collins and I want you along."

"Too busy," said Howelson, grimly. "I'm going down to see Joe Doyle."



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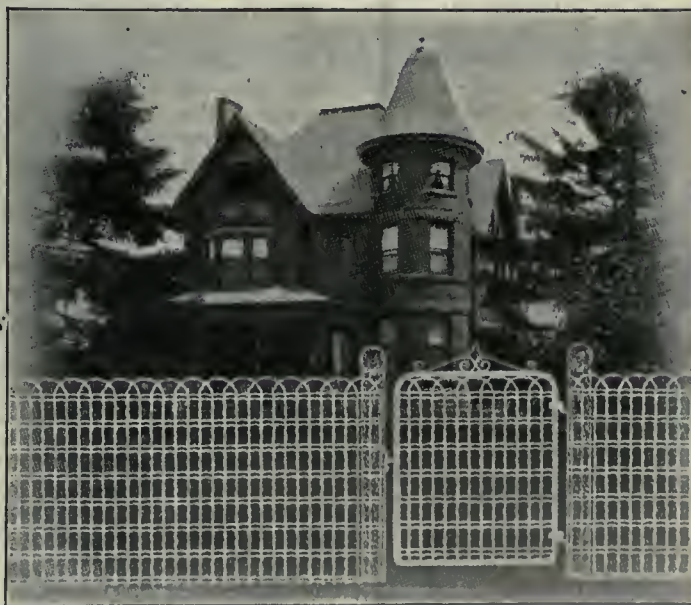
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Howelson was in such a hurry that, when he stepped up to ring the doorbell at Doyle's house, he nearly cannonaded into a young fellow who was just leaving. The latter turned around and gazed at him curiously. Howelson did not pay any attention to the stranger, but charged into the house as soon as the door was opened.

"So you've started into the publishing business, have you, Doyle?" he began.

"It seems to me it would be safer for you to limit your activities to your hop factory."

Joe Doyle was a heavily-built, big man with a frowning brow and a prominent jaw. He gave Howelson, the benefit of a strong stare before replying.

"I know what's worrying you," he declared. "And just let me warn you to get it off your chest without any gratuitous insults to my occupation. Now then. It's about your letter, I guess."

"Yes, that infernal letter," said Howelson, restraining himself with an effort.

"I have it," said Doyle. "But we have a few matters to talk over first."

"You bet we have," declared Howelson, who had reached boiling point. "Look here, Doyle, I don't object so much to your indecency in reading that note. That was to be expected of you. But why didn't you leave it at that instead of blurting it out to that garrulous old fool of a Frigett. It'll be all over town soon."

"No, it won't," said Doyle. "I'll tell you why. Frigett's note, which was sent to Alf. Collins was identical with yours—and mine—except for names. 'I've investigated this little mix-up and have found this much out. All the letters came from the same party and they contained the same proposition. What's more, Howelson, they were deliberately mixed up!'"

"Then we're all in the same boat," declared Howelson, with a sense of relief.

"Yes and I'm heartily ashamed of myself, and the crew I'm with," asserted Doyle. "I won't try to excuse myself, but I was really nagged into this by the womenfolk. They were plum set on that title. And to think I tried to buy that lanky fool for a son-in-law!"

"How many are there of us in it?"

"Five that I know of. There may be more, of course. We're not the only fools in Vanefair. But do you realize all that this means?"

"Of course, I realize the unpleasantness of it."

"What are we going to do about this make-believe lord?"

"Put him in jail!" snapped Howelson, viciously. "We have enough evidence to convict him a dozen times over."

"Jail nothing," said Doyle, scornfully but sadly. "We're going to pay him a good substantial sum of money to get out of town and keep his mouth shut."

Howelson gasped. A new and decidedly unpleasant phase of the situation had suddenly dawned upon him in vivid colors.

"You're right," he said. "We must hush this up at any cost."

"Then," said Doyle, "there's the reporter."

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"A reporter from one of the big newspapers left me just before you came in. He knows the whole story from A to Z, and swears he's going to print it, even to the names. He has some photographs too."

"We'll be the laughing stock of the country," groaned Howelson, who had been reduced to a pulpy condition by this time.

"Not if I know it!" affirmed Doyle, his heavy under-jaw shooting out belligerently. "But we'll certainly have to make a dent in our bank-rolls to square this newspaper chap. I sized him up and, believe me, he's no piker. But brace up, Howelson, we've got work to do. We've got to get the three other match-making mammas together and make up a purse between us. Then we've got to persuade our erstwhile son-in-law and his newspaper friend to accept it. Let's divide up the work. You round up the lambs and bring 'em in for the shearing and I'll locate the two shearers."

Two nights afterward, Bert Dean dropped into the club and found Renton and Tarrell seated together at a corner table.

"I'm back," he announced. "And I did it. If I only had time I would give you the story in detail, but I'm too busy working up alibis."

"You're in a mess, I hope," said Renton, cheerfully.

"I'm up to my eye-lashes in trouble!" affirmed Dean. "If I can't prove that I was somewhere else than where I was all last week the governor may find it necessary to make out a new will. I suppose you two wouldn't testify that we were all on a fishing trip together last week? No?"

"No," said Renton, emphatically.

"I'm running George Washington a close second for the truth-tellers' belt myself," said Tarrell. "I wouldn't tell a lie to help myself, let alone you."

"If it wasn't that I can't keep the story bottled up any longer I wouldn't tell you two anything about it," declared Dean, indignantly. "But really it's too good to keep."

He thereupon launched into an action of his adventures up to the time that he had secured the documents from his five prospective fathers-in-law.

"After getting the documents from each of the five," he added, "I wrote to them calling the match off and enclosing their notes; only I took care to put each note into the wrong envelope. The result you can imagine. But the crowning proof of my histrionic versatility was still to come. I then got into a new disguise and palmed myself off on them as a reporter. I went around to each one and told them I knew the whole story and was going to publish it. Would you believe it, they offered to buy my silence, jumping their offer from \$500 by slow degrees to \$10,000? You may snort, Tarrell, but what I'm telling you is the truth. I left them finally with a grand declaration of steadfast adherence to duty, scorning their gold."

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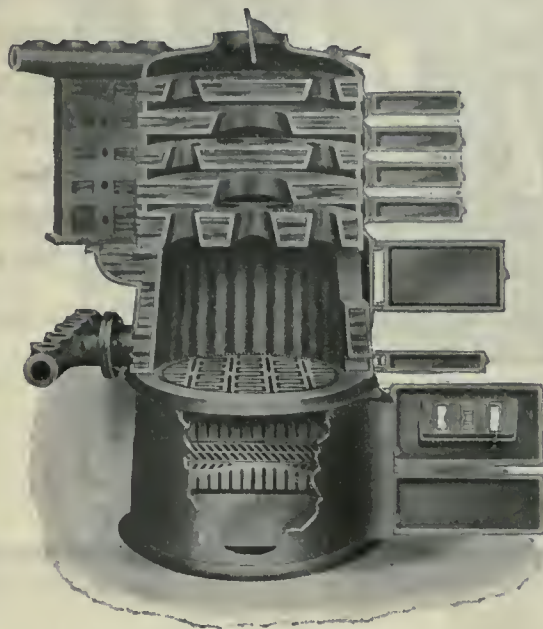
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143 University Avenue, TORONTO, ONT.

"Then why the need for an alibi?" asked Tarrell.

"There's a sequel," said Dean, with momentary gloom. "It got out somehow that the supposed Lord Leevering was none other than the son of 'Croesus' Dean. Well, that put a new complexion on the case. I understand that each one of the five has written independently to the governor, claiming that the only way to square the episode is by yours truly doing the honorable thing, i.e., marry the daughter. Unless they agree to go with me to Utah I can't very well marry them all. So the situation looks a little bad. In fact, it begins to seem as though I might have a few suits for breach of promise on my hands soon. The old man is threatening trouble. And I really think he means it this time."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Tarrell.

"I'm going back disguised as the reporter," affirmed Dean. "I'll put it up to them that to help out this Dean chap I'll agree to squelch the story if they, on their part, all agree to write to the old man and say it was all a mistake. In the meantime, I'm trying to scare up a good reliable alibi to convince B. B. Dean, Sr., that his son has been the victim of a conspiracy."

CARS THAT RUN WITHOUT STEERING

A NEW feature in automobile construction, that is expected to add greatly to comfort and convenience in driving, says *Popular Mechanics*, is an arrangement of the front axle that causes the front wheels to straighten out automatically with reference to the car body after the car has turned a corner.

In the ordinary type of car the axis of the knuckle joint on which the front wheel is turned in steering is vertical, while in the new car the axis of this joint is inclined so that the lower end of the joint is ahead of the upper end. The entire axle is built on this angle and, owing to the drop in the middle of the fixed axle, the supports of the front end of the car body are an inch or more ahead of the wheel centres. The spring supporting the body is also inclined at this angle, the front end being several inches higher than the rear end, and as a result of this, the weight of the car acts as a thrust forward on the axle. This thrust combined with the fact that the supports of the car are ahead of the wheel centres causes the wheels, when freed from the control of the steering column, to trail into position at right angle to the fixed axle, for exactly the same reason that a caster trails into line when an article of furniture is being moved. With the knuckle joint inclined in the way described, the wheels lean inward toward the centre of the curve when the car is rounding a corner.

Genius of German Electrical Progress

How Emil Rathenau, Industrial Banker, Built Up the General Electric Company

By FREDERIC C. WILE

"A. E.G." Wherever you go in Germany, a trio of initials is constantly hitting you in the eye and striking the ear. You encounter them in your newspaper and find them cropping up in conversation. They are as ubiquitous as the 'Liberte, Egalite et Fraternite' of France. Before you cease wondering whether they, too, may not be a national emblem, you learn that they are the popular form given to the name of Germany's foremost industrial undertaking, the Allgemeine Electricitats Gesellschaft—General Electric Company. The home address of the A. E.G. is Berlin, but its interests and influence comprehend the globe. Its flag flies in Russia, France, Austria, Italy, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey, South Africa, the Argentine, Uruguay, Chile, and the Dutch East Indies. In its own country it is almost as much of an institution as the army or any of the big national establishments, without which Germany would not be what it is. The company is a youngster, as great businesses go. It is not the product of four generations, like Krupp's. It was founded only thirty years ago by the man who still heads it, Emil Rathenau. It began with a capital of £250,000. To-day the A.E.G. disposes over interests valued at £200,000,000 which is exactly the amount of the war indemnity Germany extorted from conquered France.

Like Ballin, of Hamburg, Rathenau is a Jew and utterly self-made. The three outstanding figures of business Germany—Ballin, Thyssen and Rathenau—are types of men with whom the new Fatherland was providentially endowed at the psychological moment of its crowning necessities. Bismarck had accomplished in the creation of the Empire a political achievement of such all-embracing magnitude that there was no longer either place or occasion for great deeds of statesmanship or towering personalities to perform them. The work of conquest still to be done was essentially economic. The brains of the Grunderjahre turned naturally to business. That explains why modern Germany possesses a sur-

plus of mercantile and industrial genius and suffers from a dearth of political talent. The giants of the post-Bismarck era were called upon to perform deeds as Trojan as the Unification. The stupendous industrial fabric they were to evolve had to be wrung from a soil comparatively barren of natural wealth. Against the bountiful resources of an America, they had to match organizing skill, scientific methods, daring enterprise and grinding toil. And they had to fight for their lives against the hampering traditions of a regime steeped in bureaucracy.

Emil Rathenau has probably done more than any other one man to precipitate Germany to the front rank industrially. He brought in the telephone and the incandescent light. He established the first electric light plant. He blazed the way for the transmission of electric power for manufacturing purposes. He made possible the develop-

ment of electric tramways. He was the pioneer of the turbine. He devised countless new uses for applied electricity and manufactured the apparatus for them. Above and before all, he originated the system of creating a demand for that which he desired to supply, and invented the principle of financing people or communities which wanted and needed what he had to give them but lacked the ready money to buy it. He became engineer, merchant, manufacturer and banker rolled into one. It takes but a paragraph to catalogue Rathenau's achievements; it would require an encyclopædia to record the epoch which they inaugurated.

Rathenau is a born Berliner, like his father before him. He manifested early symptoms of wanderlust, and before emerging from the 'teens was an apprentice in overalls and blouse at a machinery foundry in Silesia. There he spent four years of grimy toil, later to invest an inheritance of £750 in courses of training at the polytechnical colleges of Hanover and Zurich. England was then the unchallengeable mistress of the mechanical universe, and

Rathenau's next occupation was as a volunteer draughtsman in the ship-engine building firm of Messrs. John Penn & Co., of Greenwich. He returned to Germany with his own design for a 1,000 h.p., expansion engine, and presently went into business on his own account as the proprietor of a small foundry in Berlin. His plans and ambitions speedily outran his means and credit, and he eventually sold the foundry with nothing gained except an experience which was to prove the foundation of his career. He laid down for himself forthwith the principle of never engaging in an enterprise before the capital was in sight. The colossal transactions of the A. E. G. of to-day, representing annual business of over £15,000,000, are all based on the lessons of Emil Rathenau's luckless venture of callow days. He never forgave the banking fraternity for leaving his little foundry in the lurch. Nowadays he is one of the few captains of German





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industry who dictate terms to the financiers. It is usually the other way about.

For the succeeding ten years Rathenau was practically idle. Germany was in the throes of the economic crisis which followed the Franco-Prussian War. With that almost superhuman power of divination which is his distinguished characteristic, Rathenau realized the time was not yet ripe for launching the ambitious schemes surging and maturing in his reckless brain. He contemplated impatiently from afar the triumphs of labor-saving machinery in the United States. He tried and failed to induce the German War Office, which wanted to reconstruct 800,000 captured French Chassepot rifles, to let him carry out the work with American machinery, which enabled him to tender for the work at a third of the price asked by rivals. Labor-saving machinery was still excoriated in Germany as "American bluff."

The virus of doing things on a colossal scale was implanted in Rathenau's system by his visit to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. He returned bubbling with enthusiasm over the dimensions of everything Transatlantic. He had been fascinated most of all by the telephone on public exhibition for the first time at the Centennial. It electrified his soul, as he has since epitomized his emotions. For a while he considered acquiring the right to manufacture telephone apparatus, but finally decided to apply for a franchise to furnish telephone service in Berlin. Bureaucratic opposition almost shattered his plans. The Postmaster-General said a telephone exchange in Berlin would secure at the most twenty-three subscribers, but it was not long before the postal authorities were asking Rathenau to superintend the installation.

Rathenau did not really strike his gait until 1881, when Edison's incandescent light was on display in Europe for the first time at the Paris Electricity Exhibition. Rathenau's intuition told him instantly that the future of illumination belonged indisputably to the little pear-shaped bulb. He determined to dedicate his energies to acquiring the light for Germany and exploiting it to the uttermost degree. In short order he formed the German Edison Company for Applied Electricity, which was to become the nucleus of the A.E.G.

Thenceforth Emil Rathenau's career was a series of engineering, financial and commercial triumphs. Each outstripped its forerunner in boldness of conception, magnitude and success. In 1887 the Edison Company was transformed into the General Electric Company, which now undertook the manufacture of electric apparatus on a huge scale. There was not enough electric light being consumed in Berlin to suit Rathenau, so he evolved the idea of creating a demand for it. Hitherto it had been a luxury. He decided to make it a commodity. His ambition was to make it a necessity. He organized the Berlin Electricity Works, secured by municipal charter the right

to use the streets for transmission of current far and wide, and proceeded to deliver electricity to the consumer at an attractive price. To-day, the Berlin Electricity Works, which controls the light and power supply of a vast metropolis, represents a £6,000,000 property. The City of Berlin, which in 1889 derived £750 annual compensation from the Rathenau franchise, now draws £300,000 a year from the same source.

Rathenau, having by this time thoroughly introduced the electric era, next turned his attention to tramways. The old firm of Siemens & Halske, which in the past had fairly monopolized the electrical industry, had now to reckon with a dangerous antagonist. Rathenau's scheme of inducing communities to build and operate their own power-plants seemed unethical to Siemens & Halske, who entered with reluctance into an apparently innocent arrangement proposed by Rathenau, whereby they should enjoy non-competitive advantages in the carrying out of business which came to them voluntarily from states, cities or private individuals, while Rathenau's A. E. G. should be undisturbed in the pursuit of concessions and in their execution. Messrs. Siemens & Halske had never looked with favor on the ultra-modern tactics of the "industrial banker," who had made a pernicious practice of looking for orders instead of waiting for them. It was not long before they assented to the annulment of the agreement into which they so cheerfully entered. They found that the Rathenau principle of creating consumption was not only sound but irresistible.

Rathenau was now recognized as a sagacious and resourceful financier. The electrical industry was expanding at such a break-neck pace that he foresaw the urgency of extraordinary methods of financing it. To that end in 1895, he founded the "Bank of Electrical Undertakings" at Zurich, which was intended to be a "holding company" on the American model. Its primary purpose was to promote electrical enterprises of all conceivable sorts and to control their operations in the interests of the A.E.G. Since then he has founded two other "holding companies," to supervise the technical management of the numerous daughter concerns which the A.E.G. has brought into existence at home and abroad. In 1902, as a counterstroke to the acquirement of the important Schuckert works at Nuremberg by Siemens & Halske, the A.E.G. took over the Union Electrical Company of Berlin. In 1910, his passion for expansion still ungratified, Rathenau annexed the electric and cable works of the great firms of Lahmeyer at Frankfurt and Felter-Guilleaume at Mulheim.

The secret of Emil Rathenau's success is two-fold: divination and market creation. The underlying object of every undertaking he ever launched was the creation of a wider consumption of electricity. He has his eye fixed on electrification of steam railways as the next great goal of the industry. Bureaucratic old-fogeyism, his ancient foe, has again intrenched against

him, but he hopes to live to dislodge it. If he could have his way he would buy up the most important line in the country, that running between Berlin and Hamburg, and electrify it at his own expense, merely to illustrate the practicability of his idea. Together with Siemens & Halske, he spent £125,000 a few years ago for the purpose of demonstrating that an electrically propelled railway carriage could travel at the rate of 125 miles an hour.

Rathenau is not what is ordinarily called smart or clever. He does not understand the art of haggling. He is almost thick-headed. He has no talent whatever, and less patience, for complicated things. Nothing appeals to him which cannot be made plain enough for a child to comprehend. He has accomplished all his great strikes by reducing problems to the proportions of utter simplicity and plausibility. When he lays a million-pound scheme before a bank or submits an electrical project to a town council, it is as transparent as his own incandescents. He is sincere and open to the point of naivete. He thinks at least ten years ahead of the ordinary man. All his triumphs have been the feats of a seer. He predicted the German commercial crisis of 1901 almost to the day. The Electric King has no hobbies. He eats, sleeps, drinks and thinks business. His only interest outside of it is a generous philanthropy. No worthy appeal is ever directed to him in vein. Rathenau is 74 years old and in indifferent health, but the hand on the throttle of the A.E.G. is still his.

The Law and the Motor

Continued from Page 30.

tion of the fact that horses are still more common than motors, will have to be replaced by laws recognizing that the motor and the pedestrian are the chief users of the highways.

The great problem of motor regulation in the cities has been the pedestrian, the man on the sidewalk, who is likely to want to cross the street and thereby place himself in the path of motors, and the child playing at the curb, who is likely at any moment and without any notice to run out into the roadway. In order to protect these lives, the law has added to the restrictions on the motorist. Cars must not travel at a greater rate of speed than ten miles an hour, says one ordinance. Cars must not pass any street car—thus the Vancouver law—at a greater rate of speed than four miles per hour, and cars must stop!—when overtaking a street car going in the same general direction as the motor and which has stopped to discharge or to take on passengers.

Splendid laws are in force in almost all the Provinces making the penalty very severe for anyone found driving a motor while under the influence of liquor. In most Provinces no chauffeur is licensed

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under the age of eighteen. Some of these laws are excellent. Some should be made even more drastic—such as the law concerning the use of liquor by motor-drivers—but others are obviously futile.

This is where the Safety First movement has come to have such great significance. Laws restricting the speed of motors do very little good, but laws to encourage the teaching and practice of Safety First principles, are all important. The automobile has been invented in vain if it is to be forbidden to travel quickly. If it is to go no faster than—and sometimes not even as fast as—the horse, it might as well never have been introduced. The point is that the automobile is the sign of a quicker-moving age, an age when the efficiency of a man is doubled and trebled by the time-saving devices at his hand: the telephone, the dictating machine, the wireless—essentials to modern business. Without them no business man could hope to keep pace with his competitors. Yet the use of telephone, of dictating machine and of wireless was something that had to be learned just as the use of the automobile has to be learned. But the mistake which the public makes is in thinking that in order to use a motor one needs only to know how to start it and stop it. That is not the point. The owner of the motor is not the only man who gets its service. The motor is the servant of the whole community. It brings the doctor to the patient more quickly. It brings the groceries to your kitchen with greater speed. It brings the contractor to your door to give you a tender on a job, in much less time than if he had not the motor. So to use a motor you do not necessarily have to own one, or rent one. Every citizen uses one in some way or another. Therefore, when it comes to crossing a street, or making one's way through heavy traffic it behooves pedestrian and chauffeur alike to remember the accelerated speed of the day and to be careful accordingly. The motor legislation of the future will be based on the principle of "Stop! Look! and Listen!" applied to the man on the street, as well as to the man in the driver's seat.

A DISTINGUISHED OFFICE

Prince Alexander of Teck, who during his visit to Canada in the coming summer will command a cavalry brigade at the manoeuvres of the Canadian Militia, rose to the rank of captain in the 7th Hussars, and served with distinction both in Matabeleland and in the Transvaal campaign four years later. All the three sons of the late Duke of Teck have held commissions in the cavalry, the most brilliant soldier of the three, perhaps, being the second brother, the late Prince Francis, who, when attached to the Egyptian Army in the Soudan, won Lord Kitchener's highest praise. All three brothers were thorough Englishmen and extremely popular, having inherited much of the charm, as well as the good looks, of their mother, who in her youth was the handsomest and through life one of the best-loved of English Royalties.

Six-Nine-One-Eight

Continued from Page 32.

ton joined them he was mapping his plan in quick eager words.

"But the risk to yourself?" the general manager answered with a question.

"There's none, sor. She'll mind me. She'll come in that quite an' sorry like! You'll see. Shure she's the best engine on the line. We can't wreck her—forbye there's no need. Let me get till her! I can do it, sor. Leave me thry."

"Let him try, Leeming. I heard his plan to Manisty. I believe he can do it." Denton spoke from behind the engineer.

Leeming hesitated.

"Come an' see Manisty, sor," Ould Mike put in eagerly.

"Do you know," the general manager demanded, "that you are facing every chance of death?"

"I do, sor," Mike answered steadily, "but I don't believe it. Ye don't know 6918, sor, I've run her this seven year. We're sweethearts, like; an' I'm thinkin' she'd not hurt me. I'll thrust her, sor. I'm not goin' back on her—so ye'll lave me thry—an' she'll not go back on me."

"Come on, then," said Leeming.

Three minutes later 711 with full steam backed out of the yards. As she passed the station, where groups of silent men stood to watch her out, the old engineer, poking a grizzled head from the window of the cab, swung his cap in joyous greeting. Above the roar of the engine they heard his cheer.

McConnell, the grim old Irishman who joined in no revels, who claimed no boon companions, who laughed seldom and bitterly, McConnell, the silent, going out from them like a laughing school-boy to face an odds so tremendous that thinking of it the bravest of them went sick at heart! Going out with a boyish gleam in the sombre eyes and a light on the old face such as the sunshine of Donegal may have seen on that of the spalpeen hiding in the turf-riggs—a daring which might have belonged to the Young Mike McConnell who "waked up Warrendale o' nights,"—and a gladness surely such as only Annie Rafferty had ever seen.

"By heaven," said Manisty, "I believe those yarns of Tom Finlayson's."

From the knob of Lower Hill they watched with glasses for the struggle in the valley—Denton, Leeming and Manisty. Challoner had refused to come.

"There's Mike, now, creeping up the grade! How slow he goes! He wants to reverse quickly when she comes in sight. There she is! No. Yes, she is!"

"Can he see her?"

"Not yet."

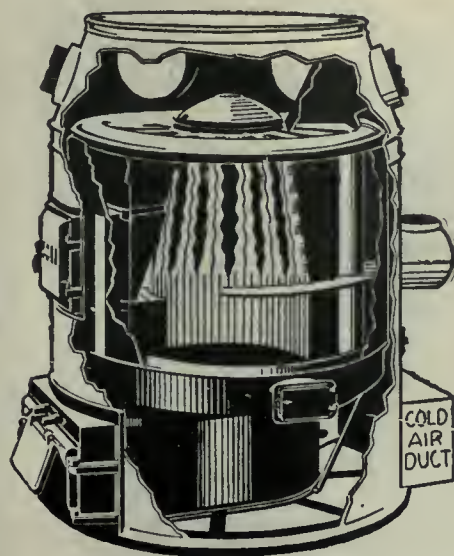
"Where will they meet?"

The runaway, a bit of flashing steel, was lost in a cutting, flashed out again, and again was lost.

711 went serenely on her way.

Up on the hill men held their breath in suspense, but in the cab the engineer was humming softly—little Irish tunes

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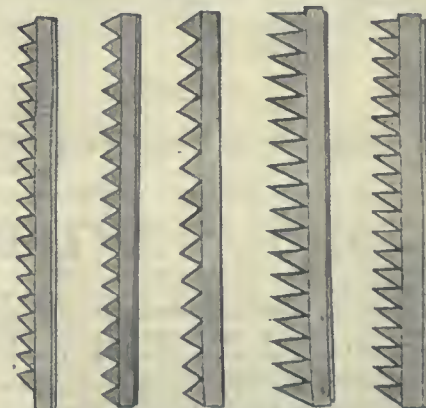
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of Donegal or snatches of Canadian love songs.

When 6918 came in sight he would reverse and start back at full speed and this he hoped would be at least equal to that made by the runaway. Once assured of this, he would slow slightly—barely enough to let the pursuing engine gain on him. Then when her nose was close against his tender—when she had actually began to shove the engine in front, he might gradually cut off more steam, and then—then there was the possibility of climbing from the eab along the foot-board and tender and so boarding 6918.

He made his plans composedly. Just where he would meet the runaway he could not tell, but he judged from the dispatch orders regarding her that she must be nearing the big cut on Bald Mountain. Just beyond it was a long grade with neither fill nor cutting, and here he had chosen to make the struggle. But that was as might be. She might flash out from any piece of forest, or be lying in wait to spring upon him beyond any curve.

As no one else could do he understood the ways of 6918. He knew to a nicety just where she would lose time and where gain; he held his breath over curves where she might be ditched, and thought of possible dangers to her with a sinking heart.

"She's missin' me now," he said aloud, remembering the bridge above Lost Creek.

And when he caught first sight of her, across the stretch of the valley, a shining smoke-plumed demon rushing toward him, he laughed an amused greeting. "She's all right!" he said.

He gave 711 headway and she sprang away under it. There was still time to make the appointed battle-ground.

To the men on the hill both engines had been lost. Leeming kept his eyes on the long stretch of track showing a shadowy line at the foot of Bald Mountain. Here, he guessed, was Mike's ground of vantage, and he watched the upper edge where it bit into the forest for the runaway to appear.

"He won't make it," he thought.

From the curve below 711 crept into the area of conflict. Up, up the grade she crawled, ever approaching the dark line of spruce from which would flash the derelict.

"He's reversed," said Manisty, "She's coming!"

711 slowed, hung for an uncertain second in position, and started down grade again at a swiftly accelerating pace. From the dark spruce above flashed out the pursuing engine.

"She doesn't gain," Manisty cried.

Denton leaned forward, watching. It looked too horribly like a chase. He could not feel but that the engine ahead was fleeing panic-stricken. As he watched she seemed to slow very slightly. 6918 was gaining!—gaining!—upon her! Denton cried out and turned away; but Manisty broke into a cheer.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" he cried.

For the two engines were running as one, the wicked nose of 6918 shoved close against the tender of the leading engine.

Gradually the speed decreased. McConnell, so far as he dared, was lessening that of the engine in front, and the runaway felt the added weight. They passed thus around the curve at the foot of Bald Mountain; and Manisty shifted his glass.

"You'll get him again," he said, "at the edge of the Knob. There they come at last! There!—My God, Leeming, did you see him?"

For as the engine slipped past the opening between the hills they had caught one glimpse—two rocking, swaying monsters, close-locked, and against the black side of 6918, above the foot-board, a glint of blue—the engineer's blue shirt!

They ran around the shoulder of the knob, and gained another fleeting glimpse of the track below. It might have been the same glimpse, save that the patch of blue was gone.

"He's made it," Manisty said uncertainly.

Denton swore—or prayed—under his breath.

"Why doesn't he whistle?" Leeming asked anxiously; and after a moment, "Why doesn't he whistle? They're almost at the spur!"

And then, distinct through the frosty, sun-lit air came the whistle—clear, steady—6918 asking again for right of way.

At the station, where an eager throng waited expectant, the sound was answered by cheer after cheer; and when, three minutes later the two engines came to a stand in the yards the tracks were black with men. No prodigal was ever welcomed more warmly.

"6918!"—"Ould Mike!"

The yards rang with it.

"Be aisy, boys!" McConnell said, warding off the hands reached to draw him from the cab, "I've a shoulder!"

He climbed stiffly to the ground, an arm hanging limp. His shirt was torn and his face cut and bruised, but it had still the look of boyish happiness with which he had said good-bye.

To this new Mike they responded with eagerness, cheer after cheer.

"That's better than the stone quarry," somebody said, and McConnell turned back to his engine with an odd little gesture of protection.

"It's the foine gurrl she is, comin' over all that track by her lonesome an' makin' the big curve an' Lost Creek with niver a miss—the darlin'—An' she snuggled down into me hand like she'd been lonesome an' wanted to come home. Wreck her, would they? Not with Ould Mike—"

He broke off abruptly, for Denton, Leeming and Manisty had made their way into the crowd.

He heard their congratulations, ill at ease.

"Not much, sor," in answer to Leeming's inquiry as to his arm—"An 'twas no fault o' 6918. Shure she nestled in as quite an' sorry-like as a baby that's been naughty an' just wants lovin'.

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'Twas my own clumsiness in boardin' her. She wouldn't go for to hurt me. An' now, sor, I'll get the docthor to tie up this arm before I go back on the ploughs."

He walked away from them across the platform silent through the cheering crowds—the Ould Michael McConnell they had always known.

The Barred Cabin

Continued from Page 22.

hundred dollars at the head of my bunk."

"I've got more'n that in mine, but she's sleeping on it."

"Hundred's enough. You get the stuff. If she hears you, tell her I'm outside smoking. I don't dare go back."

Dan started toward the cabin.

"And get our caps and mitts," whispered Bill.

Anxiously Stillwater waited on the ice. No sound came from the cabin. At last he saw a flash of light as the door opened. Then it was closed, and a dark figure came hurrying down the trail.

"Never heard me, she snored so loud," whispered Dan as he handed Bill his coat, cap, mitts and buckskin purse.

"Hurry!" called Bill.

In the steady dog-trot of northern winter travel, the two men started down the lake on the trail. It was packed and frozen as hard as cement, and their moccasins barely touched it as they sped on across the great, white expanse. Suddenly both stopped, trembling, not daring even to whisper. A sound had come to them through the clear, cold silence. Again they heard it.

"William! William!"

They saw a patch of light in the centre of the dark square on the shore which they knew to be their cabin.

"William, come here!"

"Lord!" exclaimed Dan, seizing Bill's hand.

Together they sped on, not pausing to look or listen until they had reached the shore a mile away.

"Partner, that was the narrowest escape we ever had," gasped Dan when they stopped on the portage trail.

"It sure was, partner," replied Bill, still whispering.

MAIL BOXES INDEX OF COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY

A German statistician has figured out that the number of collection boxes used by the postal authorities of each nation may serve as an indication of commercial activity. According to his information the nations rank commercially as follows: Germany, with 155,766 boxes for the collection of mail; the United States, with 144,640; France, 79,724; British India, 75,083; United Kingdom, 71,986; Japan, 67,694; Austria-Hungary, 59,503; Italy, 39,767; Russia, 31,714. Other countries range from Switzerland with 13,472, to Persia with 17, and Abyssinia with only 6.



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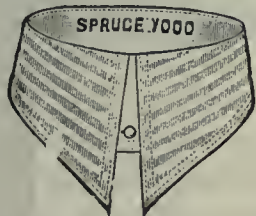
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Canadians at Harvard

Continued from Page 19.

has flowed for generations all over the country, and is flowing larger and richer every year! John Harvard started that stream, and here again is the foundation of his deathless fame."

John Harvard was a torch-bearer whose light will never go out.

Marie Corelli's Dream

To rescue what is now known as the "Harvard House," built on High Street, Stratford-on-Avon, in 1596 by Thomas Rogers, an alderman of the town, and to present it to Harvard University, had been the dream of Miss Marie Corelli ever since she took up her residence in Stratford. This house was for nine years the home of Thomas Rogers' daughter Katharine, who when twenty-one years of age went to Holy Trinity Church and there became the bride of Robert Harvard on April 8th, 1605. A knowledge of the early history of the old house and of its association with the name of Harvard had made it an object of intensest interest to Miss Corelli. Charmingly told is her story of the dismay with which she always looked upon the repeated maltreatment of the old home, of the auction sale at which the house was not "knocked down" to the highest bidder, of her casually meeting on board Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Erin Mr. and Mrs. Edward Morris, of Chicago, whose interest she succeeded in arousing, and who finally and gladly agreed to give the £1,300 necessary for the purchase of the house by private sale and to present it to Harvard University as a "sort of sacred link with the past, and a fraternal tie betwixt the Old World and the New, on the historic ground of the town where Shakespeare first saw the light."

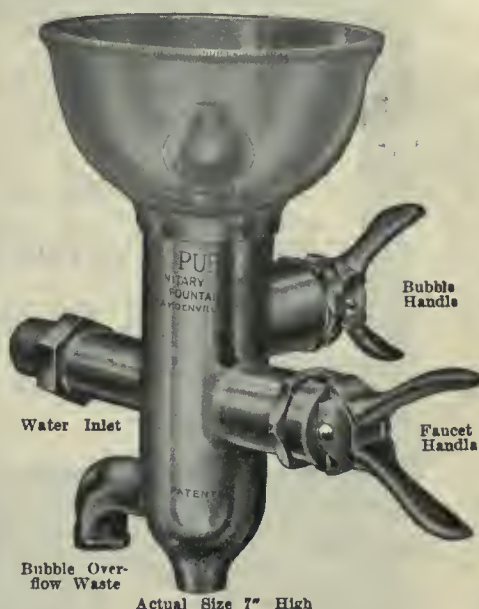
MODERN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Referring to a recent snowstorm a writer in a contemporary says:

An odd sense of being set back a generation or two beset the average commuter last week; one who ate his dinner by candle-light, found his telephone "dead," could not send a telegraph message, had to stay at home because there was no train, knew that in case of fire the engines could not reach him, heard of milk famines and threatened stopping of food and coal supplies, was told of train-loads of people stalled all night (one train was "lost" for nearly a day), and later learned of friends in the "real country" who literally had to dig themselves out—such a one, and there were many thousands of whom this description would apply, might well realize vividly what modern science and invention have done for his comfort and convenience.

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Spanish Gold

Continued from Page 28.

"I don't know," said the Major. "I dare say you're sorry now there's no wind. I think if I were you I'd go ashore and try to slip round some back way and sweep out Higginbotham's bed before night."

"I won't do that. I hate sneaking, underhand ways of doing things. Let us be gentlemen, Major, whatever else we are. We'll go ashore with our heads up. We've nothing to be ashamed of."

"You may go by yourself. I won't. I'll stay on the yacht till there's breeze enough to take her out of this."

"Very well, I'll go alone. After all, the man is a stranger here, and whether there's glass in his bed or not we ought to try and cheer him up. Higginbotham isn't very interesting. I'm sure he's boring Willoughby already. I expect the poor man is feeling a bit lonely too, seeing the Granuaile go off. By the way, I wonder where she's going to? She headed for the south point of the island, and that looks rather as if she meant to fetch Inishmore. I hope to goodness Higginbotham hasn't been talking about Sir Giles and the tuberculosis. I'd like to have a chance of making a good impression before I have to begin explaining that business. I wish Sir Giles hadn't gone off in a ridiculous huff. If we'd been friends I might have got him to stand over the tuberculosis and it would have been all right. The Chief Secretary couldn't well contradict a baronet, whatever he might think in his own mind. It isn't my fault Sir Giles took offence the way he did. I was telling him the literal truth. I couldn't start inventing a lot of lies just to please him."

"I don't see why you couldn't. You've invented plenty the last few days."

"I'm going on shore now," said Meldon. "I see Willoughby and Higginbotham strolling up together towards the hut. I don't suppose he's likely to go to bed at this hour of the afternoon, but in case of accidents I'll go at once."

"The only thing you seem to mind about is that broken glass. It doesn't seem to me nearly so serious as the other things."

"It isn't. Considered by itself, it isn't really serious at all. The thing is that Higginbotham won't know how it got there. He won't have any explanation to offer. The Chief Secretary, gashed and bleeding, will blame the wrong man. He'll think that Higginbotham has been playing off some new kind of apple-pie bed on him and he'll be upset about it. That will ruin Higginbotham's prospects in life. That's why I'm anxious about the bed. I must get off at once."

"Go on," said the Major, with a sigh. "The Lord alone knows what you'll do when you get ashore. Things can't be much worse, anyway."

"Don't be gloomy," said Meldon, as he got into the punt. "Just trust me a little. I'm not at the end of my resources yet, by any means. After all, what's a Chief Secretary? I suppose

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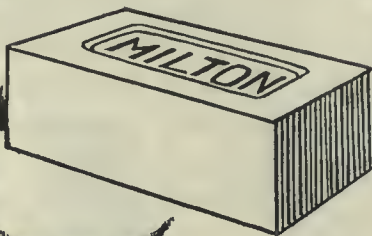
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he's only flesh and blood like the rest of us. And besides, he's a migratory kind of bird. He's here to-day, and back in his native England to-morrow."

Higginbotham, his face white with anxiety and distress, ran down the hill from his hut and greeted Meldon as he came alongside the pier.

"Meldon," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but you'd better go back to the yacht at once. Don't come on shore. Like a good man, go back. I can't tell you how sorry I am about it all. He's frightfully angry."

"Who's angry?" said Meldon, stepping ashore with the painter in his hand. "Do try to be intelligible, Higginbotham, and don't speak till you've got your breath. I hate having things gasped out at me. Who's angry?"

"The Chief Secretary."

"Has he gone to bed yet?"

"No, he hasn't. Why should he go to bed? He's up at my place sitting on a chair. I left him just for a moment when I saw you coming ashore. I ran down to warn you, in case you thought of coming up."

"If he hasn't gone to bed," said Meldon, "I don't see that he's anything particular to be angry about."

"It's about Major Kent and the geological survey of the island. He said he'd never heard of such a thing in his life. He said a most unwarrantable use had been made of his name. I can't tell you all he said. He called it intolerable insolence. I give you my word, Meldon, I wouldn't have mentioned the matter if I'd had the slightest idea that you were only pulling my leg. I really believed you. Why didn't you tell me?"

"If I'd told you I shouldn't have pulled your leg. What on earth would be the use of playing off a spoof on a man and at the same time telling him you were doing it? I wish you'd be reasonable, Higginbotham."

"Fortunately I didn't mention the National School or Sir Giles Buckley. When I saw how things really were, I dried up at once. I'm more sorry than I can possibly tell you. Somehow I never thought—"

"That'll do," said Meldon. "Don't go on apologizing. I don't blame you in the least. You acted in a perfectly natural way."

Meldon stooped and made fast the painter of the punt.

"You're not coming ashore, are you?" said Higginbotham. "Don't do it. Please don't. Go back to the yacht."

"I'm going up to have a chat with the Chief Secretary," said Meldon.

"But he won't speak to you, I know he won't. I tell you he's simply savage."

"It's for your sake I'm going. I want to prevent your getting into trouble. I don't want to have your prospects blighted on account of any misunderstanding with the Chief Secretary."

"But I'm not in any trouble. I assure you he doesn't blame me. He said so himself. It's only you he's angry with."

"If he's not angry with you now, he very soon will be. As soon as ever he gets into bed he'll be wanting to tear

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you limb from limb, unless I go up and straighten things out."

"But why? What has he to be angry with me about?"

"You'll find that out as soon as he gets into bed."

Meldon began to walk towards the hut. Higginbotham's fears came back on him and rendered him almost inarticulate. He seized Meldon by the arm and tried to hold him forcibly. With actual tears in his eyes he entreated his friend to stop. He ejaculated unintelligible sentences about "awful rows," "legal proceedings," and "public disgrace." He even mentioned high treason.

"Don't be an ass," said Meldon. "I'm going up to talk sense to that Chief Secretary. If everybody else he comes across is as much afraid of him as you are, it's quite time that somebody that isn't took him in hand. Pull yourself together, Higginbotham, and come up with me. I want you to introduce me. It's awkward walking in on a man you've never met without an introduction."

Higginbotham shook his head. After a last appeal he sat down helplessly on the grass. Meldon walked on towards the hut.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Chief Secretary lay back in Higginbotham's hammock-chair. There was a frown on his face. His sense of personal dignity was outraged by the story he had just heard. He had not been very long Chief Secretary of Ireland, and, though not without a sense of humor, he took himself and his office very seriously. He came to Ireland intending to do justice and show mercy. He looked forward to a career of real usefulness. He was prepared to be opposed, maligned, misunderstood, declared capable of every kind of iniquity. He did not expect to be treated as a fool. He did not expect that an official in the pay of one of the Government boards would assume as a matter of course that he was a fool and believe any story about him, however intrinsically absurd. He failed to imagine any motive for the telling of such a story. There must, he assumed, have been a motive, but what it was he could not even guess.

Meldon entered the hut without knocking at the door.

"Mr. Willoughby, I believe," he said cheerily. "You must allow me to introduce myself since Higginbotham isn't here to do it for me. My name is Meldon—the Rev. J. J. Meldon, B.A., of T.C.D."

The Chief Secretary intended to rise with dignity and walk out of the hut. He failed because no one can rise otherwise than awkwardly out of the depths of a hammock-chair.

"Don't sir," said Meldon, watching his struggles. "Please don't stir. I shouldn't dream of taking your chair. I'll sit on the corner of the table. I'll be quite comfortable, I assure you. How do you like Inishgowlan, now you are here? It's a nice little island, isn't it?"

Mr. Willoughby succeeded in getting



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out of the chair. He walked across the hut, turned his back on Meldon, and stared out of the window.

"I came up here to have a chat with you," said Meldon. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind turning round. I always find it more convenient to talk to a man who isn't looking the other way. I don't make a point of it, of course. If you've got into the habit of keeping your back turned to people, I don't want you to alter it on my account."

Mr. Willoughby turned round. He seemed to be on the point of making an angry remark. Meldon faced him with a bland smile. The look of irritation faded in Mr. Willoughby's face. He appeared puzzled.

"It's about Higginbotham's bed," said Meldon, "that I want to speak. It's an excellent bed, I believe, though I never slept in it myself. But—"

"If there's anything the matter with the bed," said Mr. Willoughby severely, "Mr. Higginbotham should himself represent the facts to the proper authorities."

"You quite misunderstand me. And in any case Higginbotham can't move in the matter because he doesn't, at present, know that there's anything wrong about the bed. By the time he finds out it will be too late to do anything. I simply want to give you a word of advice. Don't sleep in Higginbotham's bed to-night."

"I haven't the slightest intention of sleeping in it."

"That's all right. I'm glad you haven't. The fact is"—Meldon's voice sank almost to a whisper—"there happens to be a quantity of broken glass in that bed. I need scarcely tell a man with your experience of life that broken glass in a bed isn't a thing which suits everybody. It's all right, of course, if you're used to it, but I don't suppose you are."

Mr. Willoughby turned, this time towards the door. There was something in the ingenuous friendliness of Meldon's face which tempted him to smile. He caught sight of Higginbotham standing white and miserable on the threshold. He made a snatch at the dignity which had nearly escaped him and frowned severely.

"I think, Mr. Higginbotham," he said, "that I should like to take a stroll round the island."

"Come along," said Meldon. "I'll show you the sights. You don't mind climbing walls, I hope. You'll find the place most interesting. Do you care about babies? There's a nice little beggar called Michael Pat. Any one with a taste for babies would take to him at once. And there's a little girl called Mary Kate, a great friend of Higginbotham's. She's the granddaughter of old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. By the way, how are you going to manage about Thomas O'Flaherty's bit of land? There's been a lot of trouble over that."

Mr. Willoughby sat down again in the hammock-chair and stared at Meldon.

"Of course it's your affair, not mine," said Meldon. "Still, if I can be of any help to you, you've only got to say so. I know old O'Flaherty pretty well, and I may say without boasting that I have

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as much influence with him as any man on the island."

"If I want your assistance I shall ask for it," said Mr. Willoughby coldly.

"That's right," said Meldon. "I'll do anything I can. The great difficulty, of course, is the language. You don't talk Irish yourself, I suppose. Higginbotham tells me he's learning. It's a very difficult language, highly inflected. I'm not very good at it myself. I can't carry on a regular business conversation in it. By the way, what is your opinion of the Gaelic League?"

A silence followed. Mr. Willoughby gave no opinion of the Gaelic League. Meldon sat down again on the corner of the table and began to swing his legs. Higginbotham still stood in the doorway. Mr. Willoughby, with a bewildered look on his face, lay back in the hammock-chair.

"I see," said Meldon, "that you've sent your yacht away. That was what made me think you were going to sleep in Higginbotham's bed. I suppose she'll be back before night?"

"Really——" began Mr. Willoughby.

Meldon replied at once to the tone in which the word was spoken.

"I don't want to be asking questions. If there's any secret about the matter you're quite right to keep it to yourself. I quite understand that you Cabinet Ministers can't always say out everything that's in your mind. I only mentioned the steamer because the conversation seemed to be languishing. You wouldn't talk about Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's field, and you wouldn't talk about the Gaelic League, though I thought that would be sure to interest you. Now you won't talk about the steamer. However, it's quite easy to get on some other subject. Do you think the weather will hold up? The glass has been dropping the last two days."

Mr. Willoughby struggled out of the hammock-chair again. He drew himself up to his full height and squared his shoulders. His face assumed an expression of rigid determination. He addressed Higginbotham.

"Will you be so good as to go up to the old man you spoke of——"

"Thomas O'Flaherty Pat," said Meldon. "That's the man he means—you know, Higginbotham."

"And tell him——" went on Mr. Willoughby.

"If you're to tell him anything," said Meldon, "don't forget to take someone with you who understands Irish."

"And tell him," repeated Mr. Willoughby, "that I shall expect him here in about an hour to meet Father Mulcrone."

"I see," said Meldon. "So that's where the yacht's gone. You've sent for the priest to talk sense to the old boy. Well, I dare say you're right, though I think we could have managed with the help of Mary Kate. She knows both languages well, and she'd do anything for me, though she has rather a down on Higginbotham. It's a pity you didn't consult me before sending the

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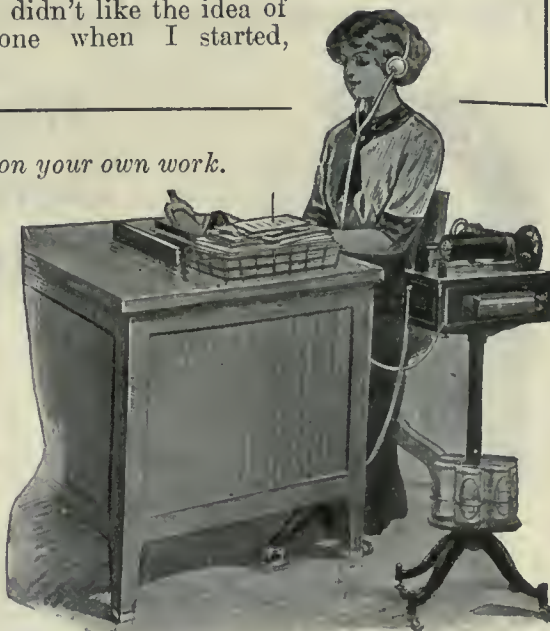
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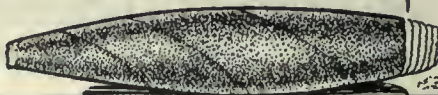
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steamer off all the way to Inishmore. However, it can't be helped now."

Higginbotham departed on his errand and shut the door of the hut after him. The Chief Secretary turned to Meldon.

"You've chosen," he said, "to force your company on me this afternoon in a most unwarrantable manner."

"I'll go at once if you like," said Meldon. "I only came up here for your own good, to warn you about the state of Higginbotham's bed. You ought to be more grateful to me than you are. It isn't every man who'd have taken the trouble to come all this way to save a total stranger from getting his legs cut with broken glass. However, if you hunt me away, of course I'll go. Only I think you'll be sorry afterwards if I do. I may say without vanity that I'm far and away the most amusing person on this island at present."

"As you are here," said Mr. Willoughby, "I take the opportunity of asking you what you mean by telling that outrageous story to Mr. Higginbotham. I'm not accustomed to having my name used in that way and, to speak plainly, I regard it as insolence."

"You are probably referring to the geological survey of this island?"

"Yes. To your assertion that I employed a man called Kent to survey this island. That is precisely what I do refer to."

"Then you ought to have said so plainly at first, and not have left me to guess at what you were talking about. Many men couldn't have guessed, and then we should have been rambling about at cross purposes for the next hour or so without getting any further. Always try and say plainly what you mean, Mr. Willoughby. I know it's difficult, but I think you'll find it pays in the end. Now that I know what's in your mind, I'll be very glad to thrash it out with you. You know Higginbotham, of course?"

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"I met him this afternoon for the first time."

"Then you can't be said really to know Higginbotham. That's a pity, because without a close and intimate knowledge of Higginbotham you're not in a position to understand that geological survey story. Take my advice and drop the whole subject until you know Higginbotham better. After spending a few days on the island in constant intercourse with Higginbotham you'll be able to understand the whole thing. Then you'll appreciate it. In the meanwhile I'm sure you won't mind my adding since we are on the subject—and it was you who introduced it—that you ought not to go leaping to conclusions without a proper knowledge of the facts. I said the same thing this morning to Major Kent when he insisted that you had come here to search for buried treasure."

Mr. Willoughby pulled himself together with an effort. He felt a sense of bewilderment and hopeless confusion. The sensation was familiar. He had experienced it before in the House of Com-

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mons when Irish members of both parties asked questions on the same subject. He knew that his only chance was to ignore side-issues, however fascinating, and get back at once to the original point.

"I'm willing," he said, "to listen to any explanation you have to offer; but I do not see how Mr. Higginbotham's character alters, or can alter, the fact that you told him what I can only describe as an outrageous lie."

"The worst thing about you Englishmen is that you have such blunt minds. You don't appreciate the lights and shades, the finer nuances, what I may perhaps describe as the chiaroscuro of things. It's just the same with my friend Major Kent. By the way, I ought to apologize for him. He ought to have come ashore and called upon you this afternoon. It isn't the want of loyalty which prevented him. He's a strong Unionist, and on principle he respects his Majesty's Ministers whatever party they belong to. The fact is he was a bit nervous about this geological survey business. He didn't know exactly how you'd take it. I told him that you were a reasonable man and that you'd see the thing in a proper light, but he wouldn't come."

"Will you kindly tell me what is the proper light in which to view this extraordinary performance of yours?"

"Certainly. It will be a little difficult, of course, when you don't know Higginbotham, but I'll try."

"Leave Mr. Higginbotham out," said the Chief Secretary irritably. "Tell me simply this, were you justified in making a statement which you knew to be a baseless invention? How do you explain the fact that you told a deliberate—that you didn't speak the truth?"

"I've always heard of you as an educated and cultured man. I may assume therefore that you know all about pragmatism."

"I don't."

"Well, you ought to. It's a most interesting system of philosophy quite worth your while to study. I'm sure you'd like it if you understood it. In fact, I expect you're a pragmatist already without knowing it. Most of us practical men are."

"I'm waiting for an explanation of the story you told Mr. Higginbotham."

"Quite right. I'm coming to that in a minute. Don't be impatient. If you'd been familiar with the pragmatist philosophy it would have saved time. As you're not—though as Chief Secretary for Ireland I think you ought to be—I'll have to explain. Pragmatism may be described as the secularizing of the Ritschlian system of theological thought. You understand the Ritschlian theory of value judgments, of course?"

"No, I don't." Mr. Willoughby began to feel very helpless. It seemed easier to let the tide of this strange lecture sweep over him than to make any effort to assert himself.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he said. "I think I could listen to your explanation better if I smoked."

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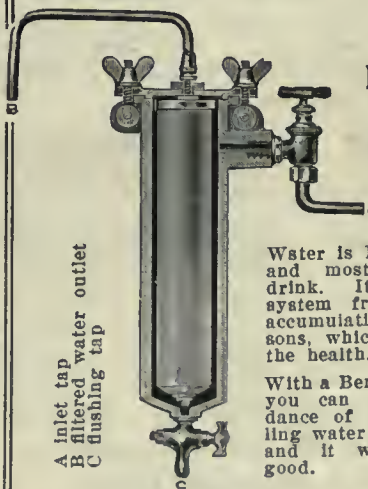
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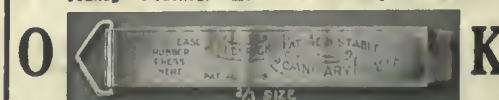
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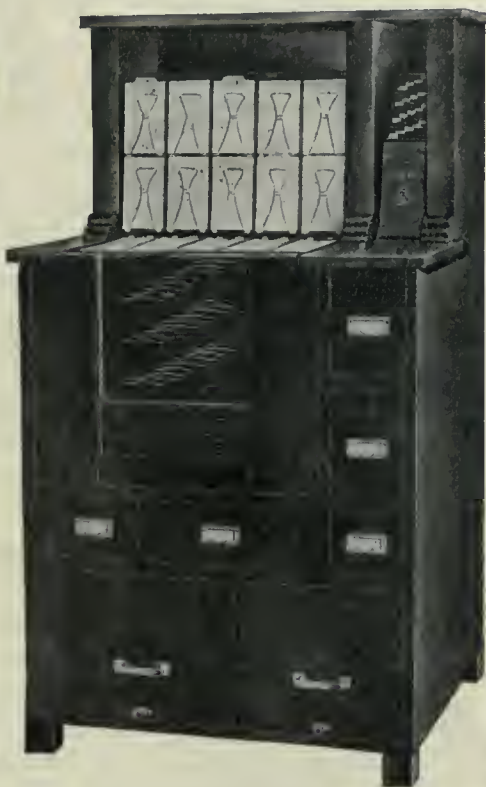
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He took from his pocket a silver cigar-case.

"Smoke away," said Meldon. "I don't mind in the least. In fact I'll take a cigar from you and smoke too. I can't afford cigars myself, but I enjoy them when they're good. I suppose a Chief Secretary is pretty well bound to keep decent cigars on account of his position."

Mr. Willoughby handed over the case. Meldon selected a cigar and lit it. Then he went on—

"The central position of the pragmatist philosophy and the Ritschlian theology is that truth and usefulness are identical."

"Eh?"

"What that means is this. A thing is true if it turns out in actual practice to be useful, and false if it turns out in actual practice to be useless. I dare say that sounds startling to you at first, but if you think it over quietly for a while you'll get to see that there's a good deal in it."

Meldon puffed at his cigar without speaking. He wished to give Mr. Willoughby an opportunity for meditation. Then he went on—

"The usual illustration—the one you'll find in all the text-books—is the old puzzle of the monkey on the tree. A man sees a monkey clinging to the far side of the trunk of the tree.—I never could make out how he did see it, but that doesn't matter for the purposes of the illustration.—He, the man, determines to go round the tree and get a better look at the monkey. But the monkey creeps round the tree so as always to keep the trunk between him and the man. The question is whether, when he's gone round the tree, the man has or has not gone round the monkey. The older philosophies simply gave that problem up. They couldn't solve it, but the pragmatist—"

"Either you or I," said Mr. Willoughby feebly, "must be going mad."

"Your cigar has gone out," said Meldon. "Don't light it again. There's nothing tastes worse than a relighted cigar. Take a fresh one. There are still two in the case, and I shall be able to manage along with one more."

"Would you mind leaving out the monkey on the tree and getting back to the geological survey story?"

"Not a bit. If it bores you to hear an explanation of the pragmatist theory of truth I won't go on with it. It was only for your sake I went into it. You can just take it from me that the test of truth is usefulness. That's the general theory. Now apply it to this particular case. The story I told Higginbotham turned out to be extremely useful—quite as useful as I had any reason to expect. In fact, I don't see that we could have very well gone on without it. I can't explain to you just how it was useful. If I did, I should be giving away Major Kent, Sir Giles Buckley, Euseby Langton, and perhaps old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat; but you may take it that the utility of the story has been demonstrated."

Mr. Willoughby made an effort to rally. He reminded himself that he was a Cabinet Minister and a great man, that he had withstood the fieriest eloquence of Members for Munster constituencies and survived the most searching catechisms of the men from Antrim and Down. He called to mind the fact that he had resolutely said "No" to at least twenty-five per cent. of the people who came to him in Dublin Castle seeking to have jobs perpetuated. He tried to realize the impossibility of a mere country curate talking him down. He hardened his heart with the recollection that he was in the right and the curate utterly in the wrong. He sat up as well as he could in the hammock-chair and said sternly—

"Am I to understand that you regard any lie as justifiable if it serves its purpose?"

"Certainly not," said Meldon; "you are missing the whole point. I was afraid you would when you prevented me from explaining the theory of truth to you. I never justify lies under any circumstances whatever. The thing I'm trying to help you to grasp is this: A statement isn't a lie if it proves itself in actual practice to be useful—it's true. There now, you've let that second cigar go out. You'd better light that one again. I hate to see a man wasting cigar after cigar, especially when they're good ones."

Mr. Willoughby fumbled with the matches and made more than one attempt to relight the cigar.

"The reason," Meldon went on, "why I think you're almost certain to be a pragmatist is that you're a politician. You're constantly having to make speeches, of course; and in every speech you must more or less say something about Ireland. When you are Chief Secretary the other fellow, the man in opposition who wants to be Chief Secretary but isn't, gets up and says you are telling a pack of lies. That's not the way he expresses himself, but it's exactly what he means. When his turn comes to be Chief Secretary and you are in opposition, you very naturally say that he's telling lies. Now that's a very crude way of talking. You are, both of you, as patriotic and loyal men, doing your best to say what is really useful. If the things you say turn out in the end to be useful, why, then, if you happen to be pragmatists, they aren't lies."

Mr. Willoughby stuck doggedly to his point. Just so his countrymen, though beaten by all the rules of war, have from time to time clung to positions which they ought to have evacuated.

"A lie," he said, "is a lie. I don't see that you've made your case at all."

"I know I haven't, but that's because you would insist on stopping me. If you'll allow me to go back to the man who went round the tree with the monkey on it—"

"Don't do that. I can't bear it."

To Be Continued.

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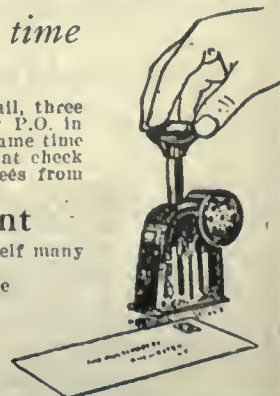
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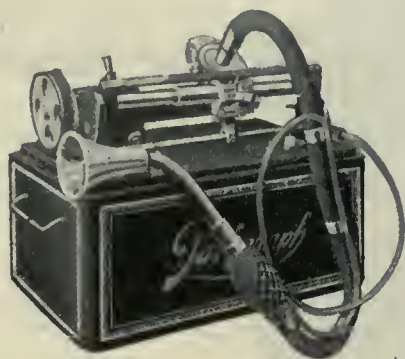
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Business Outlook

Some of the Chief Factors on which Hopes of Better Business can be Reasonably Based

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of Financial Post

The decided decrease in the exports and the imports for Canada during the month of February fully confirms the situation as was outlined in the April issue by Mr. Appleton. The significance of the import decline and the resumption of municipal activity in Western Canada in encouragement of agricultural settlement and the increased mixed farming output as evidenced by the establishment of abattoirs and shipping plants, are the marked features of the Business Outlook this month. Mr. Appleton has also touched upon the railway situation and the budget, and upon construction work in cities. As Associate Editor of The Financial Post he is in a position to know the true inwardness of the business situation, which fact will be appreciated by the readers of "MacLean's Magazine."

A MONTH ago reference under this head was made to the outlook for the year as not being very bright. February, we stated then, was usually a dull month, and February of the present year was exceptionally so. Since writing of that month the trade and other statistics have fully verified, more fully than anticipated, the opinions then expressed. Take as an instance the foreign trade of the Dominion. Exports, despite the widening of the market for our produce in the United States, fell below those of February a year ago. Much was expected of the lower tariff put into effect by the Wilson administration and there is ample justification for entertaining great hopes in that respect. We are referring, of course, to the effect of trade with Canada and not to the effect of the tariff on United States trade generally. It was reported from Ottawa that the value of the exports to all countries during February aggregated \$20,553,000 as compared with \$25,000,000 a year ago. On the other hand imports dropped to \$38,550,000 as compared with \$53,271,000 a year ago. Import decline is more significant than that of exports because the latter is due to the fact that very little of the cereal produce of the Dominion was shipped during the early months of the present year as compared with the corresponding period of a year ago. It will not tax the memory of the business men of the Dominion to go back to the crop year of 1912. The harvest season was impressed on their minds by the unsatisfactory weather and some of the crop stood out in the fields until the following spring.

Much of that which actually stood in the shock all winter came out in the spring better than that which was threshed after the winter had fully set in. However, the proportion of the crop gathered late, and it was a considerable proportion, went out of the country during the early months of the year, and, of course, swelled the export figures.

We have not so satisfactory an explanation for the decline in imports. The latter represent capital importation, a decline of which at the present juncture is not a good sign in so far as our business outlook is concerned. Capital in large quantities is very needful inas-

much as so much of the plant put down during the past few years is not as yet in self-sustaining forms. Our railways, with the exception of the Canadian Pacific, have embarked on plans that are not yet complete to the extent of being able to carry themselves. They need much more capital. They are in the position of the builder of a house on a site bought and paid for, with foundations down, but without enough money to complete the structure. Until completed the capital invested in it will lie idle and deteriorate. Our railways, with the exception made, are in a similar position. Some of our industrial enterprises are also handicapped similarly for want of capital. Business, nationally speaking, will not regain activity until some of the more important needs alluded to are fully met, or the financial markets are in such a condition as to leave no doubt as to the procuring of needed capital.

Canada's Capital Requirements

Canada needs capital. If imports represent it and economists tell us that they do, then the decline in imports is far more serious than the decline in exports. We have for the latter a very satisfactory explanation, as already given. It will be noticed, however, that Canada during the first months of the year has succeeded in procuring considerable money in the world's market and that recent loans, having regard to the dark clouds that still overhang the markets, have been fairly well received. These clouds are a factor. While Canada has her own troubles and her political dissensions, they are not so alarming, nor fraught with possibilities so dire, as are those of so many countries into which British money has flowed so freely. Tension and anxiety will lead, in our judgment, to a better realization of the advantages which peace and orderliness in Canada give to investors. As yet, however, the purse-strings have not been slackened materially in our favor. In this respect, however, there will be an improvement just as soon as the investors of Europe feel quite confident that the nation, through its Parliament, stands heartily at the back of the national enterprises entered upon. At the time or writing the budget speech has

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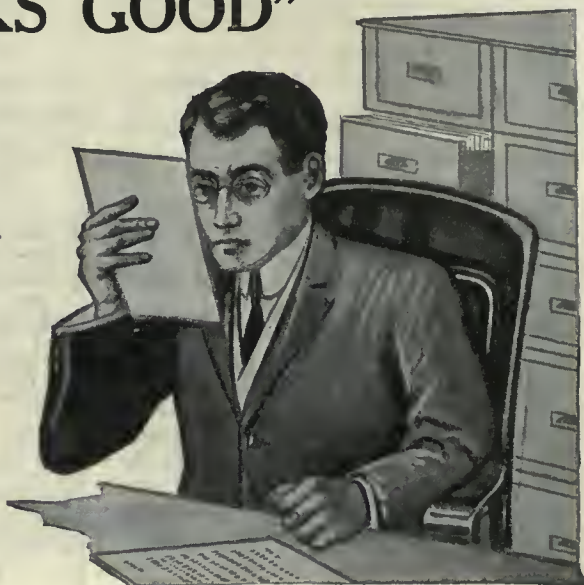
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not been delivered, but we believe that it will meet with the approval of the business interests of the Dominion. In any case business will be in a quiescent state until so important an event is out of the way.

After the Budget

While we regard the budget speech, at this particular juncture in Canada's commercial history, as being an event of more than ordinary moment in that it will help to re-establish confidence, there are no lacking other signs which raise hopes of greater business activity. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has made some statement with regard to the immigration movement that are of exceptional importance. He says that accommodation on their passenger fleet is fairly well booked up, which in view of prevailing depression is extremely hopeful. We have also noticed that in view of the heavy demands for agricultural laborers there has been a cessation of the lurid "bathos" respecting the sufferings of the unemployed. When our real productive energy is yearning for help the unemployed of the cities will get but scant sympathy. Present condition of the labor market will also give manufacturers a chance to make wage readjustments that must follow the rapid ascent which has taken place in wage scales during the past few years. Nevertheless our depression has been there does not appear to be an abnormal amount of unemployment. There have been some scattering of our labor force through lack of employment. Many workmen and workwomen of foreign extraction have sought prolonged holiday in their homelands, and will return to Canada as soon as trade revives. The movement has not as yet begun appreciably. Our immigration will therefore have to be taken care of by agriculture where labor and enterprise is so much needed.

Some Hopeful Signs

Of the hopeful signs ahead, interest shown in immigration by Western cities is one of the most striking. Those cities which have but recently attained to the degree of citizenship are the most aggressive in this respect. Active work has already commenced. A convention has been called to meet at North Battleford and it will be attended by representative of cities of the West. It is not proposed to encourage settlers to locate in the cities, but to locate on the land adjoining them. From this we may gather that our western boards of trade fully realize that city growth depends upon development of tributary territory. They are also, that is the boards of trade, taking an active and real interest in the development of mixed farming. The movement in that direction is also bearing fruit. Quite recently a gathering took place at Saskatoon, which was attended by representatives of various organizations interested in agriculture, and it was decided that the building of cold storage plants at central points, and abattoirs, was present necessity. Last year's low grain prices and the high cost of labor when

beef and pork ruled high taught the farmers a lesson that they have learned quickly. The provision world of Eastern Canada was startled a few days ago by the announcement that Alberta was shipping a car-load of eggs to Toronto, and one of pork to Montreal. For some years the movement has been in the other direction. These circumstances give every reason to hope that very soon the business demands of the West will improve at least be very much heavier than they have now been for a twelve-month. Fixed farming will prove to be so much more profitable to the farmers than grain-growing when prices range as low as at present.

Factors Pointing to Recovery

When we speak here of recovery we mean the return to the very abnormal activity of the years which have just passed into history. It is to be hoped that it will not come back. Such expansion, at such speed, was not healthy. Full speed may be desirable, but not if it strains the commercial and financial machinery of the country, or causes abnormal growth, which afterwards have to be normalized by credit restriction. City growth has been abnormal, for instance, and agriculture lagged behind. The latter now has to be prodded along. Until it is brought into line an active advance will be impossible. Our cities were checked by the closing of the money bags and then bankers, economists and experts agreed that more digging must be done and more digging is being done. This is the most hopeful of the discernible signs of better business.

A second factor is the growing plenteousness of money. It is not going to be available to the speculator. For the producer, however, there is enough to oil thoroughly the energies of the Canadian people. Our February bank statement showed that current loans were very much less than they were a year ago and all loans elsewhere than in Canada had increased by approximately \$45,000,000. Current loans generally show some expansion during February, but this year they were stationary. Savings deposits at the end of February are \$10,000,000 greater than they were a year ago. Bank reserves are therefore very high. Let it be said here that at the close of the year 1914, the banks will not have so good a statement to present to their shareholders as they had at the close of 1913. To accommodate commerce and business last year they had to lend sometimes against their better judgment. Under such circumstances, although taking some risk, they could not very well help making money. This year, however, they are not lending so good a demand for money, and, moreover, they are cautious. They have decided to be. Directors prefer lower profits and greater security. But the funds are available for all the needs, the real needs of normal business for Canada. There is no need for anxiety on that score. Rates will be about the same as in previous years. Mortgage money which rose at the close of 1913 is now available at rates general at the beginning of the last year.



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8	9	10	11	12	13									4	5	6	7	8	9	
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The Railway Factor

Business men, generally, cannot afford to ignore the railway factor in gauging the trend of trade. During the past few years there has been an enormous amount of money invested in railways and it has given employment to very large numbers of workmen all over the Dominion, but particularly in the West. During the ensuing summer there will not be so many workmen employed in construction, but there will be a very large number required to carry out undertakings already entered upon. All the larger railway systems have arrangements made to incur large expenditures. Orders for rolling stock and other urgent requirements for the newer lines have not as yet been placed. They are not likely to be until the policy of Parliament in regard to the railways is made clear. Another disturbing element is the question of railway rates. The report of the commission, and its decision is awaited with some anxiety. If rates are cut below present charges, on the whole, Government assistance will not avail much in the increase of business activity. Assuming that the policy of the Government and the action of the Railway Commission will be on constructive lines then our railways will have to place orders and proceed with improvements that will involve activity on a scale approximately the same as last year.

City Building

Last year one of the chief factors in making business active was the extent to which city building was proceeding. The laying down of sewer systems and pavements, the establishment of new electric and other public utilities made demands on our industries of an exceptional character. This year there will be a lull in this respect. It will do no harm. Meanwhile there has been a great housecleaning in so far as the disposition of municipal debentures is concerned. In the aggregate the municipal authorities of the Dominion have not more than \$30,000,000 borrowed from the banks. A year ago the difficulty of getting money in Canada was attributed to alleged wild and uncontrolled municipal expenditure. At the present time all the municipal debentures that are being put on the market are being absorbed by investors. A year ago they were not marketable. This change is very notable, and it means that the road is clear for further expenditure in this direction. Some will no doubt result.

The procurability of mortgage money is also a promising circumstance. Building will be normal in extent if it does not reach the extraordinary limits of the past few years.

Industrial Prospects

With the demands of so many new cities temporarily satisfied, and the demands of the railways to so great an extent held up by the impending rate decision and the impending announcement of the government's policy; and with a marked drop in the purchasing of implements by agriculturalists, it could not be expected

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that our industries would be active. At the moment of writing there does not appear to be much prospect of a change. Sooner or later the requirements of the railways will have to be met and there must also arise a demand for agricultural machinery. In the case of the former much depends on the action of Parliament but the latter depends upon the ability of the farmer to liquidate. Agricultural implement manufacturing is a considerable industry in the Dominion and at present it is very slack. Sales are not being pushed and will not be until the manufacturers get more of their money back. The time appears to have come when the farmer will have to pay more cash for the machinery he requires. Long dates and small cash payments are likely to pass away, or be considerably modified. Legislation has placed upon the shoulders of the seller of the implements burdens he does not like. His method has been to take abundant security and give lots of time. Liberty of contract has been, however, curtailed and in consequence the manufacturer will require more cash down. Until this re-adjustment takes place the agricultural industry will languish somewhat. Certain classes of industry, such as manufacture necessities, are not feeling much depression. We do not include in this class textile manufacturers. They continue to feel the effects of depressed business. Generally speaking, industries at the present time are dull and the hope of recovery rests on anticipated resumption of activity of railroad equipment and building and the recovery of the purchasing power in the West. The former may materialize this year but the latter will not eventuate until another crop makes further liquidation possible.

Faults in our Immigration Policy

Continued from Page 7.

and the information could be passed on. If a Provincial agent could give the addresses of farmers wanting married couples, of farmers who have a spare cottage in which to house them, hundreds of married couples would week fortune on the land. Married people in the Old Country will think a long time before they sell up their dear little home and undertake the expense and inconvenience of a three-thousand-mile journey without the faintest knowledge of what is to be their fate at the end of it. Not a single one of the lecturers I heard last winter in England had the tabulated information at command, and not one of them was candid enough to give a warning to the people not to make for the cities. With the suffering there has been in some of the large cities during the winter every lecturer in England should have warned men against the cities, and, an official notice to the same effect should have been posted prominently in the office of every man or firm engaged in emigration work.

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Literature Often a Nightmare

Immigration literature requires more careful consideration. That which is prepared for England should be easily comprehended by Englishmen. All such literature should be revised by men with a knowledge of English conditions. Just by way of example, one handbook states that:

Average rent of a house in Winnipeg of four to six rooms is \$12.00 to \$25.00.

The average Englishman pays his rent per week and not per month, and would not therefore grasp what was meant. In the next place the amount is given in a currency he is not accustomed to, and in the third place if he understands dollars he cannot realize the necessity for the two zeros after the number of dollars. To an Englishman the writing of twelve dollars as \$12.00 is stupid. Many of them would read \$12.00 as twelve hundred, while others would be puzzled about it.

Money denominations should be quoted in the currency of the country in which the literature is to be circulated. Surely in the German literature, for instance, the talk is not of dollars.

This is but one example of the attention to detail which is requisite. The details may be trifling in themselves, but details count.

The brief working period of seven or eight months in each year suggests another direction in which the Provincial Governments might make experiment. It would be quite feasible to plough a few acres on a number of quarter-sections which will be available for settlement during the ensuing spring. The slight cost might be added to the entry fee, or payments spread over the first two or three years. This would be well invested money and these lots would be a powerful lever in the hands of the emigration officials in England. The experiment might even be conducted further by the erection of cheap and yet suitable houses on the land, so that a man would have somewhere to locate his family on arrival. There would be less domestic upheaval, and men with families would be attracted because they would be assured of having some contribution from the land during the first season, and would not have to surrender some of the most profitable working period for the building of a house.

To suppose that the possible supply of human material from the Old Country is even approaching exhaustion is a fallacy. Thousands and thousands of good men and women are available, and they can be got by the adoption of an improved policy and by better organization. It is not even a matter of spending more money. There are ways in which money might be saved and re-directed into more profitable channels.

These suggestions are not advanced in a carping spirit. It is recognized that a great deal of good work has been done along immigration lines. But to those who have studied the system, as it works in the old land, it is apparent that the lens of our immigration policy has not

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Efficiency of the Individual

Continued from Page 14

neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

As a principle of efficiency, a secondary meaning of the ideal is a definite purpose which must be pursued resolutely, courageously, and without hesitation or vacillation.

The man without a purpose is a drifting derelict, useless to himself and a menace to others. The man who resolutely follows a set purpose is the ship with the strong hand on the tiller and the eye of the helmsman on the compass.

In all history there is hardly a more pathetic figure than Columbus, dominated by his ideal of sailing westward to India, going from court to court seeking a backer for his enterprise, for years meeting only discouragement and rebuffs, but always pursuing his ideal. What a reward was his when, first of all the watching companies of his three ships, he at night saw lights ahead on the shores of the New World, and felt that his ideal had been attained! Nor was the world wholly ungrateful. To-day, sainted by the Roman church, the first of a ducal family, honored annually by a great republic, the name of Columbus is a monument to the fact that even one's fellow-men give their rewards to the man who chooses a noble ideal and unswervingly pursues it.

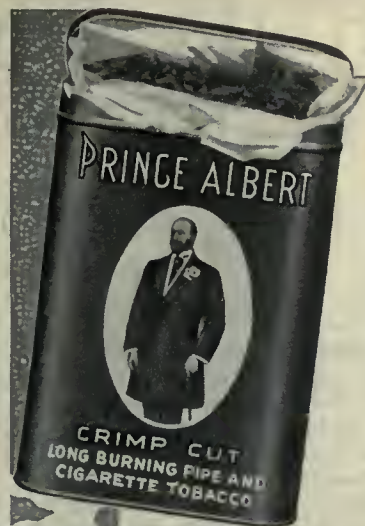
In even the smallest detail of one's work, the first requisite is a clear idea of what is to be accomplished and then a concentration of effort upon it.

Lack of purpose is the cause of innumerable failures. The ordinary man goes to work at the end of his school days with no idea of the kind of life for which he is fitted and with no definite ideal beyond the weekly pay envelope. Work assigned to him by superiors, he does indifferently because he sees beyond it no inspiring ideal. He is through life an opportunist and a failure.

If any course of action is itself incorrect, the determined pursuit of it is mere obstinacy, and is certain to lead to failure.

This illustrates the general truth that the application of any one of the principles of efficiency may be abused into a vice.

This is to be avoided by the simultaneous practice of all of them, for they are intercorrective. Thus, the abuse of resolute pursuit of an ideal into obstinacy is impossible under the full application of the principle of common sense.



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Start the Day Expecting to Succeed

By DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

HERE is everything in starting out in the morning with a mental attitude which is in keeping with our day's desire, with the ambition of the day's accomplishment. We should start out in the morning with the expectation of having a good day, a red-letter day, for every thought and every emotion is the seed which produces a harvest like it. The day's work will follow the mental attitude. The smile on the face must begin in the heart, or it is counterfeit.

How often we hear people in expressing their disappointment in not getting what they wished, say, "I did not really expect it. I just thought I would try. I had hoped to get it, but I did not really believe I would get it." Now, there is just doubt enough in such a mental attitude to kill the creation of the thing desired. Faith is the producer, the builder; doubt, the strangler, the killer. All achievement is first mental. If the mental structure is weak, deficient, the physical one will have the same defects. Our mental picture, our visualizing, must be creative, vigorous, positive, our ideals bright, clean-cut and clear, or the product of our efforts will have corresponding defects.

How long would it take a law student to become a good lawyer when he was all the time thinking and saying that the profession is overcrowded, there is no chance for any lawyer to-day unless he is willing to stay at the bottom of the ladder, do a little collecting, a little insurance business, a little real estate business?

Many people are such victims of their passing whims, of their physical condition; they are so dependent upon everything being just right, and upon their moods, that they do a good day's work or a slipshod one or no work at all, just according to how they feel.

Thoughts are forces, and the constant affirmation of one's inherent right and power to succeed will change inhospitable conditions and unkind environments to favorable ones. If we resolve upon success with energy, we will very soon create a success atmosphere and things will come our way. We can make ourselves success magnets.

Do you realize that by persistent thinking you can undo any condition which exists, you can free yourself from any chains that enslave you, whether of poverty, sin, ill-health, or unhappiness? Of course, if you have been thinking these thoughts half a life-time or more, you must not expect to change the conditions you have made, or batter down the walls in a week or a month, but with determination it may be accomplished.

Most people neutralize a large part of their efforts, because their thoughts do not correspond with their endeavor. They do not even give themselves the advantage of expecting good health or business, that things will turn out well.

An ingenious electrical apparatus is now being used for shocking crops into growth through electricity from wires stretched twenty feet or so about the crops. This electrical machine sends only positive electricity along the wires. The current which escapes from the wires stimulates the growth of the plants.

In England and other places where this electrical treatment has been tried, crops have increased from thirty to fifty per cent.

Like the vegetable plants, most human plants have too much of the negative, and their output of efficiency could be marvelously increased if we could inject into their brains the positive, creative, which would counteract the non-productive, negative thought.

The negative predominates in most people. Hence the poverty, the meagre productiveness, the mediocrity of their lives.

Multitudes of people who fail, or who plod along in mediocrity, would succeed if they could only have more faith and could keep up their courage, but when they lose confidence they lose heart, and their grip upon themselves and upon everything else.

The mental attitude is always the pattern which the life processes are ever weaving into the life web. Self-confidence or discouragement, whatever pattern we furnish the mind, goes into the web.

Men of faith are the real forces of the world, they are the builders, those who lack it are the negatives, who build nothing, but who tear down; they are the followers, the leaners.

An early formed habit of faith is of untold advantage, because it helps in the formation of a strong, positive character, and is often a great safeguard against the temptation to drift into the negative mental attitude of doubt, uncertainty and fear.

We are often surprised to find a person deteriorating, going down-hill, who was once promising, and we can not account for it, nor can the person himself. His condition is often due to the gradual deterioration of all the positive elements in the mind, so that the person ceases to be productive, creative.

The art of all arts is to learn how to use constructively all of our faculties instead of destructively, so that life shall be progressive, accumulative of power.

People with negative mentalities do

not come to a focus. They are ill-timed, a little too early or too late. They blunder through life, never definite or certain about anything.

Isn't it a pity that through our ignorance of mental chemistry we should drive away the very things that we desire, the very things that we long for and are working hard to attain; that because of our ignorance of the laws of mental treatment we should hold the very mental attitude that repels what we are trying to attract, to draw to us?

Perhaps no one taught us in our youth that we cannot acquire one thing while we are really expecting something else; that we can not become prosperous while we are convinced that we are doomed to poverty. We were not taught that we must go in the direction in which we face mentally; in other words, that our mental attitude, our confidence, our ideals must correspond with our efforts, or they will be futile.

The poor man who works like a slave to get on and yet who is all the time saying that he does not expect to succeed, because everything is against him, that the economical conditions are all against the poor man and that others may get on but he can not, is working against the very thing which he is trying to get, the very things he desires. Confidence is the connecting link between the objective and subjective mind.

Whether we realize it or not, we are never stronger than our faith, we never undertake anything greater than our self-confidence dictates. "Whatever the soul is taught to expect that it will build."

There is no uplifting habit like that of carrying an optimistic, hopeful attitude; of expecting that our desires will be matched with realities; that things are going to turn out well with us and not ill; that we are going to succeed and not fail; that no matter what may or may not happen we are going to be happy.

It is only when desire crystallizes into resolve that it is effective.

Never for an instant admit that you are sick, weak or ill unless you wish to experience these conditions, for the very thinking of them helps them to get a stronger hold upon you.

As the building is a reality in all its details in the architect's mind before a stone or brick is laid so we create mentally everything which later becomes a reality in our achievement.

There is a real creative power in holding the mind persistently and enthusiastically upon or towards the thing we are trying to attain. This unifies, focuses the faculties upon one object and makes them a powerful co-operative force which is impossible without an all-absorbing aim which co-ordinates all of our powers and makes them look to one end.

We often wonder why people with comparatively small ability are such money makers. It seems as though everything they touch turns to money. It is because what ability they do have is focused in their money-accumulating ambition. They think money, dream money, expect money. All of their facul-

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ties are ordained to do this one thing. Whatever the mental model is the life process tends to reproduce. "As a man thinketh, so he is," and what a man concentrates upon he tends to realize. It is perfectly scientific.

If you are not succeeding as you ought, your mind may have become negative by worry or fear, as is often the case. If so, you can restore it to its normal producing power by keeping your health up to standard and by perpetually holding the positive, creative thought, by cultivating a vigorous faith in yourself. Just imagine that you are actually producing the maximum of which you were ever capable, just believe firmly that your mind is as productive as ever. Never allow fear, worry, or anxiety, to get a foothold in your mind. They poison the brain and kill its producing energy. Fear has ruined vast multitudes of great minds by killing their creative, producing power, thus rendering them negative.

The mind must be kept positive and vigorous in order to produce, and this is impossible when the mind is filled with mental enemies. On every hand we see people who were once great producers who have gradually lost their forcefulness and productiveness, and become nobodies through the action of negative mental processes. We see men in the business world gradually lose all their grip, their force, their stamina, and no one knows why. They become an enigma to themselves. They do not know how to protect their productive, creative minds, how to prevent them from becoming negative by the depressing, neutralizing influence of great trials, financial reverses, domestic discord, the entanglements of debt, or of misfortune of some sort.

They do not know how to neutralize the paralyzing effect of fear, worry, and before they are aware of it, their bodily health becomes undermined, and their vitality lowered below the producing point, for discouraging, pessimistic thoughts not only weaken the mental processes, but the body as well, and thus cut down efficiency. All negative mental conditions are your enemies. They are destroyers, they sap both mental and physical energies.

Keep your mind full of positive, vigorous thoughts. They are life builders, success builders. They will renew your body and keep your mind in a creative, resourceful, inventive condition. If you constantly hold the optimistic, cheerful, mental attitude, you will find your initiative, your ability to begin things and push them to completion will be increased. You will be more of a man, stronger, more efficient, more aggressive. You will be more self-reliant, less inclined to lean, to trail, to depend upon others, to wait for others' opinions before you act. Your power of quick, vigorous decision will be strengthened. Your mind will be less likely to vacillate, waver. In short, you will be conscious of new power unfolding within you which will make you feel like a king and master of every situation. You can never

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accomplish anything great or worthy of you while your mental processes are hampered or paralyzed, made negative, by anxiety or worry. You must have mental freedom before you can exercise mental power, before you can create or produce anything of value.

Set the mind toward the thing you would accomplish so resolutely, so definitely, and with such vigorous determination, and put so much grit into your resolution, that nothing on earth can turn you from your purpose until you attain it.

This very assertion of superiority, the assumption of power, the affirmation of belief in yourself, the mental attitude that claims success as an inalienable birthright, will strengthen the whole man and give power to a combination of faculties which doubt, fear, and a lack of confidence undermine.

If I could give the young people of Canada but one word of advice, it would be this—"Believe in yourself with all your might." That is, believe that your destiny is inside of you, that there is a power within you which, if awakened, aroused, developed, and matched with honest effort, will not only make a noble man or woman of you, but will also make you successful and happy.

If the people who are down in the world, who are side-tracked, who believe that their opportunity has gone by forever, that they can never get on their feet again, only knew the power of reversal of their thought, they could easily get a new start.

Always hold the picture of yourself as a producer, think of yourself as a creator, as an achiever. Never for a moment yield to the suggestion that you, perhaps, after all, may over-estimate your ability, that you are possibly a nobody. Doubts and fears long indulged in will often change a positive mind to a negative one, and a negative mind attracts poverty and failure.

If we were to take an inventory of people who think they failed because they never had a chance, because the fates were cruel to them, because they were elbowed out, crowded out of the current of prosperity and left high and dry on the bank, we should find that most of them had a vast amount of unused assets even when they gave up.

It is a curious fact that most people are blind to the advantages they have.

Earthquake Construction

Earthquake construction has now reached a very practical stage in the seismic districts of Italy, where all new buildings are being erected under strict supervision with respect to their ability to resist earthquake shocks. Prof. Omori, the Japanese authority, has estimated that 99.8 per cent. of the deaths in the great Messina earthquake of 1908 would have been prevented if the buildings had been properly constructed.

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The Third Chapter

Continued from Page 12.

avored indeed. So far there have been no days but people and teams were moving, though two or three were hardly fit for driving. The few nights of forty or fifty below zero were not really so unpleasant as one or two others in December when a zero temperature was accompanied by hoar frost in the air and fanned by a light east wind. True, we have had what the old-timers call an exceptionally fine winter, but it could afford to be much worse without being at all unendurable. In Grande Prairie the extreme weather has never been of long duration. In most other sections of the North I suppose it is more continuous, but over large areas the climate seems to compare favorably with that of Saskatchewan. When one hears dozens of settlers from as far south as Oklahoma, California and Texas praising the climate unstintedly and making light of the Peace River winter after several seasons' experience, he can only conclude that its rigors are not to be particularly dreaded.

At Athabasca Landing, which is too far east to experience any very marked effect of the Chinooks, was an Englishman who had lived for some years in Ontario and Ohio. His remark when told we were from the Banner Province was startling.

"The only thing I don't like about Ontario is that miserable climate."

"What, do you prefer this climate?"

"Yes, very much."

Markets? The markets of the Pacific will be the future outlet for our surplus produce and we shall be nearer to them than any other important area of the prairies. Besides the E.D. & B.C. Railway heading for Spirit River Prairie; the Canada Central branching toward the Crossing and the north side of the Peace; the Alberta and Great Waterways striking north-east from Edmonton to McMurray, and the C.N.R. projected from Edmonton through Grande Prairie, the G.T.P. and the C.P.R. both have proposed lines directed toward the Peace. The C.P.R. has bridged the Saskatchewan at Edmonton and erected a fine depot on the north side. A British Columbia railway is building up the Fraser valley. This will give connection with Vancouver. Thus export outlets are only a question of time.

Meanwhile the influx of settlement and general development of the country have been affording remunerative prices. Beef by the carcass commands ten to sixteen cents a pound. Pork was, until recently, twenty cents, but now is fourteen to fifteen; butter, sixty cents a pound, and eggs fifty cents a dozen. Oats for feed and seed are thirty-five to fifty cents a bushel, and wheat \$1.25 to \$1.50. Food is dear, costing five cents a pound above Edson prices, but as it is usually purchased wholesale, meat being bought by the quarter and evaporated fruit taking the place of fresh or canned, the cost of provisioning a table is not, after all, so much higher than in the East.

The Money Market

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TORONTO, CANADA

The Shame of It

Continued from Page 9.

tectives going through London with a fine-tooth comb. After two or three weeks we gave it up. Either Stewart was dead, or else he knew and was too hurt to come to us, or else he had pulled out altogether. The whole affair made a great difference to us. I remember particularly how Mason put it.

"The way I see it," he said, "is that we've fallen down in the only thing we're supposed to be any good at. We were born and bred in circles that should know how to handle just such an affair as this one of Stewart's, and we made a ghastly mess of it. Of course he didn't want to be searched. I don't believe there was any lining in his clothes or that the poor devil had any under-things on. The odds were all against him, but he relied on something finer than odds and appearances and trusted us to meet him on that ground—honor. We simply couldn't do it. We went all to pieces, and Stewart was the only gentleman in the room. We had his word, that was all we had any right to and it should have been enough."

Paterson did a very decent thing. He put Stewart up for membership again. Mason and I seconded him, and as Mason was on the committee it went through very quickly and Paterson paid the fees with the fifty pounds he won. Speaking of it afterwards, Paterson said he felt perfectly sure Stewart would turn up again, because the man who did what he had done wasn't the sort who was easily knocked out. Then he started back to Australia.

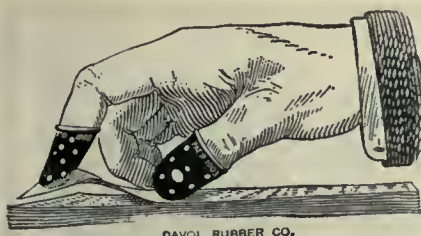
The next two years slipped by. Mason and I went up to Spitzbergen, and then had a lot of shooting west of Nairobi. We reached England just before Christmas and the first man we found at the club was Paterson, looking blacker and browner and richer than ever. You know that queer feeling of presentiment that one sometimes gets—well, we all had it. I half expected to meet Stewart round a corner. Mason and Paterson felt the same way.

"Heard nothing of him?" said Paterson.

I shook my head, "No, but—" Then we all stared. Stewart himself was coming up the steps of the club. He had filled out—was dressed like the rest of us, and carried his head as high as ever. He walked very deliberately and looked much younger.

We gaped at each other. Presently he came into the smoking room. I shall never forget the look in his eyes as we got up and faced him. There was no reproach, but it was the deepest look I have ever seen in a human face. He held out his hand, and I know that we all shook it for a long time and kept pumping it up and down, till Paterson blew up and swore horribly and that broke the tension. Then some other men came in and in five minutes we had all gone back five years and started over again.

Stewart told us that he had stoked his way out to Canada and struck at Cobalt,



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DEBITS					CREDITS						
	DATE	SALES	JOURNAL	VOUCHER RECORD	TOTAL	BALANCE	TOTAL	CASH	CR. MEMO	JOURNAL	VOUCHER RECORD
1		320.75	146.00		520.75		385.99	582.58	208		
2		432.25			273.00		414.43	641.45	246		12.55
3		678.86	27.32	172.00	72.05		614.52		220		
4		742.75	34.60		45.93		161.72			557	18.23
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Quick Work on Trial Balance

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where he was working as a navvy on a Government railway. It appears the country was full of silver, but no one thought there was anything there but big timber and rabbits, till the railway contractors began to blow their way through solid rock. He pegged out one of the best claims and had just sold it for a pot of money, more than he lost in Kaffirs.

It all sounded like a fairy tale, but there sat Stewart, with a new snap in his eyes and a good deal more confidence about him than he ever had before. We learned afterwards that he had run into Pettrick the previous night and, of course, Pettrick had told him all about the ring and our efforts to find him.

After a while he looked at us very queerly and said. "I want you chaps to dine with me to-morrow."

Mason got very red, but Stewart didn't seem to notice that and went on—"In just the same place as before. I've tried to get the same fellows, and only missed two of them. I have particular reasons," he added, "and hope you'll come."

Of course we promised, but with very mixed feelings. We knew Stewart had something up his sleeve, and probably would dig up the past, but we concluded that that was his affair. Anyway, all of us who were in town turned up.

I do believe that Stewart had had a sort of savage satisfaction about that dinner. Everything was exactly the same—food, waiters, everything—except we all moved round one place to the right and that brought Stewart to the head of the table. I caught Mason's eye several times—we were both wondering what was going to happen, when Stewart cleared his throat and began.

Most of the things he said burned into my brain, and I know they affected the other fellows in the same way. It was an unfolding of the other side of things—what happens to a man who can't do anything and is down and out. He had been so completely wrecked that when he settled up everything, which he did—absolutely—there was only a few pounds left. He told us how that shrank—to three, two, one—then he got down to shillings and lastly to pence. And all the time he was finding out more things he couldn't do. As for porter's work he said there were ten men to every trunk to be moved—men who could carry twice as much as he did, and that though he met lots of decent fellows, they considered that he was not one of their own kidney and stuck pretty well together. Then he got the waiter's job in the place Mason and I found him in. He chuckled that the same night—waiting on us nearly knocked him out.

I don't want to suggest that Stewart went in for any heroics. On the contrary, he told us all this in a quiet level voice—his eyes thoughtful—and the corners of his lips twitching, sometimes with amusement and again with disgust. But I do know that as we stared at him across the candles and fruit and wine, he seemed like a man who spoke through wreaths of cigar smoke of things we had never thought about, and somehow they

seemed to be the price paid for other things that we demanded and used every day. Then he came down to the date of Paterson's dinner.

"You chaps didn't know it," he said very evenly, "but I saw you all nearly every night for a week. There was a corner across the street I used to get into, and watch till the blinds were closed. I could see you laughing and ordering drinks, and sometimes,"—here his voice dropped—"I knew you were talking about me."

"My God," said Paterson. "Don't—old man—don't—"

"It's all right," Stewart plodded on. "I got totally new ideas about a club from that corner, and I'll always have 'em now," he added significantly. "When your invitation came, Paterson, I had not eaten for thirty-six hours. I had fourpence left, and twopence of that went for my answer. I was glad to come. It made me feel that you chaps realized that, in one way—at any rate—I had not changed."

Paterson nodded. His eyes were soft and the rest of us felt—well I can't tell how we felt. This steady voice seemed terrible with truths we had dodged all our selfish lives.

"I enjoyed that dinner. It was good to be with you again, and everything I ate seemed to fortify me against the hungry to-morrows I knew I had to face. That was constantly in my mind—'What shall I eat to-morrow?' I don't suppose you chaps know what real hunger is. Well, it's as if your stomach began to gnaw at itself. That's as nearly as I can put it. But I know, and I funk'd it. Then came the matter of Paterson's ring. Have you got it now, Paterson?"

A hand came out. It was shaky, and Paterson's face was working. "Yes, there it is."

"Well, you know what happened. I thought about it for days and months. You couldn't have done anything else—and—neither could I. My pockets—" he said with a long, long breath, "My pockets were full of bread."

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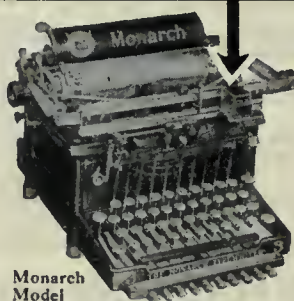
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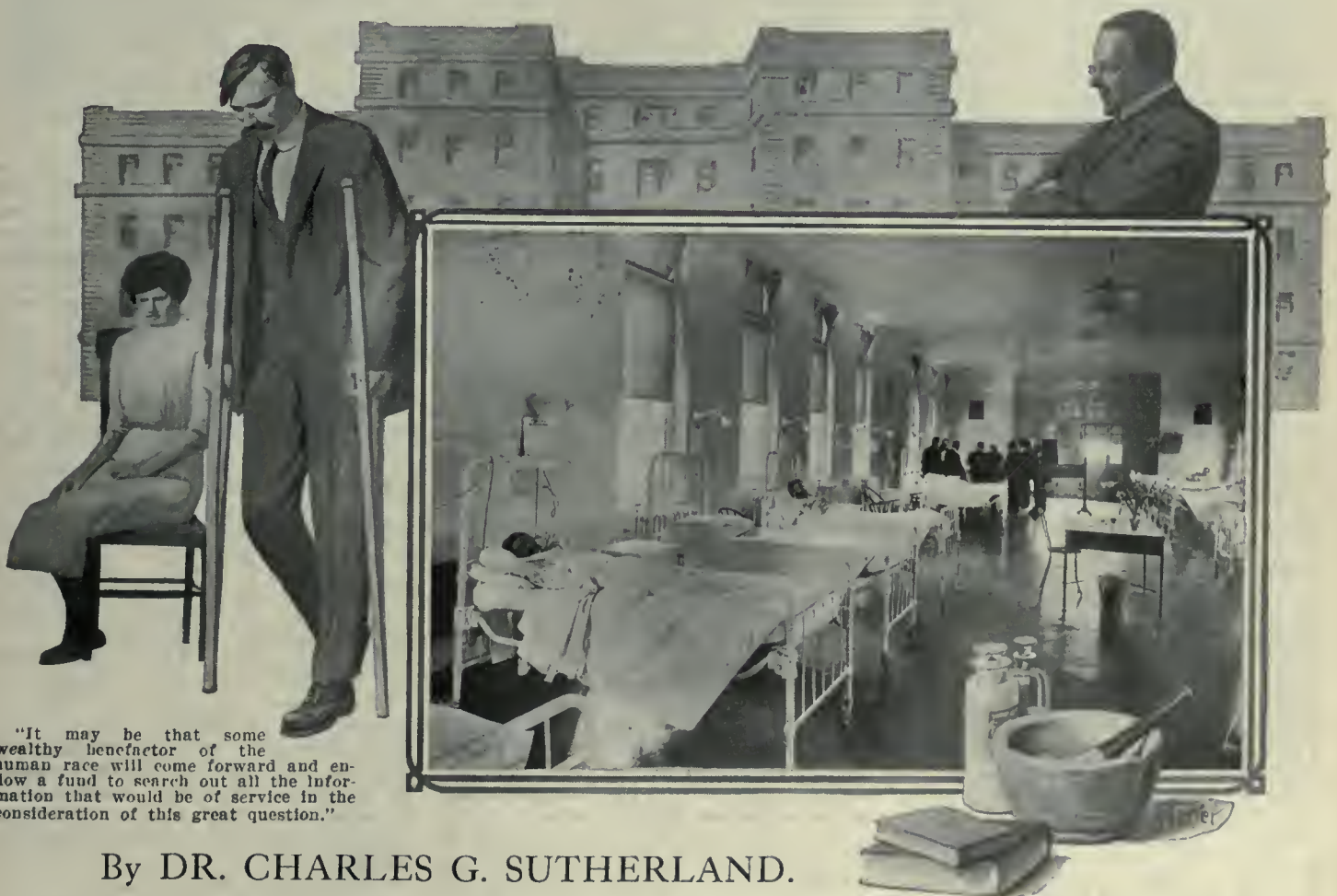
Vol. XXVII

TORONTO,

JUNE 1914

No. 8

The Nationalization of Medicine



"It may be that some wealthy benefactor of the human race will come forward and endow a fund to search out all the information that would be of service in the consideration of this great question."

By DR. CHARLES G. SUTHERLAND.

The writer of this article is presenting a big idea for the consideration of the people of Canada, an idea pregnant with possibilities of far-reaching reform. To establish federal hospitals from one end of the country to the other, and thereby to organize the fight against disease on so sound a basis that the death toll of the more common scourges could be reduced to a minimum, is the idea in brief. There may be, there undoubtedly are, objections which can be brought forward to the plan. But it is nevertheless one that deserves attention at the hands of the people, the press and the parliaments of the Dominion.

TO CREATE a system that would put medical attention for everyone from plutocrat to pauper on an even and efficient basis, to check the advance of devastating disease, to nationalize medicine; an ambitious programme truly, a project that smacks of Utopian dreams, and yet possible, verily possible! The germ of a sweeping re-

form is found in the idea of a federal system of hospitals.

The different feelings with which loss of life is regarded by the nation at large, according to the means by which it is brought about, forms an interesting psychological study for the political economist. A public which will hear with comparative indifference or equani-

mity of the loss of two hundred lives by an epidemic of typhoid fever, will be profoundly moved by the report of some accident, involving the sudden death of one-quarter, or even one-tenth of that number. And yet the probabilities are that some human agency is much more to blame in the former case than in the latter.

Suppose, for a moment, that the country were being attacked at some vulnerable point by an enemy, that every few days a casualty list reached us showing that 200 men or more had lost their lives, that by spending money to properly equip our troops with guns, ammunition, horses or what not, such losses could be avoided; would not the nation rise en masse and not only demand, but insist, that no expense should be spared in providing whatever was deficient in order to avoid the recurrence of such dire disasters?

A Fearful Annual Toll

Metaphorically speaking, with disease and sickness as the enemy, we have in the above supposition an exact picture of what is actually happening here in Canada every year, every month, and every week of our lives. To prove my contention, I will take three of our prevalent and most fatal diseases, tuberculosis, cancer and venereal disease, and I venture to assert that these three alone are taking an annual toll of lives and are causing an economic loss to the nation in money, greater than any loss that the phantom enemies, against whom we are building up a defence that is costing us millions of dollars annually, could ever inflict upon us.

The annual death-roll of tuberculosis numbers some 6,500 of which, according to a conservative authority, at least 75 per cent. (some say even 90 per cent.) could be saved if encountered in time by an efficient fighting force. Cancer is increasing at the rate of 2.5 per cent. every year, principally owing to the disease not being properly diagnosed in time to save the patient. Venereal disease runs rampant with practically no attempt being made to check its onward march, bringing in its train death, defective children, and insanity in continually increasing numbers.

The evil caused by these diseases, unlike the loss that an enemy might inflict upon us, is irreparable. It is increasing and compounding its interest annually and will continue to do so as long as we continue to shirk our responsibilities and neglect to provide the necessary means for fighting the evil, and to find a remedy for such disastrous losses.

The question that naturally arises is, What is the remedy? Is there one? Unhesitatingly I answer, Yes. Let a tax be levied by which every inhabitant of this Dominion, no matter what his position, is compelled to contribute a fixed sum per annum to the establishment and up-keep of a number of Federal Hos-

pitals. These could be established at convenient points throughout the Dominion, equipped with every modern necessity for the proper diagnosis and treatment of diseases or injury and adequately maintained by the fund that would be thus created.

In the whole of our social system there is no more striking instance of the way in which the drones and parasites of our community are allowed to enjoy the cream of the things of life, than in the use of our hospitals, and in the relation existing between the latter and the medical profession.

Who Uses the Hospitals

The chief users of our hospitals may be divided into four classes. Firstly, the worthless type who will always be a charge on the community; secondly, those whose poverty is due to causes beyond their own control; thirdly, the unskilled laborers in our industrial plants who are usually looked after by the cor-

By far the most dangerous foe we have to fight is apathy—indifference from whatever cause, not from a lack of knowledge, but from carelessness, from absorption in other pursuits, from contempt bred of self-satisfaction.

Fully twenty-five per cent. of the deaths in the community are due to this accursed apathy, fostering a human inefficiency, which goes far to counterbalance the extraordinary achievements of the past century.

Why should we take pride in the wonderful railway system with which enterprise and energy have traversed the land when the supreme law, the public health, is neglected? What comfort in the thought of a people enjoying great material prosperity when we know that the primary elements of life (on which even the old Romans were our masters), are denied to them?

What consolation does "the little red school-house" afford when we know that a Lethan apathy allows toll to be taken of every class from the little tots to the youths and maidens?

—Sir William Osler.

poration or railway while they are working, but who in time of temporary idleness, sickness or accident almost invariably become a charge on the community; fourthly, the middle working class, by which I mean those whose incomes come to not more than \$1,000 a year.

It is quite clear that as far as the first three of these groups are concerned, the large majority of them never have given, nor can they ever be expected to give anything toward the maintenance or advancement of their communities, and that all treatment they receive is practically free. Let us see of what this treatment consists.

In our larger cities we have established in connection with our hospitals, outdoor clinics in which the leading men of the profession give a definite number of hours per week to the examination and treatment of all who may present themselves. On entering the clinic the patients are registered and receive a card with directions as to the department at which they must present themselves.

In this department, which is in nearly all cases presided over by a specialist, they are examined, brief notes of the findings in their case are made on their cards and treatment is prescribed for them as their case requires. They then pass back to their original consultant who outlines their treatment. On succeeding visits they are given their original cards which are kept on file; to these their attendant may refer and noting the progress of their cases thereon with any additional treatment that he may direct, he always has before him a complete record of their infirmities.

In the tuberculosis clinic the patients receive, in addition, printed instructions for prevention of infection of those with whom they are living and visits by a trained nurse to their homes are arranged for.

So much for the out-patients. Turning to those whose condition may necessitate their admittance into the hospital, we find an organization similar to that

which we found in the outdoor department; the whole work is divided into services and at the head of each service and in charge of the work, are men who have devoted the greater part of their time to perfecting themselves in one branch of practice. Working under these are the resident physicians, usually students recently graduated, and spending a year or so in the service of the hospital to round out the knowledge and experience gained in their university years, preparatory to taking up the practice of their profession.

The laboratories are equipped with every necessary instrument and paraphernalia that can possibly be required. There is a Roentgenological or X-ray department also a hydro-therapeutic department in which one finds a varied assortment of baths, all of which are used in the treatment of different forms of diseases.

In our modern hospitals are found also psychiatric departments into which many types of mental disease may be sent, observed, treated and perhaps cured without the unfortunate victims having to suffer for the rest of their lives the stigma of having been confined to a hospital for the insane.

Other divisions there are, which perhaps I may have neglected to mention but the above will, I think, suffice to show the magnificent system that we are maintaining. In cases requiring surgical attention, splendidly equipped operating rooms are at the disposal of the surgeons attending them, supervised by nurses especially trained in every pre-



People waiting for treatment and advice in the out-patient department of the General Hospital, Toronto—Crowds assemble there every day.

caution necessary to obtain perfect asepsis and all other requisites for the welfare of the patient.

In the children's ward in addition to the treatment of all diseases, deformities of all kinds are corrected, and every facility is afforded to assist the crippled to normal efficiency.

In short, we find that no expense or effort has been spared to build up an organization for the conservation and the restoration of the health and efficiency of these people and that the only qualification we demand from them to make them eligible for the use of this service, is, that they shall have failed in the fight for existence or shall have lost their spirit of independence and their pride in themselves and their family name, sufficiently to acknowledge themselves as paupers and willing recipients of charity.

It must not be taken for granted that this splendid service can be obtained in every hospital. In the whole province of Ontario, for instance, there are not more than a score of hospitals that are capable of rendering the ideal service I have outlined in this narrative, and Ontario is at least as well off as any other province.

From these down we find hospitals that are lacking in one essential or another, until we come to the hospital in the smaller town that is often an apology for the institution that it should be, devoid of the very essentials for any attempt at scientific, or even ordinarily proper, treatment of disease or injury and often maintained at a cost that is entirely disproportionate to the work that it is doing.

Poorer Service than Pauper Gets

Conditions similar to those obtaining in the hospitals are found when we come to examine the profession and the abil-

ity of its individual members. In the cities we find men who have gradually developed themselves in one line of practice; they have spent some years in general practice, very probably, but have kept themselves in touch with the work in the greater hospitals. Usually endowed with sufficient means from some source to relieve them of the absolute necessity of earning their living, they have given their time freely to the charity services in the clinics with the result that they have gained a wealth of experience that has driven them higher and higher in the estimation of the public, of their fellow practitioners, and at the same time in the service of the hospitals with which they have been connected.

From these down one can trace men of varying degrees of ability to the jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none.

And it is to these men of the inferior type, that the great army of our workers, whose annual earnings net under a thousand dollars, must often turn in their time of need. Because they have built or bought their homes; because they have accepted their share of the upkeep responsibilities of their communities; because they have retained their independence and are willing to undertake any sacrifice rather than acknowledge themselves recipients of charity, they are debarred from any of the advantages that they might have had in the treatment of their diseases or injuries, had they been fortunate enough to have been paupers, in which case they would have had extended to them the privileges of the ideal organization that we have just considered.

Hospitals are an economic necessity; they stand open every minute of the year with a trained, organized and well disciplined staff and all the necessary equipment ever ready to render aid and relief to the sick and suffering or to restore, as nearly as possible, the lost functions of those who may have had theirs deranged by disease or injury. And no one knows the minute when he or someone very dear to him may have to intrust his lives or whole future usefulness to the organization, the equipment and the ability of the attendant staff of some hospital or other.

When the thinking people of the nation are brought to regard hospitals in this light; when they are made to realize that if the hospital is to stake its reputation on the work of its doctors, it must have complete supervision and authority over them and power to dictate who shall and who shall not work in its service. When they have learned that a service such as we are maintaining in our great hospitals for our paupers, would, if extended to the entire populace, effect in money, in time, in human efficiency and in human lives an almost inestimable annual saving; then we shall see a campaign to compel every inhabitant of the Dominion to contribute his just share to the spreading over the face of this country a series of institutions that will revolutionize the health and welfare of the nation and remove from the real builders of our commonwealth a burden which they never should have had to carry.

Details of Working Basis

Under the system which I have suggested, the superintendent of the hospital would be in complete authority and would have under him a salaried

staff of doctors each devoting himself to one definite line of practice and all combining their efforts wherever necessary to give to the patients the very finest service possible.

In the cities and towns could be established a series of Federal clinics attached to which would be an office, consulting, and an outside visiting staff, all on salary and working on much the same arrangement as those in the hospitals. Charity would become a thing of the past in medicine; everybody would co-operate in the maintenance of this service, and all would be equally entitled to the benefit of it. If accommodation superior to that provided by the Federal Hospital were desired, the municipalities, or individuals, could by arrangement with the Government build separate buildings connected with the hospital in which this could be provided and a charge made that would be commensurate with the elaborateness of the service provided. The medical service would be extended to this building without charge. In short,

we would bring within the reach of every inhabitant the ideal service which we outlined as being maintained for our paupers to-day in our greater hospitals and that without other cost than that of their proportion of the tax imposed.

With the rapid advances that are being made in medicine and surgery, it is becoming every year more difficult, and more expensive, to maintain efficiency and our present system must give way to something of the nature that I suggest if the great mass of our people are

to receive the benefit of these. The fraternal societies have, many of them, long used this plan; most of our industrial plants and all our railroads have adopted this method of protecting themselves and their employees; so it is but a step further to widen this plan that it might include every inhabitant of the Dominion. Germany has occupied a high place in the world in scientific medicine because she has for many years had many of the features of this proposal in operation, and other countries of Europe have made significant advances toward such an ideal.

It may be that some wealthy would-be benefactor of the human race will come forward and endow a fund to search out all the information that would be of service in the consideration of this great question and place it at the disposal of the people, the press, and the Parliament.

So may it be!

Let there be light!



A section of the kitchen of the Toronto General Hospital—The equipment in this department is very complete.

Fit Yourself for Bigger Work

THE first article in a series on efficiency prepared by Geo. H. Shepard, appeared in the last issue of *MacLean's Magazine*. The second article will be found starting on page 14 of the present issue.

The value of the articles will be appreciated when it is learned that the writer, George H. Shepard, is manager of the Emerson Co., of New York. The Emerson Co. is an organization built up by Harrington Emerson for the exploitation of the principles of efficiency in all walks of life. The articles will tell much of the gospel of efficiency, as laid down by Mr. Emerson and in writing them Mr. Shepard has been in close touch with his chief, so that the ideas may safely be said to have emanated from the man who is justly termed the "High Priest of the New Science."

A word about Harrington Emerson will be in order. Writing of him in a contemporary, Herbert N. Casson says: "Harrington Emerson is the man who made efficiency a national slogan. It was he who startled the nation by saying: 'I can show the railroads how to save a million dollars a day.' It was he who first discovered for himself the principles of efficiency in a remarkable career.

The new science is a development of the present century. The word efficiency was adopted by Emerson

and it has been accepted as the best possible designation of the study which leads to the execution of best work. He has ever since done a great deal to spread the teachings of efficiency through his own personal efforts and by training in experts to teach others. His personal achievements form the strongest possible proofs of the possibilities of efficiency. He was engaged by the Santa Fe Railroad for a term of three years and the remarkable results which he produced are still pointed to as the high-water mark of railroading efficiency. In one Pittsburgh plant he cut the yard gang down from seventy to twenty-six by means of a dispatching-board. In the Topeka railroad shops, wages were increased 14 per cent., costs were reduced 36 per cent., and the output was moved up 57 per cent. A Canadian engine-plant made five locomotives a week instead of three, without more men or more machinery.

Are you interested in making yourself more efficient, in increasing your earning capacity? Do you want to fit yourself for bigger work? By studying the articles now running in *MacLean's*, which embody the principles laid down by Harrington Emerson, the opportunity of fitting oneself for a higher sphere is presented.

Do not miss a single issue.



A TIRED little street dragged its aimless way through the village, stopping only when it reached the Solenski cottage. This structure consisting of but one storey and one room, in common with the hundred others like it, turned shyly away from the road as though to discourage the prying eyes of any curious neighbors who might pass. Visitors were few, very few; the priest and the tax collector. One came seldom, realizing that his visits were apt to be fruitless as far as material reimbursement was concerned, and the other came frequently, hoping to circumvent the visits of the first and render unto Caesar the things which were Caesar's, so to speak.

And except that she was unable to provide each with that which he sought for her spiritual aggrandizement and material indebtedness; except that Dimitri had had little or no schooling and toiled so hard; except that pretty little Anna would have no dowry and that stoop-shouldered, book-loving Feodor could not be supplied with books—aye, and except that the cabbage pot seldom saw the piece of meat which gives to the national dish such appetizing flavor, and that the tea, perforce, must be very weak, Katrine Solenski was happy. The law of compensation provides a strain of indomitable happiness in the nature of the Russian-Polish peasant, when there is absolutely nothing under the sun to make them happy.

Pretty little Anna and her mother bustled about getting supper. They always bustled over any task, no matter how simple. It seemed to lend more importance to their work. They moved constantly between the stove, the table and the window; Anna peering into the early dusk for a sign of Dimitri, Katrine giv-

A Strong Story that Throws New Light on the Immigration Problem

ing another turn to the soup, changing the position of the loaf of coarse, black bread, or passing her hand over Feodor's dark head, where it rested in the hollow of his arm. The boy was looking far beyond the confines of the little hut and dreaming his youthful visions. Many people called him 'queer.' It is a very common definition of genius.

"Saints! But the wicked boy does try my patience!" scolded the mother, totally unconscious that she told an enormous lie, for which she would never know enough to ask absolution. Dimitri try her patience? Why, the bare idea was preposterous!

"Perhaps the master has kept him," defended gentle Anna, also unaware that championing her elder brother was wholly unnecessary. "See, mother, the snow is falling—it is not really dark. Indeed, I am sure it is quite early."

The three shaggy dogs which shared the room with their masters, rose suddenly and cocked their ears.

"He is coming," said Feodor, dreamily. "I can hear him run."

Dimitri passed the two small windows which overlooked the road and without waiting to kick the snow from his boots, entered by the door which opened at the side of the cottage.

Although trembling with eagerness to take his family into his confidence, he remembered the Ikon, cheap and gaudy—but benevolent, nevertheless—and murmured a hastily perfunctory prayer. Then, "You can't guess!" he cried, radiantly. "You can't guess who has sent me a letter!"

"A letter!" they all echoed, and the dogs barked sharply.

"Aye—a letter," and he waved a soiled sheet beneath their very noses. "Andre Herlebuc! He writes me this all the way from Canada, telling me to come out there without delay. Why, mother," dropping his voice to a whisper of awe,

"Andre says that I cannot earn less than 'two dollars a day.' Tell us, Professor Feodor, what magnificent sum that equals in the good

Czar's money!"

They stared at one another open-mouthed, never having thought to sit down. It was too stupendous a thing to be grasped quickly; great joy and great sorrow leave the mind in the same stupid state of bewilderment, and Katrine was not accustomed to large events.

"But that is not all." The boy's voice shook with excitement.

"No?" queried the mother, doubtfully.

"He has sent me money for my passage, so that I can leave at once! Oh, mother—Anna—Feodor—think how our father would have been proud! Think what I can now do for you all!"

His eye traveled quickly over the bare room.

"We can have chairs instead of benches!" He looked with royal scorn at the stationary settles he had helped his father fashion many years before. "And, of course, we will have beds like the nobility—no more sleeping on the range for thee and Anna, mother! And we can lay by a splendid dowry for our little sister, here, that she may have fine white linen—and—and—our Professor shall go away to school with gentlemen's sons. Saints and martyrs! How mother will dress and what meats we will have!"

"And thou—my Dimitri, what wilt thou have?" asked the mother, smiling crookedly through her tears.

The boy threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh, there is time to think about me! I think I will have a gold watch, and a fine horse, and—and—maybe a wife who will bring children to sit on thy knee!" For an instant his exultation gave way to something deeper, holier, and he bent over to kiss his mother's brow. "But what of supper?" he asked, at once, a little ashamed of his emotion. "Bless us; how you keep a man waiting!"

*Very poor Russian peasants sleep on the range—as many as can crowd upon it. The mother and younger children are given this luxurious berth by the older children. The warmth of the stove, after the fire has died, is very acceptable in the cold portions of the country.

The two women darted about setting the humble meal before him. All was bustle and confusion—with the exception of Feodor, whose dreamy calm was like a patch of heaven's blue in a storm-tossed sky.

"What's this?" demanded Dimitri in a tone which made his sister jump. "This the tea for a family like the Solenskis? Throw it out little sister, and make some more! To-morrow I will buy a pound!"

Ah, what a meal! What noisy drinking of cabbage soup and greedy drinking of strong tea! What tears splashed into the tin cups, to be turned into choking laughter as the black bread got down the wrong throat! Andre's letter was passed from hand to hand, was held this way and that, better to catch the light from a feeble lamp smoking on a shelf in the corner of the room. Finally, it was spread out on the table and pored over by four eager pairs of eyes, with sometimes an interruption from one of the dogs, as he leapt up and pawed his master's back. Surely, the wonderful lamp held no whit less magic to Aladdin than did this greasy paper from a foreign land.

Already Dimitri felt himself a king; he boasted and swaggered and promised such riches as would make the nobility jealous. The past, the present was forgotten and he sailed away on the wings of the future until they were all dazzled by his buoyant enthusiasm and confidence. Katrine's heart was like to break as she listened to him; with a sigh she looked into a past from which the roses had faded twenty years or more, leaving only the faintest odor upon which to fasten memory. She saw herself a bride, blushing under the hot whispered promises of Ivan Solenski; she, too, had sailed away to the Land of the Future where roses bloomed and were to be had for the taking. Most of them had died before she reach the spot, but perhaps their hearts were yet alive and they would bloom again for Dimitri. In a New World.

With strength which many a man might envy, she strangled her agony at the thought of losing him and hid it from view. She must give her boy cheerfully to that land in which gold was plentiful, in which he could have a fine horse, a gold watch, and a wife who would bring

him many children. He should not be discouraged by the ache which was nearly suffocating her, or by the flowing tears of gentle Anna.

"Peace!" she cried sharply—very sharply for her. "What a noisy lot! Should the reverend father happen upon us to-night, he would think that the devil had bewitched us all! Hast thou consulted him, Dimitri, or said aught to the doctor or the master?"

"How could I? I came running home as fast as my legs would carry me to tell you the great news, first. To-morrow will do for the others."

The news quickly spread. Dimitri was a personage in the village. He was approached from several quarters in the matter of securing like good fortune for others of the townsfolk. Mothers with grown daughters noticed him particular-

ly at mass when they might have been otherwise employed; even the village shop-keeper passed the time of day and made a

the land of New York. Did she join him? No—no—no! God, indeed was cruel! But how could anyone find a wife with babies in the great land of New York?

Surely, Dimitri was a fool and Katrine was ten thousand fools to let him go. That Andre Herlebuc was always a fine lad to boast. No good would come of it, they would see. Still, if he would be so headstrong, if Katrine would be ten thousand fools, why, then, let him take these knitted wristlets. And see, here was a silk handkerchief fit for holiday wear. And behold, if here was not a muffler made years ago—when eyes were brighter and hands steadier, for—well, never mind, for whom! Alas, he would never need it now, at any rate, and God bless the fine young man!

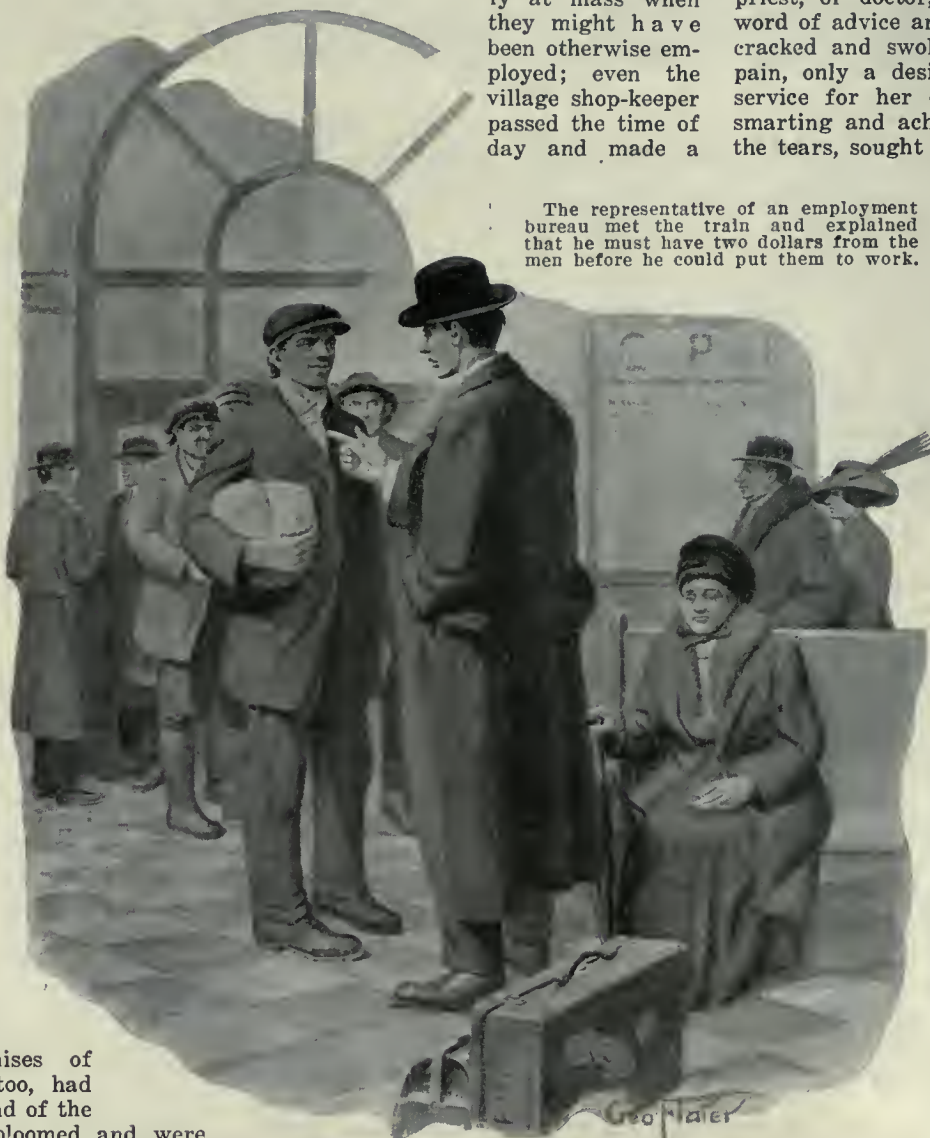
Twice a day or more, Katrine could be seen in her bright red skirt, racing to priest, or doctor, or the master for a word of advice and comfort. Her hands, cracked and swollen with cold, felt no pain, only a desire to perform further service for her eldest born. Her eyes smarting and aching from holding back the tears, sought out holes to be mended

and buttonless places. Her brain working under high pressure and at unexpected tasks, seemed to lie in her head like a stone, and her heart—ah, me, the less said of it, the better!

Between the priest, the doctor and the villagers, Andre's letter was soon worn to shreds, and it was stoop-shouldered Feodor who saved the situation by making a laborious copy of its instructions. Dimitri knew it almost by heart, but kept it in his bosom because it represented something of his brother's devotion.

The day of parting came. Only when he realized that he was turning his back upon country, friends and loved ones, did Dimitri's joy in going ebb, leaving a swollen throat, a throbbing heart, twisting lips and blinded eyes. He never could remember

how things happened at the last; there was a confused mass of townsfolk waiting to wish him godspeed, the drone of the father's voice as he blessed him, jests and advice from his friends, a timid caress from Anna, and a whispered word from Feodor—"I wish you were not going brother!" There was a raucous grinding of wheels and a sudden straining in somebody's arms. He was pushed somewhere, and he heard a babel



The representative of an employment bureau met the train and explained that he must have two dollars from the men before he could put them to work.

laborious joke with him. But a few old crones shook their heads and mumbled. It was a long way across the ocean and boats had been lost. There was the case of Wasil Wonsock, who started out to join his son in America—yes, yes, they all remembered Wasil, who was never found by his son, and who never returned to Poland. And Anna Herminac—no one had forgotten Anna, who set out with the babies to join her husband in

of noises, knew that he waved his hand to them and that his face was wet.

Dimitri had started upon his journey.

Then came terrors to beset him day and night. Suppose he should miss some important part of Andre's instructions! Suppose the boat at Hamburg was full and there was no room for him! Suppose a thousand torturing things which had been known to happen. The great seaport nearly made a coward of him. The hurry, confusion, lack of interest in him and his affairs maddened him. No one had time to explain minute things to Dimitri Solenski; he was only an immigrant going to Canada. Hustle him on the liner, down in the steerage with some five hundred human beings who for the time must herd together like so many animals.

He was on his way to Montreal. But relief quickly gave way before a dread of his strange quarters followed by the most horrible of human ills—seasickness. For days, he lay limply in his bunk fearing death would snatch him from his purpose, and later as his illness increased with the fury of the seas, he prayed that release might come quickly, in no matter what form. Dimitri had never been ill in his life, except once years before when he had a bad throat. He remembered, lying in the dimness of the dungeon into which he and his fellows had been battered down, the tender ministrations of his mother and even little Anna, their solicitations for his comfort, their anxiety for his recovery, their joy in his wolfish appetite when the pain grew less. He realized that the satisfying of his appetite must have caused a noticeable stringency in the larder, although the thought had never occurred to him until the moment of separation from his loved ones. Fancy mother and Anna denying themselves food for him!

He rolled over upon his face and lay in an agony of home-sickness for he knew not how long.

Then, after what seemed years of horror, someone told him that land was sighted; simultaneously, his courage rose, and the waves heaved less. The vessel steadied herself and nosed her way into port.

Dimitri's abortive struggles with English had been crushed during the voyage and he faced the New World with but one intelligible word to his credit—Montreal.

Andre Herlebuc was miles away, in Northern Ontario, so his letter said, and could not, naturally, meet the boat. Neither could he afford to send money for Dimitri to make the trip to his quarters. But he explained with a fair amount of lucidity that after passing quarantine, Customs and immigration officials, Dimitri would be sent to some post to work, at not less than "two dollars a day."

It all came true. The ship creaked and strained at her moorings as though impatient to be off again, as though she said:

"Get the first-class passengers off as quickly and as politely as possible; push the second and third as much as you dare; but the swarm in the steerage? Ach, Gott! Sweep them out, blow them out, drive them out at the end of a lash—anything to be rid of them!"

The young Polack was not handled with especial gentleness as he was herded on a train with several fellow-passengers, but he was too glad to be free from the sea to mind, much. Still dizzy and weak he found the badgering of the officials trying and confusing. They all seemed to have very red faces and very loud voices. He was docile, however, blaming himself almost as much as he blamed

them, for he realized that ignorance of English was to be a serious handicap. "Toronto" was an acquisition, though, gathered from one of the travelers, and it turned out to be another swarming mass of humanity like Hamburg and Montreal. It also proved to be a place of bad luck for it was there that Feodor's letter disappeared. A link between home and himself seemed to have snapped when Dimitri discovered his loss. He was thankful, however, that the instructions had been carried out thus far without a hitch, and according to the sanguine Andre, he had now but to put himself in the hands of an agent, who would surely find him work at not less than "two dollars a day."

It was true, also. The representative of an employment bureau met the train and explained that he must have two dollars from the men before he could put them at work. This was a blow, for Andre had not mentioned this necessity. Crestfallen, the boy held out his money in a hand which was not quite steady and allowed the stranger to take all but a few small coins. They looked as pitiful and lonely as he felt, for there is nothing like being ignorant of money values to stamp the feeling of isolation strong upon an alien. Dimitri's money had been changed in Montreal, and when the representative had taken two dollars, he had about thirty-five cents left. His companions refused to make the payment, and called him a fool, as he obediently followed "the master" away. Thus another link between him and his country was severed. He could not have imagined a place holding so many people and not one of them Polish!

He was taken to the spot which according to a crooked sign was the office of Antonio Salvatori, and with much ges-

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The Cup of Fear and Trembling

By STUART B. STONE

With war in Mexico occupying so large a share of public attention, the following story will be of unusual interest. It tells of a trip to a temple of the Sun worshippers and is replete with all the mystery that shrouds the religious observance of the ancient inhabitants of tropical America. It may seem perhaps unreal, but remember—there may be more in the knowledge of these Southern disciples of strange occultism than is dreamed of in the every-day philosophy of modern races.

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

MR. FITZHUGH came out of the blue room with a queer, half-merry, half spite-of-the-devil-and-Tom-Walker smile on his face, such as they say the Captain, his father, wore before the old gentleman got tangled up with the high gods at the equator.

"Tompkins," he said, in his playful, mocking way, "you don't happen to wear the golden, galling yoke of matrimony? You haven't any encumbrances such as men-servants, maid-servants, wives, oxen and triplets?"

"I have not, sir—thank God," I answered, thinking of my cousin, William Prewitt, who married a widow with seven children, including two sets of twins.

Mr. Fitzhugh set his handsome face in a kind of a comical sun-grin, but his voice trembled a little. "How'd you like to go gunning after high-dinky-dory priests who can turn you into a pillar of salt with a wink of an eye? How'd you like to go mate with a top o' the Andes princess with eyes like Royal Egypt's and the kiss that kills with the sweet of it? How'd you like to go a-questing for the treasure of the single-orbed, cross-legged god Xaquixapetl and the Cup of Fear and Trembling?"

"Great heavens—not that!" I cried. "Anything but that, Mr. Fitzhugh!" I had heard them tell how Captain Walker went forth from The Cedars as blithe and chipper a gentleman as the one who

stood before me. I had seen him come back from that hell's-girdle of an equator with his hair as grey as a meat-house rat and his limbs drawn and crooked and his spirit broken. I had heard him babble on his death-bed of eternal fires, of beautiful vestals and sorcerers of priests—God help him! I can't get it out of my mind to this day. "Heaven save us—not that accursed Cup," I pleaded. "Besides, what would Miss Lucile say?"

The queer smile died on his face and he took on the soft, gentle mood of his mother, whom the Quezguil priests had slain. "You're right, old Tompkins," he murmured. "I'm the one to go and go alone. But it's Miss Lucile who wants

the Cup. She's just given me carte blanche instructions to get it—and, bless her, she shall have it."

I stepped up then and shook his hand. It wasn't every day that I, a farm overseer and general handy man, shook the hand of a Walker; but then, this was for the Cup. "My father went with your father," I told him. "Where you go, I go." Mr. Fitzhugh smiled cheerily, nearly crushing my fingers in his bear's grip. And so that part of it was settled.

Captain Walker had brought the Cup of Fear and Trembling to The Cedars the time he came back from the Andes, twisted and seared from the torture of the Quezguil priests. It was a pretty enough toy, of solid Peruvian gold, shaped and carved like an old Roman urn and set with a hundred glistening emeralds of Atacama. I'm no jeweler, but I should say the Cup was worth a good fifty thousand; and the Captain always said it wasn't the twentieth part of the loot of the high gods of Quezguil.

He had been adventuring around the South Seas trying to mend the Walker fortunes, which have been bad enough for generations. It was at Callao that a Norway skipper told him of the Cup and the high gods. It was somewhere back of Cuzco, in a mountainous, feverish, poison-jungled land, where the natives worshipped the sun, the moon and a lot of bandy-legged, diamond-eyed deities. There was loot for a fleet of Barbary pirates; and many a bucko-adventurer had gone over the Cordilleras, but few had come back.

It was just the kind of a will-o'-the-wisp tale to set the Captain a-fire, and he got up a handful of an expedition and set out. For weeks they fought their way through alli-

gator swamps and monkey-groves and over peaks as high as Babel. Then one day, after the rest had starved, drowned or deserted, the Captain and my father stumbled into the valley of the gods. The loot was there in a great temple guarded by a lot of foxy priests and beautiful vestals. The upshot of it was that the Captain and one of the vestals fell in love, making off with the treasure, Cup and all. They hid in the mountains for months, uniting themselves by some kind of a fire, blood and water rite that the Quezguil people used; and Mr. Fitzhugh was born in an eagle's eyrie on the roof of the world. Then the priests discovered them. They tortured the vestal, Yngaine, to death, and they racked and seared Captain Walker all but to death, and sent him, my father and the babe across the sierras. In some outlandish jest they let him take the Cup of Fear and Trembling.

The Captain came back to the Cedars and the Cup sat on the mantel in the blue room—green and fiery-gold as the sea at sunrise. The bauble would have raised the mortgage on the place without difficulty; but the Captain never would part with it, until one day it disappeared just as though the earth had gulped it down. The Captain lingered on for three years; but he was a hopeless cripple and the fire of his spirit was gone. He would sit and watch the boy moulding mud pies in the sun, and mutter of an old Quezguil legend about Mr. Fitzhugh being some kind of a heathen dignitary. The priests had branded the design of a new moon upon the boy's neck, and the Captain would hint about the youngster being the son of a vestal bought with the life of a white man, a fact that seemed to be of unusual signifi-

cance. But on his death-bed Captain Walker swore that the boy should never cross the Tropic of Cancer and pledged him to Miss Lucile, Mr. Sanford's pretty, little daughter.

Mr. Fitzhugh grew up to be a handsome young man, tall and straight like the Captain, but dark and dreamy-eyed like his poor little vestal of a mother. He had that easy, happy-go-lucky do-nothing way that they have from Colon to Punta Arenas and it didn't appear as though The Cedars was going to be restored in his generation. Miss Lucile was exactly his opposite. She had fire and dash and was first in everything—leading cotillions, riding after hounds, china painting or making pretty French speeches. They seemed fond enough of each other in a way, but Miss Lucile used to taunt him about his idle, careless ways and try to spur him up to accomplish something. Then came the night when she dined at The Cedars, and something she said must have stirred that strange mixture of blood in his veins.

"We'll bring my lady the Cup of the Hundred Emeralds, if we have to operate on the high god Xaquixapetl and take it from his appendix," he said, in his half-jesting, half earnest way. "We'll bring back the loot to restore The Cedars, and we'll have presidents and ambassadors extraordinary dancing the stately minuet in its halls once more, Tompkins." And it looked as if he did mean to try for once.

In a week we set out for Montreal. I was standing so close that I couldn't help but hear Miss Lucile's last words.

"You won't get the Cup, Fitzhugh. You won't come within a hundred miles of it. But, if you make a decent try, if you can show an honest scratch or a good, red bruise for the effort, why—" She did not finish, but I think I know what she meant.

We caught the Panama boat, crossed the Isthmus, and three weeks from the day we left Miss Lucile smiling in the sun we put our feet on the rotting wharves of Chancay. Three days later, after getting together our traveling kit, including food, firearms, mathematical instruments, flints, traps, and baubles for trading, we began the steep climb inland on the narrow gauge, jerk-water railway. At the end of another three days we saw the smoke of the queerly-arranged mountain-climbing engine starting for the downhill slide to the sea, and we commenced the real journey on burros.

"Cerzane tip-toed to the high God. The bronze front of him slid open. She beckoned us near—"



I do not propose to outline the precise route we followed after leaving that little, stucco-built, palm-grown, sky-high town of San Iglesias. There have been enough good men to cross that trail of blood, starvation, venom and miasma already; and if there's ever honest occasion to go back, the full directions are to be found in Captain Walker's papers. It's a good three hundred mile downward jaunt from San Iglesias, beginning where the earth comes precious near to scraping the under edge of high heaven and ending in a green, smiling valley shut in by straight, dizzy cliffs and fair enough for any jewel-eyed, Turk-squatting god that ever saw a sacrifice.

The first day out Mr. Fitzhugh potted a mountain lioness just in time to keep the big cat from scratching his heart out. Then I stepped on a sleeping boa constrictor and wondered why I ever left The Cedars. It wasn't a week before one of the burros stepped into an abyss that must have let him out somewhere on the coast of China.

"The burro won't bring back the Cup," said Mr. Fitzhugh, "but the poor devil's made a decent try, eh, Tompkins?"

"Decent enough to satisfy anybody," I answered, wondering what Miss Lucile would think if she could have seen Mr. Fitzhugh with his week's growth of black, silky beard and his dirty, red sweater, leading a solemn-eyed jennet over the top of the world.

A few nights later some green-eyed, hell-snarling giant-cat clawed the life out of the other burro and we had to leave most of the ammunition and provisions. Then we snaked down cliffs where you couldn't see the bottom; crawled on smelly, skin-irritating, rainbow-blossomed vines over foaming torrents; skirted the alpine lakes of the great puna, keeping well below the snow line; pulled each other out of sucking quicksands, and built huge bonfires to awe the velvet-footed, fire-eyed things that come at you by night in the cordilleras. At first there had been a great many of the mongrel-blooded mestizos, living their lazy lives out on the old terraces left by the Yucas on the sides of the sierras. Then as we descended into the vast, trackless montana, with its numberless quinine-yielding cinchonas, cocoa-palms, tropical fruits, incense, and india-rubber trees, we encountered frequent bands of wild Indians; and it was astonishing how Mr. Fitzhugh picked up their throaty chop-talk just as he had picked up the smoother syllables of the mixed breeds. But as we emerged, shaking and sweating with swamp-fever, into the desert beyond, even these primi-

tive people vanished, and we plodded for a week over a scope of hot, dead sand where the sun shone on no living thing except a species of herb with heart-shaped leaves, large, violet flowers with heavy odor, whose thick stems ramified through the crescent-shaped sand-hills.

Finally the provisions and ammunition gave out, and it looked like a case of lie down and wait for the condors. I made matters worse by stocking up with fever, and I suppose that in my delirium I must have implored Mr. Fitzhugh to go back. I have a misty recollection of him holding my head in his lap and smiling like Satan himself, it seemed to me, as he said:

"We're getting close to the Cup, Tompkins, old man. Cheer up. We'll show Miss Lucile many a good, red bruise yet."

We had cleared the desert and I was flat of my back with the rocks and bushes whirling about like dancing dervishes, when Mr. Fitzhugh came back from a little exploring jaunt, whooping and yelling and thumping my aching bones.

"Eureka!" he screamed. "We're there, old man. I can see the temple of the Most High and Ugly Xaquixapetl through the pass. Rout the germs from your blood and let's go for the Cup."

I staggered up and followed him to the narrow pass. Right under our feet, where the mountain sloped gently down into a perfect garden of the gods, lay the Sacred City. It was a cluster of some fifty pagoda-like, brick and stone houses, shut in on three sides by perpendicular walls of rock, five hundred blessed feet high. On a knoll in the centre was a square, rock-built temple, half covered with tropical vines and supported by huge columns. Totem-poles rose here and there about the village. A procession of some kind was in progress and the smell of burning meat came up.

"Memories of Delmonico! I'm starved," trebled Mr. Fitzhugh. "Let's go down and eat the high god's sacrifice."

"Maybe they won't take to us," I chattered, the fever making my teeth rattle

like minstrels' bones. "Maybe we'd better lie low and slip in to-night."

He shook his head. "When we take the Cup of Fear and Trembling back to Miss Lucile, it must be with the high gods working for us, not against us."

We scrambled out of the pass and walked down the slope. By the time we reached the outer ring of beautifully-carved pagoda-houses, we could hear the procession chanting—rising and falling, sweet and clear, like the music in the cathedrals at Christmas time. They were headed for the temple—olive-skinned, beardless, eagle-nosed people running from five feet to five feet four and wearing robes of gorgeous colors. They must have seen or heard us, but they made no sign, and we fell in behind. There was a tremendous flight of stone steps, exquisitely carved with animals, suns, moons, gods and things, running up to the colossal pillars of the temple; and the procession halted at the top of these and faced about. A little, crafty, old man, with a skin like a faded deed, held out his palm to us and sang out in their choppy lingo, which is mostly "quez," "cac" and petl." Mr. Fitzhugh stepped up and mumbled back at him; they jabbered away and made signs, and then Mr. Fitzhugh turned to me.

"I can't make out all the old fox says, but they've known we were coming since we struck the desert. It's the festival of Xaquixapetl and we're very welcome."

The old high priest turned, the chant swelled up and died away, and the procession went into the temple.

It was like a great, gloomy, empty hotel-lobby, with immense pillars carved with birds, beasts and deities, rising to the roof, and the floor made up of squares of many-colored tiling. At the far end of the chamber was a stone pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and upon

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—And I saw in the altar-light such a gleam of gems and gauds and gold as I may not hope to look upon again."



The Science of Leading Men

What a Business Executive Must Do to Achieve the Fullest Measure of Success

By GEO. H. SHEPARD

This series of efficiency articles, by Geo. H. Shepard, which started in the last issue of MacLean's Magazine, promises to be one of the most valuable features ever presented. Mr. Shepard is a prominent member of the Emerson Co., an organization built up around Harrington Emerson, the leading exponent of efficiency. Mr. Emerson has done more to make efficiency the master word in business to-day than any other exponent of the New Science. His teachings are being widely adopted and in the series of articles now being presented in MacLean's, readers have an opportunity to acquire a close insight of the Emerson principles.

WE are the creatures of three things, heredity, environment, and will.

Someone has said that heredity is the ship, environment is the ocean, and the will is the navigator. The master of a sailing vessel on the Great Lakes cannot make the voyage of a North Atlantic ocean greyhound; but, within the limits of his land-locked waters, and at the speed of his own craft, he can sail what course he will.

The will can even powerfully modify the effects of heredity. Taking thirty-three years as the average difference of age between generations, a middle-aged person now living is the descendant of two hundred and fifty-six persons, who were living in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Every one of us has a vast variety of heredity, which must contain many counterbalancing elements. If we draw from the haughty noble, we draw also from the humble peasant; if from the hangman, also from Lady Bountiful; if from the village drunkard, also from the village parson; if from the town fool, also from the learned scholar.

The characters of these ancestors have come down to us and exist in us, but environment has brought some of them to the surface and presented them to the world as the character of the man of to-day. Other characters remain submerged, below the level of consciousness.

The will can select for development the strong, good and able qualities that one's heredity has brought him and for continual repression and resulting atrophy, the weak and bad qualities. Such self-education is a long, slow, and always necessary process.

It is possible, under the influence of powerful emotion, of strong suggestion, or of a crisis in life, to make a revolutionary change, to transform the character, to turn down the inherited qualities hitherto manifest and to bring to the surface others not previously recognized. The wonderful reformations of character that have been produced by



The duty of the ship surgeon was to report the matter to the captain—which he did.

religious conversion, show that it is possible to plow up one's personality, to turn down the weeds on the surface and to expose fresh soil on which to grow a good crop; while the quick results of that intense psychic experience show that it should be sought for the strengthening of character.

Even as to one's bodily infirmities, a strong will co-operating with personal hygiene under the guidance of a competent physician, and combined with careful study of methods by which one's weaknesses may be spared and his strength brought into action, can accomplish much.

We have, of course, within limits the choice of our own environment.

As Gulick says, though we often speak of the will as something separate from ourselves, yet it is evident that one's will is in fact, only himself acting.

It is then evident that, within limits, not only is one master of his course in life, but that even if he neither chooses nor builds his ship, he can greatly alter it, and that he has considerable choice of the waters that he is to navigate; in short, that, in great measure, one determines for himself what kind of a man he shall be.

Next to one's own personality, that of

his assistants is of prime importance, especially that of his immediate lieutenants. Industrial managers commonly fail to appreciate the importance of what is known to military men as the Chain of Command, and also lack of knowledge of how to use it. This can perhaps best be explained by quoting from a writer on military affairs:

"It is obvious that a commander of a military force cannot deal personally and directly with all those under his command, but only with a limited number of subordinate commanders. Each of the latter in his turn conveys his will to his own subordinate, and this gradually broadening system, called the 'Chain of Command' is carried on, till every individual of the force receives his orders. These orders are

founded on the original directions of the Commander-in-Chief, with modifications and details added by each lower authority in the chain, so as to suit the special circumstances of his own command."

It therefore appears that an order received by any one below the immediate lieutenants of the Commander-in-Chief consists of two parts, the original command of the chief and those applications of it which are due to the officers intervening in the Chain of Command.

In issuing any order to his subordinates, an executive therefore has two problems, to make clear and unmistakable the essentials of the task; that is, to set before each of his own lieutenants, the proper main ideal; and to leave to every lieutenant opportunity to work out the amplifications necessary for his own force.

When the U.S.S. Oregon was coming around South America to reinforce the Atlantic fleet of the United States at the outbreak of the Spanish War, the Navy Department cabled long and detailed instructions to her commander, Captain Clark, at Rio de Janeiro. He replied, "I can bring the Oregon through. Please do not hamper me by instructions."

Clark's main ideal was to effect a junction with Sampson in West Indian

waters. That was properly set for him by the Navy Department. As to overcoming the difficulties that beset every moment of the voyage, that was properly left to the man who was in contact with them, and who knew more about them than any one in Washington possibly could. However, the lieutenant cannot successfully work out details, and the chief cannot therefore be sufficiently relieved of them, unless the former has both the necessary character and the necessary ability. Hence the great importance of correct selection of the lieutenant.

Selection of Lieutenants

Some men of great ability otherwise are notoriously poor judges of men, and seriously impair their work by bad selections of their associates.

It would unduly expand these articles to take up the work of employment experts and the claims of character analysts. Any one interested along those lines must be referred to the writers on those specialities.

An executive is, in any event, chiefly interested in the choice of his own immediate assistants. A person, to be considered at all for such an assistantcy must already have made something of a record.

As Dean of an engineering college, I had very good success in the selection of new members of the faculty on the basis of their records alone, so that I know this method to be capable of practical application, where the positions are of enough importance to draw applicants of known records. The method chiefly fails, I believe, from lack of attention to three elements of the candidates' records:

Character,

Physical capacity for work, and

Ability to deal with people.

I am speaking here of the executive who has to rely on himself for the selection of his associates. If the task is of enough magnitude to warrant the employment of expert advice, that is another matter.

In whatever way an incumbent may be selected for any position, his record therein should be a matter of interest and concern. The discussion which will follow on the principles of standards and of records will explain how the performance of any employee may be watched and judged.

It is a corollary to the Chain of Command that any executive must confine his personal attention to those essentials which he has to set before his immediate lieutenants as his tasks; to set them correctly, to keep informed of the progress of those lieutenants in achievement, to judge them accordingly, and to hold them to proper responsibility; to

give those lieutenants the backing of his own executive authority; constantly to recall them to adherence to his own ideals; and to co-ordinate the work of every one to that of all the others.

The Executive and Detail

Many executives fail from trying to give too close personal attention to details which should be left to their subordinates. In consequence they leave undone their own major tasks in the control and direction of those subordinates and a little failure in this respect much more than counterbalances a great deal of improvement in those details to which the chief may have given his personal attention.

At the same time it is usually necessary to keep subordinates braced up to their work by a certain amount of personal attention to details; but, as such attention must necessarily occur very seldom on any particular detail, it should if possible, come like a bolt out of a clear sky, unexpected and unforeseeable. If this can be accomplished, so that the personal attention of the chief is possible at any moment, he achieves something of

work of which he has had no personal experience. An engineer rises through grades in which his duties have been purely technical, until he becomes a works manager, and suddenly finds himself responsible for an accounting department. A salesman rises to be sales manager, still dealing with problems of selling only; but merit there makes him general manager, and he at once finds himself in authority over manufacturing. Either may go on to be president of the company and become the superior of its treasurer. Besides this, progress is continually filling in behind and beneath a man processes and methods which were unknown, when he was at that stage of his development, and with which he has no longer time to acquaint himself in detail.

The only way to deal with this difficulty is by willingness to take advice, and not only that, but by diligently seeking it from competent counsel.

In earlier days a know-it-all attitude on the part of superiors, combined with resentment of advice, or even suggestion, was common. It seemed to be even expected and considered a part of their

necessary dignity, but it has now been a long time since I met a man of that kind in a position of any importance. The stress of present conditions has eliminated him.

It is a popular and unconscious joke to call the prevailing type of industrial organization military. On the contrary military organization offers to industry a solution of many problems, including this one.

Von Moltke introduced into the

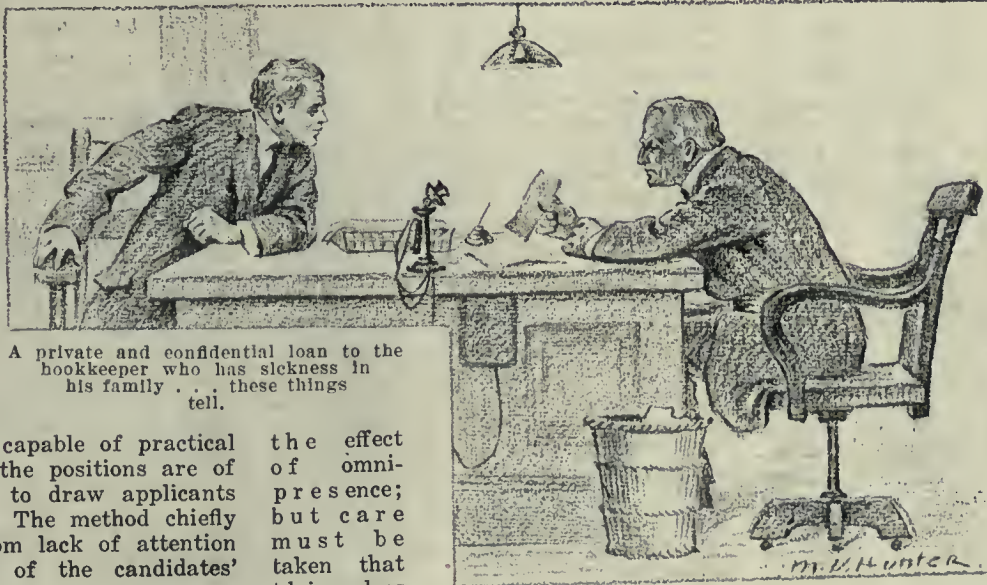
Prussian army staff as a supplement to the line, and this organization has since become universal in military forces and is coming into use in industry.

The fundamentals of line organization are epitomized in the quotation cited on the Chain of Command. This chain extends through the staff, of course, as well as through the line.

The line comprises those people who are directly engaged in the production of results, the staff is auxiliary. To illustrate from the oldest organization, infantry, cavalry, and artillery are line; the rest of an army is staff. In industry three divisions of line are recognized, finance, sales, and manufacture; and the rest is staff.

Particular activities are sometimes difficult to assign; but the outline classification holds good.

The attribute of the line is authority, and its function is to achieve. The attribute of the staff is knowledge, and its function is to advise.



A private and confidential loan to the bookkeeper who has sickness in his family . . . these things tell.

the effect of omnipresence; but care must be taken that this does not make

great demands on his time, so that his own proper duties are neglected in consequence.

In the main it is immeasurably better to rely upon proper standards and records, and upon discipline and efficiency reward based upon them.

A chief can not deal with his own immediate subordinates without close knowledge of their work and conditions. If a chief sets a task for a subordinate without positive knowledge that the task is feasible, he cannot hold the latter responsible for its achievement. If he tries to do it, either the subordinate will present excuses that he cannot penetrate; or, if he ignorantly takes a chance and gets rid of the subordinate, he merely delays the work, breaks up his organization, and is in no better fix with the successor.

Grappling with New Conditions

Conditions continually force upon the man in general management charge of

Staff organization is unfamiliar to most industrial managers, and they find it peculiarly difficult to get the idea of an important staff officer without authority, except over his own staff subordinates, the doctor over the nurse, the chief engineer over the designer and so on.

Action Rested with Captain

The following incident illustrates the relation between line and staff. A warship was in port, and the surgeon discovered that the water overboard was so contaminated with sewage that not even distillation made it safe for drinking. The ship made her drinking water by distillation of the sea water. The surgeon, a staff officer, had no authority to order the ship's evaporating plant shut down and the crew furnished with other water to drink. His duty, which he did, was to report the facts to the captain. The responsibility was then fully upon the captain, the senior line officer. If military necessity had obliged the ship to remain in that position and no other supply of water had been available, it would have been the captain's duty to disregard the doctor's warning, and to expose himself and his ship's company to the danger of the water, the same as to any other of the risks of the service; but, in so doing the responsibility would have been absolutely his, the mere making of the report had cleared the surgeon. As no such necessity existed, the captain ordered the evaporators shut down, and the ship supplied from on shore with water fit to drink. The shut down and the new supply were both by order of the captain, a line officer, not by that of the doctor, a member of the staff.

Battleships have fought and won victories with less loss of life than would probably have resulted, if the captain had not known that the drinking water was dangerous; and it was not reasonable to expect him to know it, except by providing him with a sanitary expert as a member of his staff and by requiring him to receive the advice of that expert and to give it due attention.

The commander of a naval vessel not only has under him as line, marines, seamen, and stokers; but he has as staff, paymaster, surgeon, and chaplain; that is, he is continually provided with expert business, medical, and humanistic advice. The commander of a naval station may add to these, naval constructor, civil engineer, mathematician, chemist, and experts in submarine work and in flying.

The industrial manager may need any or all these, and he is likely to need also the lawyer, the private detective, and others. No set rule can be given. The principle is to find what kind of expert advice is needed, and then to provide the person to give it.

The "Committee System"

This does not mean that a small plant must have a lot of high-priced experts on its payroll. The principle of personnel must here be headed off by the principle of common sense. There are consult-

ing experts in all lines, who can be called in when they are wanted, just as one consults his lawyer, or his physician. The same man may be at once line head of a department and consulting expert to other members of the organization in matters of his own specialty. There is some use of this form of staff in the common "committee system."

A committee may be needed, to provide competent counsel for some line officer. An example of this is found in a certain works, the sale of whose product is largely dependent upon its appearance. An officer of the sales department is charged with its design. He is advised by a committee consisting of the superintendent of the factory, the master mechanic, and the efficiency engineer. In this case the committee exercises staff functions only. It can advise the designer, but the authority over and responsibility for designs, rest upon him only.

On the other hand several persons, the work of each of whom is closely connected with that of several others, may be brought together into one committee, in order that they may work harmoniously. In another plant, the superintendent, the assistant superintendent, the head of the maintenance department, the tool room foreman, the chief clerk of tool records, and the efficiency engineer are all greatly concerned with tool and machine problems. They are all organized as a tool committee, which holds frequent and regular meetings and devises the best means for tool and machine maintenance and repairs, designs, tool room records, and advises on tool room problems and general tool questions.

Whether such a committee as this should be staff to every one of its members, or whether it should have line authority over them, is a matter of expediency in every case. Before giving such a committee line authority over its members it must be seen that by so doing the several chains of command in which its members are links, will not be broken, and that the authority of its several members is not weakened, nor their responsibility divided.

Laughed at Carnegie

American iron masters laughed at Andrew Carnegie, when he first employed a chemist in his steel mills. No one would now think of operating such a plant without a chemical laboratory and a staff of chemists; but industries like tanneries and pulp and paper mills, which, quite as much as steel works, are industrial applications of chemistry, are trying to get along without chemical advice.

Beside the regular staff, there is a mine of usually undeveloped knowledge in every plant in the minds of the workers. The people who are right next to the job have a better knowledge of details than any one else can possibly have, and many of them have good ideas as to how improvements can be made.

In a certain plant which I was investigating, the general superintendent, with considerable pride, pointed out to me a man who was doing work which had

formerly required two men. Observing the man closely, I saw that he had reduced his operation to a few definite motions which he repeated again and again at great speed. An engineer would have felt some pride at having done that, and thereby having increased efficiency one hundred per cent.; but this workman had done it unaided.

I later asked the foreman what the workman had got out of it. He replied, "He didn't get anything at all out of it, until he kicked for a raise. Then we gave him a cent more an hour." I remarked that it would have paid to raise him more than that. "Why so?" replied the foreman, "He can't go anywhere else and get any more."

That was perhaps true, but the stingy policy of that concern plugged up a source of revenue just as it was beginning to flow. The man who could effect that improvement was capable also of others, if he had been encouraged to make them.

As for the workman himself, he realizes every day that he is saving his employer nearly two dollars from the former cost of the job, and that all he is getting out of it is a beggarly ten cents a day which he had to wring from the boss by a demand. Is it to be expected that he will ever again try to make any improvement or save any money for that concern? Instead, it is exactly this kind of experience which has convinced so many workingmen that the only safe course for them is to produce as little as they can without losing their jobs.

The workman who made the improvement should have had a reward so substantial that he would have lain awake nights, trying to devise others. Not only he, but every other worker in the place would have been trying to make good suggestions, if only he had been treated fairly.

The Value of Suggestions

In the most efficient industrial concern with which I have ever come into contact, regular means are provided for every employee to make suggestions to the management. This is right. The office boy may know better than any one else how to keep the postage stamps from being stolen.

In this concern all suggestions go before a committee, and several cash prizes are awarded every month for the best suggestions made during that time. Not only that, but, if any employee of the grade of foreman or above goes for considerable time without making a suggestion, he gets from the general manager an inquiry as to whether he has gone to sleep.

In closing the discussion of personnel, I would say that, in order for an executive to be efficient in the control of his subordinates, he must inspire in them respect, fear, and love.

Respect comes naturally with the office, but the man must hold it by showing himself worthy of it. He must do this by showing ability at his own task, by setting his subordinates an example of the

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A Week-end at Rideau Hall

By MARY GORDON

To Canadians generally the details of royal etiquette are not well known. When a prominent citizen receives an invitation to spend a week-end at Rideau Hall, it is accepted in many cases with a certain degree of trepidation. What must I do and what must I not do are questions which are apt to loom large in the mind. The accompanying story gives the experiences of a couple who spent a week-end with the Governor-General and serves to show the dignity and simplicity of Rideau Hall etiquette

ONE day a letter came from the Royal household at Ottawa asking us to come up for the week-end. That seemed the culmination of honor. Henry had received all kinds of flattering offices and propositions, ever since he took over the bread and cake-making business, but none so over-powering as this.

Naturally, the only thing to do was to look over our wardrobe and engage a compartment on the midnight train, for Friday.

The Friday seemed rather ominous. Or would have, if I had been other than a sane person, with rational ideas about such things.

Of course, in my heart I was profoundly proud of the invitation, but, after all, we are only simple folk, formerly from a small town. So I was really very much worried. And I began to bemoan the day that Henry ever took it into his head to buy the whole bread and cake-making business for himself. This thing people call sudden wealth has a great many disadvantages. I remember how hard it was at first for me to keep away from the kitchen. And, of course, a real lady never goes into the kitchen.

Well, that was the situation.

Friday night found us in our compartment on the train. Henry tried to hide his nervousness, but I knew he was just as frightened as I was. I haven't been married to him all these eighteen years for nothing. The train swayed and rocked. I scarcely slept a wink. I kept thinking that something would happen. For it was coming on toward spring, and

the frost was leaving the rails. I almost hoped that something would happen, so that our journey would be prolonged. Just a little accident to cause delay. Henry slept quite soundly, to judge from the snores that came from the upper berth.

If I could only have turned back home! But the train pounded on and on. Clickety, click clack, clickety, click clack, over the rails, and Henry snored!

It must have been almost five o'clock when I fell asleep. And I dreamt that I woke up in the morning and couldn't find my shoes, and had to go to Rideau Hall without any! So I don't know that sleeping was any better than being awake.

At ten minutes after seven, I got up. There wasn't a stir anywhere, except the porter, who walked back and forth, outside the compartments, waking people up. It seemed that we were getting near a junction, where one changed trains for Quebec. We come from the East.

I took a long time dressing, so that the minutes would not drag. When I got on the train, I wanted to prolong the journey, but I felt so tired after a sleepless night, that now the trip couldn't be ended soon enough. I seemed to have reached the state of indifference. I wanted to be in some quiet place, away from the clickety, click clack of those train wheels.

About nine, we went in to breakfast. I wondered what all the people would think if they knew we were going to spend the week-end at Rideau Hall.

Now and then, Henry would put down his knife and fork, lean back in his chair

and say something about the Duke or the illness of her Royal Highness. Usually, he would end his remark with: "Mighty nice of them to ask us down for a couple of days."

And people from the other tables would look up from their plates, and steal envious glances at us. Henry evidently enjoyed it, but I never could endure being stared at. I always imagine there is something wrong with my bodice or skirt.

The hours dragged terribly after breakfast. I went into the observation car, while the porter made our berths. I pretended to read, but didn't see a thing on the page. Henry was having his morning cigar in the smoker. I could imagine I heard him talking to the men in there, telling them that we were going to Rideau Hall for the week-end. Lunch was just about the same as breakfast. Only we were met by more stares, when we went into the dining car, and three or four waiters ran to put us at a table. I knew that Henry had been talking.

I took a little nap after lunch. Henry went into the smoking car again. We were due in Ottawa about four. I began to feel more nervous. Of course, we would not see their Royal Highnesses until dinner time. That was the way people did in England, when they gave big house parties. The hands of the clock in the observation car moved slowly. It was ten minutes to five when we pulled into Ottawa. My heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. I thought my head would burst. We filed off the train, with the rest of the people. It was good to get a breath of fresh air. A boy with a red

cap grabbed our bags and rushed in and out among the crowds. There was a long line of people lined up inside the iron railing. The boy with the red cap waited, a minute or two, for us to come in through the gates. He set our bags down near a door that seemed to lead into a tunnel.

"To the Chateau, sir?" he said, when we caught up with him.

"No," Henry said, in a loud voice. "Get a hack. We're going to Rideau Hall."

A couple of men came hurrying up to us. They evidently had heard Henry speaking to the boy.

One of them spoke to us.

"Pardon me, but are you Mr. and Mrs. Henry Higgins?"

He had a low, English-speaking voice, very soothing in such a din.

Henry admitted that we were.

And another man in a funny kind of uniform took our bags, and hurried away with them.

The man with the nice-speaking voice said: "Oh, just come this way, if you please. The motor is just outside the door. We'll send for the boxes later."

"Boxes?" Henry repeated, rather perplexed.

"Yes, or trunks. You call them trunks here in Canada."

"Oh yes, trunks. We didn't bring any. Just the two suitcases."

Probably there might have been an expression of mild surprise on the deli-

cate well-bred face, but it faded in an instant.

"Oh, very well then. We're all ready."

So we were going to be taken up in the royal automobile!

It was the most beautiful limousine I ever saw. And the two gentlemen were so simple and nice! I found out afterwards that they were aides. They asked us if we had had a pleasant journey, and talked quite like anyone. Except that their voices were so much lower and sort of softer than most of the voices one hears in Canada.

We didn't seem to be five minutes going from the station to Rideau Hall. And my nervousness was almost all gone. One felt so at home with the two aides!

We swung in through the big gates, along the graveled driveway, in and out amongst rows of trees. Rideau Hall is situated back from the street a long way. I always wanted Henry to have the house built back from the street. I think likely he'll build another now that he knows how Rideau Hall is.

Someone was waiting at the door. A flunky in a beautiful scarlet coat and black velvet breeches, and powdered hair! He looked just like those you read about in novels. He opened the door of the limousine for us. Another stood waiting to take the bags. Another was on the steps, and still another inside the door.

It was all done so quickly that I didn't have time to think of my nervousness. A lady was in the hall, waiting to shake

hands with us. She was Miss York, lady-in-waiting to her Royal Highness, the Duchess. She took us into the drawing room where all the royal household were waiting to receive us!

How different it all was, from what I thought! And I thought we wouldn't see their Royal Highnesses till dinner time! They were quite as unaffected as anyone, much more so than some of the people at home, who have only their money to make them affected. It was such a pleasant surprise! We chatted with them for a few moments, the Duchess asked us if we would like tea before going to our rooms. But I was not feeling like tea, just then. I wanted to go to my room, where I could be alone and think things out. Why had I always had the impression that royalty was so affected and unapproachable? Just from the "They says." Now I knew for myself. The mere fact of royalty being royal was enough. That was the reason for their naturalness.

I'm sure Henry was relieved too. I could tell that by his face. One of the aides took him to his room, and Miss York came with me. A bright fire was burning in the grate. And such a pretty room. Everything was so cosy and homelike!

A maid came in to unpack my bag. I was just going to begin unpacking it myself when she came. I was so glad I hadn't begun. For it would have been



The drawing room of Princess Patricia at Rideau Hall.

humiliating to have had it all done when she came.

"Has your box come up yet, madam?" she asked.

I did not answer for a minute.

Then I remembered. A trunk!

"No, I didn't bring any."

"Then you will wear this gown for dinner, madam?"

She held up the only evening gown I had brought. What else could I wear?

"Yes, that is the one," I managed to stammer.

She moved about very quietly, hanging up blouses, and the only afternoon dress I had brought. Then she went into a small room adjoining. It was the bathroom. She turned on the bath. Now, I was not in the habit of bathing in the afternoon. But this was not home. And besides, it was nice to have all those things arranged for one.

A fragrance like crushed violets came from the bathroom, when the maid opened the door and announced that my bath would be ready presently. Then, "Is that all, madam?"

I nodded.

"Very good madam, dinner will be served at a quarter to eight."

Then she seemed to sink out of the room.

I began to enjoy the luxury of this royal simplicity. And I determined to advertise for an extra maid as soon as I got home.

The bath made me sleepy. And perhaps, the quiet of the place. For it was the most restful I ever knew. So I lay down on the bed, for a half-hour or so, before dressing. The fire crackled in the grate, and sent a glow across the room. I wondered how it was that we never had such a restful room in our house.

Someone tapped on the door. I jumped up. The handle turned, before I had time to say, "Come in."

It was Henry, all valeted and bathed.

"I'm going down to have a hand at billiards before dinner." He was already dressed.

"But—but, where shall I meet you?"

"Oh, I'll be in the drawing room. We all meet there before dinner."

Henry was becoming quite at home, I thought. But Henry always was like that. Maybe that's how he's done so well in business. He said something about "the wonderful system of things here," and walked out of the room.

I lay down again to get a few minutes' rest, after my sleepless night.



A view of the conservatory at Rideau Hall.

I woke up, with the sound of tapping on my door. It was the maid. She came in to say that there was only an hour before dinner. Was I ready for her?

I was not. So she went out again, saying that she would wait till I rang.

At twenty minutes to eight, everyone was in the drawing room. Some more guests had arrived, while I was sleeping. The Duke took me in to dinner, while the Duchess took Henry's arm.

It was the most delicious meal I have ever tasted. And their Royal Highnesses seemed to know the personal interests of each guest. I could not imagine how they knew. I remembered telling Miss York that I was vice-president of the Foundling Institution at home. But I had not mentioned it to her Highness.

Princess Patricia has a sense of humor. She does not talk much, but seems to have the knack of seeing the fun in anything that has fun in it.

There was a musicale at Rideau Hall that night. Singers were there from Montreal, and there was a local pianist. Their Royal Highnesses mingled with the guests, making everyone feel perfectly at home. In fact, that seemed to be the secret of all their successful entertainments. And they have brought so many of their own things over from England, that it makes Rideau Hall seem much more homelike. They have vases and china of their own, and innumerable photographs. The Princess seems especially partial to her own personal things, and likes to have them around her.

When the guests had gone, we stayed in the drawing room, a little while. The

Duchess said good-night, about half-past eleven, and Henry and I went up to our rooms. I told the maid to wake me at half-past eight. That would give me plenty of time for breakfast and church. Miss York had asked me if I preferred my breakfast in my room, or would I go downstairs. I preferred it in my room.

What a beautiful sleep I had! It was such a relief after the swaying of the train, the night before! I did not wake till the maid tip-toed in, and stirred the coals in my grate.

She prepared the same fragrant bath, and arranged my clothes for me. I could hear Henry being valeted in the next room.

The Duchess was not up when we went downstairs. His Royal Highness was about early, and also Princess Patricia. The Princess is a great

walker, and was just starting out for her morning five miles. She had on a black velvet skirt and orange sweater. She was dressed so sensibly for a long walk.

Miss York and a couple of the aides came to church with us. None of the other guests were up. But we all met at lunch. The Duchess was downstairs, and the Princess, looking the picture of health after her long jaunt.

After lunch, her Royal Highness asked us, if we would like to go for a drive. It was such a beautiful springlike day, I longed to see a bit of the country. So we went out about half-past three, for a long motor ride. We went all around the Houses of Parliament, where the debates and arguments had been going on. They looked so peaceful, that Sunday. I almost thought the newspaper reports must not have been true. But, as Henry says, you never can tell, by the looks of a place, what may be going on inside. Maybe there were men working in there, that very day, Sunday and all though it was. Henry says that politicians have no respect for Sunday or any other day. And we saw where all the Canadian money comes from. The Mint looks more like a jail, than anything else, with its high, iron fence and locks.

We got back just in time for tea. Her Royal Highness was in the drawing room. We hurried out of our motor wraps and came downstairs again. The Duchess poured tea, and everything was as simple as if it were one of our own neighbors. Except, of course, that everything was

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A Test on the Links: By W. B. WALLACE

Illustrated by TERENCE C. MARTIN

How Parental Interference Led to a Wise Selection in the Choice of a Husband

The match-making mamma is recognized as an institution, but the man who permits himself to interfere in the tangled skein of love affairs is occupying an anomalous and dangerous position. It is not always, however, that parental interference results in trouble. Here is a case where the insight of a father led to his daughter finding true happiness. The story is told in a delightfully humorous vein.

"I THINK that I've recovered from this heart attack, and I suppose I can safely return to my law office next week," said Mr Olney, to himself in a ruminative mood. "But since the doctor told me yesterday that another similar attack might be fatal, I've been wondering what will become of Marjory when I go. If her mother had not died—"

Mr. Olney, who had been sitting in the library in his own house, rose and pressed an electric button, and a colored boy in neat uniform soon appeared.

"Where is Miss Marjory, Theophilus?" asked Mr. Olney.

"She's gone off in a mowter-kyar, with Mr. Pottah, sah, to see a tennis turnment, sah. She told me she would be home agin at seven o'clock, sah."

"I don't want to be disturbed by anyone this afternoon," said Mr. Olney.

"Ve'y well, sah," said the boy bowing and turning to leave the room.

The mother and the aunt of the boy had been domestics in the Olney household, and when the mother died Mr. Olney had given the boy employment in the house.

"How are Uncle Peter and Aunt Chloe?" asked Mr. Olney.

"Uncle Pete ain't goin' to las' long; he's got information ob de brain, to-gedder wid an ulster in his stummick. Aunt Chloe is only middlin', thank you, sah. Yistiddy she was turrible bad with the roomatiz, en, dis mawnin' she was in pain, wedder she was a settin', a layin' or a standin', but she's much bettah dis aft'noon."

"Tell her that she must not do any work until she's quite well again," said Mr. Olney.

"Thank you, sah."

"So Marjory is with young Potter again," said Mr. Olney musingly, after the boy had left the room. "I wish I could think well of him. He's good-looking and clever and rich, but there seems to be something lacking in him. He seems good-humored, but, then, he's always had his own way, and a man may be good-humored and not good-natured. Potter's father was clever and smooth-spoken, but selfish and ill-tempered. I hope the son has better qualities than his father. Marjory could never be happy with an ill-tempered husband. So many girls become engaged, thoughtlessly, and enter upon marriage jauntily, as if it were a mere summer's excursion, instead of a life companionship, and the gravest act in a woman's life. Jeremy Taylor says that marriage is the most important die that man can throw, next to the great

cast for eternity, and it is even more vital to a woman than to a man. It would be imprudent for me to say anything to Marjory which might seem like an attempt to check the intimacy between her and this young chap. A parent's opposition often accelerates, instead of prevents, an engagement.

"Now there's young Walter Elliot in love with Marjory also, and I'm certain he is manly, good-tempered and unselfish. It seems strange that Marjory should hesitate between the two young men; but perhaps I'm wrong in my estimate of young Potter. I must devise some scheme to give Marjory a fair chance to test the merits of these two suitors."

The lawyer leaned his head on his hand, and sat in his library for a long while, absorbed in thought.

II.

ON the same evening after dinner, Mr. Olney sat in his library reading a law book, when there was a tap at the door and two young ladies entered.

"Here's my poor old dad," gaily exclaimed the younger one, a fair-haired girl of apparently about nineteen years of age. "It's a shame you should be confined to the house these lovely days, while your daughter is enjoying herself outdoors like a butterfly."

"But really, father," she added, more quietly as she kissed him affectionately, "you were in my thoughts all the afternoon, and I'm going to spend this whole evening with you, instead of going to the theatre with Cousin Louise and Mr. Potter."

"No Marjory," said her father, smilingly, "I must give the law-books the preference to-night, and you must go to the theatre. Was the tennis good to-day, Louie?" he asked, turning towards his niece.

"Yes, indeed," replied Louie, "there were some excellent setts."

"I used to think tennis a fine game, until I took up golf," said Mr. Olney, "and then I realized that there is only one royal and perfect game in the world, compared with which all other games seem insipid and trivial."

"I like golf very much, father," said Marjory, "and when you get really well again I am going to have some more golf matches with you."

"I'm glad you like it," said her father. "I was thinking this afternoon that as you and Louisa play golf about equally well—"

"You mean equally badly," interjected Marjory.

"And as young Potter and young Elliot are in the one class as players, I might offer a couple of prizes to the winners in a foursome match, which you four could arrange to play. Theophilus has often caddied for me, and I'll let you have him as one of the caddies in the contest. The outing will be a holiday for the little chap."

"Isn't that a capital scheme!" exclaimed Marjory rapturously. "But it's only like the dearest, kindest and most thoughtful father that ever lived. A good match would be Ralph Potter with me against Mr. Elliot and Louie, and we could play it to-morrow."

"Agreed," said Mr. Olney. "My only regret is that I won't see the contest. I've missed my golf very much in my illness, and often think of the superb old game. Indeed, one afternoon, sitting here, I was guilty of writing a little piece of poetry concerning it, which I'll read to you both some day."

"You'll read it to us now," said Marjory. "I am not going to leave this room until I hear it," she added, assuming a tragic air, folding her arms resolutely, and making a very comical attempt to look heroically determined. "A corporation lawyer's first attempt at poetry should receive prompt acknowledgment. Your victims are ready now, sir!"

"If the only way to get you out of this room is to read the 'poem,' I'll do so," said her father.

All the world's a links,
And all the men and women merely golfers:
They have their victories and their defeats;
And one man in his time plays many rounds,
His games having seven stages. At first the
Caddy,
Dragging the golf-bag with his little arms:
Then, the truant School-boy, with nimble feet,
And fun-expectant face, keeping away
Most willingly from school. And then the
Lover,
Playing sweet twosomes; with woeful excuses
Made for his mistress' fozzles; then a Star
Player
Full of strange oaths, and critic of his "pard,"
Jealous of "honors," graceful and quick in
driving
Seeking the hubble reputation
Even in the championship. And then the
"Has Been,"
In fair rounds only, a bit stiff-jointed,
With eyes of care, thin hair, of Nature's cut.
Full of "I saw's," and reminiscences;
And so he plays his part: The sixth stage
shifts
From "knickers" to the quiet pantaloons,
With spectacles on nose, and watery-eyed;
His youthful clothes exchanged; the links
too long
For his shrunk stroke; and his big, raucous
voice,
Turning again to childish treble, chattering
At club-house. Last round of all,
That ends that strange eventful history
He lies in "long grass," past "recovery,"
Sans score, sans club, sans bail, sans
everything.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Marjory. "It appeals to me even more than the original lines."

"It's just possible that, as a critic, you would be open to the suspicion of bias," said her father, laughingly. "Now, good night, girls, and be sure to retire at a reasonable hour to-night, so as to be in good form for the contest to-morrow."

"But why should you stay up so late every night tiring your eyes with these dry old law books?" protested Marjory.

"My dear child, you ought not to refer so irreverently to these volumes," replied her father, in mock indignation. "They contain many passages as enthralling, elevating and fascinating as the best lines of Shakespeare or Milton. In proof of this let me read to you a couple of soulful stanzas from Morawetz on private corporations, or would you prefer a few passionate sonnets from Colebrooke on collateral securities, or some sweet selections from the dainty lyric known as 'Cooley on Constitutional Limitations?'"

But the young ladies had fled.

When Mr. Olney was alone again, he chuckled, and said half aloud, "Golf is a great revealer of character. It's a sort of moral X-rays, as a searching test of self-control and temper. An unselfish temper is the best guarantee of happiness in the married state, and this game may disclose the temper of the two young men. Some golfing philosopher has said that the soul is very naked in a bunker.

I remember once seeing a man's soul exposed in all its unattractive nudity when he drove a ball out of bounds. My little scheme may have good results. I want Marjory to have a husband who possesses the qualities of a true comrade, so that she may have a reasonable prospect of enjoying with him the long twosome of connubial life."

III.

LATE in the afternoon of the day of the match, Mr. Olney instructed his housemaid to send Theophilus to the library as soon as the boy returned from the match. The four players had arranged to dine at the club-house after the match, but Theophilus arrived at his employer's home early in the evening.

"Now Theophilus," said his employer, "there are some boys who go to a picnic or an excursion, but beyond being able to tell you the next day that they had a good time, they could not tell you what they really saw. Other boys have excellent powers of observation and can give a very interesting account of what they observed. You might give me a little account of any interesting points in the game you saw."

"Well, sah, Mr. Pottah, heerd dat I wuz a caddy of 'speriunce, so he got Miss Mawjory to let me caddy fo' him, and she

ingaged for herse'f young Clem Jackson, who is reckonized as jes' ord'nary. De game wuz what dey call a two-ball forcem. De two gemmun, fust made a private bet on de match, and de whole pawty stawted off, kinder jolly-like. Mr. Pottah, Miss Mawjory's pawtner, began by drivin' a reg'lar 'mendyous stroke, and Miss Mawjory follered it up pretty well. Miss Louie she didun' play quite so well as Miss Mawjory, en, aldoo her gemmun fren', Mr. Elliot, played studdy, he was not quite up to de perfessional standin' of Mr. Pottah, so, at de end of de mawnin', when dey finished de fus' half er de match, Miss Mawjory and Mr. Pottah wuz ahead by three up. Mr. Pottah was suttinly a cheerful winnah, and wuz most jubilatin' en libely, at de result of de mawnin' game. But, den, dere were de yuther rouns to play, yit. Well, befo' dey stawted on de nex' roun', de ladies and gemmun luncheoned at de club house, and I luncheoned in de reah of de club house, under some bushes, with de yuther tree caddies. And after we caddies had tucked away a pretty good lunch, what do you s'pose Miss Mawjory brought us from de club house? Ice cream!" exclaimed the boy, his eyes

Continued on Page 116.



"Den he up and sez to me, 'Why don't you keep still when I'm drivin'."

When You Build Your Bungalow

A Sketch of Types and Plans for Summer Dwelling and Permanent Homes

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

A LOW rambling mass with wide verandas, overhanging eaves, floors of stone and single storey construction; these are the characteristics of the true Indian bungalow. It is not the typical native's home but a rest house erected along a main road of travel. Perhaps it is this suggestion of rest that has made the bungalow so popular both as a summer dwelling and permanent home and that has given to every country or suburban house the least informal or picturesque in its lines, the name bungalow. It has even been advised that the new dictionaries define a bungalow as "a house that looks as if it had been built for less money than it actually cost."

It is not easy to design a house of the bungalow type. It is, properly, a one-storey affair, or at least any space on an upper floor is of minor importance. The first difficulty is the separation of the sleeping quarters, the living quarters and the service portion of the house, without wasting about one-quarter of the whole area in hall space. It is not uncommon to see a bungalow plan where the bedrooms open directly from the living-room with perhaps a bathroom across on the other side of the building next to the kitchen for the sake of a condensed plumbing system. If a bungalow is worth building at all, it is worth careful planning so that the life of the household while it may be more informal than could be possible in the city house will still be comfortable and not robbed of convenience and privacy.

The true Indian bungalow usually has its bedrooms strung along a long



A foundation and stone pillars with a low tile roof and dormers give an effect as homelike as it is substantial.

The city dweller, with the old love of space and fresh air and flowers not yet extinct, endeavors to surround himself with as close an approach to country life as city limitations allow. Hence the popularity of the bungalow. It lends itself to artistic adornment and when set in proper surroundings presents almost a rural appearance. The accompanying article will be of particular interest to those who contemplate building a bungalow, but will appeal to all as well.

straight corridor, but unless this scheme is carefully handled the result is likely to savour more of a hotel than a private dwelling. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules in drawing plans but for the simple dwelling or summer home a good basis on which to develop the final layout is to have a large living-room extending through the middle of

the building from front to rear, with the bedrooms opening at one side, the dining-room at the other, the kitchen and service portion extending out beyond the latter. With this scheme the bathroom or bathrooms may come between two adjacent bedrooms open-

ing into each. Of course where you have a hall running between the sleeping quarters and the living-room the placing of the bathroom offers no difficulty.

Another essential in the plan is a porch. Whether it be a broad piazza running right around the building or a deep cool entrance shade with roof extending right down from the ridge-pole, or a series of little fern-boxed dens hidden here and there among stone pillars—the building would not be a bungalow without it, but provision should be made that it will not darken too much of the interior. Where a porch is carried across the entire front or rear, its roof may be broken in the space over the centre living-room windows by a section of uncovered rafters after the pergola fashion. A vine that does not mass too rapidly might be trained over this, or the framework could be covered by a roll awning when desired.

In planning a bungalow for a summer home we may consider two main types, one with the bedrooms and bathroom separated from the living room by a long hall, the other where the bedrooms open directly from the living-room with a bathroom between and opening into both bedrooms. The former plan is more convenient but requires extra space for the hall, and is less compact and bungalowy. Both have sleeping porches, a feature



A good type of bungalow for an inexpensive summer home.

that should never be omitted in planning a summer home. City dwellers pretty generally appreciate the benefit and luxury of breathing a nightful of pine-woods ozone, but they sometimes forget the dangers of pitching their beds on a damp earth floor. In neither house is there a dining-room. The screened porch will answer this purpose ideally, during the greater part of the season that the house is occupied, and on rainy days or cool evenings the table can be set in one end of the large living-room beside an open fire of pine logs. What more could you want?

This would scarcely do for a permanent dwelling though, where we have to provide for year-round comfort and less simple housekeeping. In this we would require a basement or cellar, more bedrooms and less crowded quarters for kitchen work. The plan outlined will be determined to a great extent by the shape of the lot, and of course it is more economical to make it as nearly square as possible to get rid of quirks and corners in the roof—which is the most expensive part of any building. An "L" shaped building offers excellent possibilities to the architect and if the space on the lot be limited, allows for a square grass plot at the back door instead of a long strip so narrow as to be of little use.

There are several fine points about the "L" shaped plan shown here. The little square porch at either corner of the front is decidedly bungalowy and snug. You would never need to have "Sweet Home" on the door-mat with an approach like this. The vestibule inside the door facing the street besides serving the practical office of taking charge of coats and breaking draughts, gets over the inconvenience of casting the callers directly into the family circle. The living-room fireplace which is placed so that it uses the same chimney as the kitchen stove, has bookshelves built in at the sides—a strikingly solid and handsome piece of architecture if well done.

More of the built-in idea is carried out in the dining-room where a china cabinet fills in the recess beside the coat closet. Any housekeeper will appreciate the convenient arrangement of the kitchen with relation to the dining-room and pantry and the way in which both the service and living portions of the house are isolated from the bath and sleeping quarters, without making it necessary to pass through any of these

will be little sunlight coming in through the side windows. The hall isolating the bedrooms will be longer, but the same convenient communication of rooms is maintained as in the preceding plan. A point of particular importance in building on a narrow lot is to use every possible means of getting light. In this plan the whole of the outside wall of the dining-room is taken up with a bay-window.

Then we have the square plan and as many of our so-called bungalows built for permanent homes have two storeys, we may as well combine the two types in one. A two-storey house is not properly a bungalow, but where it still tries to hold fast to the low, snug, earth-hugging type, popular usage has almost entitled it to the name. The only difference in planning a two-storey bungalow

and any other two-storey house consists in the way we use the second floor space just under the eaves. Even where we have two storeys and an attic the slope of the roof still affects the head room in the second flats. The plan shown here with its closets pushed into the low spaces and the smallest bedroom extended to a sleeping porch explains itself.

While we have a pretty free independence in planning the exterior of a house, there are certain main characteristics that rightly belong to the exterior by reason of its location. A sea-coast or lake-side bungalow would naturally be worked out on a long rectangular rather than square plan in order to catch the ocean view and breezes in as many rooms as possible and to get the harmony of a long building paralleling the coast line, the color scheme too

should be influenced by the long gray stretches of sandy beach. White clapboards with gray weathered shingles or perhaps a light gray-green roof may not convey a very attractive picture, but then in its native environment such a house would seem so much at home that we might almost fancy the mermaids coming up and building it in the night. The whole



Top—An ideal style of bungalow for fresh air and sunlight. Note the open air sleeping room and uncovered rafters for porch roof.

Middle—A pleasing combination of frame and cement blocks. The low long lines make this a good type for a hill or raised lot.

Bottom—A fine, old-fashioned style, with cobblestone chimney and latticed casement. The projecting hipped roof overcomes the appearance of a two-storey building.

portions to get to another,—all this too with little space wasted in hall room.

Where we have to build on a narrow lot our plans are a little more restricted. It is better to have the entrance directly into the living room instead of through a vestibule in order to get as much window space as possible in the front. When the neighboring lots are built up there

aim is to give an impression of peace and stability—to make our bungalows look as though Nature herself had planted them in their surroundings.

For the bungalow in the woods, or anywhere among trees one of the first considerations will be to keep the rooms well lighted. The wide porch roof might be dispensed with altogether. Usually the builder has come from a sun-baked city and would hesitate to cut down any of the trees about his home, but all the benefit and comfort of a home in the woods will be lost if the trees are so thick and near that they bring continuous dampness. A good principle is to have the trees far enough away to shade the space between them and the house rather than the house itself. The ideal material for a bungalow in the woods would be hewn logs, but a log house is both difficult and expensive to build. The same effect can be obtained, though, in a summer home by using slabs nailed directly to the ordinary stud frame leaving a space of from half an inch to an inch between each pair. The open joints are then covered with strips of half-inch wire mesh, and some brown hair mortar mixed, using a generous quantity of hair and



A charming type in frame and stucco where the deep porch, square pillars and window nooks add to the bungalow atmosphere.

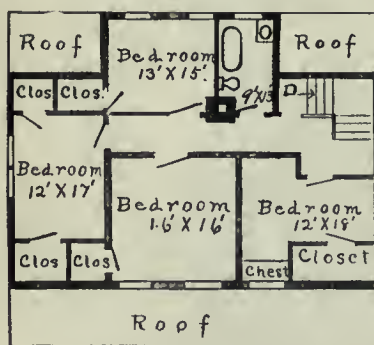
about one part Portland cement to three parts sand. This is pressed firmly into the joints until it forms a clinch over the wire mesh, and although the joints open up to a certain extent after a year or two it does not take long to fill them up again. Slabs could be nailed on the inside from the floor up, to form a wainscot, using burlap to cover the walls above it. Weathered shingles also make an

appropriate finish for a wood bungalow.

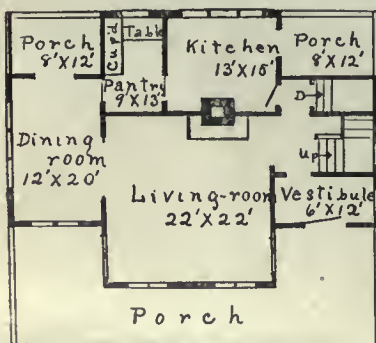
The building of a summer home like this would be a holiday fete for a man who has learned to love the trails of the woods, but unfortunately many of the busy people cannot be spared from the world of brick walls and elevators long enough to hew their own trees and trowel off their own foundations. Still they can build their homes in an incredibly short time—homes to be proud of too, by using "readi-cut" material. The entire supply of lumber for the selected type of house is cut to the exact measurements required before it leaves the construction

company's mills, so the work of fitting and fastening it together is very simple. The expense is considerably lessened too, when material is cut out "wholesale," avoiding the inevitable waste where uncut lumber is bought for a single building.

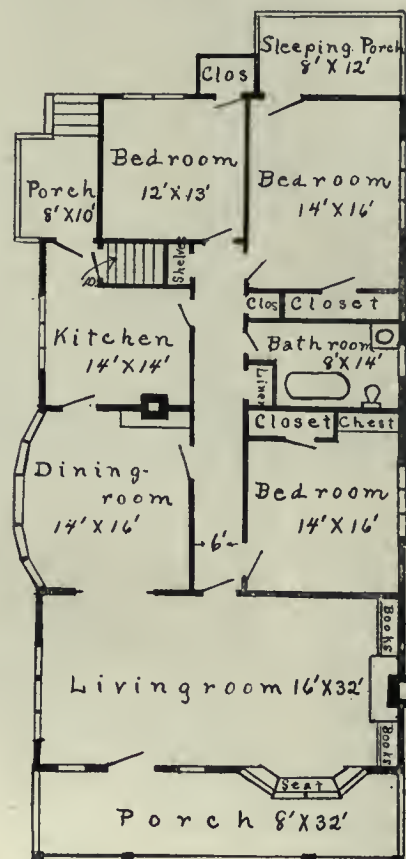
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The spaces where head room is very low are used as closets.



Plan for ground floor of two-story bungalow.



A typical bungalow plan for the narrow lot.



Types for the summer home. The layout where a hall isolates the sleeping quarters is less compact but more convenient.

Spanish Gold

By GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

The Story of a Search for Treasure on the Coast of Ireland and the Amusing Situations which Arose

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The Rev. J. J. Meldon, curate of Ballgmay, a village on the west coast of Ireland, while visiting his friend, Major Kent, comes across an old pocket-book of the Major's grandfather, in which he finds an account of some treasure, supposed to have been hidden by the Spaniards of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, on the Island of Inishgowlan. The Major possesses an excellent yacht, *The Spindrift*, and they decide to take a trip to the island and search for the treasure, which Meldon is very confident of finding, but of the existence of which the Major is very skeptical. Meldon also owns a yacht, *The Aureole*, a worthless tub, which he lets to a Mr. Langton, who, with a friend, wishes to take a trip round the coast. On arriving at the island Meldon and the Major find Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's, engaged in surveying the island for the Government, and dividing it up into allotments. He informs them he is prevented from completing his work by the obstinacy of one old man, named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, who owns a piece of land in the very centre of the island, entirely surrounded by other people's land, but with which he will not part at any price. Meldon, not wishing to divulge the real reason of his visit tells Higginbotham the Major is a Government mineralogical expert who has been sent to examine and report on the island's mineral resources. Meldon and the Major start to explore the island and discover they are being followed everywhere by an old man, who turns out to be Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, and who declares he cannot understand a word of English. Meldon tells him they are naturalists looking for sea beetles, and manages to get rid of him; continuing their search, they find an inlet with a hole, which is only visible at low tide, and here Meldon decides the hidden treasures must lie. On returning to the yacht they notice the arrival in the harbor of the *Aureole*. The following day Meldon starts for the inlet and the cave, and on his arrival discovers a man, who is being lowered over the cliff to the entrance of the cave. This turns out to be a Sir Giles Buckley, the friend who is with Langton, on the *Aureole*, and a son of a neighbor of the Major's, who had lately died. Sir Giles would also have heard of the treasure, as his grandfather was a friend of the Major's grandfather, and had visited the island with him. After some discussion, Sir Giles calls out to Langton to haul him up, and both he and Meldon depart, as the tide has nearly covered the hole in the rocks. The following day, Meldon having set adrift Sir Giles' boat to prevent his leaving the yacht, again visits the cave with the Major. They make their way through a long underground passage and eventually find two old iron boxes which, however, are empty. At this point Langton and Sir Giles appear on the scene through a hole in the top of the cavern which it seems is just under Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's plot of land. Disappointed they all return to the yachts, and find that the Government yacht has arrived in the harbor with Mr. Willoughby, the Chief Secretary on board. Willoughby lands to visit Higginbotham and Meldon follows. Higginbotham, in vain tries to dissuade Meldon from seeing Willoughby, who is much incensed at Meldon's tale of the geological survey, but Meldon insists, and we here find him in the midst of a conversation with Willoughby, who is beginning to be amused at his good-humored nonsense.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

“VERY well. I won't. I suppose we may consider the whole matter closed now and go on to talk of something else.”

“No. It's not closed,” said Mr. Willoughby with a fine show of spirited indignation. “I still want to know why you told Mr. Higginbotham that I sent Major Kent to make a geological survey of this island. It's all very well to talk as you've been doing, but a man is bound to tell the truth and not to deceive innocent people.”

“Look here, Mr. Willoughby,” said Meldon, “I've sat and listened to you calling me a liar half a dozen times, and I haven't turned a hair. I'm a man of remarkable self-control and I appreciate your point of view. You are irritated because you think that you are not being treated with proper respect. You assert what you are pleased to call your dignity by trying to prove that I'm a liar. I've stood it from you so far, but I'm not bound to stand it any longer and I won't. It doesn't suit you one bit to take up that high and mighty moral tone, and I may tell you that it doesn't impress me. I'm not the British public, and that bluff honesty pose isn't one I admire. All those platitudes about lies being lies simply run off my skin. I know that your own game of politics couldn't be played for a single hour without what you choose to describe as deceiving innocent people. Mind you, I'm not blaming you in the least. I quite

give in that you can't always be blabbing out the exact literal truth about everything. Things couldn't go on if you did. All I say is, that being in the line of life you are, you ought not to set yourself up as a model of every kind of integrity and come out here to an island which, so far as I know, nobody ever invited you to visit, and talk ideal morality to me in the way you've been doing. Hullo! Here's Higginbotham back again. I wonder if he's brought Thomas O'Flaherty Pat with him. You'll be interested in seeing that old man, even if you can't speak to him.”

Higginbotham started as he entered the hut. He did not expect to find Meldon there. He was surprised to see Mr. Willoughby crumpled up, crushed, and cowed in the depths of the hammock-chair, while Meldon, cheerful and triumphant, sat on the edge of the table swinging his legs and smoking a cigar.

“You'd better get that oil stove of yours lit, Higginbotham,” said Meldon. “The Chief Secretary is dying for a cup of tea. You'd like some tea, wouldn't you, Mr. Willoughby?”

“I would. I feel as if I wanted tea. You won't say that I'm posing for the benefit of the British public if I drink tea, will you?”

It was Meldon who lit the stove and busied himself with the cups and saucers. Higginbotham was too much astonished to assist.

“There's no water in your kettle,” said Meldon. “I'd better run across to

the well and get some. Or I'll go to Michael Pat's mother and get some hot. That will save time. When I'm there I'll collar a loaf of soda-bread and some butter if I can. I happen to know that she has fresh butter because I helped to make it.”

Mr. Willoughby rallied a little when the door closed behind Meldon.

“Your friend,” he said to Higginbotham, “seems to me to be a most remarkable man.”

“He is. In college we always believed that if only he'd given his mind to it and taken some interest in his work, he could have done anything.”

“I haven't the slightest doubt of it. He has given me a talking to this afternoon such as I haven't had since I left school—not since I left the nursery. Did you ever read a book on pragmatism?”

“No.”

“You don't happen to know the name of the best book on the subject?”

“No, but I'm sure that Meldon——”

“Don't,” said Mr. Willoughby. “I'd rather not start him on the subject again. Have you any cigars? I want one badly. I got no good of the two I half-smoked while he was here.”

“I'm afraid not. But your own cigar-case has one in it. It's on the table.”

“I can't smoke that one. To put it plainly, I daren't. Your friend Meldon said he might want it. I'd be afraid to face him if it was gone.”

“But it's your own cigar! Why should Meldon——”

"It's not my cigar. Nothing in the world is mine any more, not even my mind or my morality or my self-respect is my own. Mr. Meldon has taken them from me and torn them in pieces before my eyes. He has left me a nervous wreck of the man I once was. Did you say he was a parson?"

"Yes. He's curate of Ballymoy."

"Thank God I don't live in that parish! I should be hypnotised into going to church every time he preached, and then— Hush! Can he be coming back already? I believe he is. No other man would whistle so loud as that. If he begins to ill-treat me again, Mr. Higginbotham, I hope you'll try and drag him off. I can't stand much more."

CHAPTER XVII

MELDON flung open the door of the hut and entered. He at once took possession of the remaining cigar and lit it.

"I met Mary Kate," he said, "and I sent her on with the kettle. By the way, Mr. Willoughby, have you such a thing as half a crown about you?"

The Chief Secretary plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out a number of coins, gold and silver.

"Take it all," he said; "I don't feel as if I should ever want money any more."

"Thanks," said Meldon. "I'll take half a crown. It's for Mary Kate. As

a rule I only give her sixpence at a time, but she naturally expects more when she's fetching water for a Chief Secretary's tea. Higginbotham generally gives her sugar-candy."

Meldon's grin and the look of embarrassment on Higginbotham's face hinted to Mr. Willoughby of a joke behind.

"I wish," he said, "you'd tell me about Mary Kate and the sugar-candy."

"Oh, that story's hardly worth telling," said Meldon. "It was only that she nearly had the face ate off Higginbotham one afternoon."

"She ate his face! But surely—"

"He wasn't trying to kiss her, if that's what you're thinking of. Higginbotham's not that kind of man at all. Besides, she's quite a little girl, though remarkably intelligent. No. There was some slight understanding about some sugar-candy between her and Higginbotham. Both of them came to me and complained. I did what I could to set the matter right. You've not been troubled about it lately, have you, Higginbotham?"

"No; it's all right now."

"Is that all I'm to be told?" said Mr. Willoughby.

"There's really nothing more to tell, and besides I want, while I think of it, to warn Higginbotham about the condition of his bed. I happened to spill some broken glass and a few oars on to your bed this morning, Higginbotham. It

doesn't really matter about the oars. You'd be sure to notice them as you got in, but you might not see the glass. What I advise you to do is to take the blankets and things outside the door and shake them well before you go to bed."

"I don't suppose it would be any use of my asking," said Mr. Willoughby; "but I should greatly like to know how you came to strew Mr. Higginbotham's bed with oars and broken glass."

"I don't think it would interest you much," said Meldon.

"I assure you it would. I can't even imagine circumstances under which it would be any temptation to me to put oars—of all things in the world—and broken bottles into another man's bed."

"It wasn't broken bottles. It was a broken window-pane. The circumstances were these: This morning I wanted to conceal some oars—"

"From?"

"From their owners, and—"

"Oh, from their owners. I see. Stupid of me not to have guessed. Please go on."

"From their owners, who would, or at all events might, have made a very bad use of the oars if they had been able to get at them. Very well. I naturally thought at once of Higginbotham's bed."

"I don't see why you say 'naturally.' It doesn't seem to me at all a natural

place to think of. I'm sure I should never have thought of it."

"It doesn't much matter in this case what you would have thought. Higginbotham's bed was the place I thought of at once; and I am still of opinion, in spite of anything you say, that it was a good place. I couldn't open the window, so I smashed it. That's the whole story. I don't suppose it's as good a one as you expected. But you would have it."

"It's better than I expected," said Mr. Willoughby, "and I'm much obliged to you for telling me."

There was a gentle tap at the door. Meldon jumped down from his seat on the table and took his cigar out of his mouth.

"That's Mary Kate, I expect, with the hot water."

It was Mary Kate. She entered the room with a sheepish grin on her face. In one hand she carried a kettle of hot water, in the other hand a loaf of soda bread. The kettle was a good deal



Meldon was struck on the head from behind and rolled over senseless on the floor. "I've settled the curate," said Sir Giles Buckley. "Have you got hold of the old man?"

the heavier burden of the two, and she had evidently carried it first in one hand and then in the other. Its handle had some flour on it. The bread was mottled with black off the kettle.

"That's a good girl," said Meldon. "Here's half a crown for you. How much money is that you have now altogether?"

"It's four shillings," said Mary Kate.

"There," said Meldon, "I told you she was an intelligent child. Now listen to me, Mary Kate. The reason you're getting half a crown this time is that the gentleman over there in the chair is the Chief Secretary. Do you know what a Chief Secretary is?"

"I do not."

"Well, I haven't time to explain it to you now; but if you come up here tomorrow to Mr. Higginbotham he'll tell you all about the Chief Secretary. How's Michael Pat?"

Mary Kate grinned.

"If you're going to grin like that when I ask you questions," said Meldon, "you'd better go home."

He pushed her gently from the room and shut the door.

"Now, Higginbotham, put that kettle on your stove and bring it to the boil again. And you'd better take a note of your engagement with that child. It won't do for you to be out when she comes. Now for tea."

"Mr. Meldon," said the Chief Secretary, "I'd take it as a personal favor if you'd stay here and see me through the interview between Father Mulcrone and the old man who won't give up his land."

"Certainly. You're not expecting any sort of a fight, are you? If you are, I'd better go and borrow a stick somewhere."

"Oh, no. Nothing of that sort. It's only that the priest got rather the better of me yesterday. He made me promise what will cost the Government a thousand pounds and he'll probably want to get as much more out of me this afternoon."

"That'll be all right," said Meldon. "You leave it to me. Give me a free hand, that's all I ask. I'll manage him for you."

"Thank you," said the Chief Secretary; "he's a persistent man, but if anybody can get the better of him I'm sure you can."

"I suppose," said Meldon, "it was either a pier or seed potatoes he wanted the money for. Probably seed potatoes. The place must be rotten with piers already."

"He wanted both," said Mr. Willoughby. "It was the potatoes I promised."

"Well, I'll get out of that if I can. But don't count on it. I may not be able to manage."

Mr. Willoughby looked rather doubtfully at the loaf of bread with the smears of kettle-black which Mary Kate's fingers left on it. He was not reassured by the way in which Meldon cut it up. The plan was simple. Grasping the loaf firmly, he sliced off long strips. These he laid one by one flat along the palm of his left hand and held them in position by pressing his thumb into the corners. Then he drew a buttery knife across them. Hig-



Sir Giles pitched forward and fell—The bag burst open and the contents were scattered broadcast.

ginbotham laid out his two cups and his slop bowl. They were quite clean. Meldon's hands were not. When tea was over Meldon suggested that they should smoke.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Willoughby, "that I've no more cigars with me. The rest of my supply is on board the Granuaile."

"Higginbotham," said Meldon, "stick your head outside the door and see if the steamer is coming into the bay yet. You must try a fill of my baccy, Mr. Willoughby. I'm sure Higginbotham will have a spare pipe."

He pulled a lump of black twist tobacco out of his trousers pocket and handed it to the Chief Secretary. Then he rose and began to search for a pipe. Mr. Willoughby eyed the tobacco, turning it over and over in his hand. Higginbotham returned with the news that the Granuaile had just appeared round the south point of the bay.

"I fear," said Mr. Willoughby, "that this tobacco is too strong for me. I think that as the Granuaile is so near I'll wait

until I can get some more of my own cigars."

"All right," said Meldon. "I'll have a pipe. I'll step down to the pier as soon as I have it lighted and be ready to meet Father Mulcrone. I'll send the boat back for the cigars. In the meanwhile, Higginbotham, you'd better go and collar Thomas O'Flaherty Pat."

"He promised to come here," said Higginbotham, "as soon as ever the Granuaile dropped anchor."

"Don't you rely too much on his promises," said Meldon. "That old boy has taken you in once or twice already. You can't believe a word these people say," he explained to Mr. Willoughby. "Even Mary Kate would lie to you if she stood to gain anything by it. They simply don't know what truth is."

"Are they pragmatists?" asked Mr. Willoughby.

"No; they're not," said Meldon severely. "If you had listened to me when I was explaining to you what pragmatism is, you'd know that these people aren't pragmatists. I can't go into the whole

question again now, but I'll just say this much: The pragmatists, according to their own idea, know what truth is. And what's more, they're the only people in the world who do. Now what I said about Thomas O'Flaherty Pat and Mary Kate is that they don't know; therefore they can't be pragmatists. That ought to be fairly obvious. I'm off now to meet Father Mulcrone. Goodbye."

"Mr. Higginbotham," said the Chief Secretary, "did you follow that reasoning about the pragmatists and Mary Kate?"

"Not—not quite. But I didn't take up ethics in College. Meldon did."

"Did you watch him cut the bread-and-butter for tea?"

"I did. I was sorry he insisted on cutting it. His hands were— But he's a really good sort at bottom, though he has his peculiarities. I've known him for years."

"It must have been a great privilege. Did you see the bit of tobacco he offered me?"

"No; was there anything wrong with it?"

"He took it out of his trousers pocket," said Mr. Willoughby, "and it was quite warm. Mr. Meldon is certainly a very remarkable man. I wonder how he'll get on with Father Mulcrone. I wonder will he succeed in capturing all my cigars."

The Granuaile's boat, with Father Mulcrone seated in the stern, approached the pier. Meldon hailed her. The priest, a plump man, with a weather-beaten face and small, keen grey eyes, waved his hand in response.

"Delighted to see you," said Meldon, as the boat touched the pier and the priest stepped ashore. "I have heard a good deal about you. My name is Meldon—J. J. Meldon. I'm acting with the Chief Secretary here and he asked me to meet you."

"How do you do? How do you do?" said the priest.

"Quite well. I needn't ask how you are. Flowers in May are nothing to you in the matter of bloom of appearance."

Father Mulcrone seemed a little surprised at this warm compliment.

"What does the Chief Secretary want with me now?"

"We'll come to that in a minute. First of all I want to know is there nothing else that would do you except a pier?"

"A pier!"

"Well, seed potatoes, then. I forgot for the moment which it was."

"The season's very backward, very backward indeed," said the priest, "and the poor people will be badly off next spring. Unless we get some help from the Government there'll be starvation in our midst."

"Have you a Board of Guardians on the island?"

"We have not. And I wouldn't say but we're as well without one."

"I dare say you're right," said Meldon. "But about those seed potatoes. The thing for you to do is to get the nearest Board of Guardians to pass a good strong resolution."

"That might be done."

"Tell them to put something in about the representatives of the people and the inalienable rights of the tillers of the soil."

"They'll do that whether I ask them or not."

"Get that resolution forwarded to the Local Government Board in Dublin. Then wait three weeks."

"What for?"

"Oh, it's the usual thing. If these things aren't done properly the Chief Secretary can't act, simply can't. Then send a deputation to wait on the President of the Board. You understand me?"

"I do, of course."

"It'll be as well if you could spare the time to go up with the deputation yourself. Lay the matter before them in temperate language—strong but temperate. Then you'll see what'll happen about the seed potatoes."

Father Mulcrone winked at Meldon.

"Do you take me for a born fool," he said, "that you're talking that way to me?"

"As you've asked me the question straight, I may as well say that I don't take you for anything of the sort. I knew the kind of man you were the minute I set eyes on you. But I promised the Chief Secretary that I'd try and do you out of those seed potatoes if I could."

"So you thought you'd get him off if you persuaded me to have a lot of resolutions passed and go on a deputation."

"I did think that, and what's more I think it still. But you wouldn't fall in with the plan."

"I would not."

"Very well, then. We'll pass on, as they say, to the next business. There's an old fellow on this island called Thomas O'Flaherty Pat."

I know him well," said the priest.

"Well, you'll hardly believe it, but that old fellow is holding out against the entire Congested Districts Board. He won't give up his wretched little house and the bit of land round it, hardly big enough to sod a lark, and it with a hole in the middle that would swallow a heifer."

"I'll talk to him," said the priest.

"I thought you would. That's the reason I sent for you. Come along. We have him set out waiting for you. At least I told Higginbotham to go and get him."

Taking Father Mulcrone's arm he walked up towards the hut.

"I almost forgot to tell you," he said, "that the great difficulty about old O'Flaherty is that he can't talk English."

"He'll talk it quick enough when I get at him."

"I just thought he would."

"For the matter of that I'm not sure that I wouldn't as soon sort him in Irish."

"Just as you like, of course," said Meldon. "It's all the same to us, so long as you bring him to his senses."

"What right has a man like him to be thwarting the excellent intentions of the Board?"

"None," said Meldon; "and poor Higginbotham, who's brimful of the most excellent intentions you can possibly imagine, is nearly heart-broken about it."

You'd be sorry for Higginbotham if you saw him; he's growing thin."

"I have seen him," said the priest, "if he's the inspector the Board sent out. He was over at Inishmore this morning, just after the yacht left, looking out to see which of the people had consumption."

They reached the hut and found Mr. Willoughby seated in the hammock-chair. Higginbotham was absent in pursuit of the reluctant Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. Mr. Willoughby rose at once and offered the chair to the priest.

"No, thank you; no, thank you," said Father Mulcrone. "If I sat down in the like of that chair I'd never get out. I'm a heavy man."

"Father Mulcrone and I will sit on the bed," said Meldon. "Oh, it's all right, Mr. Willoughby. I'll move the oars and give the quilt a shake. I don't want to set Father Mulcrone down on a pile of broken glass. I've more respect for him than to do that."

He took the quilt outside the hut and flapped it vigorously up and down.

"I see Higginbotham and the old man coming down the hill together," he said. "There's quite a little crowd after them, but we needn't let anybody in unless we like. By the way, Mr. Willoughby, Father Mulcrone and I had a chat on the way up from the pier about those seed potatoes. He can't do without them. It's a case of potatoes or coffins for the people on those islands next spring."

"I feared so," said Mr. Willoughby with a sigh; "but I'm sure you did your best."

Higginbotham with Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, a dignified captive, entered the hut. The old man took off his hat and bowed courteously to the men in front of him. He held himself erect. His fine eyes wandered gravely round the hut. His face expressed neither curiosity nor obsequiousness. Mr. Willoughby was a gentleman, accustomed to the society of titled hostesses and the manners of exclusive London clubs. Higginbotham could behave gracefully at suburban tennis parties. Meldon and Father Mulcrone were strong and self-assertive men. Thomas O'Flaherty Pat looked and behaved in this company like a genuine aristocrat. He waited for what was to be said to him with an air of courteous aloofness. He appeared fully conscious of a certain superiority in himself, a superiority so self-evident as to require neither assertion nor emphasis.

"You are Mr. Thomas O'Flaherty, I think?" said Mr. Willoughby.

"Ni beurla agam," said the old man, bowing again.

Then Father Mulcrone began. He spoke in Irish, rapidly and at some length. Thomas O'Flaherty Pat replied in a few calm words. The priest spoke again, raising his voice indignantly. Again he received only the briefest of answers. A torrent of words followed from the priest. Father Mulcrone had made no idle boast when he said that he could deal with the old man in Irish. He never paused for an instant, never hesitated for a word. Thomas O'Flaherty

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"Boss" Bowser of British Columbia

A Sketch of the Napoleon of Pacific Coast Politics

By W. A. CRAICK

One predominant feature of United States politics is not found in Canada—"Bossism." Every American state, every city, every ward, has its political dictator. In Canada, political machines exist, but the sectional "boss" very fortunately does not. There is possibly only one man to whom the term has been definitely applied—a hard working, forceful member of the B.C. Government whose resemblance to the "Little Corporal" is not confined by any means to facial outlines. Why the Hon. Mr. Bowser has become known as "Boss" Bowser and wherein his Boss-ship consists is made the subject of the accompanying article.

IN the British Columbia Legislature the first desk in the front row on the Speaker's right is occupied, not by the Premier, as is customary in many assemblies, but by the Attorney-General, the Hon. W. J. Bowser. The arrangement, though not intentionally significant, yet has a meaning. Despite the attractiveness of Sir Richard McBride's personality and his undoubted abilities as a politician, it is no secret that the strength of his government rests very largely on the remarkable organizing and administrative powers of his Attorney-General. The two men are complements one of the other and, while Sir Richard is specially qualified to act as a popular and picturesque leader, without the practical support of Mr. Bowser there is little doubt that to-day his party would scarcely occupy the dominating position to which it has attained in the government of the province.

The Attorney-General of British Columbia, more perhaps than any other politician in Canada with the possible exception of the Hon. Robert Rogers, is entitled to the designation "Boss." It is as "Boss" Bowser that he is most commonly referred to among the people of British Columbia. Yet the term, in his case, must not be taken as inferring anything evil or iniquitous. A keen politician and ambitious to hold the control of the Conservative party in the province, he has undoubtedly gone to considerable lengths to gain his purpose but that he has trespassed beyond the point where the sanction of law or custom ends is asserted by few and denied by many. Even political opponents admire the skill



The Hon. W. J. Bowser at work at his desk—A view of the legislative buildings above.

good deal of guesswork to arrive at the desired conclusion. The elucidation of the matter might indeed be rendered easier were Mr. Bowser to dress in character for some fancy dress ball or skating carnival. Then the facility with which he could be transformed into the hero to whom his followers do him the honor of likening him, would be so apparent that there could be no further hesitation in exclaiming that he looks decidedly like the Little Corporal.

Examine the Bowser physiognomy carefully and there is undoubtedly considerable justification for the ambitious parallel. There is the Roman nose and the determined protruding chin, two features notably Napoleonesque. There is also the high forehead, denoting brain power, and the strong mouth, indicative of force and tenacity. Beyond this the man's figure has lately been growing from spareness to moderate corpulency, while in height

with which he has made everything serve his purpose and his friends do not hesitate to applaud the long-headed discernment with which he has handled difficult situations.

There is another description of the man, which is occasionally mentioned among his greatest admirers. "Who do you think he looks like?" they will ask, and wait expectantly for such reply as may be hazarded. If one happens to be a sufficiently clever discoverer of likenesses, he may hit upon the answer at once. Otherwise, the resemblance not being exactly obvious, it may take a

he comes pretty close to the stature of the famous Emperor. Of course all such comparisons are merely interesting little diversions, introduced either to flatter the subject under consideration or to afford a moment's entertainment for such as like to work out resemblances. Beyond the chance outward similarity, it would be foolish to attempt to push this particular parallel further.

That the Premier of British Columbia and his Attorney-General were college chums is a matter not widely known or generally appreciated. The pair first met in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1887, as

freshmen in the law school of Dalhousie University. Sir Richard McBride was then a lad of seventeen, Mr. Bowser his senior by three years. They remained together during the course, both receiving the LL.B. degree at the commencement exercises of 1890. Whether they shared their ambitions during their student days or even whether they had any serious ambitions at all, is known only to themselves. All that can be said is that they were thrown together during a formative period of their lives and doubtless came to a thorough understanding of each other's character and capacity.

While Sir Richard was a native of the province which he now rules and had gone across the continent for his legal training, Mr. Bowser was born in the east. He was the son of a merchant and shipowner in Rexton, a small village in the County of Kent, New Brunswick, and there he was born on December 3 in the year that witnessed the confederation of the Canadian provinces. For his education he was sent to Sackville, where he attended Mount Allison Academy until he was ready to take up the study of law at Halifax.

It was probably owing to the representations of "Dick" McBride that he decided to go to British Columbia to begin practice. Rexton offered no chance for him and the cities of the Maritime Provinces were already well supplied with legal practitioners. Accordingly he went west in the year following his call to the bar and settled in Vancouver. The Pacific terminus of the C. P. R. was then a pretty small place but it was on the threshold of that astonishing expansion which has already carried it forward to fourth position among the cities of Canada. In this growth, as one of the leading lawyers on the coast, Mr. Bowser has shared and to-day may be regarded as one of the most prosperous professional men of British Columbia.

His political career may be said to have begun in 1896. In the memorable election of that year, when only twenty-

nine years of age, he contested Vancouver in the Conservative interest but owing to a split in the party, which admitted a second candidate, he was unsuccessful. In this connection it is interesting to note that while he was electioneering in Vancouver, his old college chum, McBride, was running in New Westminster and with even less good fortune. The two young politicians were not yet to realize their cherished desire.

If Tables Had Been Turned

Two years later a provincial election was held and again the pair were in the field, Mr. Bowser running in Vancouver and Mr. McBride in Dewdney. It would hardly do at this time to speculate as to what might have transpired had the tables been turned on that occasion and the Vancouver lawyer have won instead of the New Westminster barrister. As it was the future premier obtained a five-years' advantage over his friend and they were momentous years in the political history of the province. They saw three coalition governments break to pieces and they also witnessed the promotion of the young member from Dewdney, first into the front benches, then into the leadership of the opposition and ultimately into the premier's chair.

On assuming the premiership, Mr. McBride announced his intention of running the government for the future on party lines. He dissolved the Legislature in 1903 and appealed to the country, presenting himself to the electorate as an out-and-out Conservative. In the election which followed, Mr. Bowser for the third time solicited the suffrage of the Vancouver electors and this time his hopes were not disappointed. He was elected as one of the members for the city and took his seat as a private member. Had it not been for his lack of experience and the fact that members of the cabinet had already been selected, there is little doubt that "Dick" would have given his friend "Bill" a portfolio at once.

It is now seven years since the Hon.

W. J. Bowser became Attorney-General of British Columbia. In that time he has made himself the master, at least of all the minutiae which go to make up the strength of the government. As is generally known the Conservative party is so strongly entrenched in power in the province, thanks to the wonderful organization which he has engineered, that at the last general election the Liberals were unable to capture a single seat and the only opposition in the house to-day consists of two Socialists elected by the miners on Vancouver Island. The situation is actually farcical and even Conservatives themselves are compelled to admit that the condition is not a healthy one. But from the standpoint of the Attorney-General, it is an achievement politically that must afford much satisfaction.

An Outspoken Man

Compared to the Premier, Mr. Bowser cannot be described as a popular man. He is entirely lacking in the winning qualities which have made "Dick" McBride so much liked among all classes of the community. He is pugnacious, argumentative, dictatorial. He calls a spade a spade, says yes or no with full intent to abide by his decision, makes little effort to conciliate opponents and consequently irritates them not a little. Were it not that back of it all, he was sincere and on that account had won the respect of those with whom he has had dealings, he would probably be the most unpopular man in public life in British Columbia to-day.

The Attorney-General realizes his deficiencies and has more than once tried to overcome them but without much success. It is pretty hard for a man of his disposition to transform himself into a light-hearted, good-humored and ingratiating chap, these being natural and not cultivated traits. At any rate he has a sufficient sense of the humorous to tell a pretty good story about one of his

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The Theft of the Honan Ruby

The Third of the Porter Series

By T. B. COSTAIN

Illustrated by JOHN G. KEMP

A SINGULAR degree of interest attached to the ball of the Purdon-Hutt's. After amassing a fortune in real estate James Purdon-Hutt had settled in the capital to give his better half an opportunity to realize an insatiable ambition for social distinction. Considerable progress toward the desired goal had been made by means of lavish entertainments, but Mrs. Purdon-Hutt had still a long climb ahead of her when Wade Alberson arrived at the capital. Alberson was an Englishman of good parts, who had knocked around the world for twenty years or more and had managed in that time to find his way into all

the most inaccessible corners of the globe. He had seen strange sights within the walls of Lhasa, the Forbidden City, had hunted with a native king in the heart of Borneo, and had been driven out of India as the result of a raid on a native temple. He was of good family, but of doubtful antecedents. And when he reached Canada, he had in his possession a ruby of unusual size, which he valued at a figure with four ciphers.

How he had obtained the Honan ruby, which was the appellation by which it became known, was a matter he did not seem inclined to explain. He was on his way home to find a market for it, but in

passing through Ottawa met James Purdon-Hutt, and found a purchaser.

The sale of the Honan ruby was announced a few days previous to the date of the Purdon-Hutt ball, and interest in that event went up several degrees. The interest became intensified when the new owner of the ruby gave it out that his guests would be allowed a glimpse of the famous stone on the night of the ball; for the season then drawing to a close had been marked by a series of mysterious robberies. At nearly every smart social function one or more of the guests had been robbed of jewelry, and the thief had been clever enough to completely de-

fy detection. Purdon-Hutt's announcement, therefore, had all the effrontery of a direct challenge to the unknown depredator—for what ambitious cracksmen could resist a chance for "big game" such as the Honan ruby?

As Peregrine Porter was shown into the reception room, a well-dressed man of about thirty, with a close-clipped reddish mustache and a shrewd and rather handsome face, passed him on his way out. He nodded in an off-hand way to the journalist.

"Good day, Mr. Philip Manly Tredham," said Porter.

Tredham noted the slightly ironic tone of the greeting and gave a sharp glance back over his shoulder. He did not stop, however.

"It would seem from your tone that you do not approve of Mr. Tredham," said Mrs. Vardon, coming forward to

have been so few interesting men in town recently."

"I imagine the past of Philip Manly Tredham, if exhumed, would provide plenty of interest," said Porter, seating himself where he could command the best view of his pretty hostess. "But I don't know anything about his past: I'm only concerned with his present and future."

"But do you really know anything to prove that he is what you suggest?" she asked, in a more serious tone.

"I have no absolute proof," replied Porter, "But I am ready to stake anything that this Tredham is the mysterious

afternoon, even if I had not met him here. The fact is I came on purpose to tell you. I want your assistance."

Mrs. Vardon was the centre around which the most exclusive little coterie in the capital rotated. Married to a wealthy manufacturer when a mere girl, she had been left a widow at the age of twenty-four with a substantial fortune to which no legal strings were attached. Beautiful, with the black hair and spark-



"Stop the dance!" he called, "Mrs Vardon has been robbed!"

meet her caller. "Why, may I ask?"

"My reason may possibly only serve to enhance the value of his acquaintance in your eyes," said Porter, taking the hand she had extended and holding it just a trifle longer than the conventions allow. "Your friend, dear Mrs. Vardon, is a thief."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Mrs. Vardon, ensconcing herself on a couch heaped high with pillows where she made, as Porter was quick to appreciate, the most charming picture imaginable. "There

Raffles who has so successfully raided all the best houses in Ottawa during the past season. There have been things, of course, which point to him, and back of that has been a certain amount of intuition on my part. I unconsciously felt for my watch the first time I saw the fellow."

"There is something fascinating about him," said Mrs. Vardon, leaning forward excitedly and clasping her hands about her knees. "But now that you've started, you simply must go on and tell all about him. Do the police know?"

"An unnecessary question. Of course not," replied Porter. "I intended to tell you all about this Tredham business this

ling dark eyes which exercise so powerful an appeal, she had the still more potent quality of vivacity carried almost to the point of brilliance. It soon came about that the drawing-room of Mrs. Vardon was the gathering

place of the most interesting people in the capital. Parliamentarians, often a cabinet minister or two, artists, writers, wits in all walks of life, were always to be found there. Mrs. Vardon's ambition was to establish a rival for the famed salons of French history and she was succeeding to such an extent that to have the entree was a guarantee of one's mental eligibility if not necessarily of one's social standing. Porter was an habitue and reputed to stand high in the favor of the young widow.

"I've been interested in studying this series of robberies," began Porter. "The fact that they've all happened during some social event or other points strongly

to their being the work of a gentleman burglar, an incredibly clever Raffles. It happens that three men have been present on every occasion when jewels have been stolen. Two of the three are so obviously above suspicion that I need not mention them. The third is Philip Manly Tredham.

"I became so convinced that this smooth customer from across the seas was at the bottom of it that a week ago I took it on myself to watch him. Don't know as it was my business exactly, not being a policeman, but the unvarying success that the beggar scored piqued me. I felt I wanted to prove myself a match for him. And beside I needed exercise, badly.

"Well, I got the exercise alright. For a whole week I dogged him and he certainly did make me work. I used half-a-dozen different disguises, even descending to the level of a red beard and false eyebrows. I've rather a knack for that sort of thing so Tredham doesn't suspect yet that he has been under surveillance.

"Two nights ago he made his first false move. About seven o'clock he left his apartments and walked slowly along a side street. A rough-looking tramp stepped up to him with his hand outstretched. Tredham put something, presumably a coin into his hand, and walked on without a word, but I could have sworn that in taking the money, the tramp shoved a note into Tredham's hand. I got a good look at the beggar afterward—a dwarfed figure of a man who somehow or other gave me an impression of almost inhuman strength. Last evening Tredham sallied out at the same hour and at the identical spot dropped a coin into the hands of a tramp—the same tramp. Whoever this dwarfish beggar is, he and Tredham are up to something."

"Really, this is most exciting," exclaimed Mrs. Vardon. "What do you suppose they are plotting? To rob Government House or to raid the Mint?"

"I think they are getting up an added feature for the Purdon-Hutt ball to-night," said Porter. "They're after that ruby. And here is where you can help me. You haven't been wearing your pearl necklace since the robbery scare started. Would you wear a duplicate string to-night if I obtained an imitation set for you?"

Mrs. Vardon thought for a moment and then voiced her willingness.

"Give Tredham one dance," went on Porter. "When you start to dance make sure that you still have the necklace. Don't let him leave you at the finish until you make sure it is safe."

The Purdon-Hutt ball had proceeded with unusual success. The rather pleasurable sense of uncertainty with

which the guests came was enhanced by the fact that the house was found under guard. A policeman stood at the front gate and two more officers patrolled the yard. Inside a number of stalwart servants, who looked very much like plain-clothesmen in disguise, were posted at points of vantage. The Honan ruby was produced at an early stage and passed from guest to guest, proving quite as large as the newspaper descriptions had depicted it. When the stone had made the rounds safely and been carried up-stairs again, the guests exhibited signs of relief from high tension.

Porter had an interesting bit of news for Mrs. Vardon when the time came for the one dance he had been able to secure with the pretty widow.

"Do you see the man playing the 'cello in the orchestra?" he asked, in a low tone, as the course of the dance brought them close to the musicians. "Just give him a casual glance. That's the tramp who met Tredham."

Mrs. Vardon caught a fleeting glimpse of a misshapen man with ponderous shoulders, and a dark face, almost gargantuan in its irregularities and loweringly sinister in expression. Though



He was brought up under the revolvers of the two policemen.

standing up to play his instrument, his head was but a trifle above the handle of the 'cello. And yet in the one startled glance Mrs. Vardon got an impression of strength, almost of power, in the squat, grotesque figure. He looked like a king of the gorilla tribe in a dress suit.

Mrs. Vardon shuddered. "He looks the personification of evil," she whispered. "I am almost sorry I came."

"A Scotland Yard man once told me of a famous criminal whose description fits this tramp musician," said Porter. "If this is the man, we are in the same room with one of the master minds of the underworld. He has never been convicted, although the sharpest wits of the police of Europe and America have been trained to catch him."

"You are a model of discretion or I would never have told you all this," he continued, as he led her to a seat. "An idle hint set in circulation now would scare this precious pair and ruin all

chance of getting them red-handed."

"Your reminder is hardly necessary," rejoined Mrs. Vardon. "I'll not say a word."

After supper, when the time came for the widow to dance with Tredham, it so happened that Porter was not engaged and thus at liberty to watch. Tredham guided his partner through the maze of swaying figures with easy grace, chatting and laughing, apparently in the highest of spirits. They waltzed slowly out of the crowd at one end of the long room and swung around past the orchestra, where the dwarfish 'cello player stood, handling his bow like one well accustomed to its use. Then they began the return trip down the room, and, as they came closer, Porter saw that Mrs. Vardon's neck was quite bare of ornament. The necklace had disappeared.

He stepped briskly out into the middle of the floor.

"Stop the dance!" he called. "Mrs. Vardon has been robbed!"

The intelligence that something was wrong sped through the assembly like an electric shock and in a moment the big room was in silence. The dance had stopped and at the far end the musicians ceased playing.

"What's wrong?" asked Purdon-Hutt, hurrying up with real alarm depicted on his sharp-featured countenance.

Mrs. Vardon's necklace has vanished," explained Porter, in low tones. "She had it on when this dance began."

"I can vouch for that," put in Tredham, his face a study of amazement and chagrin. "I—really—this is most awkward. I am quite willing to be searched, of course."

"No one suspects you, Tredham," said their host, brusquely. He was turning to issue an order for an officer to be called when an excited voice in

the surrounding group interrupted with—"My bracelet—I had it a short time ago—but it's gone now."

On several sides exclamations of a similar nature were heard. Guests began to take a hasty inventory and losses were found on all hands. Purdon-Hutt, beads of perspiration standing out on his agitated features, received report after report of loss from his now thoroughly aroused guests.

And then came the climax. A sharp cry of alarm was heard on the floor above and one of the servants plunged headlong down the front stairs with the startling information that the Ruby of Honan was stolen. After its inspection by the guests, the stone had been returned to a safe upstairs and a man left in the room on guard. He had just been found, bound and gagged, with the safe door standing open and the jewel of fabulous value gone!

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A Waltz to Fortune

How Donald Brian, Dancing Adonis,
Became a Stage Star

By MARGARET BELL



Donald Brian in one of his cowboy parts.

A CERTAIN audience, with one accord, leaned over in their seats and shook with honest laughter.

Which is not so remarkable in itself. Many audiences go to the theatre, for no other reason. And many shake with what they think is honest laughter, when it is not honest at all. Honest in this case meaning natural or spontaneous or—what you will.

But, as a rule, an audience, no matter how unschooled in stage tactics, will never laugh at a real effort to make stage love. Sentiment is a universal attribute, and as such, must not be ridiculed.

That's the strange thing. For the hero in this instance, had just finished as dainty a ten-minute session of love-making as had ever been seen on any stage. The heroine buried her face in the pads of his shoulder,—likewise a perfectly legitimate bit of behavior on the stage or off. Moreover, the hero was the best known stage hero of to-day, the lion of matinee girls, the Adonis of all preying Venuses, Xantippes or Cleopatras, the *dernier mot* in afternoon idols, Donald Brian.

Then, why the honest laughter?
Ay, there's the point.

When a lithe, nimble-footed young Apollo set the heads of matinee-goers awchirl with his dancing to the sensuous music of "The Merry Widow," a new star appeared in the mimic firmament. Donald Brian danced his way to greatness. Ever since he created the role of Prince Danilo, Brian has held a first rank among matinee idols; and it appears that he is only at the threshold of his career. Donald Brian is a Newfoundlander by birth, so that his spectacular success is viewed with pride on this side of the line.

As a matter of fact, Donald Brian does not altogether enjoy the reputation that his ability has thrust upon him.

On the contrary, he loathes it. For, when one thinks of a matinee idol, one of necessity, thinks of large, liquid eyes, a shock of black, fluffy hair, combed Brandon-Tynanlike back from a noble brow, and a voice to correspond with that nobility. Yes, and more. One thinks of a row of mirrors placed at such angles as will best display the different attitudes of the handsome demigod, to the best possible advantage. And one thinks of scents and gold cigarette cases, and nails manicured to the last point of effeminacy. And of,—

But hold. I am not commissioned to exhaust my vocabulary on a detailed eulogy of the typical afternoon Apollo, as one imagines him. Rather of Donald Brian, the most beloved matinee hero of the day, who, in no way, corresponds with the description which is typical.

And this brings us back to the original sentence. The laugh. Which explanation suffices as an explanation of Mr. Brian's attitude toward all matinee yearners.

Love Making is Boreome

After he had finished his gruelling task of stage love-making, he forgot, for a moment, that he was living in a mimic world, and allowed his relief to make itself felt in a long-drawn sigh. The heroine, to hide her laughter, hid her head in his shoulder, and shook with a series of unrestrained laugh-sobs. And the audience, hearing the sigh, laughed too. Thus must Donald Brian, the hero of so many debutantes and school girls and school girls' mothers, have slipped a cog in the revolution of his idolatrous demeanor.

And he was not sorry. For playing the stage hero becomes boreome at times.

Probably it is only early environment, making itself felt, this dislike of mimic ardor. Or probably it is only the natural feeling of man against appearing ridiculous. For where ever dwelt the man who enjoyed making love in public? Romeo didn't, or Petruchio, or any of the Shakespearean lovers. And coming on down to our own times, amongst the men who have the greatest list of conquests to their credit, neither do Nat Goodwin or

DeWolf Hopper. Probably James K. Hackett enjoys making stage love, but he is a different type of stage demigod. We are now dealing with Donald Brian.

Is a Newfoundlander

And speaking of early environment, it is natural enough to suppose that that might have had much to do with forming his ideas on the subject. St. John's, Newfoundland, would not naturally suggest a demonstration of one's abilities at love-making, even on the stage. To speak of St. John's is to speak of reserve, of reticence in ideas. And St. John's was the birthplace of this stage idol, just thirty-five years ago.

When he was quite a youngster, he used to spend his days in a machine shop. From eight in the morning till six at night, he worked there, clad in ambition and blue overalls. He used to sing as he worked, which characteristic still clings to him. Only, in those days, he was care free and happy, as only a manual worker can be. For he had not then the cares of a whole continent of amusements seekers to contend with. His greatest ambition was to finish his day's work, discard his overalls and make himself clean for the evening.

And see him now! His greatest ambition naturally, is to get away from his night's work, clean off the grease, paint and rouge, the trade mark of every player, forget the atmosphere of the theatre and enjoy a good meal.

Perhaps I should not say that this is his greatest ambition. For in so saying, I wander slightly from the path of truth. In which alleyway anyone of us should shudder to find ourselves.

But all of the above-mentioned list of details is what happens, every night after an exacting three hours of dancing, singing, love-making and the like.

As a matter of fact, he would like to retire to a farm and write plays. And forget all about his dancing and stage capers. This may happen, in five years.

Mingles with Crowd--and Listens

He likes awfully to mingle with the crowds who are his nightly audiences. Walking or trolley riding are the best ways. And very often, almost always in fact, he sits there, as with ears deaf and eyes unseeing, and listens to the com-

ments which are hurled toward him, from every corner of the car.

No, he is not a conceited man. For it is not for pleasant things that he listens. School girls and debutantes, with all the candor that their age allows, express their opinions of their popular idol, in no mild-voiced terms. When the light of the trolley car discloses to them the slightly irregular features of their stage demigod, his small, brown eyes and the scattering of grey hairs around the temples,—ah, when daylight turns its cruel rays on him thusly, great is the consternation in that trolley car. And many and varied are the epithets which are hurled toward the defenceless ear drums.

"Oh, he's not nearly so handsome off the stage."

"And his hair is positively getting gray."

"I'll bet you he is almost forty. You never can tell the age of actors, by their looks."

Alas! The tribulations which attach themselves to the life of a stage hero. Happier far the days spent in the whirling, sweating turmoil of the machine shop in old St. John's! Happier far the hours when young Brian sang in the choir of the old home church! Thrice joyful the moments languished with the fishing line, on the bank of the old creek!

'Tis a hard life, this one of living up to an ideal. And the lithographers will make Donald Brian a great, handsome fellow, with the look in his eye, of the professional breaker of feminine hearts.

Alas, the day when he went to Boston to school, and took up the study of the human voice! Better far to have remained soprano boy soloist in the church in St. John's! Better to have left the stage out of his ambitious reckonings. For this same ambition has the habit of leading one into divers places, if one is not strong and mighty in one's powers of resistance. Donald Brian was never strong and mighty. Hence the tribulations of his incredible success!

He kept on following in the wake of his ambitions. And he met many obstacles and some successes. First in Boston, the town of his singing studies, he enlisted in the comedy called "Shannon of the Sixth." And Donald Brian, the unsophisticated professional, with an adept hand for the rabbit's foot and stick of grease paint. He was only sixteen at the time, according to careful calculation in dates. That was in 1897. Sixteen, with a voice just advancing beyond the boy soprano pipings. A boy at this age feels that he can go out and lay the head of the whole world on a charger. And it is that very feeling that has made governments topple and republics rise out of chaos, the very feel-

ing which has given the scaffold and electric chair any excuse for their respective beings.

Everyone remembers that quaint, old-time ditty called "On the Banks of the Wabash." Young Brian's next step in this weird career he had chosen for himself, was in a comedy which that old song would bring to mind. It had to do with more of that estimable stream than the banks however, and hence was known as "On the Wabash."

He was getting on. The first thing a

his right foot on the first rung of the elusive ladder.

He remained there, for a season or so. That is, apparently, he remained there. We are taught to believe that one cannot progress by remaining too long in the same niche of success. Donald knew this. Therefore, he studied and planned. Probably, at that time, his ambitions yearned for the matinee idol shrine, who knows? It would only seem natural. For he was still very young.

Well, anyhow, he placed his left foot on the rung, before very long. "The Man from Mexico," was the helping agent, this time. And he went on studying. He learned, in some inscrutable way, that he was rather graceful on his feet. In a play, one spends much of one's time on one's feet. See how logical was Donald's reasoning? He began to think of dancing that was different. Many dances are different, but one cannot truthfully say that they are graceful. Donald knew this, even at that early stage of the game. And he resolved to learn dances that were both graceful and different.

"The Man from Mexico" was followed by "The New Boy." This gave young Brian the opportunity of approaching the second rung.

For a young fellow, he did a great deal of thinking. And he began to reason things out for himself. He knew that the Stock School was an excellent training school for young actors. And he decided to benefit by it. So the next

season found his name registered in a well-known Stock theatre. And he was not sorry he had registered there. For the end of the season showed that he really had advanced.

He had a good opportunity to put this training into practice the following year, in "The Chaperons." He had now reached up to about the third rung of the ladder. And the press had begun to notice him. The press is an elusive thing, as fickle as it is elusive. But it

did not avoid Donald Brian, and from the first, was less fickle than is its wont.

It was in his work, the next year in "Florodora" that he won the most enthusiastic epithets so far. The public likes "Florodora," and it liked Donald Brian.

He next took an important part in "Fifty Miles From Boston," the following season. People back in St. John's were watching their Donald, and now and then, they received clippings from the papers, saying very nice things about him. And they were naturally quite proud. For it is a strange thing about

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Donald Brian in his latest play.

The lower view shows the "Futurist Twirl," the latest of modern dances.

young man learns, when he has begun to "get on," is the proper color scheme to choose for ties, shirts and socks. Donald already had a penchant for neat knots. This is one of the most necessary requisites for a successful stage appearance. Hence, it may be guessed that the Newfoundland boy was about to place

The Ulster Leader

A Pen Picture of Edward Carson,
from an Outside Standpoint

By HUGH S. EAYRS

Edward Carson is the man behind the Ulster movement. The eyes of the world have been focused on the northern county of Ireland ever since this iron-faced lawyer propounded the proposition, "Ulster will fight." What manner of man is Carson—a hero or a notoriety-seeker? Is he sincere or is he bluffing? These questions are on all lips. The accompanying article is presented in an endeavor to show the man as he is; not in any effort to either laud or belittle Carson himself or to throw any light on the Ulster problem. It is a pen sketch of Carson, the man viewed in a purely impartial light.

IT is a long, long time since the world has seen such a man as Sir Edward Carson. It will be many years before we shall see his like again. Perhaps it is a good thing. Perhaps it isn't. Opinions differ, and the difference is not according to whether he who opines has a habit of waving a green flag when John Redmond leaves St. Stephen's, or of shouldering a dummy rifle for Carson, Craig and the rest of the "bhoys" in Farnham Wood. Somehow, everybody, friend and foe, recognizes Sir Edward as being a man with a mission, and people either forbear or forget to laugh at the man who is called, half in jest, half in earnest, the King of Ulster. The period of laughing has gone. The deadly determination of the man has conquered it, and relegated it to the limbo of the things that were, but are not.

This article does not propose to discuss the merits or the demerits of Mr. Asquith's Government of Ireland measure. It would be more or less a waste of words anyhow, for there are some questions that have their partisans for and against, and not all the eloquence of Burke could ever alter the effect which a recital of the facts of the case has upon its champions and its opponents. The Government of Ireland is one of these cases. Much water must flow down the River Shannon before the Nationalist will admit that Home Rule for Ireland is a mistake, or the Ulster Protestant agree that Ulster, in common with the rest of the country should govern itself. Pity 'tis, 'tis true, that a *real* settlement is as far off as ever. There are many amongst us who would sleep better o' nights if the hatchet were buried, once and for all. All this talk about the indifference of the man on the street is only real, so far as printers' ink is concerned, when the printers' ink is spread over an organ which wants the obstacle of public opinion removed from the path which its party heroes are treading. Three months ago, I was in England, and even then, before the Witches' Cauldron at Westminster began to seethe, men were either jauntily

confident or sadly despondent or bombastically defiant over the issue of the Government of Ireland bill.

It is not too much to say that Sir Edward Carson is the reason why the conflagration has been, and is, so intense and so immense. One look at his face tells you that here is a man who must be a tremendous power, an invaluable asset to the side for which he fights. The craftiness and art and clever cunning of many lawyers have no place in his armory. They have not even representation in the man's face. Humor, too, is missing. It isn't wanted. It is almost scorned. The only humor which Sir Edward permits himself is a kind of cynical, grim, I-scorn-to-do-it humor. Perhaps in his Trinity College days, Sir Edward was a "broth of a bhoys." Then, like the rest of the Trinity men, he painted the town a sort of red by such mirthful incidents as bursting a bag of flour over the head



Two views of Sir Edward Carson. Above he is shown in a typical pose on the platform.

and shoulders of the mayor of Dublin. I have sometimes wondered, when he has been speaking in the House, what time John Redmond sits with his head in his hands, if these two makers of movements so opposite ever remembered that they have both the same Alma Mater. For Redmond is an old Trinity man, too.

Sir Edward, by profession, is a barrister. A. G. Gardiner, the brilliant editor of the *Daily News and Leader*, calls him the hatchet-faced lawyer. He is one of the greatest English advocates. His particular forte is criminal cases. The methods that distinguish him as a party leader allow the observer to pick him out and set him apart from his fellows as a pleader.

He uses no fine methods. The longest way round is never the shortest way home with Edward Carson, K.C. He never plays with his opponent, in the cat and mouse way of many lawyers, seeking to trap him into some sort of cul de sac. But with a dogged determination, reminiscent, in some sort, of a bull rushing at a five-barred gate, he overbears his witnesses. "Did you?" or "Did you not?" says he, and that's all there is to it. "Insistent cross-examination produces excessive exudation" was his mot at a famous criminal trial some years ago.

It was not alone the love for adventurous politics that has made him devote all his time to Westminster rather than the law courts. Sir Edward has a

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Nothing New Under the Sun



The Sign



Two and Three -
Bases Full



A Word to the Umpire

DUDLEY WARD 17



The Fans

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

The articles in this section are condensed or paraphrased from the magazines mentioned at the head of each article. The extracts are not necessarily verbatim. To give the gist of an article, several pages in length in the space of a column or two, paraphrasing and condensation are necessary.

The Birth of a Kingdom A French Writer Gives an Account of His Recent Experiences in Albania

(From *Lectures Pour Tous*.)

In the present condition of European affairs an event such as the formation of a new realm is altogether an out-of-the-way occurrence. Two sanguinary campaigns and the menace of further international complications have resulted in the appearance of the Kingdom of Albania. A writer who has just returned from this picturesque country here gives us his impressions of things he has seen, and enables us to witness that unusual phenomenon, the birth of a new kingdom.

WHEN, in October last, the realm of Albania was created by the will of Europe there were eight aspirants for the throne. Of these, Prince William of Wied was the one to carry off the prize, thanks mainly to the indefatigable efforts of his aunt, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, better known by the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva.

It was pre-eminently a military sovereign that was required for the new realm. A diplomatist, an administrator, a politician would all have been out of their element here. The Albanians, indeed, are the last real warrior race of Europe. Divided into tribes, they recognize only the law of the sword. They are the sons of the eagle, for ages past independent in their mountain fastnesses. In them have been preserved the laws of the early ages of man and patriarchal government. What can be more curious than their ancient traditions, that, for instance, which compels a man to marry the wife of his deceased brother? Blood vengeance is inscribed at the head of all their legislation. The *vendetta* in Albania is far more terrible than in Corsica. The code of honor is practically that of the Iliad and of the Odyssey, such as was

observed by the heroes of Homer. Add to this an extreme susceptibility and a jealousy with regard to their native soil which renders the Albanian mountains more impenetrable than the sacred regions of Thibet, also peculiar manners of thought which look upon robbery and abduction as somewhat chivalrous methods of acquiring what one desires, and you will have some idea of the problem that the young chief of the third squadron of the Prussian Guard is up against.

The Prince has settled upon Durazzo as his future capital. Poets in Homer's time wrote of this place as Epidamnus.



Prince William of Wied, now King of Albania.

It was known to the Romans as Dyrrachium. Caesar, Pompey, Augustus, and Justinian built summer residences there and Cicero lived there in exile. Pending the arrival of the Prince the government has been administered by Essad Pacha, who a year ago proclaimed himself ruler. A senate has been formed consisting of fifteen beys, chosen from the richest and noblest men of the country. To them fell the duty of arranging the protocol of accession. Delegates were appointed to carry the good news to the distant tribes on the wild banks of the black Drin, or on the mountains of the interior. Each tribe had to be consulted and to give their consent, such referendum being in conformity with ancient Albanian custom.

Organizing the Public Services

The consent of the clans being obtained, the next step was to organize the different administrations. This was no easy task, as may be gathered from the recital of a few of the incidents I experienced during the journey I lately made.

We had, first of all, to do with the Customs officers, guardians of the land and maritime frontiers. These personages, clad in new uniforms, were the most ferocious specimens of their kind I have ever met with. A photographic apparatus has about the same effect upon them as a bomb. I saw them compel a photograph reporter from Leipsic to open a case of plates, which, thanks to indefatigable exertions and precautions he had managed to carry so far with him intact.

In spite of prayers, threats, tips, he was forced to take out his plates one by one. They were passed from hand to hand and held up facing the sun. Of course, they were all spoilt and worthless.

Everything is regarded as a possible subject for taxation: clean linen which, in their eyes, must be new, books, cards, spectacles and note books. There is, moreover, considerable confusion between the douane and the octroi, that is between the taxes collected on entering the country and those collected on entering each town. At every town one enters, the

whole process has to be recommenced and gone through again. It is Charybdis after Scylla.

As for the police of Scutari, Durazzo, and Vallona they disport themselves in magnificent plum-colored uniforms. Boots, caps, swords, all new. The twenty-million Albanian loan is already accounted for in advance.

No Taxes for Us

"We ask nothing from the state," say the tribal Albanians, "we do not need its administration or its benefits. On the other hand we refuse to pay it money." The Albanians have always refused to pay taxes, so in order to familiarize them with the idea, indirect taxes were instituted, notably one on tobacco. In the towns this has been collected without any great difficulty. A pound of tobacco which used to cost 6 piastres now costs 20. But the hamlets and villages were still recalcitrant and continued to manufacture excellent tobacco locally. In the stores you could see side by side on the same counter government tobacco and contraband tobacco. The peasants imagined that it was simply a question of quality—such as exists, for instance, between any two of our proprietary brands.

A tower of the barracks at Durazzo has been turned into a post office. Presumably the Albanians write very little, as the office is only open from midday till 2 p.m. All letters, however, are registered. One hundred thousand stamps were ordered from Vienna with the portrait of the national hero Skanderbey, which both the engraver and printer misunderstood and made it "Skanderberg." After this it was decided to wait some time before ordering anew. But the supply is exhausted; philatelists having made a clean sweep of these curiosities, and it is now impossible to get stamps in Albania. I tried at the post office to get one of two cents. The manager, who unites in his person the whole staff of telegraphist, clerk and postman, politely replied:

"Ah! They are very rare, our stamps! I might perhaps find you one, but the two-cent stamp is now worth four dollars." I declined his offer.

A state bank has been inaugurated. It is going to issue notes. For the coin, it has been decided to order the 20-cent pieces at Vienna and the 10-cent pieces at Rome. The coins of lesser denomination will be Turkish paras. There are great times in store for Albanian money changers.

A journal has been started. It is called the Echo de Kroja and consists of a single page issued once a week in Albanian. It deals exclusively with European politics.

Last proof of civilization, a cinematograph has been installed. Every afternoon at Durazzo, you can see small boys

playing the role of sandwich men with large boards on which you read:

Cinema

Prince of Wied.

This is the first present of the new King to his subjects. The idea is to use it as an educational agent.

There remains much still to be done. The inactivity of the Turk has left its mark too plainly on these races and on this land.

It was noticed recently that the Commission of Control, which sat sometimes at Durazzo, sometimes at Vallona, made the journey by boat once a week to Corfu. What was it that compelled these high politicians to absent themselves thus?



A Falcon chained.

A few tell-tale feathers.

Swooping a partridge.

What mystery was there? Was it to deliberate in secret on fixing the frontiers, or arranging for the arrival of the new King? No. It was in order that each member might have a bath and get a shave.

Modern Falconry

Revival of an Ancient National British Sport

(From *The Windsor Magazine*.)

One of the remarkable features of modern life, looked at from a sportsman's point of view, is a steadily growing inclination to revive those old British games and sports which were once a feature of the national life

FALCONRY as a sport has never been anything like extinct in the British Isles; but its devotees have kept it up without any of the pomp and show which

once distinguished it. However, the famous old pastime is now followed by a select few with a zeal and enthusiasm that only those who have experienced its delights can appreciate.

No man has done more to encourage the revival than Capt. Radclyffe, and the success he has achieved with his hawks bears convincing testimony to the extraordinary care and attention he has devoted to the sport. This is somewhat curious, as hawking might be termed a slow sport by the hypercritical if the size of the bag is any indication of a day's sport. If a day's hawking produces four brace of birds, falconers consider they have had a fine return; but what would four brace mean to a man and a gun? There is, however, a peculiar fascination and charm to every falconer in the fact that he has, as the result of his own teaching, made one of the wildest of creatures obedient to his will, and always ready to afford him amusement and sport when the opportunity presents itself.

No descriptive writing can in any way give the reader an adequate idea of the excitement that the sport produces; but as at present falconry is not widely known to the general public, we will endeavor to give an idea of the training of the birds and of the sport itself.

The day we went a-hawking was a cold, windy, and cheerless day in September. Ideal hawking weather should be a bright autumn morning, without a gust of wind to disturb the hawks in their flight; and if it rains the chances of a kill are discounted, as the hawk's wings suffer materially from the wet. The party, including the two falconers and the beaters, and accompanied by six dogs—a black retriever, two pointers, two spaniels, and the ubiquitous fox-terrier—presented a picturesque group, the most pleasing feature being the hawks, with their variegated-colored hoods, which were carried on a frame called the cadge.

The hoods are kept on the birds till the "cast-off"—that is, when the hawks leave the wrist to go after the quarry. The hawk is also attached to the falconer's hand by a leash, or leather thong, which passes through a band or "jess" tied to the bird's leg, and is adroitly slipped before "casting off" the hawk from the fist. One of our party was allocated to a position in the fields to "mark"—that is, to take a note of the particular place partridges might have flown to after we had beaten the adjoining fields.

The object of the falconer was to drive the game into the open heath, where the hawks have a better chance of killing than in the enclosures, for the partridges are cunning enough to take shelter in the ditches and bushes. After a tedious journey over hills, bogs, and ditches—for we had to beat round into the valley—the dogs startled a covey of birds,

which flew to some neighboring cover and were promptly "marked down."

We then started another covey of partridges, and it was decided to cast off one of the hawks. Swiftly and gracefully the bird selected first took the air, and in a moment she was "waiting-on," which is the technical expression when the hawk is soaring in circles above the head of the falconer in expectation of the game to be sprung. In the meantime the dogs are assisting by pointing and finding the game, when suddenly a bird is sighted, and then the game begins. The party tear off at breakneck speed to see the "stoop" or swoop of the hawk on to its prey. The falconers and beaters meanwhile are shouting "Yo-hup! Yo-hup!" and "Helaw-helaw-helope!" at the top of their voices to the hawk, to encourage her in her stoop; but she wants no encouragement, for she has already sighted the game from high up aloft, and the poor quarry's fate is sealed. The startled bird, which turns out to be a landrail, intuitively knows that the hawk is on the wing, and prepares for flight. You almost wish that the landrail will escape that swift and terrible stoop. The falcon has seen the landrail from above, and like lightning she sweeps down in a rush that the eye can scarcely follow. You think for the moment that she must miss the quarry on the wing, for the first "stoop" is by no means invariably successful, and the falcon will "throw up," i.e., regain her point of vantage above the quarry, and "stoop" again repeatedly until she strikes or "binds." But in this case she struck and "footed" the landrail at the first lightning-like "stoop."

Incredible Velocity

As a reward for her performance, she is sometimes allowed to eat the bird she has taken, for it must be mentioned that the quarry is killed almost the instant that the falcon captures it. Instances are known of a falcon missing to take the quarry, although it has struck it in the flight, and the birds have been picked up minus the head, such has been the force and velocity with which the hawk accomplished the stoop. James Rutford, the best and most experienced falconer of his day in England, who was one of our party, informed me that it is computed that a hawk travels at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour when effecting a stoop. Nevertheless, one cannot conceive any way of measuring the speed. All one can say is that it is the fastest movement made by any living thing in the world. It must be seen to be believed.

It was hoped we should not go unrewarded without seeing a partridge taken. Tramping a few miles over hill and dale, over ditches and bog, and forcing your way through furze-bush and stinging nettles, are unconsidered trifles with hawking men, and we presently forgot everything in the excitement produced when the dogs startled a partridge. One of the hawks had been cast off and then there was a mad rush down a steep hill to see the stoop; and a fine stoop it was, the falcon taking the partridge in full flight, although for a moment it seemed

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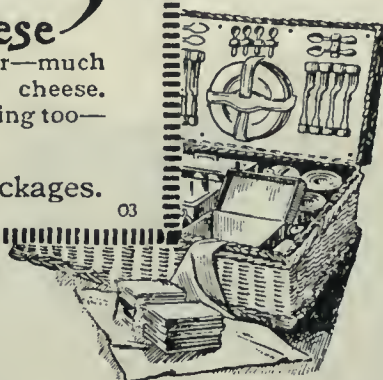
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that the game would escape. As the party was getting hungry, it was necessary to get the falcon on the cage again, and for this purpose a "lure" was thrown out—i.e., a dead pigeon attached by a piece of string, which is twirled in the air by the falconer. By this means the hawk is induced to come to the ground and allow herself to be hooded and leashed.

Training the Hawks

The best kind of falcons for English game-hawking are those caught when very young. These are known as eyases or nestlings, and are captured from the nests by hand just before they can fly. Falconry, curiously enough, takes its name from the female bird, the male bird being known as a tiercel, which is a third smaller in size than the female. The training requires great care and patience. When the hawks are taken from the nest, they are allowed to fly loose and at liberty for several weeks, until they are full-grown and have attained complete use of their wings. This is termed "flying at hack." They are fed each day with fresh meat tied to blocks of wood outside the hack house. This latter is usually some rough shed erected for the purpose. After four or five weeks thus flying at liberty, the young hawks attain their full power of flight, and when sufficiently advanced in this, they naturally become almost wild, and have to be caught up by means of snaring lines placed over the meat on which they feed each day. The falconer, being hidden from sight inside the hack house, captures the hawk by means of pulling a noose tight around the legs of the young bird when it comes to feed. They are then hooded and placed on a pole to which they are tied day and night and their training commences.

Young passage hawks can be bought for ten or fifteen dollars and good nestlings, just taken from the nest, for five or ten dollars. A trained hawk may fetch a fancy price, according to its quality.

That falconry as a general sport is reviving there is no doubt. One of the greatest obstacles in the way is the heavy expense incurred in the training. A professional falconer is retained, who usually requires a heavy fee, for there are few of them who thoroughly understand their art. A very large open space in which to fly the hawks is required. The falconer generally needs one or more assistants for game-hawking, and a certain number of dogs are necessary. Also the feeding of the hawks is another incidental heavy expense if a large number of them are kept.

Sir Charles Wyndham, the English actor, was told as a young man that he would not live long. The other day, at the age of seventy-seven, he was occupied in learning a new part for a play he is going to produce. "I don't contemplate retiring yet," he said, "and when I do I shall simply go out. There will be no farewell performance for me." Other members of the theatrical profession who are still young are: Sarah Bernhardt, age 69; Ellen Terry, 66; Sir John Hare, 70.

Identifying a Criminal

Graphic Description of the Late M. Bertillon's Methods

(From Sir Ray Lankester's "Science from an Easy Chair" article in The Daily Telegraph.)

M. Bertillon is often wrongly represented as the inventor of "the finger-print system." The actual fact is precisely the contrary of this. M. Bertillon, as a matter of fact, opposed and rejected the finger-mark system of identification. He devised a system of measurements which has been called "Bertillonage," and was successfully put in practice by him as director of the Anthropometric Bureau of the police authorities of Paris. This system had nothing to do with finger-marks, and it was only after many years that Mr. Bertillon added the finger-mark identification of the English to his system.

THE recent death of M. Alphonse Bertillon, head of the Identification Department in the Prefecture of Police of Paris, brings to mind the wonderful mensuration system which he invented and which now forms one of the principal means for the identification of criminals in most countries of the civilized world. M. Bertillon was born in Paris on the 22nd of April, 1853, and founded his system of mensuration in 1880, when he was 27 years of age. He published several books on the subject, to which he devoted practically the whole of his life, among them being *Modern Ethnography*; *The Savage Races*, 1883; *Judicial Anthropometry in Paris*, 1889; *Judicial Photography*, 1890; *Anthropometrical Identification*, 1893; *Comparison of Handwritings and Identification of Handwriting*, 1897; and, finally, in conjunction with Dr. Chevrin, in 1909 he published their well-known work on *Metric and Photographic Anthropology*.

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of M. Bertillon in Paris a little more than twenty years ago, when I visited his laboratory with my friends Dr. Roux and Dr. Metchnikoff, of the Institut Pasteur. Bertillon was then a strikingly handsome man of Southern type, about forty years of age, tall and lean, with dark hair and beard, sallow complexion, and finely-cut features. He had a suite of rooms arranged, one for measuring, another for photography, another for the numbered cabinets containing the record cards, and another as his study and library. The measurements, which after some years of trial he had found most suitable to his purpose, were, he told us, seven, namely: (1) The length of the head from back to front; (2) the breadth of the head; (3) the stretch of the arms extended horizontally, measured from finger-tip to finger-tip; (4) the height when sitting (from buttocks to top of the head); (5) the length of the middle finger; (6) the length of the cubit—that is, from the elbow to the top of

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the middle finger; (7) the length of the left foot. An arrested individual had been brought in and all seven measurements of him taken by M. Bertillon's assistant in our presence. "Take the card," Bertillon said to me, "and see if you can find his record here."

The first thing to do was to see under which of the three head-lengths the prisoner came. His measure in this item was 8 in., therefore he was to be sought in the first section. At the date of our visit M. Bertillon had, so far as I remember, about 30,000 individuals' records or cards in his cabinets. At the start the prisoner was a possible one out of 30,000. But the measurement of the length of his head made him one of about a third of that number—those with the longer heads. He became (if there at all!) one of 10,000. Then I referred to the freshly-prepared measurements and got his head-breadth. He belonged to the broader section, and again two-thirds of the cards were excluded—he became one of 3,300, and so on until the last measurement, that of the length of the left foot, brought us to one of three drawers—those of the largest foot-measurement. There were twenty cards in the drawer.

If M. Bertillon possessed the record of this man, it must be one of these. "Take out the cards and read the notes on the back," said M. Bertillon to me. There were nine cards with eye-color brown, six blue, five grey. The prisoner's eye-color was brown. "Now look at the photographs on each of the nine cards with brown eyes," said the director. I did so. One had a considerable resemblance to the prisoner, though the beard was different. M. Bertillon looked at the card and, showing the photograph to the prisoner, said to him, "Your name is Gustave Mercier; you were arrested four years ago at Tours for vagabondage." "No, sir," he replied, "my name is Legros, and I was never at Tours in my life. There is a resemblance to me in the photograph, it is true, but it is a mere chance resemblance."

M. Bertillon took no notice, but (reading from the card) said to his assistant, "Scar of a cut behind the left ear, an inch and a half long." The assistant turned the prisoner's head to the light, and, touching the scar, said, "Yes, sir. There it is!" "A similar scar on the inner side of the fourth finger of the right hand," continued M. Bertillon. "Here it is, sir," said the assistant. "A large mole on the right shoulder-blade, with a smaller one below it," continued the director. "Take off your shirt," said the assistant to the prisoner. "Eh bien! assez! Vous etes plus fort que moi. C'est moi, Mercier!" that personage exclaimed. There was nothing much against him, as it happened, and he was dismissed with the report and an attendant policeman, to be dealt with by the Commissioner of Police, who, I was told, would only caution him and set him free.

That was the Bertillon system. We saw another prisoner measured and identified, and a third was measured and was found not to be on record. He was photographed, and his card was, there and then, placed in its proper place, awaiting future developments.

A Monarch at Eighty-Three

An Intimate Character Sketch of Austria's Grand Old Man

(From The Lady's Realm.)

The recently announced illness of the Emperor of Austria-Hungary reminds us that the aged monarch is the doyen of all the sovereigns of Europe, being now in his eighty-third year. It is doubtful whether any but a small circle of councillors and attendants, who grow less in number every year, as their total sum of years increases, really knows anything of his actual personality. This intimate view of his daily life will therefore be of exceptional interest.

TO few men is it given to occupy an exalted position for so great a length of time as has fallen to lot of the aged Emperor of Austria and Hungary. His reign which has been far from a happy one, has now considerably exceeded in duration that of our own Queen, Victoria. Bravely has he met and withstood every kind of blow from an adverse fate. Punctiliously as ever he still performs all those duties of kingship and governor, which at his age he might be well excused for delegating to one younger than himself.

His enemies call his "the most perfect official in Europe," and it is very certain that the Emperor is a most successful business man, a master of method and detail, and that everyone who comes into contact with him, must be absolutely "correct" in every way.

The representatives of big newspapers, whose business it is to attend the steps of royalty, when visiting this country, all agree that whereas there is hardly a monarch who is absolutely to time, the Emperor of Austria forms a striking exception. Kaiser Wilhelm, on arriving at the small wayside station of Penzing, near the Palace of Schonbrunn, in Vienna, naturally hastens to reach the door of the railway carriage to anticipate his aged host. It is frequently a struggle to get there in time. On the platform stands the Emperor, slim and upright, a military figure par excellence. No one ever casts a glance towards the red velvet canopy to see whether he is there or not, for they know that he will advance like a clockwork figure at the given signal and that his steps are so nicely calculated that all the most precise requirements of etiquette are filled, the sovereign in the in-coming train getting just that degree of deference due to his rank and estate in the world. Of course the Emperor has had long practice at the difficult task of reigning over this large Empire and of presiding as the chief of the most exact court of Europe.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, a certain roughness, the Emperor is the most popular man in the Empire. Whether he goes to Hungary or Bohemia, he is sure of ovations, all along the line of route. He visited Bosnia three years ago. The detectives, who were called upon to accompany the monarch, did not relish their task. They knew by experience that their work would be very difficult. The monarch who

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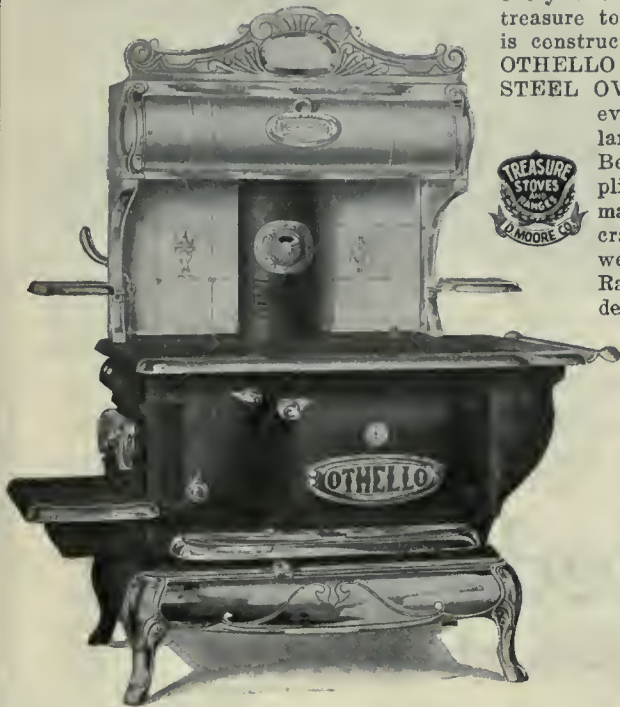
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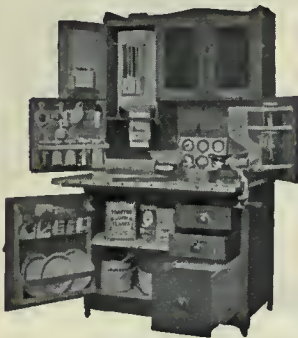
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is so solicitous for the safety of his guests, cares nothing for his own safety. There was considerable risk of some disaffected Serb, or fanatic Mahomedan, making an attempt upon the life of the Emperor. This he knew as well as any of his retinue, but nonplussed them all by dismounting from his carriage in the streets of Sarajewo, and mingling with the crowd, just as if he had been in Vienna or Buda Pesth.

In every capital of Europe it will be noticed that the court carriages and automobiles always drive at a certain pace, when carrying strange monarchs. The pace is not the result of chance. It has been carefully calculated by the police, as that most likely to confuse any ill-intentioned malefactors. The Emperor himself, however, never drives quickly. To the great distress of both police and doctors he insists on proceeding through the streets at foot pace, and receiving the ovations of the crowd.

The Emperor has only one physician in ordinary, who, like the other personages about him, is a friend of his youth. Doctor Kerzl is over seventy years old and is an old campaigner, who does not believe in any kind of pampering. He has accompanied the Emperor on the battlefield and to countless manoeuvres, and both old soldiers sleep in an iron camp bed. The Emperor has no faith in doctors, or medicine, and it would appear that Kerzl shares his belief. The Emperor's relatives have often tried to persuade him to allow a younger doctor to attend him. They are afraid that Kerzl's views coincide too exactly with those of the monarch.

The position, however, is no easy one. The Emperor, forgetting the need for precautions at his advanced age, orders his carriage without consulting the doctor. The latter is sometimes only informed of the monarch's intention of paying visits on a raw spring day, in an open carriage, after the vehicle is ready at the door, and the Emperor has sallied forth clad in nothing but his uniform, as he dislikes the military cloak, and will not allow his attendants to wrap him in carriage rugs like an elderly person who has lost his vigor.

The Emperor-king does not take many holidays, for he works harder than any man in his kingdom, in spite of his advanced age. He occasionally, however, takes a well-earned outing at Ischl, where he spends part of his time rambling the mountains, in that delightful part of the Salzkammergut, quite alone, except when he permits a gamekeeper to accompany him, or a forester to take him to the best point for shooting one of the large herd of deer that roam the forest. The forester, like the other attendants on his Majesty, is an old man. He is generally seen awaiting the arrival of the train from Vienna. The Emperor, after his official welcome is over, inquires what prospects there are in the hunting world, and his subjects are somewhat startled every summer to hear that the monarch has risen at 3.30 a.m., an hour earlier than usual, for he always rises at 4.30 and rides toward the top of a mountain which forms part of the imperial domain, doing the last few hun-

dred yards on foot to the dense part of the forest where stags may be shot by the skilled stalker.

The Emperor is never alone at Ischl. Members of the imperial family come and go throughout the summer; but the children of the Archduchess Valerie are the monarch's favorites. They take up their residence at the same time as his majesty, in the Ischl villa, and throughout the summer the prime gardens and forest walks, which extend upwards from the villa grounds, are enlivened by the voices of the children and their friends. The Archduchess has nine children, of whom the eldest daughter, who fell in love with her brother's tutor at Ischl last summer, is prime favorite with the Emperor. She very wisely told her grandfather that she could not live without her handsome soldier lover, during one of her walks with the aged monarch among the moss-grown Ischl woods. He, acting as usual without consulting anyone, summoned the lover to an audience, made the necessary enquiries, and only issued his commands in the matter to the somewhat scandalized archducal papa after he had practically disposed of his grandchild's hand, without even asking the formal consent of her parents, for it is the Emperor alone who decides all matrimonial questions in the imperial family.

The Emperor has rigged up a stage for his grandchildren who always spend part of the summer in rehearsing for an amateur performance for his birthday on August 18th, and in order that the villa may not be reduced to confusion by the efforts of these amateur actors, the performance is given in a small house called "The Cottage," at the end of the grounds, where they can make as much noise as they choose without the danger of disturbing the monarch or his ministers. The first ballet master from Vienna is in charge of the troupe of dancers, and the Emperor has the gratification of seeing a really pretty spectacle got up entirely for his benefit.

A World-wide Symbol

Do You Know the Meaning of this Sgn?

(From The World.)

The Swastika is perhaps more worn than any other similar symbol of its kind to-day, and yet how many people even of those who wear it have the least idea of its meaning? This seems to be the unfortunate fate of symbols which become a fashion. The readers of the present article, however, will take place among the more enlightened as far as this particular symbol is concerned.

"OF the many forms of the cross," says Thomas Wilson, "the Swastika is the most ancient." The peculiarity of this special cross is that all four arms of equal length and size are bent in the same direction to right or left; when turned to the right it has been called the Swastika, and

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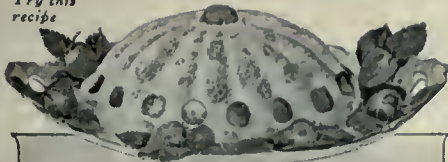
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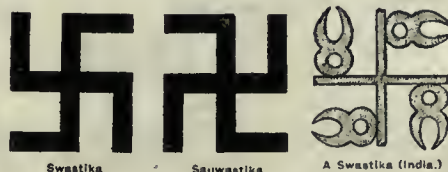
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when to the left, the Sauwastika, the meaning of which I shall refer to later. This cross has at different times been called by various names, but nearly all countries have universally adopted the name of Swastika, a Sanskrit word denoting happiness, pleasure, and good luck. Thus it was worn as an amulet and a sign of benediction, good fortune and long life.

The theories presented concerning the symbolism of the Swastika are extremely numerous. The origin and early history are lost in antiquity, but in the opinion of Thomas Wilson it might have served as the symbol of a religion, a people, or a sect; secondly, as a charm; and thirdly, as an ornament or decoration. What gives to it peculiar interest is its migration, for there was no country and no time when it was not known. D'Alviella calls it "Gammadion" quite as often as Swastika, and says that the Anglo-Saxons gave to this form of cross the name of Fylfot. It seems to have been regarded, in turn, possibly as a symbol of fecundity; a representation of water; a symbol of lightning and storm; but he himself is inclined to regard it as a solar symbol, the arms or branches of the Gammadion representing rays in motion. The triscele—such as is represented in the



Swastika

Sauwastika.

A Swastika (India.)

three legs of the Isle of Man — is regarded as a solar symbol, and is derived from the tetrascele or cross with four rounded arms, a variety of the Swastika. The solar disk is frequently found in connection with the latter symbol, and one fact often quoted in support of its solar significance is that on a coin of Mesembria in Thrace, meaning "the town of noon," the Swastika stands for the light of the sun.

The Hindoo Swastika

If this interpretation of the Swastika as a solar symbol be correct, it is interesting to note that Sir George Birdwood says that the "right-handed" Swastika is with the Hindoos the emblem of the god Ganesh, typifying the sun in its course from east to west, and symbolising light, life, and glory. The "left-handed" Swastika or Sauwastika belongs, on the contrary, to Kali, representing the course of the sun in the subterranean world from west to east, denoting darkness, death, and destruction. Hence the general impression that the arms of the Swastika should turn to the right, though the wearers are ignorant of the reason.

Should we, then, take for granted that the Swastika is a symbol of the sun—an emblem of the great Life Giver—what is more likely than that it thus derived its significance of good fortune and long life? In the present day the Hindoos, at the time of the new year, paint the Gammadion in red at the commencement of their account books. As an orna-

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ment it is still woven by the Buddhist women of Thibet into their skirts. Here, too, it is placed on the necks of the dead, signifying, possibly, renewal and endless duration of life.

Who can know, for certain, the significance of this symbol as old as the world and as wide? Only we, of to-day, may remember that to these people, of yesterday, long passed, it must have meant much, and so wear it as a symbol rather than as an ornament.

A Fuel of the Future

Peat Treated by New Methods an Efficient Substitute for Coal

While peat, or "turf" has been used for many years as fuel in parts of Ireland, Holland, and even occasionally in the United States, it has never been accounted of great economic value, because of its humidity and its large percentage of earthy matter, rendering it of low heating power, not to mention its acrid smoke. The new method of treatment here described, however, will if successful overcome these difficulties.

HITHERTO peat has been unable to seriously compete with coal as a fuel owing to its bulk and its large content of water and ash. It is frequently used as a fertiliser, as stable litter, or for making charcoal, but as a fuel it has only been in use among the poorest people of the countries in which it is found.

New methods of using it in practice abroad during the last few years, however, have caused peat-bogs to be considered a valuable national asset. Peat has even been made available for use as fuel in locomotives through the invention of a feeding-device by a Swedish engineer. The details of the device have not been made public, but it is said that peat-powder is mixed with a small percentage of coal and fed automatically into the furnace. No alteration of boiler or fire-box is required, and three tons of peat preparation do the work of two tons of coal. Reports have it that the experiments have been so successful that some Swedish railways have been buying peat-logs.

A description of the successful exploitation of peat in Europe is given in the monthly supplement of the *Larousse Encyclopedia*.

For some years, says the writer, a better understood exploitation has enabled us to find in peat a source of important riches; besides its use for fuel, to which we will return, this substance has been employed as a litter for animals, as a disinfecting substance, as a medium for absorbing molasses fed to stock, etc. . . .

Peat-bogs represent considerable areas in northern regions as well as in Europe (Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Ireland), as in Canada (nearly 40,000 square miles) and in the United States. Even in France over 90,000 acres are thus unproductive. . . . It is evident that a new profit will re-



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Hawaiian Pineapple is a delicious dessert for early summer days simply chilled and served; it also makes tempting ices, sherbets and fruit drinks; or it is the highly satisfactory basis of many fine salads, pastries and puddings suitable for the home table or for entertaining. All are described in our free booklet, "How We Serve Hawaiian Pineapple," by the following 15 culinary experts:

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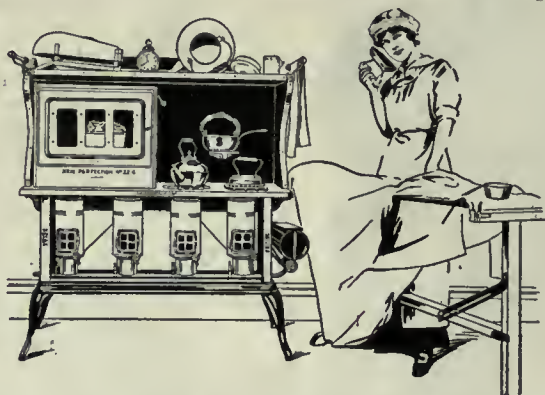
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sult from the working of peat-beds; these vast areas will be drained and devoted to agriculture.

The peat lies in horizontal layers, the upper ones of which clearly betray their vegetable origin, while the lower ones are increasingly black, opaque, and compact, as the carbonization becomes more complete. Such compact turf may contain as high as 65 per cent. of carbon. When dry it is a light, spongy substance with an earthy fracture, weighing from 500 to 580 pounds per cubic yard. We read in regard to the exploitation and preparation of peat:

The simplest exploitation of peat-beds consists in cutting it with a special ax and allowing it to dry in the open air. . . . The minimum quantity is thus extracted. The amount is increased by the use of more or less powerful excavators, according to the nature of the peat and the presence of roots. Extracted in a solid mass or even in a muddy pulp, it undergoes a mechanical preparation; it is soaked in basins to separate it from earth and stones and then filtered under pressure. Instead of natural drying in the air it is more rapid in substitute artificial processes, either by circulation of hot air in tunnels or by special furnaces; the original feature of such driers consists in the use of part of the turf itself as a fuel. After drying, the turf, first broken up, if necessary, is formed into blocks by powerful compression in a 'briquette' machine.

Modern methods are still more efficient. They consist of distillation and gasification. The former transforms the peat into coke, the latter into gases utilizable for heating or for motive power.

In these methods many by-products, principally salts of ammonia, may be recovered, thus rendering the transformation very economical. . . . The transforming of peat into charcoal was primitively accomplished by kilns, as in the case of wood; but since the gaseous products were lost, the process was not very economical. The distillation in closed vessels is preferable; special arrangements permit the condensation and recovery of tars, mother-waters, sources of alcohol, of acetic acid, of ammoniacal salts, etc.; the charcoal obtained, better calcined and denser, richer in carbon, constitutes a fuel something like coke, especially when washed peat is used to charge the retorts. Among the apparatus recently applied to carbonization, one of the most original heats the purified peat in a steel cylinder by the aid of an electric resistance in the interior, the electric energy being produced by the heat proceeding from the combustion of the gases disengaged. One hundred pounds of dry peat yield about thirty pounds of coke utilizable in metallurgy to charge furnaces, heat boilers, etc.

Gasification is an ultra modern procedure much employed in Sweden, and consists of burning the turf with an insufficient quantity of air in order to obtain a large quantity of combustible gases.

Making the Passover Cake

Interesting Facts Concerning a Little-known Industry

The charge of making their Passover cakes with Christian blood is one which has lately been industriously circulated against the Jews in Russia. The particulars of the Motza industry, as given in this article, are therefore of special interest at the present

A THRIVING industry centres round the manufacture of the thin brittle cakes of the Passover and there are large motza bakeries in different parts of England, and in various states of America, Russia, Germany and Italy. But the English-made motza, however, is popular all the year round, and consignments go to such varied spots as China, Australia, South Africa, North Africa, Eastern Europe, and Gibraltar.

A motza bakery is a most interesting place to visit, particularly as Jewish ecclesiastical law governs the process of manufacture. The first consideration, it can well be imagined, is the flour to be used. A suitable blend has to be found and this can hardly be described exactly, as the same flour is used for the manufacture of daily bread, though good bread could be manufactured from the same flour.

The whole secret of getting motzas the right quality is to have the right flour, and as soon as this is chosen the Ecclesiastical Authorities are called in to inspect the mill before the grinding starts. One of the main things they insist upon is that the wheat shall be unwashed and be absolutely free from sprout. After the wheat is ground the bags of flour are sealed by an overseer, and the flour is then stored away from everything else in a separate room.

The next step is to get the machinery ready, and it is necessary to have religious inspection before we can actually start. The covering on the machines along which the dough travels must be renewed and the doughing tubs must be thoroughly cleansed, in fact one of the most essential features is that everything in the department where the manufacture goes on is to be made scrupulously clean.

What the Cakes Really Are

The machines upon which the motzas are made are the ordinary type of biscuit machines fitted, of course, with special dies according to the kind of Passover cake that it is required to make. The machinery is kept exclusively for the manufacture of Passover cakes, though this is not essential, as it can be used for the manufacture of ordinary Kosher biscuits so long as it is thoroughly cleansed before the cakes for Passover are to be made. Once, however, the manufacture of Passover cakes is started the machines cannot be used for anything else until the whole of the quantity for Passover has been made up.



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For people, more and more, are mixing Puffed Grains with berries. The tart of the fruit and these nut-like morsels form a delicious blend.

Serve Together

When you serve berries, serve with them a freshly-crisped dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Mix the grains with the berries, so that every spoonful brings the two together.

The grains are fragile, bubble-like and thin, and the taste is like toasted nuts. They add as much deliciousness as the sugar and the cream.

Strawberries, you think, are hard to improve upon. But try this method once.

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The cakes themselves consist simply of flour and water, but the whole process of mixing, rolling, cutting and baking, is done within the limited time of eighteen minutes. The dough is rolled into very thin sheets and must not be allowed to lie either in the doughing tubs or on the machines, as, of course, the great idea is to prevent any possibility of fermentation. No flour or dust of any description must come in contact with the dough or fall upon the finished cakes themselves, and all imperfectly baked cakes are rejected. Special appliances for drying the cakes are fitted up, and they require to be packed almost immediately they come out of the oven.

Several varieties of motzas are manufactured. The ordinary round variety is known as the Leeds motza or the Carlisle motza. These are similar in shape to the motzas that have been in use for hundreds of years past. Square-shaped or American motzas which were introduced some few years ago from America are also manufactured. They are somewhat thinner than the round-shaped Carlisle or Leeds motzas. Another variety is the German motza which is a round cake of the same size as the Carlisle motza, but thinner and covered all over with small holes, whereas the Carlisle or Leeds motzas are only pricked in horizontal lines across the cake.

By-production and Prices

These are the standard motzas for general consumption, but in addition smaller sized motzas are made, one of which is known as the tea motza about half the size of the Carlisle motza, and another known as the fancy motza, which is about half the size of the tea motza. The only other one made is the egg motza; this contains eggs in addition to flour and water, as eggs are not prohibited at certain times during the Passover season.

The Carlisle motza is the most in demand, but the American motza is becoming more and more popular as the thinner cake is more crisp and is thus better liked.

Other products of the cakes are motza meal and farful. The motza meal represents motzas ground up by special machinery and is used for baking purposes while the farful is used in soups, etc., and is really made up of small pieces of motzas baked in a certain way.

As will be readily appreciated these different motzas are sold at varying prices. The lowest price at which they are retailed is 4d. per pound for the cheapest variety, and 1s. and 1s. 2d. per pound for the egg motzas.

Unleavened cakes similar to those manufactured for Passover are eaten all the year round and there is a regular demand for same, a sign that the motza is not unpalatable.

One of the few countries which has not been penetrated by the railway, Iceland, is, it is announced, now to have a railway some sixty miles long. Hitherto all land journeys in the island have had to be made on horseback, for there are said to be no highways even in the inhabited districts.

The New Morals of Business

The Passing of the Kings and Giants of Finance,
Commerce and Industry—Opening of a New
Era—What Will be the Result?

(From the World's Work.)

We have here a striking comparison between the old and new ethics of business in the United States. We are told what has been wiped out, what has been changed and what has been created in finance and commerce, how a business police force is being instituted. The writer looks with some apprehension upon the possible results of this policy.

IN FINANCE, as in the making of nations, the ruins of one regime become the foundation of another. To-day the ruins are apparent enough, but what is going to be built upon them depends upon many things that so far are not revealed to the eyes of men. The architect of to-morrow has not yet published his plans.

The ruins of the so-called McKinley era, it has been said, are clear enough to view. The very men who made that day are mostly dead or gone.

In corporation affairs, as in the lists of men, sweeping and revolutionary changes have passed across the scene.

In banking and legislation, miracles have happened overnight. The heart of the banking systems of the country has been ripped apart. The closely tied-together banks of New York, exercising what all men knew to be a close co-operative control over all great financing, all great streams of money and credit, and all initiative in the purely banking world, have been forced to draw apart. Voting trusts to perpetuate that power without too large an investment have been dissolved.

The cramped and inadequate currency system of yesterday has been swept away. In its stead stands an experiment in asset currency, something such as never was in any land before, a hybrid of central bank, pure asset currency, and bond-secured circulation.

Again, the first petards have been exploded under the tariff wall, and here and there are quite appreciable breaches in that wall.

The Passing of the Individualists

Individual opportunity in commerce and finance reached its climax, one may say, in the School of the Magnates—during the three or four brief years when every industry of great importance was headed by A Man. The earliest magnates died, and none succeeded them. Only shadows followed the early Armour and Pullman—pioneers in the concentration of organized finance into the hands of one man. No new men come to wield the sceptres of autocratic power in any of the giant trades of commerce, finance, or transportation.

Here has been a great evolution, and we seem to be already in the third stage of it, almost before we understand that we have passed out of the first. In 1901,

the individual reached his climax. In 1909, it was the age of syndicates and machines to carry on and perpetuate, if possible, the power of the individual, dead or retired. In 1913, one may mark the revolt of business and of the public against the cold and cynical rule of mere machinery. Business may be controlled, combined, beaten, remodeled, revolutionized, exploited, inflated, deflated, watered, plundered, and put in jail, and it will stand it so long as the power that does these things to it is the power of a man; but when inanimate machinery attempts to do the same things, or one tenth of them, or even looks as though it might do them, both business and the public which licenses the business to live rise up and tear things to pieces until that danger is past and men return to power. It is coming to be realized even by the public that American business and finance are much over-organized; and that it may be quite as well to go back to first principles in many respects. So, in the more modern trades, you may find the head of the business a real worker, a man of labor and of real manufacturing skill, or transportation skill, as the case may be. In the automobile trade, the rubber industry, the railroad business, the new men whose names come to the front are men of practical cast, not bankers, lawyers, brokers, capitalists, or promoters.

Changes in Financial Methods

The regulation of the underwriting syndicates is one of the demands made by reformers. The voting trust, a little device invented so that a few men may control the administration of a railroad, a bank, or an industrial corporation without actually owning the stock, seems also to be anathema. Experience has shown that a voting trust holds its power only so long as it works well. In principle it is probably an anachronism and neither commerce nor finance will miss it very much if it passes into history altogether, as it seems likely to do.

Interlocking directorates draw the fiercest lightning. It is not that a man or a firm merely sits on two boards of directors. The principle against which the forces of government, business, and society have revolted is that a single man or house, being powerful in the counsels of, for example, a railroad, a steel company, a locomotive concern, a car company, a train-lighting company, and a banking house, shall use its influence to see to it that the railroad buys its rails from the steel company, its cars from the car company, its lights from the lighting company, and its engines from the locomotive company; that the steel company, etc., do their shipping by the railroad company; and that all of



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them do their borrowing through the bank and carry their deposits in the bank in which he is interested.

These cardinal matters of control and regulation are well on their way. There remains the greatest task of all. It is proposed to create some sort of a system of control for speculation. It is proposed to see to it that every transaction on every stock exchange be "legitimate," whatever that means. To be sure, no one has yet proposed that margin business be wiped out entirely; but some men have seemed to intimate that it might be a good thing if "selling short" were made a capital offence.

New Morals for Commerce

Having glanced over the revolutions that are going on in finance, look now at commerce. Glimpse only the high spots, for to explore the whole of this great field in detail would take a book. First, it is enacted that no more shall industry grow fat in the indolent shade of a tariff wall, but must go out and work for its profits.

Now, on the top of this, comes industrial regulation framed on the lines of railroad regulation. Some things stand out. There are too be no more price pools to fix a price and to force all the manufacturers in an industry to make that price.

There are to be no more secrets of any sort, apparently. It is the temper of the public that the minutes and the records of the meetings of men who control and dominate industry shall be wide open, just as they are in the railroad field.

Is it good, or bad? It looks good for somebody; but it looks rather gloomy for somebody else. Let every man solve his own riddles. One thing, however, is fairly certain. Just as the growth of railroad regulation failed to bring it about that the margin of profit grew larger in the railroad field, so will it be almost certain that the new era of business regulation will not enlarge the margin of profit in manufacturing and in merchandizing.

Commercial Ten Commandments

This, then, is the promise of a commercial to-morrow. Let us sum it up. The day of the giants in finance and industry is over. They come to us no more. In the matter of men, the promise is a promise of a leadership under men who work, practising efficiency, skill, patience, and statesmanship.

In finance, there is definite assurance of regulation of fiscal agencies, syndicates, directorates, banking pools, voting trusts, and various other holy or unholy details of the past.

In transportation, the greatest of our industries and the worst tried, we are promised, some day, physical valuation, close governmental control of rates, an era in which no railroad shall carry traffic for nothing or less, a fangless serpent eating bread and milk out of the hands of the public. We are promised, too, cheaper and better service.

In industry and merchandising, it is the dawn of a sterilized age in which sterilized corporations shall sell sterilized goods at sterilized prices and by sterilized methods. All the germs are to be ex-

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million on that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work as easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally, A. G. MORRIS, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.



tracted. If you make a little agreement to buy your raw material, to sell your finished product, to steal a process from your neighbor, to fake the quality of your goods, to "get the jump" on a new market line—in fact to do any naughty thing—the Interstate Trade Commission will get you if you don't watch out.

Here and there, as one contemplates the future of American business, the eye pauses to note new kinds of commissions, state and Federal, new bureaus of industry, new possibilities of licenses, Federal and state, and newly decorated officers, both local and national, appointed, maybe, to be the policemen of business and traffic. In fact, the multiplication of the police force in business is the really significant aspect of the situation; for it seems not unlikely that when they will not let Mr. Hill run his own railroads at all they may give him the job of being the Lord High Commissioner of All the Railroads. Carry the analogy through to the end and you may, unconsciously, limn the real picture of to-morrow. Nobody really knows. And this is no Book of Revelations.

The First Hydro-Aeroplane Ferry Hydroplane Proves its Superiority as Ferry Boat to Every Other Method of Locomotion

(From The Technical World.)

The hydro-aeroplane ferry here described is the first heavier-than-air flying machine to achieve a commercial and financial success. At San Francisco, a company for ferrying passengers by aeroplane has also been incorporated and regular trips are soon to begin. This latter concern hopes to have in operation shortly a fleet of forty boats—at least that is the plan of the promoters.

THE initial trip of the hydro-aeroplane ferry of the Florida line was made on New Year's day. Six thousand people gathered at St. Petersburg and, just before the time scheduled for the start, an auctioneer sold the right to cross, to the first passenger, for four hundred dollars. The usual fare is five dollars each way. The flight from St. Petersburg is made at ten in the morning and the return from Tampa at two in the afternoon.

Tampa Bay, on the west coast of the Florida Peninsula, is about twenty-five miles long and fifteen or twenty wide. The little city of St. Petersburg is situated upon the western shore, and Tampa lies on the north-eastern side. The route of the hydro-aeroplane extends for the most part over this sheet of water.

The first trip to Tampa with pilot and passenger occupied twenty-three minutes—a speed of about forty-seven miles an hour. The return was accomplished in about twenty minutes, or at the hourly rate of about fifty-four miles. The wind was back of the machine during this part

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Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, made from fine skins, perfect fitting, in White, Tans, Beavers, Browns, Greys and Black, with 3 Press Buttons to match Glove; Plain Points. 69 cents per pair.

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of the journey and so assisted in hastening the homecoming.

On the out trip the hydro-aeroplane stuck to the water as long as it was in sight from the shore. It is understood that upon the return the speed rose as high as seventy miles per hour.

As illustrative of what is likely to happen with regular schedules an experience of the second day may be cited. A fast trip was made to Tampa without accident at the average rate of nearly fifty-seven miles per hour. Upon the return, when the craft was eight or nine miles from St. Petersburg, the forward group of three cylinders went out of action because of the clogging of the supply pipe. This accident left the machine under only half its power, so that the pilot brought it down to the surface of the water.

When the accident occurred, a launch put out. The aircraft's passenger, an employee of the local post office, swam to the boat, with the idea—as he afterwards explained—of reaching the post office at his proper hour. The launch reached the shore again in half an hour. But the hydro-aeroplane had, in the meantime, been got into working condition, and its superiority as a means of rapid transit was quickly demonstrated, for it reached the pier fifteen minutes ahead of the launch.

The San Francisco-Oakland aeroplane ferry promises to be a much larger project than the Tampa Bay line after it gets underway, but the company has not progressed as far as has the Florida concern, though such a ferry is badly needed. Great numbers of business men and women are forced to travel across San Francisco Bay night and morning going to and from their offices. The trip is six miles by boat ferry, taking half an hour in the best of weather, but in case of fog, a delayed and often a dangerous trip. Various means of transportation have been suggested—an enormous bridge was agitated at one time. This air ferry may solve the problem.

The company has adopted the Curtiss flying boat, a biplane of the best type. It will carry a one-hundred-horsepower engine and will be able to fly in a seventy-five-mile wind, a speed which exceeds the requirements made by the United States Government for its military flying machines. It will have water-tight compartments, and the three passengers carried in addition to the pilot, will be protected from waves and spray in landing, and against rain. The craft will carry a liquid compass, a revolution counter, a speed indicator, a barograph, a map holder, and other late aeronautic improvements. Each one will carry two powerful searchlights for use in foggy weather. The trans-bay trip, a distance of about six miles, will be made in six or seven minutes. Ultimately, when the machines have proved themselves dependable and the traveling public has been reassured through familiarity, the company expects to have a fleet of forty flying boats making regular schedule trips between San Francisco and points across the Bay.

-----STYLES-----



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The Eighth Wonder of the World

Immense Value of Electricity
from Harnessing the Poles
as a Result of Arctic
and Antarctic Ex-
peditions

(From the New York Press.)

If there be any truth in the argument here submitted that by harnessing the poles electricity in unlimited amount can be produced at practically no expense other than equipment, there is indeed an eighth wonder of the world in store for us, and the value of Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, which is frequently called in question, would rank second to none in the world of exploration.

That the time is not far distant when the acknowledged electrical forces of the North and South Pole regions will be utilized by man for the greater part of the world's industry is the argument of an Englishman who undertakes to answer the oft-repeated question, "What's the use of exploring the polar regions; of what value will these researches ever be?"


TO the average person such expedition spells a "grand sport" of international importance. The scientist, naturally, views it from a different angle. To him there opens a vast field for speculation. There are, for instance, the dimensions of solid land, mountains and probably volcanoes to be ascertained and geographically fixed. There are the atmospheric and magnetic phenomena to be observed and notes taken of the actual dips and variations the needle registers.

What it May Mean to Commerce

Then there are shells, fossils, minerals and other oddities that an expedition is always expected to pick up on its journey. Lastly, we come to the commercial—the sordid—part of it. The anticipation may run into gold, coal, copper, and so forth; but if the expedition returns safe and sound there are sure to be articles, books, lectures, dinners, balls and whatnot.

Taking these elements now as the motive for the present venture, it seems totally inadequate and absurdly disproportionate to the risks and expenses involved. Hence, to any one whose mental vision is not limited by five cities or continents, they all form merely an insignificant and superficial part as an explanation of the determined and persistent, as the German would say, "Drang nach Nord und Sud."

The Mediterranean is the highway of the world's commerce; the Suez Canal is its waterway; we control both. The former is the heritage of every world-ruling nation; the latter is a providential gift through a far-seeing man. The Panama Canal confers upon America a monopoly that at present has no equal; but they all sink into utter insignificance beside the possession of the North and South Polar territory. A nation holding these two axial points of our Mother Earth will



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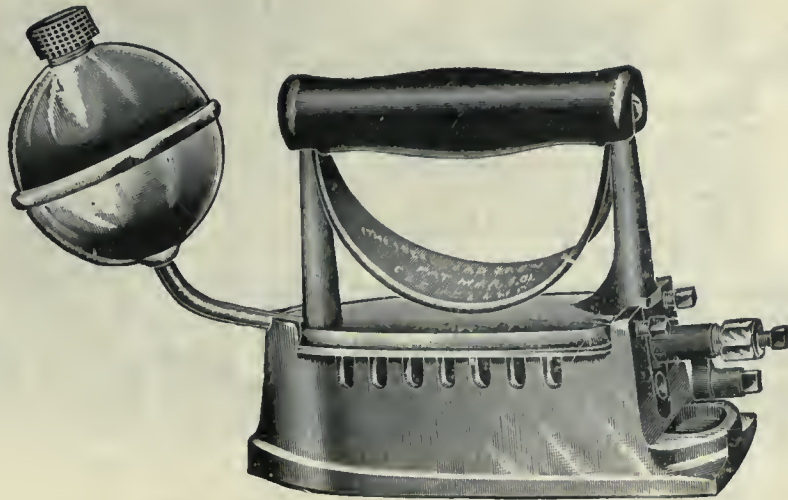


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Why?

Poles Control Electrical Power

Some few years ago I stood in an exhibition room, attentively regarding the supposed or original bits of iron, twisted wire, glass tube containing filings, and various odds and ends of small things, when a man who stood next to me gave the name of "Marconi's Mystery" to the whole collection in front of us. And "mystery" it has proved to be ever since—in more than one sense. However, I anticipate to see similar scientific debris, this time christened, say, "Polar Mystery," and patented in England by an Englishman—if he has brains big enough to accomplish this feat. It is no longer a secret; every college student is taught that the Polar regions are the converging points of our terrestrial magnetisms, and similar to the poles of ordinary pieces of steel magnet.

In the harnessing and controlling of this stupendous power lies the great secret of the whole Polar scheme! Can the reader realize what that means to the world? What that means to the nation that controls it? Well, it means this: when the "Polar Mystery," the new transforming plant, a mechanism differing from the dynamo as the dynamo differs from a gas engine—call it magnetic pump—is ready to be set up at the two poles, when some future Sir Engineer has laid, approximately, of course, say, at the South Pole, two giant cables, one to New Zealand, the other to South America, and similarly at the North to Siberia and Greenland, so that any two opposite poles may be joined and ready to produce the world's eighth wonder—then!—well, what will happen then?

Nothing more than what has happened many times before—the decline of one industry and the rise of another. Employment will have to be found for those at present engaged in the coal trade, for it is certain that coal will never be used to the same extent as before.

Manufacturers of coal gas will have to join the fate of our fast vanishing horse-drawn vehicles. As an illuminant gas will become as rare as a pair of candle snuffers in a village home. Why, every cottage, flat or shanty will have its glow lamp, radiator and electric cooker.

By the mere restriction and confinement of this power to civilized races, the continuance of white men—in Europe at least—will be assured almost indefinitely; and his fear of the "yellow peril" will then be remembered as an unpleasant nightmare. That the status of the workman will make a tremendous upward leap may be inferred from the cheapening of all manufactured commodities and the comfort resulting from the universal employment of Polar power.

Vote Hunting in Australia

How Elections are Fought in the Sister Dominion

(From the London Magazine.)

There is a strong appeal to the imagination of British people in the fact that under their flag there is a Dominion holding a whole continent. Yet no other Empire in the world's history ever had all of a continent to itself. Once every three years the whole continent goes to the polling booth to elect a Parliament. The following breezy description of the election gives us a vivid pen picture of this incident in the sister Dominion.

THE population of Australia is as yet small—not five millions—but there is no reason of climate, of fertility, of resources why one day it should not be one hundred millions. In that case the Australian Parliament controlling as it would an army of 5,000,000 men (for there is Universal Service in Australia) and a fleet greater than that of Great Britain to-day and with an overseas trade of fifteen billion dollars (Australia's present overseas trade is worth 785 million dollars) might be a paramount Parliament.

Meanwhile it is an interesting enough Legislature to-day, with its distinction of controlling the destinies of a whole continent, and its racy, forceful democracy. It has to deal only with the big affairs—such as the army, the navy, Imperial policy—having under the Federal system State Parliaments to do the odd jobs of national housekeeping. Its debates and its election campaigns are thus kept on a dignified plane as regards the issues involved.

There is full adult suffrage in Australia, and men and women record their votes in about equal numbers for the election of members of Parliament. There are more men in the country than women, but about the same proportion of the two sexes uses the franchise. The woman's vote does not change

and appeals for the women voters; and these are somewhat less able to stand the test of logical examination than the arguments intended for the men voters. And at the game of electioneering women show a cheerful irresponsibility and gaiety of invention that make the male agent envious.

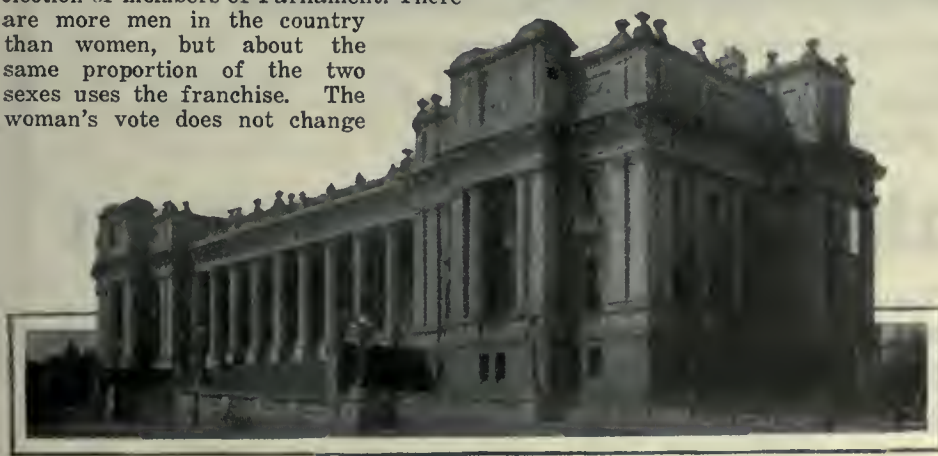
I recall when Mr. J. C. Watson, then leader of the Labor Party and ex-Prime Minister of Australia, was contesting South Sydney against Sir James Graham. He told me one day that he had found that the women canvassers for Sir James Graham were declaring that if he (Mr. Watson) were returned a general system of Socialism would be at once introduced, and women would have their children torn from their arms, to be brought up in State institutions.

"That is pretty steep," I commented indignantly. "Won't you make Sir James repudiate it?"

"Well," said Mr. Watson, with an expression of comic dismay, "there are a great number of domestic servants in the electorate, and I find that my women supporters are stating positively that if Sir James is returned the wages of servants will be at once reduced to 10s. a week, with gaol for those who won't work at the price. I think we'll have to let one story contradict the other, though I am sorry for them both."

Mr. Watson was returned.

One must be doing something in Australia to win respect; it is no use to point to what one's father or grand-



The Federal Parliament House, Melbourne.

the results or the character of the elections much. It does not, for instance, work to make its politicians archangels. The Mere Man, with no signs of wing feathers sprouting on his shoulders, still has a chance of getting into Parliament. Nor have women insisted on reducing the electoral issues to trivialities. But it is a fact that the wise candidate in Australia has a separate set of arguments

father has done, and to do anything well, whether it is lecturing at a university or making a road, earns consideration. So unless the Australian candidate has the natural democracy indigenous to the country, and can talk to the voter as a man and a brother, he finds canvassing difficult.

One great trouble of the "canvassing" work in the Bush centres is the whisky. Australians are not a hard-drinking



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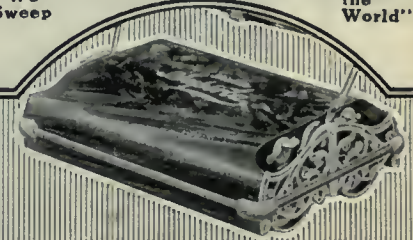
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people, but "shouting" drinks is a national custom. On being introduced to a man, he asks you, as in duty bound, to "come and have a drink," and it is your duty then to "stand another." Happy the candidate who can honestly say that he is a teetotaller. He is then excused from this disastrous ritual.

Perhaps it is a matter of the survival of the fittest, but there is a very large proportion of teetotallers in the Australian Parliament. A return from the Parliamentary refreshment-room some years ago showed that members, on an average, spent less than 6 cents each per day on alcoholic liquors. As the lowest price for a drink is 12 cents, the average is very low.

Still, a candidate sometimes is betrayed by the hospitable obligations imposed upon him by canvassing.

An Australian politician of great prominence told me one day half-seriously: "You ask me the secret of what you call my political success? Mainly, my boy, it was this: When first I stood for — the dear old friend who had been the member before came to me and said, 'Now, I want you to come along and have a drink with me; and I want you to have just what I have.' He called, 'Whisky, your own special.' I called, 'Whisky, your own special.' And when I drank it, it was just cold tea. 'I have every pub. in the electorate educated up to that,' my old friend told me. It was the most valuable political tip I got in my whole career."

Money counts for little in Australian electioneering. All the returning officers' expenses are paid by the Treasury, and a candidate for the House of Representatives would lose his seat if it could be proved that he had spent more than \$1,000 on the election.

A young man, entering political life, can expect that his party organization will run him and pay his expenses on his first attempt. If he wins the seat (with a salary attaching of \$3,000 a year), he is expected afterwards to pay his own expenses; but the expenses are very small. I have known a man to win a seat on \$50.

Sometimes a rich man candidate comes forward with the idea of winning a seat with money. The glad word goes around, and the thirsty gather together from all quarters. The rich candidate is ingeniously "bled." No one has scruples about promising him support and votes.

I remember a very rich man once standing for a seat held by an able Labor member. The Labor man advised all his supporters to join his opponent's committee, membership of which made one certain of very "hospitable" treatment. They did so. By and by the rich candidate had a committee, drinking and eating at his expense, which comprised more than half the male voters of the electorate. It was expensive, but, as he pointed out before the poll, it meant that victory was sure. At the poll he got just twenty-six votes! The artful Labor man "rubbed it in" at the declaration of the poll. "It has been a glorious victory for democracy," he said, "and a victory won without sacrifice and without thirst!"



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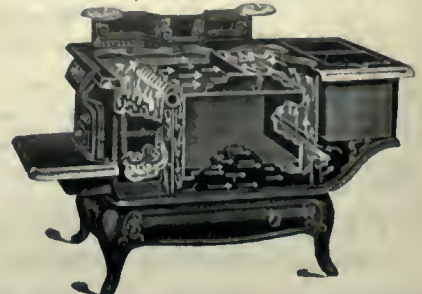
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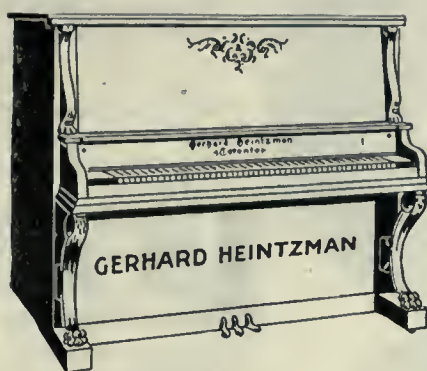
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TECHNICAL BOOK DEPARTMENT 143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

"Rather unprincipled," someone may comment. Perhaps; but better anyhow than the rich succeeding in buying votes. For myself, I confess to finding an Australian election contest, with its humor, its directness, its verdicts depending chiefly on merit and sincerity and honest effort, an attractive phase of democracy.

The Novel of the Future

Coming Fiction to Deal with Character Rather than with the Sword or the Purse

(From T. P.'s Weekly.)

As civilization advances so does the style and subject matter of our fiction change. Joseph Keating here gives us his ideas as to what will form the subject matter of the novel of the future.

THE first novel ever written was the story of Adam and Eve; and the last novel that will ever be written will be the same story—only different; because there is only one story in the world and that is the conflict of human weakness and divine strength, the drama of grace and disgrace. The novel of the past following the descent of man from his perfect state fell away from its perfect original—the conflict of passion and spirituality—and became a mere rattle of sword and armor and vulgar chivalry.

The novel of the present is chiefly inspired by the ideal of a coarse amusement like prize-fighting. The basis is passion and gold. The novel of the future will be occupied with the conflict, not of blood and gold, but of blood and spirit; and nothing will be of importance except an emotion. Yesterday—the battle of the sword; to-day—the battle of the purse; to-morrow—the battle of the soul.

The novel of the future will be concerned only with the clash of character, not with the clash of metal—either of steel or gold. The impulses of a king are just as interesting as the impulses of a navvy. Neither is given by God or Nature a spiritual superiority over the other. Each immortal soul wears a crown and commands an army and navy and houses of parliament trying to rule its own turbulent kingdom. The wars of that soul's kingdom are dramas of more supreme interest than the trifling affairs outside; and the future novel will be the story of those secret wars. In reality the novel of the future will be an examination of conscience, wherein will be shown the stupendous conflict of spirituality with passion; and by that wondrous revelation the individuality of each character will learn how to develop the power of self-expression, independent of joy, pain or evil, defying the penalties which this world inflicts on a character that is brave enough to be itself; and when the novel of the future has expressed the ultimate secret of individuality we shall very likely find that it does not seek happiness in sins of passion, in selfishness, in the glorious luxury of being itself, but in keeping outside the gate of heaven to push in some other individuality.

Fair Play for the Child

Happiness the First Consideration. Let Him do as he Likes, as far as Possible

(From The Cosmopolitan.)

Obviously the simplest and most effective way of making a child happy is to let him do as he likes within reason. His preferences will no doubt run contra in many cases to the conventional ideas of his parents or guardians, but Dr. Hutchinson, the writer of this article, contends that he will be the nearer right in his preference. Instinct will keep him from going very far wrong.

THE child is guided by instinct, which is usually right in direction, at least; the grown-up, by convention and tradition, which are at least half the time wrong. An intelligent balancing between the two, with a presumption in favor of the preferences of the child until clearly proved to be injurious, would give the best results.

From the modern scientific point of view, the child wins all along the line in the battle of the foods.

The happiest, healthiest, and most vigorous children are those who are given full milk in abundance from the very earliest; eggs, buttered crusts, scraps of tender, rare meat, and fruit, from the time when the teeth first begin to show themselves; meat at least once a day from the time they are three years of age; and some other protein, such as milk, eggs, bacon, fish, or cheese, at every other meal; who are given all the butter they can eat on their bread, and from one-eighth to one-third of a pound of sugar distributed throughout the day in the form of sweetening in their puddings, bread and milk, cereals, and with their fruit, or in the form of plain cake, cookies or good home-made toffee. One reason why children sometimes show a tendency to gorge themselves at the table is because they have been made to go too long between meals and become ravenously hungry.

Beginning in infancy with feeding every three hours, the number of meals per day should be gradually reduced until it reaches five, but should not drop below this until the child is at least twelve or fourteen years of age. Three square meals a day, with a "piece," or light luncheon in the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon, should be about the standard programme for the average child. If a child does not go to bed until two hours or more after the last meal, a glass of milk with crackers or cookies is advisable and will make his after-midnight sleep sounder.

Do Not Force Him to Eat

Another question which is a perpetual source of civil war in the family is the problem of forcing a child to eat things it doesn't like. Unless the food is of high nutritive value and absolutely needed to

provide him with a balanced ration for his immediate requirements, there is neither merit nor reason in endeavoring to force him to eat it

If a child is finicky and faddy, and inclined to pick over his food and not take enough of it, the trouble is usually because he is not being supplied with a sufficient amount of some single food element, such as sugar or fat or fruit, for which he will often have a positively abnormal craving. When this is gratified, he will "even up" and show a normal appetite all round. Or else the root of the trouble is in his habits of life, particularly insufficient exercise in the open air, insufficient sleep, or badly ventilated living-rooms and bedrooms. Take him out of school or nursery, and turn him loose to play in the dirt, almost regardless of the weather, two-thirds of his waking hours; give him a nap in the middle of the day, and all the sleep he can possibly be made to take at night, and his appetite will very soon come round all right. The next chronic clash in the perpetual skirmish between the instinctive and the traditional codes comes over the question of sleep, or more precisely, of getting up in the morning. There is no possible way in which a child can spend his time more profitably than in sleep. Nor is there any authentic case on record of a child's injuring himself by sleeping too long or spending too much time in bed.

It is best to try to get him to bed in reasonable time after dark, in order that he may take the bulk of his sleep in the hours of darkness, and get his play in the sunlit hours. But there need be no hard-and-fast rule about it, and so long as he is happy and wide awake, there is no particular merit in sending him to bed, providing, of course, that he can take time the next morning to get his full quota of sleep out.

Never Wake Him

One rule, however, is almost without exception; and that is, when a child once is soundly and sweetly asleep, no matter at what hour he retired, he should never be waked for anything short of a flood or a fire. Nothing less than some emergency threatening his life or health should be allowed to shorten his sleep; least of all, such second-rate trivialities as school or an early breakfast.

When a child wakes and wants to get up, by all means let him. Give him his breakfast and send him out-of-doors. But the poetic, popular illusion that children love to rise with the dawn, greet the rising sun and paddle about on the dew-starred grass has precious little real evidence in its support.

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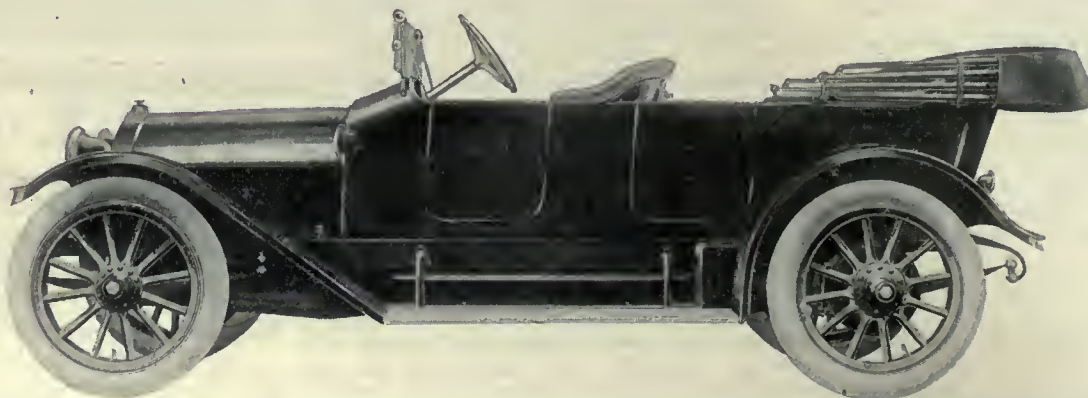
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Perhaps the acutest and most irreplaceable conflict between the child and the code is that between school and play, between study and enjoyment. And here again science brings up its heaviest batteries in support of the child, rather than of the code or curriculum. The principal business of the child, up to fifteen years of age at least, is growth, and his principal industry, play in the open air. Anything which interfered with these is neither healthful nor educational.

Our wisest and broadest-minded educators to-day are breaking away from the fetish of the school-room, making the education of the child a red-blooded, joyous, active thing in the open air, and actually forbidding his confinement in the school-room for more than a third of the school day, on any pretext. They are frankly declaring that any system of education which does not bring the joy of living into the school-room, and keep it there, is wrong in principle and unsound pedagogically.

THE KING'S SPARTAN LIFE

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His Majesty suffers from liver and the physicians have just prescribed for him three hours a day exercise. He can take this out in riding, of which he is fond, in walking, or in physical exercises of the approved kind, which he loathes. But he follows out the instructions most religiously. Just now his Majesty is on a diet of that most Spartan simplicity which includes rare beef, toast, rice and no spirits of any description. This he accepts with the calm of a Trappist monk. He considers that his boys are at an age when he must set them an example and consequently he is all the time watching his conversation so that no opinion may be uttered which might have a bad effect on them. His life is ruled by discipline.

When the Court returns to town there will be a succession of small private dances to which immediate friends of Royalty will be invited. Of such there is never any mention in the Court Circular. For a long time the Queen has been anxious to revive the minuet and other of the old-world dances, and just now Princess Mary is taking lessons in these picturesque movements. Her Majesty wanted the King to practise these steps as part of his programme of exercise, but he would not be coaxed for once, as he thinks, and always has more or less thought, that dancing is not a kingly or dignified pastime.

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Fresh Air and Efficiency Never Above and Usually Well Below 70 Degrees F. is the Ideal Temperature

(From The Popular Science Monthly.)

This article shows in quite a new light the effect of impure air on human beings. It shows that evil effects are caused not by breathing impure air, not from lack of oxygen or from the presence of any injurious element in the air, but from the effect of a too heated or too humid atmosphere upon the skin which is thereby prevented from fulfilling its proper function of regulating the heat of the body.

THE human body is constantly burning fuel within itself and producing heat in the process. The amount of heat thus produced during twenty-four hours by an average adult man, when at rest, is about 2,400 calories, which is equal to the heat evolved by four or five ordinary Tungsten electric lamps during the same time. Such a man doing hard physical work generates more than twice this amount. Now if there were no outlet for this extra heat the man would rapidly contract a violent fever resulting in death, but he is enabled to get rid of the surplus heat by respiration, by radiation into the air from the skin, and by evaporation of perspiration poured on the surface of the skin from the sweat glands. Thus our bodily temperature is kept fairly constant, whether we do much or little work, whether we live indoors or outdoors, whether we work beside molten metal at a temperature of 250 degrees F., or are exposed to polar air at 75 degrees F. below zero.

Certain external essentials are, however, necessary to permit the skin to perform these functions, that is to say the surrounding air must be in such a condition as to supplement the body's activities. If the air be cool and moderately dry the best conditions exist for the body's well being; if it be hot and dry or cool and moist the body can within certain limits protect itself; but if it be hot and moist a condition exists against which the body is imperfectly equipped. Neither by radiation nor by evaporation of perspiration can the body then give off its surplus heat.

Interesting Experiments

Many experiments, some of them striking, seem to make it clear that it is to these two features of heat and humidity, the same features which are responsible for sunstroke, that all the evil effects of the crowded, ill-ventilated rooms are actually due. Several of the investigators have placed men within small closed experimental chambers, arranged with tubes passing through the walls to the outside air, so that the subjects within can at will rebreathe the hot, close, confined air or take in the fresh air from outside. Under such conditions it is found that confinement within and breathing of the unventilated air

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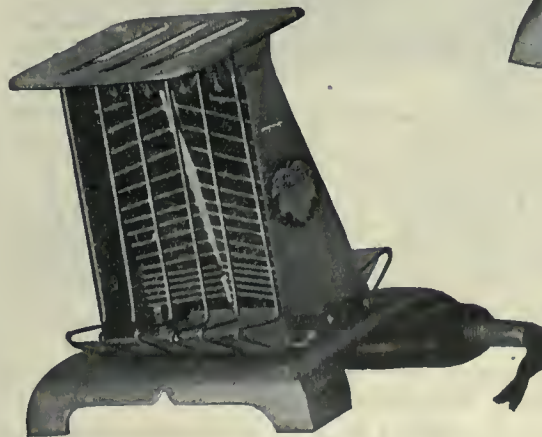


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(See also page 87 in this issue)



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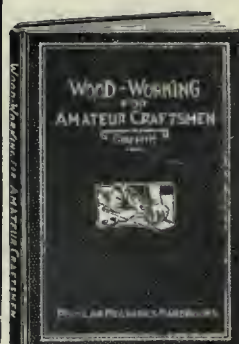
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soon brings on the usual symptoms. If the subjects then breathe through the tube the fresh cool air from outside they obtain no relief. If they step outside relief comes instantly. If, on the other hand, a person standing in the fresh air outside breathes through the tube the stale air of the chamber, which has been breathed over and over again by the subjects within, the unpleasant symptoms do not appear; if he steps inside, they begin to appear at once. If with subjects within feeling the ill symptoms electric fans be started and the stale air be vigorously stirred, thus driving the hottest air away from the skin, relief comes at once. These fundamental experiments have been performed in varied ways, and have been supplemented by many others. Their results have accorded well with one another and allow but one general conclusion, namely, that the evil effects exerted upon human beings by air that has become vitiated by human beings result not from a lack of oxygen, not from an increase of carbon dioxide, not from the presence of an organic poison, not from any chemical features of such air acting through the lungs on the tissues, not in any manner from the rebreathing of such air, but solely from the physical features of excessive heat and excessive humidity interfering with the proper action of the skin in regulating bodily temperature. The problem of bad air has thus ceased to be chemical and pulmonary, and has become physical and cutaneous.

Ideal Temperature

With this knowledge before us it is clear that in the ventilation of the future attention should be focused less upon the chemical purity of air, although, of course, there are ultimate limits to chemical purity, and more upon the maintenance of a physiologically proper temperature and humidity. What here constitutes physiological propriety varies with individuals, with age, with clothing, with occupations and with habit. Undoubtedly our American houses during the winter months are usually kept too hot to maintain the highest efficiency of the individual. We are in far better physical condition when surrounded by a house temperature of 65 degrees to 68 degrees F. than of 70 degrees F. Some of the British authorities advise a house temperature as low as even 60 degrees F. Young persons can live efficiently in a lower temperature than those of middle life, while aged persons require warmer air. A lower temperature is better where physical work is being done. The following temperatures of heated rooms are recommended by American ventilating engineers:

	Degrees F.
Living rooms, offices, schools....	68
Lecture halls	61-64
Sleeping rooms	54-59
Bath rooms	68-72
Gymnasiums	60
Work shops, moderate exertion..	61-64
Work shops, vigorous exertion..	50-59

Practical Hints

If I were to add a paragraph of practical hints I would say, first of all, keep

your houses and offices cool, never above and usually below 70 degrees F. Unfortunately here a difference between men and women sometimes causes trouble. Woman possesses a perpetual blanket of adipose tissue between her skin and her muscles, which is usually less developed in man, and hence women can dress more thinly than men, and are usually comfortable at a lower temperature. I have seen more than one happy home in danger of wrecking from this unfortunate difference. As a married man I am tempted to plead for greater charity on the part of the wives; as a physiologist I recognize that a lower temperature is more healthful. Keep room air in motion. An electric fan or a current of air from a window is a great aid in keeping down one's bodily temperature, and preventing sleepiness and bodily discomfort from stagnant air. With electric fans in use there would be fewer naps in churches and lecture halls. Air in motion promotes efficiency. Accustom yourselves to draughts, and especially big draughts. A small blast of cold air directed against a small area of warm skin may do harm, but the larger the current the more the harm gives way to benefit. Air of constantly uniform temperature is monotonous and debilitating. An occasional and considerable cooling, a flushing of the room by a sudden large inrush of outside air is, like a cold bath, stimulating. Do not be afraid of opening the windows of sleeping rooms at night. The prejudice against night air, which arose naturally enough from the belief in the existence of nocturnal disease-bearing miasms, in the light of present knowledge is a foolish prejudice and must give way to the rationalism of scientific fact. The increasing employment of cool outdoor air both night and day as a therapeutic agent in the treatment of disease is based on scientific principles and is justified by its results. And, finally, the whole moral of the modern physiological doctrine of fresh air may be expressed tersely in two short words, keep cool.

Floods and Forests

Is the Popular Belief that Forests Hold Back Floods Justified?

(From Technical World Magazine.)

It has been generally supposed that a forest prevents flood conditions in two principal ways; by preventing the rapid melting of snow in the rays of the sun, and by holding back in the roots and leaves the onrushing waters. Mr. Benjamin Brooks, a western engineer, in this article comes to a diametrically opposite conclusion.

ON account of the endless variations in rivers, forests, topography, and climates, no specific answer to this question can be made to fit all cases, but must be taken as "generally speaking." To begin to answer this complicated question generally, then, let us look around the neighborhood for a barn with a peaked roof, whose ridge pole runs east



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and west. The south side of the roof is bare and dry in the sun, but the north side is covered with thick green moss on account of the shade.

Lacking patience to wait for a rain, let us play the garden hose exactly on the ridge pole so that half the water runs down the south side and half down the north. The water on the south side runs quickly over the bare shingles and falls immediately to the ground—practically all of it. But for several minutes no water at all reaches the ground on the north side. It is being soaked up by the moss. Not until the moss is soaked full does a drop fall to the ground, and some of it, being evaporated, never does come down. We, in fact, by giving the moss an occasional shower, keep it wet and green, and never permit the ground to become wet at all, whereas every drop that falls on the south side of the roof must fall to the earth. On the other hand, a steady downpour would soon make itself equally evident on both sides of the barn. Another thing: After our downpour is over, the south side of the barn immediately stops dripping, but the north side continues to drip for hours.

Well, what is true of a barn roof is true of a country or of a whole mountain range. The part under forest will hold back little showers and postpone the rising of the rivers for a time. It will retain water for its own use and keep springs running long after they have dried up in a bare country. But let us say that the very night after our experiment with the garden hose, six inches of snow falls. When we visit the barn on the afternoon of the next day the sun is again shining. The snow has gradually melted off the south side of the barn. A small, steady stream has been running down the yard as a consequence; but the north side, being in the shade, is still covered with six inches of fluffy, soft snow. Now let us play the hose on the ridge pole again. The water on the south side runs freely away as before; but the water on the north side is soaked up by the soft snow. We may keep this up for a long time, but still no water runs off the north side. The snow soaks it all up like a sponge. Presently, however, the snow can hold no more water; it becomes soggy and begins to melt. At this point, we have a small spring freshet. The snow and water all come down together and flood the barnyard. Contrary to all expectations, then, the flood occurred from the moss-grown "forested" side of the roof—not from the smooth, deforested side.

An Actual Parallel

I have localized all these phenomena on a barn roof merely for convenience. My observations and those of other engineers and observers show that the same phenomena occur over wide areas without artificial influence.

No better parallel to our barn roof could be had than the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Here is a barn roof approximately six hundred miles long and ten thousand feet high. John Muir observes that no other range of such continuously great altitude exists on the globe. The west side of it is as heavily forested as

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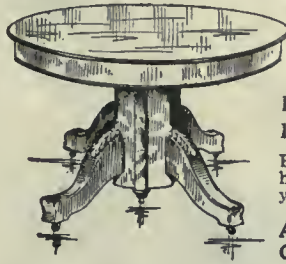
such steep mountains can well be. The east side is comparatively bare. A comparison of these two sides would, therefore, be very illuminating; and the comparison has been very keenly drawn by Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Chittenden, of the engineer corps of the United States Army. He has discovered that the great floods of the Sacramento River are due to the sudden melting of soft snows which have been sheltered and conserved by the forests until late spring, and that the rivers on the east side of the range, though smaller, are steadier.

An Uncrowned Queen Romantic History of the Krupp Firm—The Greatest Industrial Organization in the World

An enthralling romance is embodied in the story of the wonderful Krupp family, who through four generations, have hammered their way to power, money, and magnificence. And the crown of that romance is the fact that after a hundred years of painful toil, the vast wealth, strenuously accumulated by strong men should to-day all be in the hands of one young woman, Bertha Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, possessor of an immense private fortune, owner of the whole capital of the firm of Friedrich Krupp and Company, amounting to fifty-seven and a half million dollars, employer of an army of 71,000 workmen, and head of the greatest industrial organization the world has ever seen.

MOST fascinating is the story of the inception and growth of this marvelous business, starting with the birth of Friedrich Krupp, July 17, 1787. The name of Krupp had been honorably connected with Essen since the sixteenth century. Friedrich Krupp's father, a grocer of Essen, died while the son was still in infancy leaving him to the care of his grandmother, Amalie Krupp, who devoted all her energies to his welfare. When he was eighteen, he was placed in a smelting house at Steckvade, near Essen, owned by herself. It was but an elementary and ill-equipped factory, but it inspired the boy of eighteen with a keen interest in the production of cast steel, which was afterwards the obsession of his life. At this period he married and his mother selling the smelting house he returned to the grocery business. Loving metals, however, he was inspired with a great idea. He saw that the import of English steel once omnipotent, had fallen to vanishing point. German manufacturers had long vainly desired to make themselves independent of the English supply; but young Friedrich Krupp stole time from his grocery business to feel the call of the moment. With small funds accumulated from the profits of the grocery business, he built in 1812 his first works in Altenessen. In the same year was born his son Alfred, afterwards des-

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tined to perfect the humble ideas of his father. In his first year a century ago he employed only two workmen. Friedrich was his own clerk and his own commercial traveler. In 1816 he made his first sales of cast steel. Two years later in 1818 he moved to the present site of the great works at Essen, where he put up a smelting house and a tiny two-storied wooden building. This humble home is now reverently guarded, unchanged and dwarfed in the midst of the vast buildings of the great establishment.

In the early days there was a constant struggle to keep the works going. Capital was lacking and customers were few, and while Friedrich Krupp never failed in hope, his health failed under anxieties. At his death in 1826 his son Alfred was called home from school to shoulder his dead father's burden and to prove himself one of the most remarkable captains of industry our age has produced. His youth, his fire of magnetism, his extreme good looks, and confident winning manner kindled the four workmen remaining to loyal faith in him, and from the first hour of his captaincy the business steadily advanced. In 1844 he gained a gold medal in Berlin for an exhibition of his work, and in 1847 he made his first three-pounder cast steel cannon, and was employing 122 men. On his mother's death in 1848 he was sole owner and manager of the business. In 1853, he married the beautiful Bertha Eichhoff, grandmother of the present youthful owner. She was admired everywhere, and with her tact and beauty was a great help to her husband. In the same year the works received a first visit from Royalty, and in the next year a son and heir was born, Friedrich Alfred, or Fritz as he was called in his family.

The development of the works went on as if by magic. Essen became practically the arsenal of Prussia. In 1864 was built on a magnificent scale the house where now dwells the great Alfred's granddaughter. No fewer than six hundred persons were needed to keep in order the house and garden, and nowadays all these are lodged in convenient houses on the estate. Receiving and entertaining guests grew to be an important duty in the life of the first Bertha Krupp and her husband the Cannon King.

When Alfred Krupp died in 1887 full of honors and of years he left the undertaking which his genius had redeemed from failure, prospering beyond the wildest dreams of his ambitious boyhood; and he had seen the baby granddaughter, who was by and by to be the queen of his kingdom. But first came the reign of his one son, Friedrich Alfred, her father, who years before, as little Fritz, had played in the vanished gardens at Essen. He was thirty-three when his father died. He had married a lady of charm and distinction, Baroness Margaretha von Endes, and had two baby daughters Bertha and Barbara. He was delicate from childhood, and threatened with heart trouble. Being singularly modest and of simple ways, he refused a title as his father had before him.

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different countries appealed more to Herr Krupp and his wife than the great social activities which could not be neglected, and they adored their two charming children, Bertha and Barbara. There were no more accomplished girls in Germany than these two as they grew into womanhood.

Growth of the Business

The business still grew under his management and under his guidance the vast undertaking he had inherited developed marvelously. The Essen works were much enlarged, so that the number of men under the Cannon King rose to the total of 35,200. Very few moments of repose did he give himself, and his night-travels in his private car between Essen and Berlin, to attend the Reichstag were almost as strenuous as the journeys of American millionaires.

His death was tragically sudden and unexpected. It was in November, and he had been on a journey to Kiel and Hamburg. Frau Krupp was away from home and the two girls, still mere children, had been dining alone with their father, who told amusing stories and was in the best of spirits. He bade them good-night early and at eleven o'clock he was seized with giddiness. The doctors pronounced that he had had a stroke and at three o'clock the next afternoon he died.

Girl of Sixteen Sole Owner

So the third of the great Krupp dynasty had passed away, the last man in the direct line; but as a woman had lighted the torch in the beginning a woman was to hold it aloft—a girl barely sixteen.

By the wish of her grandfather and the will of her father, everything was left to the namesake of the first Bertha. There were private fortunes for both girls; but the whole gigantic business of the Krupp firm was for the elder of the two "fairy princesses," now a Cannon Queen.

In January of the following year the enterprise was made into a company. The capital was eventually fixed at \$57,500,000, the directorate being formed of the same men who had controlled its destiny in the time of Friedrich Alfred. All the shares were to belong to Bertha Krupp.

In the spring of 1906 the heiress of the Krupp millions went to Rome with her mother. There she met a young man named Gustav von Bohlen and Halbach, councillor to the Royal Prussian legation at the Vatican. He had had a distinguished career, though still quite young, only thirty-six, exactly sixteen year older than Fraulein Krupp—and was extremely good-looking. He had traveled in France, America and China, where he had seen the Boxer rebellion. They became engaged and were married next autumn on October 15. The wedding took place at Essen, and was a great event, the Emperor being present. To emphasize the common interests existing between mistress and men, the bride and bridegroom notified them that they would give a million marks (\$250,000) to the workmen's invalid association. Two days later the bridegroom asked the Royal permission to add the name of Krupp to

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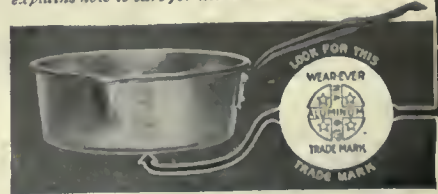
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From this time he has devoted his whole time and energy to the direction of the great firm of which he has become the head, taking into his own hands the chief management—a duty which he discharges with remarkable skill and ability.

In August, 1907, a little son was born to the newly married couple and christened Alfred after his great-grandfather. Since then two more children have been born, so the succession of the Krupp dynasty seems assured.

Such a story—the romance of industry and of four generations of a remarkable family—should end on a note of happiness. This note is struck in the love match of the great heiress, her ideal marriage to one who stands by her at the helm and takes upon his own shoulders all the responsibility which should belong to a man. If she is queen, he is king; and the children whom they adore will carry on the romance to the next chapter, for after all this is a story without end.

Manners of the Coming Generation Slackness Due to Lack of Discipline in Family Life, Says Ex-President Taft

(From the Ladies' Home Journal.)

Complaint has been general of late years of the manners, or rather lack of manners of the younger generation. Such complaint seems to be general, both in the old world and in the new. The following extract from an article by Mr. Taft gives what he considers as the two chief causes of this decadency.

IT IS not an edifying sight in a public dining-room in a university town, which the families of the college boys frequent in their visits, to observe a fond father and mother and sister sit down to luncheon or dinner with a young hopeful whose dress and bearing indicate that he is in the college swim, and to note the fact that after one course he cannot restrain himself, but must have a cigarette and blow the smoke about to create an atmosphere that his father and mother breathe with difficulty but think it all right because their boy makes it. The very manner of holding the cigarette carries the indication of a lack of that respectful bearing that the boy ought to be taught to have and made to manifest. I was interested to note that Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech to the boys of Eton, commented upon the utter lack of manners in this generation.

This slouchy bearing is due to two causes. The first is the lack of discipline in the family, acquired before the student comes to college. I don't mean to say that the love of a boy for his parents is diminished, but the necessity for that respectful attitude toward them is much minimized by the fault of the parents themselves, by the coddling of

him as a child that I have spoken of. It is perhaps an exaggerated story, but it is told of a fond mother who wrote to the head of a school that she hoped her boy would not be disciplined too much, "because," she said, "we never disciplined or punished him at home except in self-defense."

Second, we are passing through a transition period in society in which doctrines of government, doctrines of religion, doctrines of education and doctrines of economics that were general in the last generation are now questioned. There is a strong disposition to regard the teachings of our fathers and our ancestors as radically wrong, and the lessons drawn from experience are not given the same weight that similar lessons were in the last generation. Such an attitude, not only in the community at large but indeed also impressed upon the students by some of their own professors, can but have an effect upon them and give them a feeling that they know as much as almost anybody else on every subject, and that what is advanced as the result of the last generation's knowledge is to be treated with very considerable suspicion and certainly not with profound respect.

It may seem curious that the high standard of morality among the students who are greatly interested in philanthropy and settlement and sociological work should be accompanied by this lack of respect for authority and by this lack of manners. These two attitudes are reconciled in the view that finds support among some of them that the conventions of mankind have all been created by a utilitarian, selfish, class, materialistic age, one in which the principle of democracy has not been sincerely given effect, and that interest in one's fellow-man is quite consistent with a certain kind of contempt toward those who either profess to be, or are thought to be, better than the average of their fellow-men.

Democracy and Good Manners

Men who show their principles in this way give point to the remark that democracy ruins manners. The democracy which makes me feel, and therefore show in my bearing, "I am as good as you are" is indeed fatal to good manners. It produces the offensive American whom Dickens described. It produces that blatant fellow-countryman of ours who brags of America in European railway compartments and hotel lobbies, and does more to lower American reputation for manners than twenty modest, well-bred Americans, who pass unnoticed, can do to raise it. But the democracy which makes a man feel "Other people are as good as I am and deserve at my hands every consideration" is a democracy that has produced manners of as high a type as any seen in this world. I think we may say that Benjamin Franklin had a genius for courtesy and good breeding, and no American can think without patriotic pride of the picture of the printer's boy, standing in the proudest court of Europe perfectly self-respecting, but full, too, of respect for others, as he accepted homage of King and courtiers.

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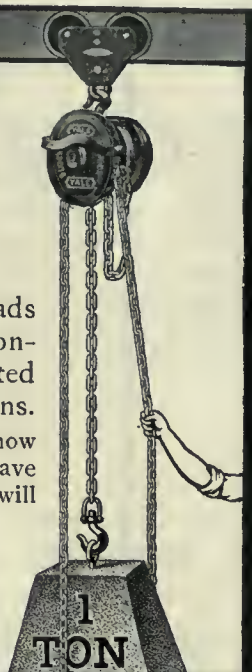
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Is Crime Constitutional?

In Many Cases "Yes," Says a Prison Doctor

(From International Clinics).

Dr. Bowers, physician in charge at the Indiana State Prison, holds that morality and character are functions of the brain, like memory and imagination; and the moral sense is the first to be confused or disordered by mental disease. The following is part of a lecture read at a recent convention.

A VAST wealth of clinical material of psychiatric nature is going to waste in our penal institutions because of a lack of scientific curiosity on the part of well-qualified investigators. Among the interesting and intricate problems met with in prisons and reformatories is the subject of constitutional immorality, the obscure and difficult pathology of which offers a most inviting field for study and research to the alienist and criminologist. The idea that some individuals are immoral because of constitutional defect of the neural organism is most repugnant, as it seems to challenge the traditional belief in man's free will, and this is especially true of those unfamiliar with mental diseases. Yet we who have delinquent individuals within our care and custody know that there are persons who cannot refrain from crime because of their degenerate organizations, which predispose and impel them to immoral and illegal acts.

Two Classes of Criminals

The operation of the indeterminate laws which are so generally in force separate the accidental and occasional criminals from those who are constitutionally immoral. The first class is composed of those persons who have strayed from the paths of moral and legal rectitude while under the strain of some unfortunate circumstance which provokes an outburst of passion. These persons regain their former standing in civil life, and forget their crimes, which were merely solitary and incidental experiences in their lives. The constitutionally immoral serve sentence after sentence, are paroled again and again to the best of environments, but they can not be kept out of prisons, toward which they gravitate, irresistibly drawn to them by inherent defects in their constitutions.

The specific treatment of the constitutionally immoral is very difficult for various reasons. Our prison populations are heterogeneous masses composed of insane criminals, epileptic criminals, feeble-minded criminals, habitual criminals, occasional criminals, and criminals by passion, and they are all subject to the same discipline and treatment. Now it is the crime that regulates the term of imprisonment, and not the needs of the criminal. The imbecile offender is con-

demned to the same rigors of the law as is the educated man when convicted of the same statutory offense. Our courts are exceedingly loath to recognize constitutional moral defectiveness lest it weaken our methods of dispensing justice, and thereby jeopardize the safety of society. Physicians will, no doubt, at some time in the future be asked to give to our criminal courts such data concerning the prisoner's physical and mental status as will lead to a more scientific dispensation of equity. There is no need, however, that our courts become medical clinics, and never should medicine attempt to usurp the prerogative of the law. The proper scientific classification of the prisoners is too ideal to be obtained under the present-day administration of penal institutions.

Why Release Criminals at All?

Several methods of treatment have been offered for the morally insane, but none as yet has passed the limits of the experimental stage. These may be briefly mentioned.

Why should not the born criminal remain in prison so long as he is dangerous to society? We do not release the violent and dangerous insane from hospitals merely because they have been detained there a number of years; then why should we release the instinctive criminal to practise his criminal acts upon the public? We quarantine small-pox, and we exile the leper; then why should we not isolate the incurable moral defectives who disseminate dangerous moral contagion?

Land Policy of German Towns

How Towns and Cities in Germany Traffic in Real Estate

(From Contemporary Review.)

The extent to which German towns are free to traffic in real estate on any scale whatever without permission of any kind is described in this article. In many towns it will be seen that the greater portion of their area is owned by the towns themselves, a condition of things which gives the local authorities great power in obtaining concessions from landowners when opening up new towns.

THE extent of land owned by German towns will probably surprise those who are unacquainted with the large views of municipal enterprise held in Germany. For example, the following are the percentages of their entire administrative areas that were owned by the towns named in 1910 (roads, streets, railways, water, and fortifications are all excluded): Freiburg in Baden, 78 per cent.; Furth 66 per cent.; Stettin 62 per cent. Heidelberg, 61 per cent.; Coblenz, 59 per cent.; Brandenburg, 52 per cent. Taking thirteen of the largest towns the average area owned for 1,000 inhabitants was roughly speaking 250 acres. These figures do not include lands belonging to

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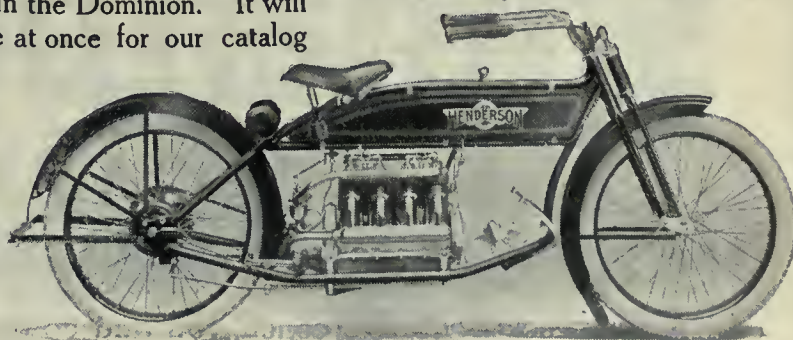
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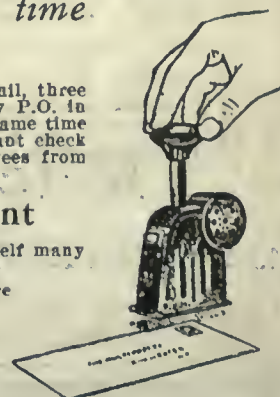
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charitable foundations under municipal management, which in many cases exceeded that of the land they owned outright.

Long views and wide perspectives characterize the land policies of German towns. Their eyes are set not upon the needs of to-day—for these were foreseen and provided for long ago—nor yet on those of the near future, though “near future” in German official language connotes a period of twenty-five years, but upon the interests of coming generations. The steady and systematic manner in which land is purchased might be illustrated by the experience of almost any large town.

As a rule, it will be found that where forest and woodland surround a town the municipal authority has taken care to secure as much as possible for the use of the inhabitants. Germany has immemorially protected its forests, and, next to the States, the largest owners of forest lands are the communes. Of a total area of thirty-five million acres of forest in 1900 the State owned 11,075,000 acres, and the communes 5,645,000.

The ownership of land and forest often proves an important source of profit for the communes but land buying and selling is not an end in itself. As a consequence of its land policy a German municipal authority generally has land of its own suitable for public works which it desires to take in hand; it can determine within certain limits in what directions the town shall extend; by the steady increase in the value of its estate it shares with private owners in the material gain caused by municipal growth and development; it is able to institute and assist important housing schemes; and to some extent it can check land speculation. Many instances might be given of municipal authorities which, owing to the large reserves of land in their ownership, have been able to give a new impetus to industrial development, and to renew the life of old and stagnant communities.

Wherever German municipal authorities are most earnestly endeavoring to cope with the housing problem, made difficult and urgent owing to conditions met with only in a country of rapid industrial development, one of their most powerful auxiliaries is the ownership of an abundance of building land.

Planning of Towns Facilitated

The orderly planning of towns is made immeasurably easier owing to the right of local authorities to decide which land within the administrative area shall be eligible for building purposes. Owners of land are not able to build where and when they will. The town makes the streets, and in order that a site may be built upon at all, however suitable it may seem in the eyes of its owner, it is essential that it shall be formally recognized on the building plan as ready for the purpose, and shall lie upon a street duly planned by the local authority. Hence, no land or estate company would dream of laying out its property without coming to a clear understanding with this authority. Such an understanding is more than a formality, for while the local

authority puts no needless obstacles in the way of town extensions promoted by private enterprise, it insists upon public interests being respected at every turn.

This power to regulate the opening up of new areas enables German local authorities to obtain from landowners concessions important for the planning of their towns. As they have the last word in determining whether a new district shall be developed or not, it is seldom difficult to induce the owners to cede to the town all the land desired not only for wide streets and squares, but for schools and other public buildings that may sooner or later become necessary owing to growth of population.

In its town planning schemes and in its endeavor to add dignity and decorum to the outward aspects of municipal life, Germany shows unwavering fidelity to the national belief in the expert and the efficiency of education and training. Instead of trusting to the intuition and judgment of the practical man—that precious town builder by “natural” methods, who has made so many of our English industrial towns the hideous abominations they are—Germany acts on the assumption that as town planning is a science it ought to be studied like any other science, and, indeed, more thoroughly and laboriously than most, since the vital welfare of entire communities is at stake. Hence it follows, as a matter of course, that some of the universities and other seats of knowledge regularly offer courses of lectures on town planning, both from the theoretical and the practical side. Town planning exhibitions and conferences also play an important part in the development of a healthy official and public opinion upon this important question.

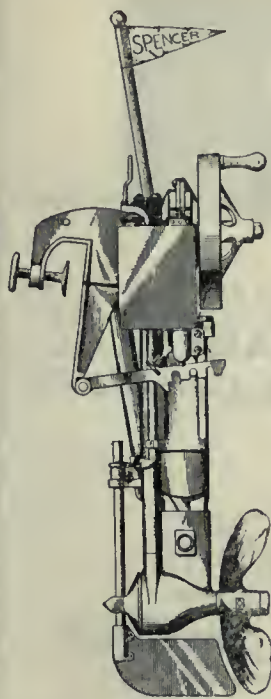
Wanderlust Magic

Rudyard Kipling, Novelist, on
Lure of East that Draws
World's Travelers

“TRAVELERS, like sea trout, should be caught fresh-run, with their experiences still sticking to them.” That was one the many sparkling phrases with which Mr. Rudyard Kipling lately began a lecture on “Some Aspects of Travel,” before the Royal Geographical Society.

In a glowing passage on the magic of wood smoke in awakening the memory of the traveler, Mr. Kipling said:

“A whiff of it can take us back to forgotten marches over unnamed mountains with disreputable companions, to day-long halts beside flooded rivers in the rain; wonderful mornings of youth in brilliantly lighted lands where everything was possible—and generally done; to uneasy wakings under the low desert moon and on top of cruel, hard pebbles; and above all, to that God's own hour, all the world over, when the stars have gone out and it is too dark to see clear, and one lies with the fumes of last night's embers in one's nostrils, lies and waits for a new horizon—to heave itself up against a new dawn.”



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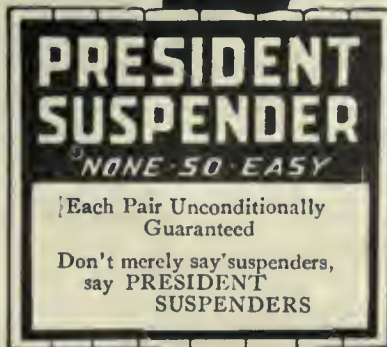
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"I have met many travelers," he said, "and I have noticed what they tell the public in print of their experiences is one thing; and what they tell their friends by word of mouth is another."

Then followed this reference to "when I was a young man."

"I remember listening to Stanley, who was talking, half to himself, of some work he had done in his early days.

"He had been under the necessity of covering a certain distance in a certain time, and he ended his monologue with an abrupt fore-reaching movement of his first finger, as though he were pegging or hooking up something, and he said: 'Of course, it was the mileage that worried me!' I often wondered whether that gesture of Stanley's was characteristic. . . .

Eye Film of March

"Several men have told me that their mental idea of their day's work was a ribbon or tape unrolling behind them or being dropped from their hands as they marched," Mr. Kipling continued.

"Speaking from my own experience of the one march I ever had to make in a hurry, my impression at the time, as well as the memory that stayed with me afterwards, was that of the unrolling ribbon.

"Luckily I had not to worry about supplies, but my single object was to get myself and my coolies out of a certain district as soon as possible. My mind projected itself along an imaginary straight line, in this instance, white against dull green. It would be interesting if any of the Polar men who work against white backgrounds would tell us how the idea of their work presents itself to them while they are engaged in it.

"I knew one man who said he could run any road that he had marched over backward between his eyelids like a cinematograph film before he went to sleep.

"An old prospector," said Mr. Kipling, "once warned me: 'As long as you've only got yourself to think about you can think as much as you — well please. When you've other folks' hides to answer for you must quit thinking for your own amusement.' " . . .

There followed this glimpse of the future:

"Naturally, so long as we travel by sea, we must embark from a port and look out for the land-falls.

"But the time is not far off when the traveler will know and care just as little whether he is over sea or land as we today know and care whether our steamer is over forty fathoms or the Tuscarora Deep. Then we shall hear the lost ports of New York and Bombay howling like Tarshish and Tyre. Incidentally, too, we shall change all our mental pictures of travel."

Fascination of Smells

In many of his stories Mr. Kipling has magically written of the pictures conjured up by scent and smell. Last night he said:

"Let us consider for a while the illimitable, the fascinating subject of smells in their relation to the traveler.

"We shall soon have to exchange them for blasts of petrol and atomized castor-oil. Have you noticed wherever a few travelers gather together, one or the other is sure to say: 'Do you remember that smell at such and such a place?' Then he may go on to speak of camel—pure camel—one whiff of which is all Arabia; or of the smell of rotten eggs at Hitt on the Euphrates; or of the flavor of drying fish in Burma.

"I suggest, subject to correction—there are only two elementary smells of universal appeal—the smell of burning fuel and the smell of melting grease. The smell, that is, of what man cooks his food over, and what he cooks his food in.

"And next to wood-smoke for waking rampant 'wanderlust' comes the smell of melting grease—such a smell or bouquet of smells as one may gather outside a London fried-fish shop.

"It is less sentimental and vague in its appeal than wood-smoke, but it hits harder. . . . Sometimes it reconstructs big covered bazaars of well-stocked cities with the blue haze hanging in the domes, or it resurrects little Heaven-sent single stalls picked up by the roadside, where one can buy penny bottles of sauce or a paper of badly-needed buttons.

"To me, as to others," confessed Mr. Kipling, "a fried-fish shop can speak multitudinously for all the East from Cairo to Singapore."

What is Wrong with the Press? Journalism as Viewed by One Insider

(From The Forum.)

Is the present day journalist insincere, is the question tackled by this writer, who for obvious reasons does not sign his name.

WHAT is the great indictment, asks the writer, against the newspaper of to-day? It is insincerity.

There are two ways to explain this insincerity. One is to say that the newspaper, run for some owner's individual profit, must depend for its success upon its circulation; its acceptance by the masses or, at least, by a large portion of the reading public. That is only half an explanation. It assumes to tell why the press claims to represent interests which it does not represent: but it leaves the impression that the actual editors and reporters are a lot of conscious liars.

The actual fact is that we are far more degraded than that. We are a lot of unconscious liars. We don't even care about the truth. All we care about is the "story"—the special side of the story which we think our paper wants.

"Don't blame the reporter," you will hear the Socialist cry. "He is a working-man just like the rest of us. He would tell the truth if he could, but his paper won't let him. He knows that he's telling a lie, but it can't be helped."

The actual fact is that we do not know we are lying. If we could only tell lies

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for a living until we could get an opportunity to tell the truth, it wouldn't be so bad. But nature's laws do not permit that. When we begin to "root" for something other than our own convictions, our convictions take flight.

I killed my conscience during my first year of newspaper work. It didn't die without a struggle, for I was twenty-eight years old. Sometimes I think it is coming back to life, but I find in the end that it is not.

Why am I writing this article, if my conscience is dead? Simplest question in the world. My dominant reason for writing it is the hope of getting some money. My reason for being so frank is the same. I am banking on the very frankness catching the editor's attention. If I had a straight tip that I could make more money by writing the exact opposite, I would do it readily. Only last week I did write such an article, full of "inspiration" for young men and women who are starting out in life. New York magazines have paid me well for those inspiring articles. I didn't believe a word they contained.

And you can't believe a word of this. I do not ask you to. But just weigh what I have to say and see if it does not offer an explanation. If it does, call me all the names you like. And then do some thinking.

Village Life and Industry

How Sir William Lever Has Combined Business and Social Experiment

(From T. P.'s Weekly)

Sir William Lever is the head of the well-known soap firm of Lever Bros., makers of Sunlight and many other brands of soap. Port Sunlight is Messrs. Lever Bros.' garden Village near Birkenhead, in which an important social experiment is being worked out with scientific care. The recent visit of the King and Queen to Port Sunlight renders the present review of this application of the principle of profit-sharing very timely.

JUST over twenty-five years ago the banks of Bromborough Pool, the tributary of the Mersey on which Port Sunlight stands, were waste-lands. Today the land is no longer waste, and the bogs have been reclaimed to solid earth, and, as if by magic, a vast human concern has arisen engaging the attention and services of over 6,000 human beings.

Originally some 56 acres of land were parceled out into areas of 24 to the business and works and 32 to the village. At the present time the total area is 462 acres, 239 for works, including the area in reserve for expansion, and 223 for village and village extensions. The first soapery had a capacity for the manufacture of 800 tons of soap per week. There are now four soaperies, with an aggregate capacity of about

4,000 tons. The buildings within the works area of 239 acres include the soap and glycerine factories, oil and cake mills, alkali, printing and other works, wharves, docks, roads and sidings, together with the head offices of the company. The buildings within the village area of 223 acres include 833 houses and cottages, 8 shops, recreation halls, library, museum, hospital, with parks, gardens and over five miles of roads.

Prosperity-Sharing

The intimate association of works and village at Port Sunlight, and the nature of that intimacy, must be realized in order to appreciate the distinction between Port Sunlight and other garden cities. The village cannot be regarded as a scheme of housing apart from the works. It was part of the industrial organization of Port Sunlight from the first. It has been built out of the profits of the business as the business prospered. The houses are not built "to pay" in the ordinary meaning of that phrase. They are not let at commercial rents. They are let to employees of the company under a system of "Prosperity Sharing" at rents just sufficient to cover upkeep and repair. The village is, in this way, as much the mark and monument of the progress of the business as is the growth of the Port Sunlight output or the increase of the company's capital. In an address to the Birkenhead Literary and Scientific Society in November, 1900, Sir William Lever advocated prosperity-sharing as sounder in principle than the then existing schemes of profit-sharing, and said:—"One of the best methods for the application of the principle of prosperity-sharing is to be found in building cottages to be let to labor at low rentals. This plan is most effective in elevating and bettering the confidence of labor and has the additional advantage of insuring that the wives and children shall share in it. But this method is the one that is most often impossible of application, and, in any case, it is only one of hundreds of schemes. Contributions may be made towards the building of clubs, recreation halls, institutions, summer holidays, winter entertainments, sick and burial societies, and hundreds of others. By contributions to objects such as these, labor enjoys the fullest liberty in managing its own institutions outside the business, whilst management is maintained in its proper place inside the business."

Fortune and Welfare

Anyone who has visited Port Sunlight cannot doubt for a moment that this dream of a well-ordered village of workers whose work has been made to contribute to their own betterment is no idle dream, but a vivid reality. Sir William Lever has actually succeeded in bringing into existence an organization which combines a dignified and humane industrial life with the most exacting of commercial enterprises. Soap is in itself a very necessary article, and the very fact of its importance to so many people means that its produc-

tion is made profitable only after the most hazardous of commercial contests. In such contests workmen and workwomen have often been reduced to poverty and degradation, and it is no small achievement to have discovered, as Sir William Lever has, a means by which the good fortune and welfare of workfolk, and not their ill-fortune and poverty, shall be the basis of commercial prosperity.

The village itself is a miniature city in appearance between mediaeval and modern. It is mediaeval in its quaintness, its varied rough-cast and red-brick dwellings arranged in irregular terraces and avenues with greenswards and gardens. But there mediaevalism ends, for Port Sunlight is clean and sanitary, and there is design and order in its wildest irregularities. Besides, its luxuries, its library, art gallery, schools, clubs, and hospital are for the democratic use of its citizens, and not for a privileged few, as was so often the case in past ages—when such institutions existed at all. The village of Port Sunlight is improved and developed out of the success of the great concern of which it is a part, the funds being drawn out of the prosperity-sharing scheme, which has recently been merged into a vast co-partnership trust, combining the best brains and best energies of the Lever employees into a mutual self-interest organization with the firm. Among the developments charged to the prosperity-sharing account are the initial laying out the parks, gardens, tennis lawn, bowling green, rifle range, recreation ground and part of the football enclosure, and the provision of two schools and extension of the technical institute (previously presented by Sir William), of the auditorium, open-air swimming bath, bandstand, collegium, gymnasium, cottage hospital, library, girls' club and Co-Partners' Club, Gladstone Hall and Hulme Hall. The church was a gift to commemorate the parents of the founder. To the prosperity-sharing account also are charged any sanctioned deficits on the working account of village institutions.

The Japanese are making waterproof boots, shoes, bags, and trunks from the tanned hides of sea lions.

• • •

It is estimated that the mails of the whole world carry nearly 6,000,000,000 picture postcards each year.

• • •

The Suez Canal is to be dredged to a depth of forty feet, and other improvements are contemplated which will make the Canal available to any ship likely to be built for the Eastern trade in the immediate future.

• • •

Flying reprints a map which shows that almost all the fortified places of Germany, France, and the English coast are now forbidden territory for aviators. Flying over these cities is prohibited, and severe penalties may be incurred by the venturesome aviator who violates the provisions of the aerial navigation laws.

Spirit Phenomena Explained

A Remarkable Incident

(From The Chicago Tribune.)

The incident related below provides a perfectly simple and natural explanation of many instances of what have hitherto been regarded as psychical phenomena involving the existence of spirits and of ability of the latter to communicate, under certain favorable conditions, with human beings. Here at first sight appears an undoubted instance of spirit manifestations, which upon investigation resolves itself simply into a case of lack of memory, or rather of abnormal memory shown subconsciously, when the subject was in a condition of hypnotic sleep.

THE incident referred to is a remarkable instance of the tenacity and extensiveness the human memory experienced by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, a psychical research student, and a well-known writer. A lady of Mr. Dickinson's acquaintance developed a peculiar form of trance mediumship, in which she claimed to come into touch with the spirit of a certain Blanche Poynings, who described herself as having lived in the time of Richard II., and as having been a great friend of the Countess of Salisbury of that period. The countess, she said, had been married three times, and she gave the names of her former husbands, with various other particulars, and she related some curious episodes in the career of the earl himself.

Besides all this, she gave her own maiden name, de Mowbray, and the name of the man she married after Poynings' death, Sir John Worth; also the fact that she had been expelled from court by Arnold, one of the Lords Appellant.

Mr. Dickinson knew so little about the reign of Richard II. that he could not say whether or no there was an Earl of Salisbury at that time. But, rummaging through old chronicles, charters, and peerages, he found that almost every one of Blanche's statements accorded with fact. Naturally this interested and puzzled him. The "sensitive," whose veracity he could not doubt, assured him that she had never studied the period, and knew nothing concerning it. And in any case some of the facts given were not such as even a historical student would be likely to come across. Blanche Poynings herself, for example, was a quite unimportant person, only mentioned by name, by one or two chroniclers, as a lady in attendance on the queen. There seemed, in short, no possible explanation of the affair except by regarding it as a veritable case of "spirit communication."

Explained by Planchette

But one afternoon, taking tea with the "sensitive" and her aunt, Mr. Dickinson learned that they had a planchette in the house, and that she could do automatic writing with it. At his request it was brought out, and he began to put questions to it. These bore on the Blanche Poynings messages, and drew out the unexpected information that corroboration

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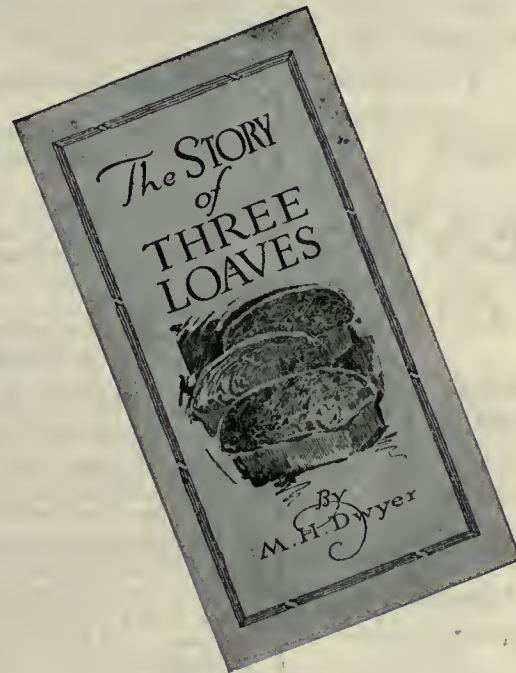


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of them would be found in a book called "Countess Maud," by Emily Holt. So soon as planchette wrote the name of this book, the "sensitive" exclaimed that she believed there was a novel with that title, and that she had once read it. Her aunt confirmed this. Neither of them, though, could remember anything about its plot, not even the period with which it dealt, nor whether it contained any mention of Blanche Poynings.

Following up the clew thus given to him, Mr. Dickinson within a few days managed to procure a copy of the book in question, and discovered in it every person and every fact, with a few trifling exceptions, that had been mentioned by the alleged "spirit" of Blanche Poynings. Wishing then to ascertain if possible just when the "sensitive" had read it, he caused her to be hypnotized, and had the following interesting and curious dialogue with her:

"Can you see yourself young?"

"Yes."

"Can you see your aunt reading a book, 'Countess Maud'?"

"Yes."

"What was it about?"

"Ellen Turval, and the Earl and Countess of Salisbury."

"How old were you?"

"Twelve."

"Did you read it yourself?"

"I looked at it, and painted a picture in the beginning. I used to turn over the pages. I didn't read it, because it was dull. Blanche Poynings was in the book; not much about her."

"How much did you get from Blanche Poynings—how much from the book?"

"Nearly all the events from the book, but not her character. There was a real person called Blanche Poynings that I met, and I think her name started the memory, and I got the two mixed up."

That is to say, on her own admission the whole thing had been an elaborate rearrangement by the "sensitive's" sub-consciousness of data obtained from a novel she had merely glanced through as a child of twelve, and had so completely forgotten that she could recall nothing about it when in the normal waking state.

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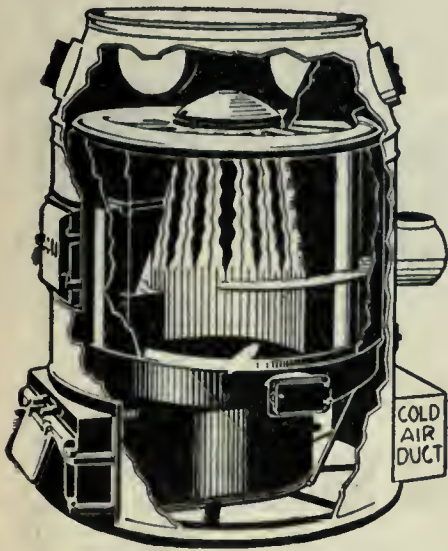
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Writing King Edward's Life

How the Biography of our Peacemaker King is being Prepared

(From Pearson's Weekly.)

Preparations for the writing of the authorized biography of the late King Edward are now well advanced, though the outside world has heard comparatively little of this book. The description here given of the manner in which this work is being carried out will be of interest.

SOME time ago the King and Queen Alexandra went through such private papers as the late King left behind in order to decide precisely what should be made known to the world and what should either be destroyed or replaced in the Royal archives at Windsor Castle for preservation, and, possibly, for use by some historian of the future. This task took their Majesties some considerable time, since much thought and discrimination had to be exercised here, every document being carefully scrutinized and discussed before it was either passed for the use of the editor of the work, or rejected as being of too private and confidential a nature.

Often it became necessary for the King or the Queen-Mother to amplify the brief notes that the late King had made, and to conduct inquiries into precisely what was referred to in them. In this task they had the valuable assistance of many who had been on the most intimate terms with King Edward, who were at times able to elucidate many points, and to give additional information of the greatest value.

No Diary Kept

It may be said at once that such private papers as the late King Edward left behind are remarkably scanty in their character and extent. His Majesty never followed the example of Queen Victoria and kept any diary or circumstantial record of his life. Therefore, the work of examining his private papers took nothing like the time that was necessary in the case of his royal mother.

King Edward was in the habit of making hasty notes upon small pieces of paper that he would then place carelessly on his desk, and, as often as not, evidently forget all about them. Many of these notes were jotted down upon the backs of envelopes or any odd scraps of paper that his Majesty happened to find in his pockets, and, since the great majority of these are entirely undated, it has been a matter of considerable difficulty to identify the meaning of them, or precisely to what they referred.

Though Viscount Knollys, for so many years the private secretary and confidential adviser of the late King, is not to be the actual editor of the book, the careful records of the day-to-day life of his Majesty that he has kept are proving most valuable to those engaged on its compilation, and he will have not a little

to do with the ultimate form that the work will take.

How the Workers are Guarded

The whole of the work of preparation is being carried out in an apartment specially set aside for the purpose at Windsor Castle. Here, what may be described as the "raw material," is carefully collected and arranged in due order. Those engaged on the task arrive here every morning, and admit themselves by special keys that have been provided for them. No one else is allowed into this room upon any pretext, and if it is necessary to communicate with them in any way, a special speaking-tube has been installed for the purpose. Even then no admission is obtained to the apartment, all communications being received in an adjoining ante-room.

When the first outline of the book has been prepared, which will be a very lengthy manuscript in itself, this will again be gone through by the King and Queen Alexandra, with the assistance of Viscount Knollys, who will decide what shall be passed and what further "cuts" shall be made.

The present proposal is, by the way, to limit the work to the time of the death of Queen Victoria, and not to deal with the actual reign of the late King until a few more years have passed. It is quite possible, however, that this decision will be altered, and the book brought down, by means of an additional volume, to the date of his death.

The book is being prepared under the general direction of the Hon. John Fortescue, the Royal Librarian at Windsor, and one of the very few persons about the Court who has almost unfettered access to the jealously-guarded Royal archives at the Castle. He has the assistance of several members of the Royal Household specially selected for their literary ability and experience.

The book will probably make its appearance during the autumn of next year. The King, by the way, has given directions that throughout it there shall be no direct or implied eulogy of his father, and that "fine writing" shall be eschewed entirely. It is the desire of his Majesty that the book shall present a plain and unvarnished portrait of the late King as he really was.

As has been said, since the personal papers left behind by King Edward are so comparatively meagre, both in number and importance, it has been necessary for those in charge of the compilation of the work to rely very considerably upon the assistance of those who enjoyed the intimate personal friendship of his Majesty.

The Profits will go to Charities

Fortunately, there are many of these still available. Reference has already been made to Viscount Knollys. There is also the veteran General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., who for so many years served his Majesty and is to-day the doyen of the Court. Colonel Sir Frederick Ponsonby is still at Court, and since he was the usual companion of the late King upon his frequent visits to foreign capitals his assistance is proving of the greatest value. Others who are either now ac-

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tively assisting in the preparation of this biography, or will shortly be asked to do so, are the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Argyll (ever the favorite sister of King Edward), Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Farquhar, the Earl of Rosebery, the Marquis de Soveral, and several more.

For obvious reasons Queen Alexandra will not be able to take much part in this work, though she will read the whole of the proofs before the book is published, and will make such corrections as may seem necessary or desirable to her. The King will likewise adopt a similar course, and, indeed, it may be said that his Majesty is really the mainspring of the whole book, since he is keeping in the closest touch with all that is being done. Many sets of proofs will of necessity be provided before the work is finally approved for press.

There is, perhaps, one more point that may be emphasized. No part of the profits that accrue from the publication of this work will pass either to the King or to Queen Alexandra. Following the invariable rule in the past when similar works have made their appearance, these will be assigned to such charities as may seem best fit to the King, and these will be for the most part those in which King Edward took the greatest personal interest.

Costly Murders

How Britain has Avenged the Murder of Her Subjects

The recent killing or murder of a British subject in Mexico brings to mind other instances, in more warlike times than our own, in which unprovoked murders of British subjects in foreign lands seldom went long unpunished. A few such instances are related in the following article.

IN 1856 Chinese officials boarded the British vessel Arrow, hauled down the national flag, and killed her captain for daring to protest. Sir J. Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong, there and then declared war, practically on his own initiative, and within a few weeks the Chinese fleet had been destroyed and Canton bombarded and burned.

In 1862, again, similar swift retribution overtook the murderer of Mr. Richardson, an English merchant living in Japan. Because he refused to prostrate himself in a street in Yokohama when the Prince of Satsuma happened to be passing with his suite, he was brutally beaten to death by the prince's armed retainers. Whereupon our warships bombarded Satsuma's town of Kagosima, burned his palace, and sunk his steamers.

It is only fair to add that in after years the Japanese voluntarily expressed

regret for Mr. Richardson's murder, and in 1884 a Japanese gentleman, Mr. Kurokawa, erected a monument to his memory on the site where he was killed.

Not infrequently, however, "money talks" in these international disputes, as in private ones. When, during one of Guatemala's periodical revolutions, John Magee, our Consul at San Jose, was seized and brutally flogged by order of the commandant, Colonel Gonzales, we sent a warship there and threatened to lay the town in ashes unless, within twenty-four hours, an indemnity of £60,000 was paid, being at the rate of £1,000 for each lash inflicted.

A Fortune for a Thrashing

The Guatemalan Government was unable at such short notice to raise the money, but offered, instead, to grant Magee certain concessions, including the right to establish a bank and build wharves at San Jose. This offer was accepted, and Magee, by virtue of his monopoly, became in time enormously wealthy. He died in 1900, leaving behind him a fortune of £10,000,000.

Then, again, there was the case of Major Lothaire and Mr. Stokes, which created such tremendous excitement in the spring of 1896. Stokes was an Englishman engaged in trading for ivory in the Congo Free State, and he was arrested by Major Lothaire, a Belgian officer, on a charge of gun-running and inciting the natives to rebel, and, after a summary trial by drum-head court martial was hanged.

The British Government insisted on Lothaire being brought to trial, and this was done. In fact, he was tried twice, once at Boma, and again at Brussels, and each time he was acquitted. Whereat public indignation in this country blazed up afresh, and with tenfold force.

However, a war with Belgium being unthinkable—it would have set all Europe by the ears—we compromised matters on the usual money indemnity basis, the sum of £6,000 being handed over by the Belgian Government to the next of kin of the dead man.

When, however, outrages of the kind are committed by savage or semi-savage potentates or governments, the old blood-and-iron rule of retaliation holds good, the aggressors generally coming off second best.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

In spite of better construction, more accurate charts and the continued improvement of lighthouse service, the sea continues to take an enormous annual toll in property and lives of those that traverse its surface. The marine disasters of 1913 amounted in money value to \$35,000,000 in British-insured ships and cargoes that were totally lost. On the Great Lakes alone, the storm of last November rolled up a loss of \$4,700,000. The above figures do not include damages to ships and cargoes that were not total losses; for these, the damages amount to over \$30,000,000.



TEA

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(See also page 65 in this issue.)

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Jean Jaures

Character Sketch of the World's Most Conspicuous Socialist Now Living

(From Current Opinion.)

"The most conspicuous Socialist now living," is the description given by the "Temps" of Jean Jaures, the great French Socialist, of whom it is affirmed that no artist's line is comical enough to reflect his contours faithfully—no crayon can attain the exaggeration of their reality. He has been compared with Falstaff and likened to Gargantua.

INFINITE rhetoric has been expended in French dailies on descriptions of Jean Jaures. His elephantine limbs, short and sturdy, his tremendous feet, the flowing white whiskers and the florid fatness of the face, blend in one arresting, irresistible impression which no cartoonist has ever adequately conveyed. The aspect of the man is one of animal strength. He has a stomach of iron, shoulders of granite and lungs of brass. Yet he looks his fifty-five years.

His enemies accuse him of a weakness for money. He is thought to be "near" despite his easy mode of life. He can not contemplate with equanimity the waste of a piece of string. He tears off the unused sheets from letters and saves them religiously for memoranda. His garret is filled with odds and ends of broken plates and discarded furniture which he will not throw away. He wears a pair of trousers until they grow shiny, and it gives him pain to abandon a frayed collar. This is the famous French thrift.

No one has ever wept so copiously in public as Jean Jaures, but the wonder of it is less than the fact that when he weeps all weep with him. A thousand people, at least, will weep in public every time Jean Jaures sheds tears on a platform. The consolation is that he can also set them all laughing heartily in a very few moments. It is the Jaures "touch." It embraces passion, repose, hatred, scorn—all the moods, which he imparts, we read, as if they were the measles.

His Oratorical Powers

With reference to the distinguishing feature of the oratory of Jean Jaures—its abundance—we read in the French dailies that he talks at his meals, talks when he is going to bed, and talks when he sleeps. His verbiage resembles Niagara. Its quantity is no impeachment of its quality. Perhaps from the standpoint of the technique of the art he has mastered so completely, he is the greatest orator alive anywhere in the world. His utterance is fortified by his gesture. The expression of his ideas gains energy from his aspect while expressing them.

If eloquence be the power of moving masses of men by speech, adds our Parisian contemporary, Jean Jaures has that. His hearers are more sensitive to his appeals than his readers could be. The roaring, bellowing voice can decline into a whisper at just the right time.

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The strong arms never suggest a wind-mill. The flash of the eye authenticates a rage or reveals a mood of sarcasm. Simply as a spectacle, Jaures the orator is as well worth seeing as if he were Coquelin the elder. He studied elocution in his youth with care, nor has he forgotten a single lesson; but his art conceals itself behind the amazing power of a giant's personality.

A Gargantuan Appetite

More amazing than his oratory is his appetite. He dines jovially in public like Gambrinus or Falstaff. He lets nothing pass him by—pates, salads, "rosbif a l'Anglaise" and slices of tomato in oil and vinegar disappear as he laughs. His presence is betrayed by the roar of characteristic laughter or the napkin tucked about his neck in the German fashion. He can bury his nose in a beaker of sparkling Macon and raise it slowly upward to drain the last drop, smacking his lips in perfect happiness. Every now and then he spies a friend at the other end of the table, to whom he roars at once every good wish imaginable. Or he will rise unexpectedly to pound for silence with a tankard while he communicates a political idea. He is the jolly god everywhere, the eyes twinkling and the arms waving. It is his business to know everybody and to make the conversation general. When he chooses to make remarks he has but to raise his voice above its conversational tone a trifle to roar everybody down—a feat achieved with perfect good nature and in the most natural style imaginable.

His French is deemed exceedingly choice and pure—no slang, little colloquialism. Everything is in the grand manner rhetorically. The use of a Germanism or an Anglicanism like "bier" or "five-o'clock" causes him the keenest anguish. His pronunciation is so correct, so distinct and so deliberate that foreigners in Paris get free lessons in French by going to hear him. His ordinary conversation is compared in elegance with that of Bossuet.

By temperament Jean Jaures is a "romantic." The supreme Socialist of this age can not see life in terms of a common man's experience. To him there are always conspiracies, treasons, plots. The political and financial atmosphere swarms with the population of the Jaures imagination. The plain tale of a new loan becomes in his teeming brain more elaborate than a historical romance by Dumas. Life to him is a theatre, behind the scenes of which he believes himself to exist. He is always "coming on," with farcical results of which he has no suspicion. People think he poses, but he is simply the unconscious comedian.

Professor Brandt, of Berlin, is reported as saying that Shakespeare is now at the zenith of his popularity in Germany. "The Deutsches Theater of Berlin," he says, "has scored an entirely unprecedented record by producing a Shakespeare repertoire practically night after night, for the last six months, to sold-out houses without an exception."

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Best Selling Book of the Month

Leona Dalrymple's "Diane of the Green Van"—
Something About the Story and its Author

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor of Bookseller and Stationer

The author of the book which heads the lists of best selling novels in both the United States and Canada, is Leona Dalrymple, the daughter of former Judge Dalrymple, of Passaic, New Jersey. She is twenty-eight, and with this story, "Diane of the Green Van," won the \$10,000 prize offered by the Reilly & Britton Company, of Chicago. Miss Dalrymple submitted two novels, the other coming fourth on the list as awarded by the judges, S. S. McClure, Ida M. Tarbell, and George N. Davidson. Having just finished a novel which she was about to send to a New York house who had already published two of her stories, Miss Dalrymple, seeing the prize offer, sent her story to Chicago instead, and then having six weeks to write another, she started in working eight to ten hours a day, and finished it in time to make it a prize-winner.

ON oddly caparisoned van, painted green, embellished gaily in white, having windows and curtains and drawn by a team of big-boned piebald horses; a drowsy negro on a load of hay and then an angular horse drawing a ramshackle cart accoutred, among other orchestral devices, with clashing cymbals, a drum with a handle, which upon being turned, aroused a fearful musical commotion in the cart: this was the nature of the caravan whose progress from Connecticut through New York State into Pennsylvania and then south through successive states into Florida, forms part of the picturesque attending circumstances in the unwinding of the tale which is found inside the covers of the best selling book of the month, "Diane of the Green Van," by Leona Dalrymple.

The occupant of the green van is Diane Westfall, who had inherited the wanderlust from her father. Diane and her cousin, Carl Granberry, are the despair of Aunt Agatha to whose care they fell as children. At the opening of this story, Diane, to the complete confusion of her aunt, has developed a desire to become a nomad, living a life removed as far as possible from the conventional and thus constituting herself an enigma to her scandalized aunt whose tearful pleadings are unavailing in endeavoring to dissuade the girl from undertaking her absurd peregrination.

The carpenter, the wheelwright and the painter receive commissions and soon the "Green Van" is completed and briskly creaks away with Diane accompanied only by little bewhiskered Johnny Jutes, for many years a retainer of the Westfall family.

Diane is all unaware that she is a subject of grave concern in the eyes of emissaries of Houdania, a kingdom like George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark" and Anthony Hope's "Ruritania," and that this interest involves uncertainty as to the succession to the throne of the little kingdom, which is presumably the land of a people closely related to the Magyars. To complicate things still more there are three of these Houdanians working at cross purposes. On the night of Diane's first camping out, a shot is fired which nearly ends her nomadism then and there and the same

night a knife driven by the hand of one of the Houdanians, intended for Carl Granberry, is sunk into the shoulder of Philip Poynter. Philip has fallen in love with Diane and strictly against her wishes has followed the green van in order to protect her, the original method he adopts being to purchase a load of hay, engaging the lazy negro to ride atop the load, while he in some mysterious manner is accommodated somewhere in the interior of the outfit, unseen to the world. The musical contraption turns out to be in charge of a mysterious foreigner, apparently a wandering minstrel, but who subsequently looms large in the story. The clearing up of the mystery surrounding the firing of the shot in the forest and the stabbing and the manner in which Diane and Carl are brought into the domestic turmoil of the toy kingdom, leads to other interesting revelations, going back to the time when the heir apparent to the throne, years before had, because of his democratic tendencies, disappeared from Houdania, coming, as the story discloses, to America, where he married the daughter of a Seminole Indian chief. Their daughter comes into the story as one of the principal characters from the time when Diane meets her at the Indian girl's camp fire in the everglades of Florida. This is sufficient to indicate the kaleidoscopic changes of scene presented throughout the story and not only have only a few of these been hinted at, but nothing has been said of the refreshing fund of humor in which the romance abounds.

The author herself in referring to her book says: "If you have a pot pourri of heredity, heaven alone knows just what will happen to you. A fiction character of such convenient heredity will boss the author into terrific complications and do exactly as she pleases.

"Diane went and stampeded a perfectly inoffensive author who had lived quietly and written quietly, into a most complicated notoriety, loss of weight and wonderment at the tales of reporters."

In this same reference to her own book the author, speaking of Diane's cousin Carl, said that what that man didn't think of "would be of absolutely no interest to Anthony Comstock! His thirst was not for the road. Solids were

of indifferent interest to this alcoholic connoisseur, and when that thirst of his was completely gratified, he set forth with a wild laugh and romped through chapters of gore. If it hadn't been for Carl's thirst there wouldn't have been a story."

All the elements of success attended the coming of this book, which while being published in this country by the Copp, Clark Co., was first published by the Reilly, Britton Company of Chicago, being the winner in the contest for the \$10,000 prize offered by that company for the best novel. Sufficient proof of its all round merit is found in the personnel of the judges who awarded it first place among over five hundred stories submitted, many of them being of outstanding merit. The judges were Ida M. Tarbell, S. S. McClure, and George N. Davidson.

Another story submitted by Miss Dalrymple came fourth in the same contest. Five years ago she was the winner of first prize in a short story contest conducted by the New York *Herald*. She is twenty-eight years old and is the daughter of former Judge George H. Dalrymple, of Passaic, New Jersey.

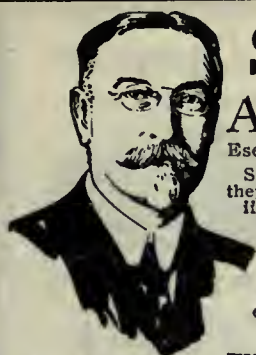
Miss Dalrymple intends devoting her life to literature and considers the \$10,000 prize a stepping stone to greater achievement.

In a letter written to her publishers soon after the announcement was made that she had won the \$10,000 prize, she wrote that she had begun to realize something of what it meant to be in the public eye and incidentally what one paid for the privilege in inaccurate details that were made to fly about. She found it interesting and exciting but didn't like sailing under false colors. "Isn't there some way," she wrote, "that we can correct the statement that I am in my early twenties? The reporters flatly refuse to believe me when I add a half-dozen years to their estimate. I know it is rank heresy for a woman to own to a greater age than is credited her, but every year has brought with it something that I wouldn't give up if I could—and the sum total of those "somethings" is in the book. Doubtless there are precocious people who could write a prize-winner at twenty and not have it immature. Frankly I couldn't have done it for the life of me! I'm glad enough to have done it in the late twenties."

Miss Dalrymple pointed out also that she was graduated from the Passaic High School ten years ago, not recently, as she had read with surprise in various papers.

Another statement surprising to her when she read it in the paper was to the effect that she had just announced her engagement *since* the prize-winning. "I have been engaged for some time," she wrote Mr. Reilly, "and it wasn't the result of the ten thousand dollars—thank goodness!"

In the list of best selling novels in Canada it will be observed that "Diane of the Green Van," which comes into the reckoning for the first time this month, this report being based on booksellers' sales in all parts of Canada during the



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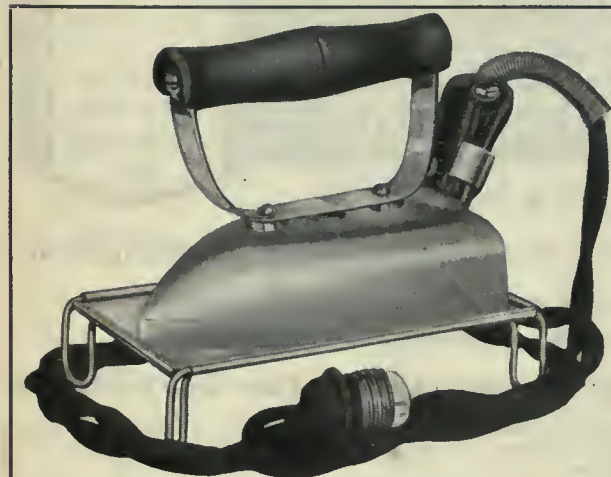
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month of March, as sent in to *Book-seller and Stationer* and summarized by that paper, has displaced Winston Churchill's book, "The Inside of the Cup," which had maintained that position against all comers for eight months, establishing an unprecedented record. The latter book comes second and the United States summary shows that these two books hold relative positions among the best selling novels in that country.

Canadian Summary Fiction

- 1.—Diane of the Green Van. Leona Dalrymple 196
- 2.—The Inside of the Cup. Winston Churchill 185
- 3.—Fortunate Youth. W. J. Locke 83
- 4.—T. Tembarom. Francis Hodgson Burnett 82
- 5.—Rocks of Valpre. Edith M. Dell 78
- 6.—The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Hall Caine 65

Non-Fiction

- 1.—Canadian Addresses. Hon. George E. Foster.
- 2.—Sir Chas. Tupper's Reminiscences.
- 3.—The Senate of Canada. Sir Geo. Ross.

Juvenile

- 1.—Mutt and Jeff, No. 3.
- 2.—Children of the Wild.
- 3.—Wizard of Oz.

Best Sellers in the United States

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Diane of the Green Van. | 224 |
| The Inside of the Cup | 183 |
| Pollyanna | 130 |
| T. Tembarom | 129 |
| The Devil's Garden | 120 |
| Captain Dan's Daughter | 113 |

From Milk-maid to Queen

Story of a Peasant Girl who became Mother of Queens

(From Ideas.)

Amongst the crowned heads of Europe to-day there is no more interesting figure than that of the Queen Consort of Montenegro. No fairy tale could be more romantic than the story of the rise of the country farm girl whose "face was her fortune," to the position of queen and the mother of children occupying positions of royalty, as is here related.

AMONGST the crowned heads of Europe to-day there is no more interesting figure than her Majesty of Montenegro.

Fifty years ago, when little Milena Constantinovitch milked the cows upon her father's farm amidst the hills and valleys of the Black Mountain, how could she have dreamt of the day when she would wear a crown, and be the mother of children who would themselves wear kingly diadems? The marriage of Milena of Montenegro was no love affair. In accordance with the custom of the country, she was selected as the bride of young Nicholas Petrovitch because she was Montenegro's prettiest girl-child.

When she was thirteen years old she was nominated as the future bride of the

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heir of Montenegro, and when she was fourteen she was carried to Cetinje, and there wedded to the eighteen-year-old boy who had been selected by his uncle, the then Prince Danilo, to succeed him on the throne of the mountain state.

It was to no gilded palace that little fourteen-year-old Milena Constantino-vitch was taken to become the wife of the heir to Montenegro.

Montenegro was then a country where the blood-feud was rampant. Milena's husband was himself a doomed man, and rumor in the Balkans still has it that young Nicholas only preserved his own life and that of his pretty bride by himself dashing both hands into human blood. Young Milena Petrovitch did her share of the day's toil. Heroic stories are still told of the girl-princess of Montenegro, when her husband sallied forth soon after her marriage to the terrible war against the Turks of 1876. Whatever Milena Petrovitch may have done then, she eclipsed herself by her valorous succor of the wounded Montenegrins in the war of nearly fifty years later.

Amidst constantly recurring wars and raids and feuds, Milena Petrovitch brought up her handsome family of boys and girls. The eldest girl was barely seventeen when a young Servian prince who had been long in exile, and had just come home from the war on the Franco-Prussian borders, came a-courting. Peter Karageorge was the young hero's name, and it seemed probable that his exile from Servia would last a lifetime. There was trouble in Cetinje when Peter Karageorge popped the question to Zorka Petrovitch, and she gave her promise to her soldier-lover to wed him. Milena Petrovitch stood by her daughter, and defied her husband; and one day Peter Karageorge took Zorka Petrovitch away to Vienna, where he lived.

Zorka never returned to Montenegro. Her fond mother never saw her again. Zorka gave sons and daughters to her exiled Prince, and then died, in the flower of her youth. To-day her soldier-prince is King of Servia.

Thus began that remarkable series of royal romances in the Montenegrin family which enabled King Nicholas to reply when a distinguished visitor to his country remarked that "Montenegro appeared to have no exports." "No exports, sir; what about my daughters?" The next of Milena Petrovitch's seven lovely girls to have a romance was Anastasia Petrovitch. She was courted by the Duke of Leuchtenburg, a distinguished Russian prince, and then, for the first time in her life, Milena Petrovitch put off her dazzling Montenegrin national costume, and went forth to the Russian palace of Livadia, where the Tsar himself honored by his presence her daughter's wedding with the duke.

Milena Petrovitch was to learn more of the Courts of Europe ere long. Another of her daughters, the tallest and sprightliest of them all, found no other than the heir of Italy in love with her, and when she consented to become the wife of little King Victor Emmanuel III., her fond mother herself took Elena of Montenegro to the Quirinal in Rome.

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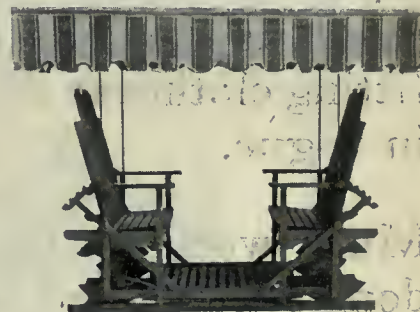
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Anastasia Petrovitch's marriage with the Duke of Leuchtenberg, however, had turned out badly. Anastasia, transported to a Russian Court, remained still a child of the "Black Mountain!" She had never loved her duke, and when young Grand Duke Nicholas, a cousin of the Tsar, proceeded to pour words of love into her ear, she made up for lost time. The Duke of Leuchtenberg required little parting from, and Anastasia Petrovitch's subsequent wedding with the Russian Grand Duke finally brought true love into her heart, and all ended happily.

Such felicity as followed this love-match promptly brought another Russian Grand Duke a-looking for a spirited bride amongst Queen Milena's daughters. He was Grand Duke Nicholas' brother Peter, and he selected the Montenegrin Queen's daughter Militza for a bride. Thus another royal match of the first order robbed Montenegro of one of its royal princesses, and ere long Prince Joseph of Battenberg (youngest of the famous Battenberg brothers who have figured so conspicuously at the Court of England for the last twenty-five years) also came a-courting in Cetinje, and eventually stole away Queen Milena's daughter Anna.

Thus, one by one, Queen Milena saw her daughters make a series of matches which has no parallel amongst the purely royal families of Europe, which is all the more remarkable, as the Petrovitches are not themselves of royal rank, and have not a drop of royal blood in their veins.

Of Queen Milena's domestic virtues every visitor to Cetinje has amply testified. Great as has been her rise in the world the one-time milkmaid of Montenegro, who is now Queen, remains the simple, kind-hearted woman she was in 1876 when King Nicholas dedicated to her his most popular drama, "The Maiden of the Balkans."

The Ulster Leader

(Continued from page 35.)

mission in life. It has so thoroughly permeated him and saturated him that he is no longer the exponent of a grievance. He is the incarnation of the grievance. He no longer fights for Ulster—not that alone. He is Ulster, Ulster rampant, Ulster defiant, Ulster fighting. Long ago, he passed the point of "My country, if she be right." Now with him, it is "My country, right or wrong." He is the fighting Irishman, and he will fight to the bitter end, though the conflict may not always be in the arena where the million-eyed public watches. For Carson knows that skirmishes by the wayside are just as important a part of the campaign as the pitched battle on the plains.

See the fighting Irishman, as he rises in the House. A minute ago he was quiescent, the lion resting, but always ready to spring, his very inertness and apparent slothfulness but fitting him the better for the work he has to do. The chamber is half empty, when, angered by the sneer of some back-bencher, eager to make a

Parliamentary reputation, the tall, somewhat forbidding King of Ulster springs to his feet, and cries hurriedly, defiantly, "Mr. Speaker!" In a flash, the word goes through the passages of the Commons, into the libraries, the smoking rooms, the chess rooms, and out on to the Terrace, where half the members are earning their four hundred pounds per annum by giving their fair relatives tea, "Carson is up." A moment, and the House is full. The honorable members sit on three sides of Carson. Mr. Speaker, gravely judicial, prepares to hear and see all from the vantage point of his dais. The Treasury Bench gets ready to pick holes. The Opposition is waiting to throw up its hat, metaphorically, and perhaps literally. It knows that when Carson hits, he hits hard. Eighteen months ago, England, in Parliament and out, laughed at the dark, determined Irishman. He was laughed at nastily, sneeringly, with the vast superiority of the level-headed one over the impetuous Peter. Now all that has gone. His foes, and his friends too, are puzzled, and perhaps a little fearing. They are in the dark. It isn't so bad when being in the dark, you know from what quarter the light will eventually come, and how many candle-power it will be. That sort of darkness wouldn't be so bad. But Carson is not so accommodating. Neither his friends or his enemies can count absolutely upon Carson's next move. They are frankly perplexed. They don't know quite what to make of this sombre leader, who thrusts his jaw out, and flings his threats and gibes with unerring aim. Evidently, they think, he means business. His face is clouded o'er. It is a melting-pot for every sort of passion. If Carson had wanted to be a devil, what a devil he would have made. If ever he had tended towards Nihilism, what a whirlwind of anarchic influence and design would he have been. The second name of Edward Carson might well be "Whole-hogger." A favorite idea becomes a passion and a mania. It is made bullet-proof, and the more exposure it has, the more certain does it become to the man himself that it is unassailable.

Hear him speak. Every word is a sentence—a sentence of death for the thing he is judging. The sum total is an indictment that needs some quashing. He dominates the place, the time, the people, when, with sledge-hammer-like blows, he demolishes the wall of hindrance. The very atmosphere becomes destiny-laden. It is vibrant with dead hopes and resurrected aspirations—dead hopes for foe, and resurrected aspirations for friend. Sir Edward Carson is an orator with a method all his own. Lord Rosebery holds you spellbound, but the spell which the noble lord casts over you is that of admiration for elegant diction, prettily turned phrases. These Sir Edward Carson disdains. He mesmerises you, too, but the trance is not necessarily pleasant. It may be a dream. On the other hand, it may be a nightmare. You may be glad of it. And you may be sorry. You certainly will be sorry, if you don't agree with

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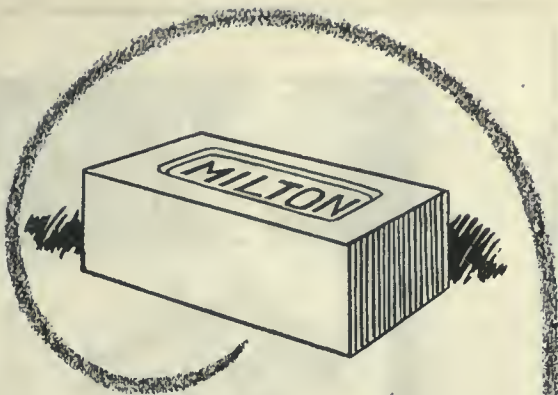
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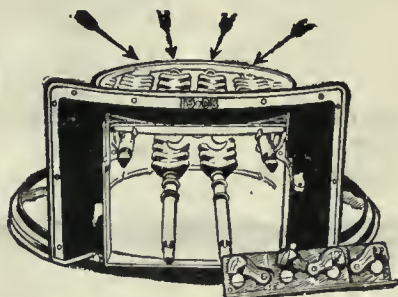
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the man who puts you into the trance.

James Douglas—that keen observer—declares that Carson is a Man of Destiny. Note the caps, please. It pulsates alike through speaker and listener. The hands move round the clock, and they seem to be moving slowly, solemnly, with due regard for the fact that this is an important hour. The occasion is heavy with fate. And it is long before the effect wears off. There is no other public man quite like the Ulster leader. Always he fights to win. Compromise is a last resort, and at that, not a welcome one.

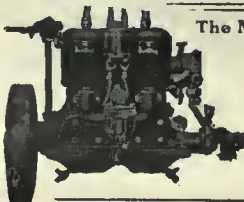
An instance of the way he takes possession of the House may be found in the debate the other day over Mr. Asquith's concession of six years' exclusion for Ulster. All sorts and conditions of partisans, in the first flush of welcome for anything that made for peace, thought the offer a real concession. But Sir Edward begged to address the House. A single epigram of the immobile, immovable Ulster leader destroyed the beautiful picture of a settlement in sight. "Sentence of death, with a stay of execution for six years," said Sir Edward. I can imagine the curl of the lip, the dull blaze in the eyes, the ominous contracting of the brows, the absolute scorn and unworried invective which he crammed into those few words. In an instant the good impression that Mr. Asquith had created faded away. The landscape once again was a picture of threatening clouds, heavy, very heavy, and nearer an awful breaking than ever before. All the temporary ray of sunshine did was to make the rest of the elements more forbidding by contrast. The Premier and Mr. Redmond must feel almost despairing. Carson goes on from day to day, remorselessly, unflinchingly. He would not temper the wind to the shorn lamb. He is conscious of his great power, and he is determined to win. Nothing must count but the single fact of Ulster's sentiment. Personal regard cuts no ice. Carson is adamant. Though the flax be smoking that is no reason why it should not be quenched. Though the reed be bruised, that is no reason why it should not be broken.

What manner of man is this? Where lies his power? A member of the Parliament at Westminster told me that he could never understand how it was that Carson had such a following. "Why, the very face of the man would keep me back," said he. And yet, the Fighting Irishman adds recruits every day. Sir Edward has a principle. It is there, and there you are. Take it or leave it. Wrathfully scornful, passionately determined, totally obsessed, fiercely primitive in method, Carson damns the men utterly and absolutely who dare to say him nay. The Ulstermen, emotional, are quick to realize and follow a strong leader. They are heart and soul with him. This combined re-incarnation of fighting Cromwell and unsatisfied Marat, rides on and on and on.

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When You Build Your Bungalow

Continued from Page 24.

A bungalow built on a hillside or crowning a rocky ridge should have a stone wall or at least an under pinning and chimney of stone with walls of weather boards or shingles. If there are trees around, a green roof would look well. If built high it will look unsteady, so it is often a help to have porches at the ends so that the roof may be hipped to bring it down nearer to the ground.

In building a permanent home we have a broader field of materials to choose from. Beginning with the foundation—

Where a bungalow is built for a permanent home, the owner generally likes to have an interior finish of the best wood and tile and plaster he can afford, getting the bungalow atmosphere by the use of beamed ceilings and built-in furniture. When he puts up a summer home he just wants "something different." The simplest treatment is to leave the studing uncovered and tack burlap in the panel places between the studs directly to the outside boarding. A closer finish than this is obtained by having a high



A charming bungalow constructed from ready-cut material.

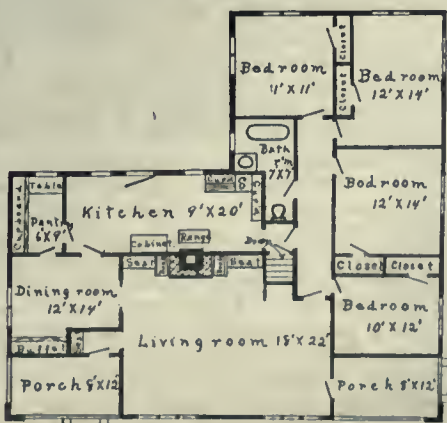
for a wooden structure one of the most satisfactory is concrete, adding field stone where the foundation is visible above the ground especially if the chimney is to be of stone. The whole character of the bungalow type calls for a building set as close to the ground as possible, but we have to have room for cellar windows between the ground level and the bottom of the joists. Where there is no cellar, if piers or posts are used, the appearance of height and stiltedness can be overcome by filling the openings with lattice work.

It is unnecessary to try to name the building materials for walls. When you come to plan a bungalow you will find a real embarrassment of riches,—frame, and brick, and stone, and cement, and stucco in combinations of two or three in one building, with no lack of harmony either, as the types in the illustrations show.

The roofing materials are rather more limited. Wood shingles will make the cheapest, presentable covering and are thoroughly in harmony with the bungalow type, but for a good permanent dwelling some of the longer-lived roofings are worth considering. The "asbestos shingle" is made of asbestos and cement, and is fireproof. It looks well, very much like soapstone, and is laid like slate. Tile, slate, or perhaps with a flat roof, tin might be used.

wainscoting of boards of two widths alternating the wide with the narrow. A ceiling of boards, battened, and a frieze of plaster, burlap, or some rough fabric could be used with this. Metallic ceilings and plaster-board being fireproof and inexpensive, are becoming very popular for summer homes. They look very well too and can be freshened up with a coat of paint every year.

And last and most important it must be remembered that half the spell of a bungalow will be lost without an open fire. In fact some of the most charming



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ITS SUCCESS VERIFIED BY PHYSICIANS

Physicians' Testimonies As To Its Success

A short time ago we brought to your notice the extraordinary success that had attended Dr. E. W. Alabone's inhalation treatment of phthisis; and promised further evidence of its curative value which we now give; the most weighty of these evidences are naturally those given by members of the medical profession, and it is most gratifying to find their reports one and all declare the "Alabone" treatment performs what its discoverer claimed for it, viz., that although not infallible, it is a curative treatment, and that in an enormous number of cases, the majority of which had been given up as perfectly incurable by well-known physicians attached to our Chest Hospitals, or sent home to die from sanatoria. The space at our disposal prohibits the publication of a tithe of such evidences, but we quote the following, which must convince the most sceptical, that consumption can be, and is being absolutely cured.

Sir,—I look upon open-air treatment, as it is at present carried on, as a medical fad, which certainly involves great waste of valuable time, which should be utilized by a much more intelligent system of treatment for cure, and loss of money which often can be ill-afforded by those who undergo it; besides this, it is sufficiently plain to me that it is actually dangerous to the life of the patient.

No one has a higher opinion of the value of fresh air in the treatment of consumption than myself, but to expose patients with cavities in their lungs to draughts between open windows and doors in winter is, I consider, open air run mad.

When we consider how exquisitely sensitive the mucous membrane lining the tubes surrounding the cavities in a consumptive lung must be, it appears to me the height of folly, and I might say, even of cruelty, to urge the exposure of phthisical patients to such an ordeal.

I am glad, however, that an opportunity has been given me to testify to the success which has attended Dr. Alabone's treatment of phthisis. *I have seen cases of phthisis, with cavities, perfectly recover under this treatment*, which does not include the possibility of danger of pneumonia or bronchitis from exposure to cold and damp air, nor does he advise the enormous excess of food which appears to be an important part of the open-air treatment.—Faithfully yours,
—, M.D., J.P.

Sir,—I have some thirty patients in all stages of phthisis undergoing Dr. Alabone's treatment—some very bad—so that I should not be surprised if I had lost one or two, but at present I have lost none. The improvement in them is most marked and surprising. I do not think there is any doubt of the efficacy of his treatment in stopping the advance-

ment of the disease. It has in my hands been very successful in many cases.—I am, yours faithfully,

W. F.—, M.D., L.R.C.P.,
L. M. Edin.

Dr. J. D.—, M.D., L.R.C.P., etc., writes:

I was very glad to see that notice has at length been taken of the treatment of phthisis and tubercular disease by Dr. Alabone's treatment. From personal observation of more than one case which was pronounced "incurable" by well-known consultants, I can bear testimony to the very great relief and total disappearance of the disease.

Dr. F.— writes:

I can testify to the very marked success of Dr. Alabone's treatment in some undoubted cases of tubercular diseases of the lungs. One lady in particular whom I sent to London about five years ago to go under his method of cure is now in perfect health; she had been pronounced "an utterly hopeless case" by two highly qualified medical men. Personally, so impressed am I with the therapeutic value of the remedies that if I were pronounced phthisical to-morrow I would at once adopt them, with full faith as to the result.

A great many physicians have placed themselves under Dr. Alabone's care, with the happy result that they are again in practice, and in perfect health. One of them writes:

Sir,—I was under the professional treatment of Dr. Alabone, and during that time received the greatest benefit from it. I was placed on the retired list as "unfit for further service owing to phthisis." Thanks to Dr. E. W. Alabone's treatment, I have been able to resume the practice of my profession, and have now been actively engaged in practice for six months in good health.—Yours faithfully, J. C.—, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London.

The same evidence is given by matrons and nurses at hospitals, many of whom have not only seen case after case recover, but have themselves been cured. One of whom writes as follows:

In the summer I utterly collapsed from overwork, and a rest failed to effect any improvement in my condition. In the autumn I was pronounced to be suffering from slight tuberculosis (sputum having been examined). At the recommendation of a physician I went to a well-known sanatorium to undergo the "open-air" treatment, and during my stay there of two months, instead of in any way ameliorating my symptoms, they became rapidly worse, till I was advised to return home by the physician in attendance at the sanatorium. On my return my condition was found to be as follows: A large cavity in my left lung, which was

seriously involved in tubercular disease from apex to base, and my right lung was also considerably affected, and there certainly seemed no hope that I should recover. Hearing of similar cases that had been cured by Dr. Alabone, I was taken to Highbury to see him—so weak that I was hardly able to walk up the steps of his house, and, I must admit, expecting little or nothing from his treatment; but within a week I felt that I was deriving benefit, so hope once more revived, and this alone was worth a great deal. At the end of my stay at the sanatorium I had lost about 10 lb. in weight. This I gradually regained, and with it came returning strength, and, thoroughly persevering with the treatment, and carrying out all Dr. Alabone's other directions, I found every month a most decided improvement was manifest, till I am now as strong and well as I ever felt in my life. I have no shortness of breath, no cough, no expectoration, can walk long distances, and run upstairs without fatigue; my voice, which was only a whisper, has returned, and I can indulge in my favorite occupation of singing; in fact, thank God, I am perfectly cured, and again able to undertake my work, which is of a very arduous nature.

"A Professional Nurse."

We therefore again urge those interested in this subject to read this specialist's works, the chief of which is "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng. It is illustrated by numerous cases pronounced "incurable" by the most eminent physicians. Now in its 47th edition, 171st thousand, and can be obtained for 60 cents post free, from Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London England.

Pages could be filled with similar letters and we propose publishing some of these in the July issue of this magazine. There is, however, no need for any reader to feel that they cannot avail themselves of this treatment owing to their residence in Canada, as we have previously stated the inhalation machine, with all necessary parts, can be forwarded from England at a very moderate cost, in such a manner that the patient, or his medical attendant, can avail himself of all the benefits of the "Alabone" treatment.

The overwhelming evidence published in leading journals, throughout the world, furnishes indisputable proof that consumptives can now have every reason to hope for a relief from their suffering and a return to the pleasures of social intercourse, and activities of business life, if they carefully follow the treatment promulgated by Dr. Alabone.

We would remind our readers that the address of the Alabone treatment is LYNTON HOUSE, Highbury Quadrant, London, England.

types are little more than "a fireplace, boxed in," and a very informal fireplace too. We find several very handsome, massive affairs of rough stone but they look best in a very large room. It is easier to construct a fireplace of brick throughout, and usually more pleasing where the room is small. The use of decorative tiles with a fireplace facing of cement offers interesting possibilities, but the designing of the details would require a skilled architect. Anyway, it doesn't matter much what kind of a fireplace you have—so long as it doesn't smoke.

This is one of the features where the direction of a skilled architect is indispensable, but if you leave the entire planning of your home to someone else you will miss half the joy of living in it. No piece of creative craft offers such scope for expressing your ideals as the building of a bungalow.

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Medicine employs cellophane in numerous ways, owing to its valuable quality of being easily sterilized, either by steam, which it will stand up to 150 deg. C., or by boiling water, alcohol, hydrogendioxide, formol or lysol.

It may, for instance be placed directly in contact with wounds, enabling the progress of cicatrization to be viewed by transparence. Pomades, salicylate of methyl, or chloroform do not attack it, and it replaces gummed taffeta to advantage. Its use in surgery is indicated for direct dressings after an operation; it is supple, strong, inalterable, preserves moisture well, and is cheap.

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Spanish Gold

Continued from Page 28.

was moved to quite a long reply. The priest interrupted him frequently, but the old man showed no sign of excitement and spoke all the time with gentle courtesy. When he stopped Father Mulcrone rose from the bed and spoke with unabated volubility. He gesticulated violently, waving his arms and bringing the palms of his hands together with loud smacks. For half an hour the dispute continued, heated argument on the one side, dignified reply on the other. At last Thomas O'Flaherty Pat shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of despair.

"I have him persuaded at last," said Father Mulcrone, wiping his brow with the back of his hand, "but I had a tough job of it. A more obstinate man I never met in all my born days."

"I thought you'd get him in the end," said Meldon. "I couldn't understand a word you were saying, of course, but the way you said it made me feel that the poor old fellow hadn't half a chance."

"If you have the papers ready to-morrow morning," said Father Mulcrone to Higginbotham, "I'll see that he signs them."

"We're all greatly obliged to you," said Meldon. "Without your help I really don't know what we should have done."

"As Mr. Meldon says," added the Chief Secretary, "we're greatly obliged to you. And now, gentlemen, I hope you'll come and dine with me on the Granuaile. I can offer you a small cabin for the night, Father Mulcrone. It's too late to go back to Inishmore."

"Thanks," said Meldon. "We'll go, of course. What do you say, Father Mulcrone? I'm only sorry the Major won't be with us."

"The Major!" said Mr. Willoughby. "Oh, yes; Major Kent, of course, the geological expert. Go and fetch him, Mr. Meldon. I shall be delighted to see him."

"He wouldn't come if I did," said Meldon. "Apart altogether from the survey business he wouldn't come. Nothing would induce him to dine out without a dress-coat, and he hasn't one on the yacht. That's the kind of man he is. In any case I don't want to go back to the yacht to ask him. There's a breeze getting up now and if the Major got me on board he'd want to up anchor and run home."


Meldon took possession of the Chief Secretary and led the way to the pier. He looked up at the sky and sniffed the air suspiciously.

"There's a change coming," he said. "It will be blowing hard before morning."

"Which of the two yachts is yours?" asked Mr. Willoughby.

"Do you mean which of the two actually belongs to me, or do you mean which do I happen to be cruising in at present?"

"That," said Mr. Willoughby, "sounds like another riddle. Does it by any chance illustrate the pragmatist philosophy?"



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"It might, if properly worked out. But I'm too hungry to attempt that now. About those yachts—the one to the south is Major Kent's Spindrift. I'm with him for this cruise. The other is my Aureole. I've hired her to Sir Giles Buckley. I see him and his friend Euseby Langton coming ashore now in their punt. By Jove! That reminds me. Higginbotham!"

He stood still suddenly. The Chief Secretary also halted. His face expressed patient expectation and a determination not to be surprised. Higginbotham and Father Mulcrone overtook them.

"Higginbotham," said Meldon, "did you lock the door of your hut?"

"No, I didn't. I locked it this morning when I went—"

"And you found your bed full of oars and broken glass," said Mr. Willoughby. "I think you're right to leave the door open this time."

"When I tell you," said Meldon, "that Sir Giles is coming ashore in his punt and that he went down the hole in Thomas O'Flaherty's field this morning, perhaps you will go back and lock your door."

"I will, if you like, but I don't know what you mean."

"If you don't understand what I'm telling you," said Meldon, "you needn't bother about the door; but in that case Thomas O'Flaherty Pat ought certainly to be warned."

"I thought when I first heard of you," said Mr. Willoughby, "that you were an impudent liar. Next I decided that you were a lunatic. Then I made sure you were a man of unusual force of character and mental agility. Now I'm getting puzzled about you again."

"Don't bother about me," said Meldon. "I'm sorry for Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, that's all. It makes me a bit nervous to see Sir Giles coming ashore in the dusk of the evening."

"Who is Sir Giles?" asked Mr. Willoughby.

"He's rather a hot lot. In fact, he's a bit of a lad. He'd—" Meldon paused and looked meaningfully at the priest, then he whistled—"as soon as drink a pint of porter. You know what I mean, Father Mulcrone."

"I do," said the priest; "I do well."

"I don't," said Mr. Willoughby. "I wish you'd explain. Do you know, Mr. Higginbotham?"

"I do a little," said Higginbotham. "That's to say, I more or less guess."

"I suppose," said Mr. Willoughby plaintively, "that it's better for me not to know. I am a mere child compared to you two reverend gentlemen. I ought to be grateful to you for respecting my innocence and for not speaking more plainly than you do."

A boat from the Granuaile lay alongside the pier. The party embarked just as Sir Giles Buckley's punt reached the shore.

"Good-evening, Sir Giles," said Meldon. "Surely you're not going down that hole again to-night."

Sir Giles scowled in reply.

"That gentleman doesn't seem to be



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on very good terms with you," said Mr. Willoughby.

"He's not just at present," said Meldon. "I had a conversation with him this afternoon. He chose to assume that I wasn't speaking the truth, and he hasn't got over it since."

"I have a certain sympathy with him," said Mr. Willoughby. "I dare say he knows little or nothing about pragmatism. I went very near getting angry myself when I thought—just for the moment—that you had been deceiving Mr. Higginbotham."

"You got over it all right," said Meldon. "Nobody minds a man flaring out now and then as you did. You don't keep on sulking like that beast Sir Giles. You are a more or less reasonable man."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON board the Granuaile Mr. Willoughby showed himself a courteous host. He took Father Mulcrone to a cabin and offered to provide him with anything he wanted. But the priest, having foreseen that he would sleep elsewhere than in his own bed, had with him a small bag which contained all that he required. Higginbotham and Meldon were put into another cabin. The party assembled in the saloon and dinner was served.

"You do yourself pretty well on this boat," said Meldon as he tasted the soup. "The Major and I have been living principally on sardines and tinned brawn. Higginbotham gets a lobster now and then. I suppose you have more lobsters than you care about in the course of the summer, Father Mulcrone?"

"I get plenty," said the priest. "Lobsters, potatoes, and tea. They're the easiest things to get on Inishmore."

After this the conversation languished. Mr. Willoughby was disappointed. He expected an amusing dinner. He found himself obliged to talk on dull subjects to Higginbotham, who was too much overawed by the company of a Chief Secretary to do more than make respectful replies. Meldon said a word in praise of each dish he tasted, and Father Mulcrone supplemented what he said in the manner of a man who seconds a vote of thanks. Otherwise, neither of the two clergymen talked. They were both hungry. They were both accustomed to take their meals alone. They both regarded the eating of a good dinner as a serious business, demanding undivided attention. Mr. Willoughby, tired of Higginbotham, undertook a monologue and kept it going quietly until dinner was over and cigars were lit.

Then Father Mulcrone told a story. Meldon capped it with another. Father Mulcrone replied with a better one. Meldon outwent it. The stories became more and more extravagant. Mr. Willoughby looked from one clergyman to the other and laughed heartily. Higginbotham giggled convulsively in a corner. Neither of the clergymen even smiled. With perfectly grave faces, in tones which would have suited a scientific lecture, they narrated absurdity after absurdity. It was Meldon who reached the climax, who told

a story so monstrously improbable that Father Mulcrone gave up the attempt to better it.

"For a young man," said the priest, "and I wouldn't say you were more than seven-and-twenty——"

"I'll be that in three weeks, if I live so long," said Meldon.

"You've a deal of experience of this country and the ways of the people."

"For the matter of that you've seen a thing or two yourself."

"I have; but when I was your age I didn't know the half of what you do."

It was a handsome tribute. Meldon appreciated it. He raised his glass of whisky and water, nodded to Father Mulcrone and said—

"May the devil fly away with the roof of the house where you and I aren't welcome."

"I consider myself fortunate," said Mr. Willoughby, "in having as my guests to-night two men with the knowledge of Ireland which you possess. I'm learning more from your conversation than from all the Blue Books I ever read."

"I think we may understand from that remark," said Father Mulcrone, "that there's no danger of the slates being taken off the Lodge in the Phoenix while you're in it."

"You'll be welcome there, either of you," said Mr. Willoughby, "while I hold office. You'll be all the more welcome if you come together."

"We'll do it," said Meldon.

"What are the authorities of your Churches thinking of," said Mr. Willoughby, "when they leave you a curate, Mr. Meldon, and you no more than a parish priest, Father Mulcrone?"

"I'd be well off if I was that itself. It's a C.C. I am, and so far as I know it's a C.C. I'm likely to remain."

"You ought," said Mr. Willoughby, "to be bishops at least, both of you. If I had the arranging of these things you'd be archbishops. Why aren't you?"

"I haven't reached the canonical age," said Meldon. "You can't be a bishop till you're thirty. I've three years more to wait."

"I went very near being a bishop once," said Father Mulcrone, "and it's my sincere hope I'll never be as near it again. It wasn't in this diocese, but another, and I won't tell you where for fear of an action for libel. The old man that was the bishop died. The night after they buried him I happened to be going along the road in the dark. It might have been ten o'clock or half-past. Who did I see coming along towards me but the dead man, dressed up in his robes, and his episcopal ring on his thumb. When he caught sight of me he took off the ring and held it out to me as much as to say, 'It's yourself, Father Mulcrone, that's to succeed me.' I was pleased, I can tell you. I stuck out my thumb for him to put the ring on, seeing that was what he seemed to be wanting to do. Would you believe it, gentlemen? The ring was red hot!"

"And is that," said Meldon, "the place bishops go to when they're dead?"

"It's the only place I ever heard of," said Father Mulcrone, "where a ring could get into such a state as that."

"On the whole, then, I think I'll stick to my curacy. It's safer."

"You're right. It's what I've done myself."

There was a silence for a minute or two, broken only by half-suppressed sniggers from Higginbotham. Then Meldon rose with a sigh.

"You have me beat, Father Mulcrone. I give in to you. The equal of the experience you've just narrated never came my way. I think I'll be saying good-night, Mr. Willoughby. If you'll send a boat to the pier with me and Higginbotham, I'll get my punt there and go off to the Spindrift."

The Granuaile's boat landed Meldon and Higginbotham at about eleven o'clock. A change in the weather was certainly coming. Great masses of clouds were piled up over the western half of the sky. Broken fragments, the advance guard of their army, rushed eastwards. The little wind there had been earlier in the afternoon was gone. The air was ominously still. From the far side of the island came the roar of waves. The sea was dashing sullenly against the rocks and dragging at the stones on the beaches. Not yet lashed by the storm, it already felt a premonition of the storm's coming. Even the water in the sheltered bay was affected with a vague uneasiness. Dark lumps rose here and there on its surface and sank again. Silent surges crept unexpectedly up the smooth sides of the pier, mouthing at the stones, slipping down again unsatisfied, eddying in hungry circles.

Meldon looked round him uncomfortably.

"I'll take the punt on board to-night," he said, "and I'll pay out a few extra fathom of anchor chain. There'll be a blow before morning. If I were you, Higginbotham, I'd stuff an old towel or something into that broken window. It's going to rain and rain heavy. Good-night."

"Good-night. What a pleasant man Mr. Willoughby is! I am so glad there was no trouble between you and him. Good-night."

Meldon struck a match and lit his pipe. Then he stooped down to loose the painter of the punt. As he did so he heard footsteps on the granite surface of the pier, the footsteps of some one who approached him. He supposed that Higginbotham had returned again to say some forgotten word. With the rope he had cast loose in his hand he stood and waited. It was not Higginbotham who approached. Whoever it was stopped about ten yards away from him. Meldon could dimly discern the figure of a man much taller than Higginbotham. A voice, raised very little above a whisper, reached him—

"Master."

Meldon stooped and refastened the painter. He heard the voice again but did not recognize it.

"Master."

To be continued.

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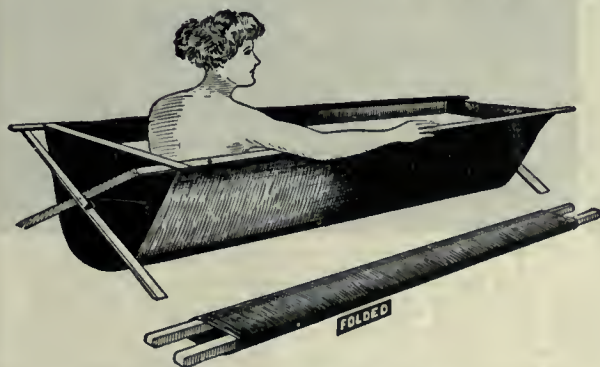
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Richard Strauss, Musical Anarchist

What Place will Posterity Give to the Cyclonic German Revolutionary of Sound?

By FREDERIC W. WILE

Some persons, supercritical and prompted by the world-wide tendency to minimize present-day things in comparison with the things of by-gone days, have declared that there are no great composers living to-day. Posterity may show the error of this judgment by adding to the list of immortals the name of Richard Strauss. The composer of wild melodies, reverberant strains and sensuous music who has made such a stir in operatic circles may some day find himself classed with the greatest geniuses of all ages; but whatever the place the future accords him, no doubt can exist as to the interest that attaches to his name. He is one of the most interesting "men around the Kaiser" and Mr. Wile presents him in a very realistic way in the following article.

SEEKERS of sidelights on Richard Strauss, the man as distinguished from the musician—on the purely human in him—stumble first and invariably on anecdotes of his parsimony. However niggardly Strauss may be in matters of money, there is nothing stingy about him when it comes to noise. In production of tonal volume he is lavishness personified. He has made the cyclonic diapasens of Wagner seem like whispers, and has out-thundered Thor. In the storm and stress period which followed the humbling of France, when New Germany was more interested in the production of dividends than music, Apollo had no exponent of the first magnitude. With the death of Wagner in 1883 there was destined to be a long interval before German music would again give forth a genius in the person of another Richard. Perhaps the psychology of Strauss' noise lies in his conviction that after so long a period of obliteration, it was necessary for artistic Germany to affirm its musical reincarnation in no uncertain tones. At any rate when "Don Quixote," "Heldenleben," "Till Eulenspiegel," and the "Symphonia Domestica" burst upon the world, it was manifest that the reign and times of William II. were to be illumined by a master worthy of the race of Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart.

Richard Strauss is the Bernard Shaw of music or vice versa. Both are confessed revolutionaries. Both waded into their chosen careers with death to conventionalities emblazoned on their standards. Both were bent on and succeeded in making a mighty noise in the world. Both have thriven on abuse. Both have exploited the vehicle which has given them most of their vogue, the stage, as a weapon for hitting at their critics. Shaw has already collaborated



with one Strauss—Oskar—in the production of a musical play; at least "Arms and the Man" furnished the plot. What a riot of audacity the phantasy of a grand opera by Richard Strauss, book by Bernard Shaw, conjures up! The gaiety of nations, preceding additions to the contrary notwithstanding, would hardly have seen its like before.

Dr. Strauss' place among the elite of his profession has been secured now for much more than a decade. It was not easily or rapidly acquired. The German Emperor and Empress, for example, even yet consider him too seditiously modern to merit their Imperial patronage, though

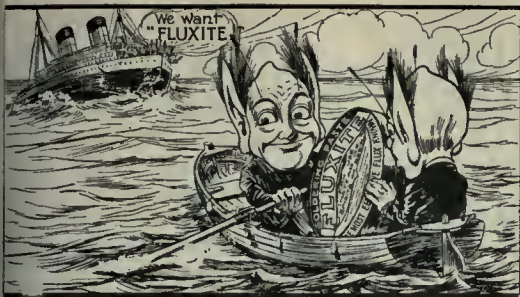
"Salome," "Electra," "The Rose Cavalier," and "Ariadne and Naxos," at raised prices, are the most potent diminishers of deficits at the Kaiser's royal opera. The anti-Strauss school is still numerous and highly articulate. But his star has long since been irresistibly in the ascendant, and two hemispheres have accepted him as the Meister of the generation. There is disagreement only as to whether Strauss' gifts are those of genius or only of talent.

If Strauss had not elected to seek fame chiefly as a composer he would have challenged the world's attention as a conductor. Many acclaim him as Europe's peerless orchestral leader. Totally devoid of mannerisms and ostentation, he directs with a sovereignty which stamps a symphonic or operatic score with incomparable individuality. Whether it be Verdi or Gounod or himself that is interpreting, there is a sureness about his readings which both instrumentalists and singers will tell you invariably makes for superior performance. Strauss' career as a conductor began in 1885 under Hans von Bulow, at whose invitation the young composer led the Meiningen Court orchestra at a concert,

which included a four-movement suite of his own for wind instruments. To Bulow Strauss himself is disposed to give much of the credit for implanting in him the seeds of ultra-modernity, of which he has been the arch-priest.

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Dr. Strauss' highly developed sense of the commercial beauty of art cannot be traced to any of the causes which have acquainted so many geniuses with the woes of poverty. He was born with a baton in his hand and a cheque-book in his mouth, for his father was a Munich orchestra-player and mother a Pschor, a



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daughter of the immensely wealthy brewery dynasty which helped to make Bavaria famous. Strauss is several times a millionaire in German marks. His inherited fortune has been vastly increased by rich song and operatic royalties and by astute investments, in which he is understood to enjoy the counsel of a well-known London banker and transportation magnate. Strauss approaches the task of selling an opera with the finesse of a Wall Street trust magnate. The contracts he submitted to an American manager for the production of "The Rose Cavalier" in London and New York would have done credit to the Standard Oil Company.

Dr. Strauss' determination to make America pay famine prices for the privilege of hearing "The Rose Cavalier," which is still unproduced there, may be due to the grudge he bears Uncle Sam for the early rejection of "Salome." The Metropolitan Opera of New York, after having rehearsed "Salome," suppressed it on grounds of blasphemy and immorality. Asked what he thought of the boycott, Strauss replied: "Of all human vices the most detestable to me is hypocrisy."

Like all the truly great, a whole literature of anecdotes has grown up around Strauss. For the most part they concern his revolutionary artistic canons. Many are true; others, so characteristic that they deserve to be. One of the best rests on fact. After the Kaiser had heard "Salome," he remarked to the impresario who produced it: "I'm sure I don't know what Strauss is trying to convey, but he writes excellent marches." Due, it is reputed to the lively repugnance of the Kaiserin for Strauss and all his works, the Kaiser has never honored the composer with the Imperial favor. Royal auditors are rare at Strauss productions at the Berlin Opera, though the composer holds the rank of general music director at the Temple of Operatic Art, which his Majesty subsidizes. It was many years before Strauss could break into the charmed circle of immortals who claim membership in the Berlin Academy. Unpopularity in exalted quarters was commonly ascribed as the reason for his ostracism.

Could Still Hear the Singing

Strauss makes no secret of his passion for the bizarre in orchestral effects, of which he is primarily a master-builder. He is at the zenith of his creative glory when evolving weird themes or Niagara roars from demoniacal blending of reeds, winds, strings and brasses. Tearing down the centre aisle of the Royal Opera at Dresden during the general rehearsal of "Electra," that monumental example of musical uproar, Dr. Strauss suddenly commanded a halt in the performance. Madame Schumann-Heink, the clytemnestra was in the throes of a tumultuous aria. Beads of perspiration already bespangled the brows of the hard-working orchestra. "Louder, louder!" shrieked Strauss. "I can still hear the singing!" When "Salome" was in rehearsal, the tenor, who was struggling with the Herod role, strayed far from the key. The conductor stopped short to bring the



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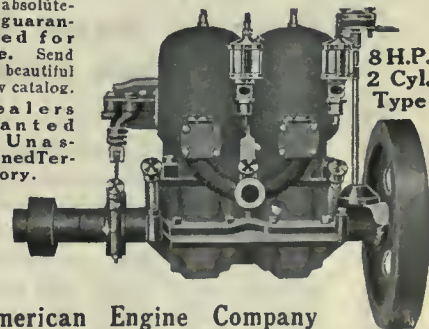


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wayward one back to the score. Strauss interposed. "Grossartig!" he exclaimed. "Burrian has given just the effect I wanted!" Prof. Heinrich Grunfeld, a Berlin 'cellist, who fiddles and tells stories equally well, summed up the philosophy of the anti-Strauss school after hearing "The Rose Cavalier." That tuneful creation was Strauss' first concession to melody in opera as distinguished from sheer thematic idiosyncrasies. It contains a Viennese waltz number which would fit into "The Merry Widow" or "The Chocolate Soldier" as if made for them. Asked his opinion of "The Rose Cavalier," Grunfeld said: "Well, if it has to be Richard, then I prefer Wagner; if it has to be Strauss, give me Johann."

Ascetic Decorations

Strauss is forty-nine years old this summer. His admirers, now legion, have every reason to hope that he is only at the threshold of his most productive years. He divides his time between his idyllic summer home at Garmisch, one of the picturesque villages of the Upper Tyrol, in his native Bavaria and a suburban menage in Berlin when not concertising abroad. It is at Villa Garmisch where Strauss does most of his composing, amid an ultra-exclusive privacy which only the favored few are privileged to invade. The decorative features of the house are completely at variance with the sacrilegious ideals which popular misconception associates with the composer of "Salome," for the gems of Strauss' art collections are pictures of saints and sacred subjects of all kinds. Almost every available inch of wall space is plastered with them, mostly paintings on the reverse side of glass, through which the brilliant colors are effectively reflected. The only secular personage in this company of martyrs is Frederick the Great, one of Strauss' heroes. The composer's study is a baronial hall sort of apartment, with huge windows looking out on the glorious panorama of the Kramer Mountains at the foot of which Villa Garmisch nestles. A spreading writing table, littered with manuscript, a grand piano, a music-stand, an inconspicuous set of bookshelves, and a few landscapes comprise the furnishings of the wizard's workshop. Strauss is a clever pianist and strums his themes before reducing them to notes and bars. His hobby is Skat, the German national card game, which he plays passionately and well. He is invariably armed with paper and pencil for the jotting down of spur-of-the-moment inspirations. The Leitmotif of "Electra," he says, came to him during a game of Skat. It must have been a particularly tempestuous round.

"At Garmisch," Strauss once imparted to a visitor, "thanks to my dear wife, who is a true intellectual companion for me, and thanks to my beloved boy, I have that delightful peace which I long for and need. Here composition comes easiest for me, and this is my favorite place for working, even in winter. As for rest, I compose everywhere, in noisy international hotels, in my garden and in railway carriages. My notebook is always with me, whether I am walking or riding,

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eating or drinking! I am never without it, and as soon as a suitable motive for the theme upon which I am working occurs to me, it is intrusted to my faithful companion. The ideas that I note down are only sketches, which I arrange afterward, but before I improvise the least preparatory sketch of an opera, I occupy myself for six months with the text. I simply steep myself in it, and study into the situations and characters down to the finest detail. Then I begin to give rein to my musical thoughts. From my memoranda I make sketches, which are afterwards copied and joined together in the piano part, which I alter and re-edit four times. This is the exhausting part of the work; what follows, the score, the great color-scheme for the orchestra, is for me recreation and refreshes me again. I write on the score continuously and without any difficulty, keeping at it in my workroom twelve hours on a stretch. In this way I attain uniformity, which is the chief requisite. In this many of our composers are lacking. If they would take any part of a Wagner tone-drama or a Mozart finale as an example, they could not fail to recognize and admire the unity in all parts. It is like a garment made from one kind of material. Many of our composers seek to dazzle us with detached ideas, melodies that appear here and there and are at once striking. The effect is like a garment made of odd pieces, among which many may be very pretty and brilliant in color; but all the same it is only patchwork."

A Modest Man

Modest and retiring, Strauss has the geniality as well as the brogue of his beloved South Germany, and likes best the companionship of kindred artistic spirits. He is bored to distraction by the wiles of would-be lionizers. A sycophantic admirer who once assured him that he was the Buddha of modern music was told in reply: "I'm not so sure about that, but I know who the pest is." Strauss is a prodigious worker and composes at lightning speed. He has been known simply to dash off great songs. "Feuersnot," "Salome," "Electra," "The Rose Cavalier," and "Ariadne" span a period of less than eleven years. He is a stickler for regular habits, and always takes a "rest cure" of several weeks before dedicating himself to a great work like a new opera. Then it absorbs him undividedly. One of his striking qualities is bland composure. At rehearsals, when even the imperturbable Reinhardt, who with Hoffmansthal, librettist, completes the Strauss operatic triumvirate, forgets himself and explodes, Strauss sits unruffled till things right themselves.

Tall and gaunt, with receding hair, which is beginning to look Beethovenesque in its scraggly abandon, Strauss' predominant physical feature is a bulging convex forehead. From the gray matter behind it, beyond all peradventure, creations destined to add fresh lustre to his name will yet spring.



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Angel Light:

By G. FREDERICK CLARKE

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

A Stirring Story of the River Drivers

"YOU ain't never heard tell of Angel—Angel Light, an' the big fight below the White Rapids? No; then I got something for you—a little hate, an' a little love, an' a big fight jammed in between, for a sandwich, as you might say."

McDonnell gazed reminiscently into the darkness towards the freshet-swollen St. John, and for a moment all was quiet, save for the snapping of the camp-fire, the swishing of the water against the shore grass, and the occasional bumping of logs as they rushed phantom-like around the bend.

"A woman is a *woman* no odds what she works at," said the old man at last slowly, "an' as such should be treated with respect. That's the conclusion that Angel come to, an' he was right."

Again McDonnell stopped, gazing into the darkness, and we waited patiently; for we knew that he was searching the picture galleries of his mind, drawing from out the mist of years the faces and personalities of old-time comrades—river-drivers and lumberjacks—fearless, jam-breaking, white water-devils who feared neither God nor man.

"We called him Angel because he was such a bad one; his right name was Sam—perhaps not so bad as just filled with the old Nick. Why him an' McQuiggan was a whole team, known an' feared the length of the River St. John; though after Angel went McQuiggan settled down a bit. Once—but there; I could go on all night tellin' of the things they cut up, but I want to tell you of the Widder Wilson, an' the big fight, an' how it all ended.

"In them days rivermen didn't have the comforts we has now. It was poor grub, an' poor pay, an' workin' Sundays, too; so when the Widder Wilson hires with the boss at the Falls an' boards the Wannigan with her little boy, to take charge of the cookin', we was mighty glad, most of us, 'cause we knew we'd get better feed'n we'd been gettin'.

"She was a pretty, tired-lookin' little thing, with brown eyes an' auburn hair parted an' drawn away from her forehead. An' she had a quiet way of doin' things that sort of made us feel that she was a woman—well, a woman you couldn't say things to. An' the boy Jimmie, who was thirteen an' had gone to school some, was put to keepin' books an' lookin' after the Wannigan stores. An' we had quite a time of it keepin' from swearin' in her presence, an' some of the boys grumbled about bein' held down by a woman, an' one day Angel made bold to say that a man had a right to swear, an' anyway a woman's place wasn't among a crew of river-drivers, an'

if she was the right sort she wouldn't be there.

"She was fussin' about the Wannigan an' didn't hear him; but the kid, standin' near, had took it all in, an' before anyone knew what he was about, he'd snatched up a sharp axe an' throwed it with all his little strength.

"With an oath Angel springs to his feet with the blood flowin' from a big cut in his cheek, an' the boy stood lookin' on, shakin' an' cryin'.

"An' Angel looks mighty cross for a moment an' then begins to laugh, an' says, sort of grand (he'd good manners when he wanted to) 'You did right, Sonny,' says he. 'A woman's a *woman*, no odds what she works at, an' as such should be treated with respect. Yer pardon, an' hers,' says he, an' sat down sudden, bein' faint.

"Just then she comes out from the Wannigan an' Jimmie runs to her an' said what he'd done. 'I killed Angel,' moaned he. An' she looked an' run in an' got some cotton an' some stickin' plaster she had, an' comes out an' fixes Angel's face in a jiffy.

"I'm sorry to be the cause of this,' said she, an' sniffled some, an' was that kind an' gentle that we all felt that we'd done her an injury. Says Ezra Gibbs to me, 'She's a hangel, she is.'

"An' when she done bindin' up the cut she turned an' walked proudly into the Wannigan, an' there was days that she never spoke to Angel. He might have been dead for all the notice she took of him, an' he felt bad over it, too, an' some of the boys would have chaffed him but they didn't dare.

"Mrs. Wilson an' the boy slep in the Wannigan Safe? Yes; no man would o' thought of offerin' her an insult.



And somethin' made both Ezra an' me, know he was tellin' her his love.

"One evenin' towards the middle of May, Ezra Gibbs an' me was walkin' along the shore, an' when we was a few feet from the Wannigan the moon come over the hills an' fell full on Angel an' her standin' in the bow. An' she was mighty sweet with the light shinin' on her face; an' the big man looked massive beside her littleness.

"And somethin' made both Ezra an' me know he was tellin' her his love, an' his faults, an' wantin' her to forget an' forgive an' love him. We was mean to look on, but it was a—a romance as the papers say.

"An' we seen him pointin' to where the boy lay sleepin' an' knew he was promisin' to be a father to him. An' we knew that the widder, though she had come to cookin' for river-drivers, was full of pride, an' couldn't easily forget what he'd said when she first come; an' she'd heard of his bad ways an' was afraid, as well a woman might be.

"We seen him runnin' his hand through his hair, an' his face—he was a fine lookin' man, was Angel—was drawn an' pained. An' the little crickets



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chirped in the grass, an' the fireflies danced over the water, an' from away up the stream come the quackin' of wild ducks. An' she hung her head an' we heard her say, 'No! No! No. I don't love you, Samuel Light.' An' he bowed to her, sort o' grand, like I seen them play-actors do, an' walked off'n the boat an' up the beach to where the camp-fire was lit.

"Ezra shook his head. 'A case of true love, d'ye s'pose?' asks he.

"'He's got a heart like you an' me,' says I, an' he answers, 'Right you are, McDonnell.'

"An' as the days passed we seen a change had come over Angel. Mornin', noon an' night his eyes would follow the sad-eyed little woman. An' he was jumpin' here an' there to ease her with her liftin'; but it was little notice he got for his pains.

"One day I went into the Wannigan to get a plug of tobacco an' seen a bunch of purple violets a settin' in a dipper of water. An' just then Mrs. Wilson comes in.

"'Hello, Jimmie's been picking his mother some flowers,' says I.

"An' she looked at me an' the blood made her face all blushin'. 'N—o,' says she, an' picked up the dipper an' threw the pretty little things over the bow into the river. An' I knew then who'd given them to her.

"'Women is spiteful creatures,' says I to myself.

"An' I thought that Angel would make her a good man, providin' he give up the drink; an' she had her little boy to think of. She was sort of half cultivated as you might say, could read an' write, an' played some evenin's on an old violin that she'd brought with her. The river was no place for her. She should have a home an' the comforts of life. White-water men from the Tobique an' the Restigouche an' the upper an' lower St. John wasn't no company for her an' her boy. An' I'd often wondered what drove her to workin' out, an' one day I asks the boss. 'Her husband died,' he says, 'Hadt'n a cent in the world an' she couldn't get work at the Falls. I knowed Wilson, an' gives her the chance to cook. She's a woman,' says he.

"'An' after the drive, what?' asks I.

"'She might get work in one of the hotels at Woodstock,' says he.

"'It's a wonder her an' Angel don't hitch up. He likes her,' says I. An' the boss grunted; 'I'd pity her more'n I do now. Angel—Hell—'

"It was the last run of the season. We'd all been paid off at the Fall an' was bringin' the bateaux an' scows an' the Wannigan on down to Hartland where they'd be hung up till next year. An' we left the Falls with lots of whiskey an' gin in each bateau; we was light-hearted as kids, singin' shanty songs with a hymn now an' then to sort of even up matters.

"An' after dinner Jimmie Wilson climbed into our boat and curled himself up in the bow. His mother was behind in the Wannigan. An' in our boat was Angel and McQuiggan an' me, an'

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seven men from the lower river who had no special love for us, or we for them. We was always fightin'; they thought they was better men than us.

"An' the little gaffer had a pocket book that his mother had made for him, an' he takes it out, an' counts his pay—thirty-two dollars he had—over and over, proud-like. An' at last he got tired an' put it in his pocket an' went to sleep curled up in the bow.

"An' I seen Angel's eyes fixed on him lovingly, now an' then, an' I knew that his heart was sick. He wasn't takin' a thing, which was unusual for him.

"Well, it's pretty excitin' goin' through White Rapids, an' just as we shot out into calm water again little Jimmie wakes up, an', of course, he feels for his pocket book an' couldn't find it. An' he says, all shakin' an' pointin' to the

an' me,' cried others, crowdin' forward.

"'One of you did,' says Angel, an' quick as a flash his fist shoots out for the man with the earrings—Adams. But the fellow steps back an' grabs a peavey. 'I'll kill you, you damn Monquater!' he cried. An' the boy begin to cry.

"Angel wasn't the man to take back-water an' he moves forward. An' Adams threw the peavey straight for his face, an' then, coward that he was, leaped overboard an' made for shore.

"If McQuiggan hadn't thrown up his oar it'd been the end of Angel there an' then. As it was, the peavey went whizzin' past his ear an' fell with a 'chunk' into the river.

"An' there was cries and swearin'. Angel had took the water an' was followin' Adams to shore. An' some steered the bateau in, an' I looked up river to

down-river men fell like a log. An' then they all pitched in.

"'Throw 'em in the river,' they cried. 'Drown 'em!' An' I seen McQuiggan catch hold of a tall, lanky man by the middle an' send him crashin' a dozen feet up the shore. An' then hell broke loose an' I don't remember much of anything but the sound of a boy's voice screamin', 'Ma—Ma!' an' I can hear it yet, sometimes in my dreams.

"We was bein' overpowered. The man Adams was clingin' to Angel's legs an' another was pressin' him hard to keep his face guarded. An' as I wrestled with a wiry little man that tried to chew my thumbs off, I caught for a moment the straight, black hair of the Monquater disappearin' in the river. They'd got him down, somehow, an' threwed him in. An' they was comin' back to finish us up.

An' as they come I picked my little man by the middle, as McQuiggan had done, and throwed him straight at them, so they went sprawlin' in a heap; an' I jumped back an' picked up a couple of big stones from the beach. They was five to two now an' it wasn't fair.

"An' I seen Angel Light go down with two on top of him; but sudden, as I was standin' there holdin' them back for a second, I seen Devil McQuiggan wadin' for shore. An' one of his arms was hangin' limp to his side, an' he'd picked up a big stone as he come, an' he looked terrible.

"Then as they rushed me, I fired, missed an' was throwed to the beach

an' didn't remember no more.

"The boy told us afterward as how McQuiggan stood them off with one hand, smashin' right an' left. An' he seen the man with the earrings kneelin' on Angel's chest, a knife in his hand. An' the boy turned sick, an' looked up stream and seen the other bateau rounding the bend through the rapids an' he hollered—'Help! Help!' An' all at once he heard his mother scream an' turned. She was runnin' down the beach with a peavey in her hands, an' her eyes was wild. An' she brought the heavy thing down on Adams' skull, an' he pitched forward. An' she smashed it in the face of the man that was holdin' his legs, an' he howled an' threwed up his hands. An' Angel got slowly to his feet, 'cause he was mighty weak, fightin' so long, an' took the peavey from her an' stood her behind him. An' Devil McQuiggan kneeled on the beach with his



McQuiggan stood them off with one hand, smashin' right and left.

man in front of him by name of Adams, 'It was you took it! You—with the earrings.' For he wore little brass rings in his ears, havin' followed the sea to outlandish parts, they said. He looked as if he'd be capable of robbin' a boy.

"'Ye're a little liar!' cries he, an' he cussed awful before the lad.

"'You shut up, Adams,' says Angel. 'The boy's money's gone. If you didn't take it there's no need to swear an' cuss. I move Jimmie searches us all,' says he, calm. 'I'll be first, an' no one can object to that. An' p'raps you lost it overboard, Sonny,' says he.

"An' McQuiggan an' me stands by Angel an' allowed we'd all ought to be searched to satisfy the boy.

"But the lower river crowd stuck by Adams. The drink had made them more than quarrelsome. 'Maybe you say I stole it,' says one, shovin' a dirty face in Angel's line of vision. 'An' maybe me,

see if we had any chance of help, but there wasn't another boat in sight save the Wannigan, an' what good was a man an' a woman.

"Before we'd got to shore, Angel had caught up to Adams an' they was strugglin' knee-high in the water. An' I knew there was blood to be shed an' wished the others would come.

"An' we was so excited that some of us jumped to our arm-pits in the river an' waded for land. An' McQuiggan grabbed me by the arm, 'It's to be a fight,' says he, joyful at the prospect.

"'Fair play, fair play!' he shouted. 'Monquat for ever. Whoop!' An' I knew his fightin' blood was up; an' he run an' stood by Angel, who'd got his man to shore. An' I took my stand beside them, an' the others crowded around cryin' to Angel to let go.

"'Hold on there!' cried McQuiggan, an' his big fist shot out an' one of the

head down an' spittin' blood. An' maybe it was the woman faintin', an' maybe the sight of so much injury done, or the approachin' rivermen that stopped the fight; but the little lad run to where Angel kneeled, bathing his mother's face, an' mutterin' wild 'cause he thought she was dead.

"An' all the while I'd been ridin' a horse across a jam of logs on the Serpentine, back an' forth, an' every few feet the horse's legs would slip an' I'd go over his neck an' bump my head, an' then get up an' start all over again. An' at last I woke up an' come back to life. An' there stood Angel with his arm around the Widder Wilson, an' the scared look had gone from her eyes, an' she leant against him, contented-like. The boy was holdin' McQuiggan's head, an' twenty or more of the boys—Monquaters an' up-river-men stood near. An' the man Adams was holdin' his face between his hands.

"This is a nice piece of work', says the boss, mad; 'What the hell's been goin' on here?'"

"Angel he steps forward, an' put his hand in Adams pocket an' holds up the boy's purse.

"It's about this,' said he. 'That skunk stole the boy's money, an' his companions backed him up. They was seven to three, an' they took advantage.'

"I tell you the boss had a hard one keepin' Angel's an' McQuiggan's friends from startin' in to clean up Adams an' his crowd, but he succeeded, an' soon we was all floatin' down river again. An' it wasn't long before I heard McQuiggan's voice roarin' a shanty song. An' sittin' in the bow of the Wannigan was the Widder Wilson an' Angel Light.

"An' at Hartland, where we was to separate, they was married, an' him an' her an' the boy went West, an' did well I heard. But it was days before I forgot my sore head, an' McQuiggan's arm took months to heal. But there's few livin' now that remember Angel Light or Devil McQuiggan, or any of the White-Water boys that used to make this river lively. There's fights, of course, but they aint as bad as in the old days, an' particularly the one when the Widder Wilson forgot an' forgave."

A Waltz to Fortune

Continued from page 34.

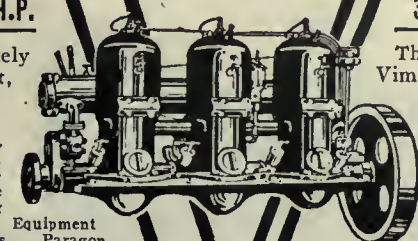
humanity that, no matter how opposed it may be to one of its elect few choosing the stage as a profession, it is always loudest in its praise of that same being, once he has begun to make good.

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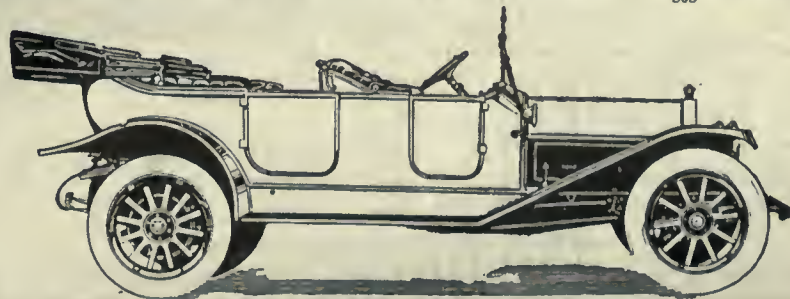
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man begins watching anyone, there is sure to be something brewing.

The Merry Widower

He continued his vigil, all through the next season's run of "The Silver Slipper," and when New York received "The Merry Widow" to its theatrical bosom, it was Donald Brian who was chosen to originate the part of Prince Danilo. Great was the enthusiasm of the theatre-goers. Long were the press notices. Donald Brian was obliged to hie him to the photographers. Shoals of pictures appeared, of a dashing, young Prince, with a budding mustache. It was then that the letters began to come in, imploring this idol for his autograph. And they were usually answered. It was good for "business." The autographs were sent, but ten cents was charged for each. Did Donald Brian want the dimes for himself? No, a thousand times, no! He gave them to the Actors' Fund. And many were the silver bits that dropped into its coffers.

Fame had taken the Newfoundland boy by the hand, and promised never more to let him out of her sight. And the matinee girl outbursts continued, the extravaganzas of description, the exhaustive epithets of admiration. In spite of himself, Donald Brian had become a matinee idol.

And such he remained all through the next season's run of "The Dollar Princess." He learned new dances, and cultivated new stage manners. He was growing in favor.

It was the next year, when Charles Frohman was ready to produce "The Siren," that the young Newfoundland first saw his name in electric above the stage entrance. A new star had evolved!

The following summer, the New York papers announced that he had taken a run over to Europe for a short holiday.

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Holiday? Could any matinee idol ever have a holiday? Never as long as he had a reputation to sustain, such as had Donald Brian. He was studying the new dances of London, Paris and Vienna. And he hurried back to New York, to begin work on the next season's play. From the fifty dances that he studied there evolved the "Futurist Twirl," which he dances, this year, in "The Marriage Market."

Does he dance the tango? No, he does not, or the turkey trot. And he wants to forget that the word "dance" ever belonged to his vocabulary. Which may be sad news for his host of matinee admirers, who indulge so extensively in the latest of Fashion's dancing decrees.

When his season is over, he runs away to the Canadian woods, where he can boat and fish, to his heart's content, and the content of his small step-daughter.

Yes, this may be sad news. But it's true, nevertheless. Donald Brian is a married man.

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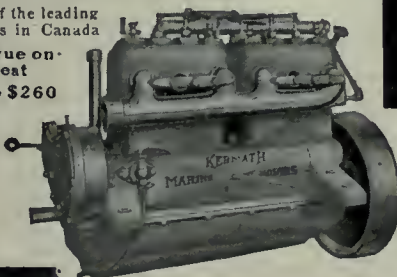
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"Boss" Bowser of B.C.

Continued from Page 30.

early efforts to achieve popularity. It was about the time he was first beginning to cherish political ambitions and he knew that it was necessary to be excessively friendly and polite to the public. This involved remembering faces and names, a pursuit in which he was not particularly proficient.

One day he was walking along the street in Vancouver and noticed a man coming towards him. The face struck him as familiar and he felt that it was the necessary thing to bow. Though the man eyed him in a peculiarly surly way, he nodded his head in as friendly a manner as he could contrive and gave the fellow a pleasant smile. Then he conjured his brain to recall where he had seen the man and what was his name. At length the truth dawned on him. It was a person whom he had been prosecuting the day before for petty larceny.

After this experience he did not think it worth while to bother very much more about recognizing people.

A Study in Contrast

Another story will perhaps elucidate his character more clearly. A deputation waited on him one day to prefer a certain request, the details of which it is unnecessary to give. He received them in his usual straightforward and serious way and agreed to give them a hearing. They had not proceeded very far, however, in the presentation of their case, when the Attorney-General began to argue with them. He questioned this, he contradicted that, he disagreed with the other and in the end came out with a very emphatic negative. At the close of the interview the members of the delegation filed out of his office looking very disgruntled, indignant and angry. Mr. Bowser had said no, but the way in which he said it had not been conciliating.

Disappointed in their expectations, the men decided to carry the matter to the Premier. An appointment was hurriedly arranged and the irritated delegation, with revenge in their hearts, went to see Sir Richard. The contrast in their reception and treatment was marked. As he shook hands, the Premier "jollied" this one and joked with that one. By the time the business which had brought them there was opened up, the whole roomful was in the best of spirits. With the deepest concern Sir Richard listened to their complaint, soothed them with comforting words, gave them many assurances and promises and finally turned them out in high good humor. When at length they were able to size up the situation they found to their chagrin that after all the Premier had not done a whit more for them than the Attorney-General. Sir Richard had also said no, but in such a smooth and conciliating way, that they almost thought that he meant the opposite.

This story, related by a member of the delegation, who by the way is a great admirer of the "Boss," gives an illuminating picture of the essential difference



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between the two men and shows how, in combination, the pair are a tremendous force. Without the winning ways of the Premier, the Attorney-General would be frequently in hot water. Without the strength of purpose and shrewdness of the Attorney-General, the first minister would not find it quite so easy to retain power.

So far as the other ministers of the crown are concerned, they mostly take their cue from the man with the iron jaw. Indeed it has been computed that at least eighty per cent. of the legislation introduced by the Government originates with him. He knows the ins and outs of each department quite as well as its nominal head and when any minister is off on vacation or on a trip of any sort, it is the most natural thing in the world for the Attorney-General to step in and administer his affairs. Around the legislative buildings it is said that the coming of this versatile minister is like the advent of a whirlwind. He sweeps in and is not content until he has cleaned up every bit of correspondence and every scrap of business in sight. Matters which have been hanging fire for months are dealt with on the spot and when he is through his day's work, his absent colleagues' desks are as clean as his own.

A tremendous appetite for work is one of the outstanding characteristics of the Hon. William. He loves activity and likes to have his hand in everything that is going on. To his own department he has kept adding and adding branches until it is by far the heaviest-loaded department in the government. Besides looking after the legal work, he has taken on the administration of fisheries and game, the registration of companies, the inspection of trust companies and the heavy duties of the municipal department. Not only does he tackle a great deal, but he lives daily up to his reputation for punctuality and thoroughness. He invariably keeps his promises and there is no work in arrears where he is concerned.

A prominent Vancouver business man, in referring to this characteristic, says that in all his dealings with the Attorney-General, and they have been numerous, he has never once found him fail to live up to his word. With other ministers of the crown he has frequently been disappointed but once Mr. Bowser has said that he would do a thing on a certain day or at a certain hour, he could rely on his carrying out his promise.

As a formal speaker,—for instance when explaining a proposed measure to the house,—the Attorney-General does not show any particularly brilliant qualities. He is terse and practical, even matter-of-fact, in his utterance, talking in almost a conversational vein. But when he is on the hustings, especially if he has a hostile audience before him, he awakens up as it were and comes out with striking forcefulness. Opposition invariably stirs him and he is strongest when he feels that he has a fight before him. He is by no means an ingratiating speaker. His vocabulary contains few high-sounding and meaningless words nor does he attempt to humor his auditors with mirth-provoking stories. He puts little energy into gesticulation but relies

on the strength of his argument and the force of his invective for effect. Before delivering a campaign speech he usually jots down the leading points he wishes to make, on a slip of paper, which he holds in his hand when he speaks.

Being responsible for so much of the legislation that passes through the house, the duty of supporting it falls of necessity on his shoulders. Some of his measures have met with considerable opposition, principally on the ground that they have been devised to strengthen the grip of the present government on the country. Doubtless so keen a tactician as the Attorney-General must have had something of the sort in his mind when he drafted them. At the same time there are very few laws which he has put on the statute book that have not had a good deal of sound common sense back of them.

He has undoubtedly built up a remarkably effective organization of the Conservative party in British Columbia. Threads from the farthest sections of the province are gathered in his hands. He has his minions here, there and everywhere and personally is informed of every move in the political machine. His enemies indeed proclaim that he has the country too much in his power for the good of the people. But he proceeds warily and plays the game according to the rules. He is ambitious and covets power and up to the present has been strong enough to dictate what shall or shall not happen in the party organization. Some have tried to balk but have always found him invincible.

Though nominally head of the law firm of Bowser, Reid & Wallbridge, in Vancouver, the Attorney-General has entirely given up the private practice of the law and is now quite absorbed in politics. He has recently built a fine residence in the capital, where he makes his home. It is only quite recently that he has given up a day and night grind to indulge in much-needed exercise. This he obtains on the links of the Victoria Golf Club where play may be enjoyed all the year round, thanks to the mild climate of Vancouver Island. He likes the game and is developing into quite a good player. His only other relaxation is motoring though each autumn he is accustomed to go to Golden on a hunting expedition. Apart from this his time is fully occupied with departmental work, appointments, addresses and very necessary attention to organization work.

What is to be "Boss" Bowser's future? He is still a young man, as age is reckoned nowadays, having only recently completed his forty-seventh year, and there is doubtless much before him. Were anything to lead to Sir Richard McBride's removal from the premiership, there would scarcely be any question as to his right to the office. That he expects ultimately to step into Sir Richard's shoes, is generally assumed; that he would make a capable first minister, is obvious; but that, without the Premier's ingratiating ways, he could long hope to retain power, is uncertain. The situation in British Columbia, all things considered, is as interesting as in any province of the Dominion.

The Retail Merchant Will Find It on Page 8

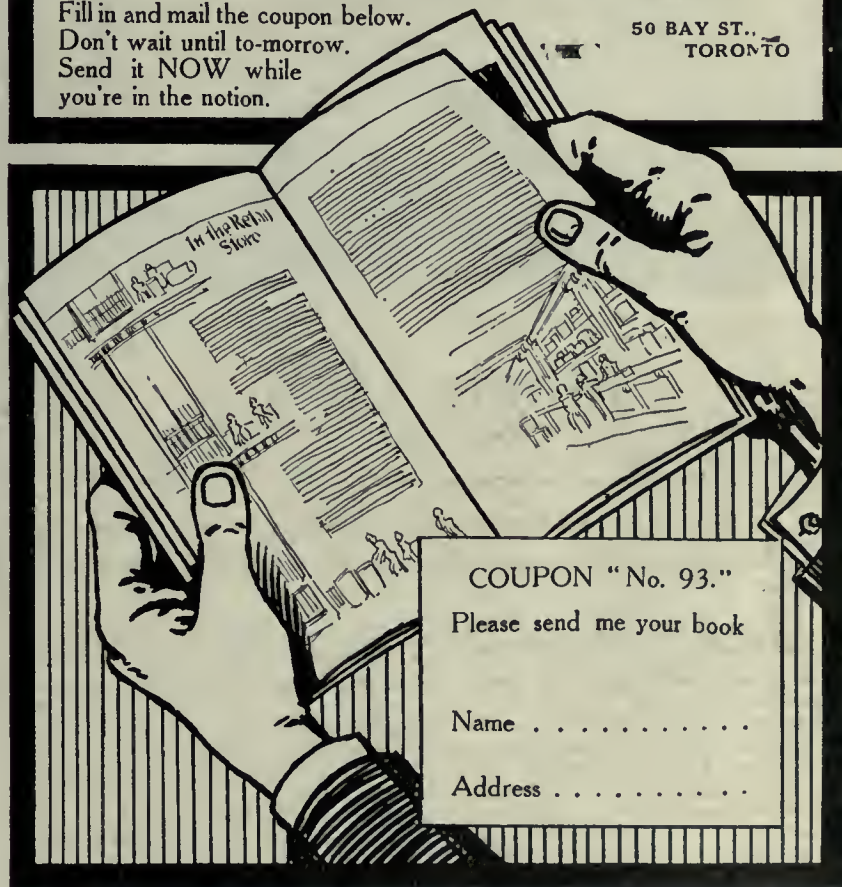
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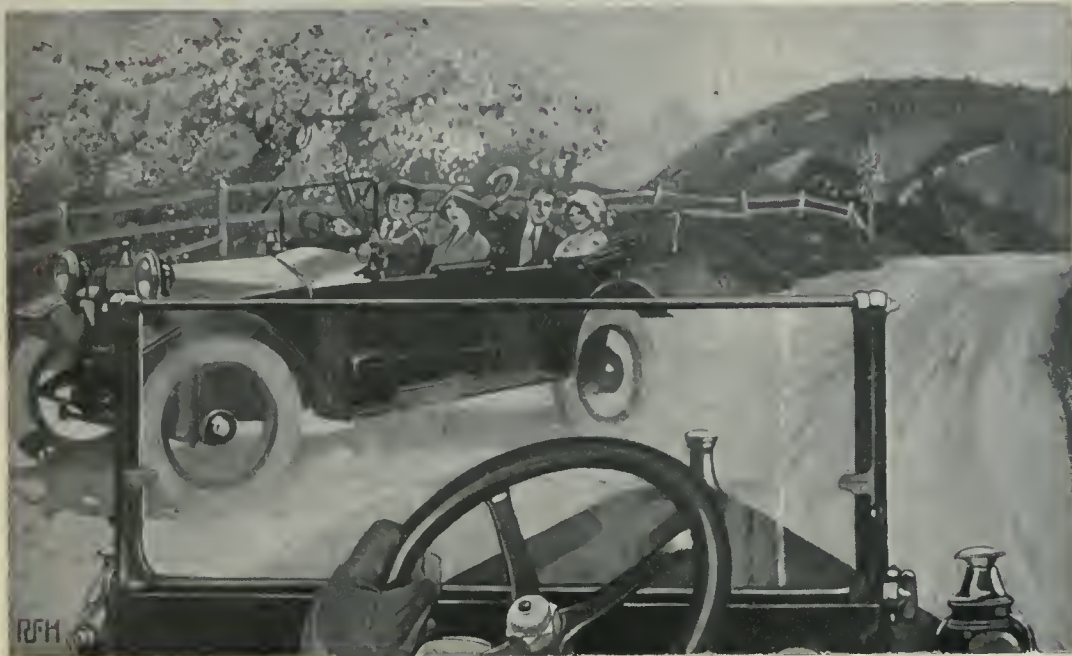
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A Test on the Links

Continued from Page 21.

glistening, and his white teeth flashing, as he spoke. "Not a teeny, weeny, spoonful, or an eggcupful, as you sometimes get fum de 'Talian man on de street cornah for five cents, but a big sausah, piled up wit' pink ice cream fer each of us. Oh, Lordy! but it went slick an' fine, and wuz de bes' I taste' since I wuz bohn on dis yearth, sho 'nuff. Well, we fo' caddies enjide de ice cream so much, dat we 'dopted a unanimous revolution—"

"You mean a resolution," said Mr. Olney.

"Yas, sah, dass so, perzackly, a resolution dat Miss Mawjory am de bes' gnuine lady c'lar to Kingdom Come, en dat, when we crosses over de Jordan, and git to Heben, we doan' want ter git no finah ice cream dere, needer. Settin' in de bushes a hot day like yistiddy enjotin' dat ice cream, we caddies wuz argufyin' en 'scussin' if dere would be ice cream up above dar, in Heben, where de good folks go, an' where a man's color ain't never agin him, and we 'greed dat dere would be ice cream up dar. 'Tennyrate, as Clem Jackson said at de end ob de 'scussin', 'You can jest bet your bottom dollah dat if dere's ice cream gettable anywhere in de nex' wirl' I imagine it must be up above dar, en, sut'nly won't be down below at de bottom of de bottomless pit.'

"Well, sah, byme-by, when we had all finished de ice cream, en was settin' down dar in the bushes 'jestin' it all, out comes Miss Mawjory en de yuthers, en dey wuz in just as good humah as we wuz. So off de pawty all stawted agin. But Mr. Pottah, he didn' play so well dis time; he played kind of loose-like, en too much like he wuz sho' winnah anyway. De 'proachin' stroke is de most importantest stroke in de game and his was monst'rus pore. Miss Mawjory en Miss Louie played about de same as dey did in the mawnin', and Mr. Elliot he wuz just as studdy as in the mawnin', but his studdiness seemed to get a bettah rewawd, en 'twant long befo' dey kotch up wit' de yuthers, en de party was all squar on de day's perceedins'. Dere wuz jus' one m'roun' ter play, en de game got very occitin'. It was tetch an' go—our side, dere side, up and down, criss-cross, nip an' tuck, backerd and forerds, ding, dong, tu'n and tu'n about, all de way round. De ladies en de gemmun wuz all gettin' occited, and de fo' caddies wuz gettin' occited too."

"Was there any particular incident during the last round?" asked Mr. Olney.

"Dere was lots of pertikler instants, but one ob de mos' pertikler instants wuz at de Big Pon'. At dat time de whole pawty wuz all squar, en it wuz de men's tu'n to do de drivin'. Well, sah, Mr. Pottah, he fotch de ball a mighty pow'ful, 'mendyous swipe, but he hit it on de top, and, swish, swush, kerswosh, de ball went plum in der middle er de pon'. He glared eround at me as if I wuz to blame, and he acted so growly-like, dat I kep' on my gyard, en hel' my bref. Well, de

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yuther gemmun, he druv kind of easy, and it wuz jus' dar where his studdiness come in. De ball went over de Pon' safe and sho', and his lady pardner and he won dat hole e-easy. Well it was de lady's tu'n to drive at de nex' hole. Miss Louie she druv only jus' a safe ball, while po' Miss Mawjory, she got kind of emba'ssed, en she hit de groun' in hittin' at de ball, and de ball kind of skewd along de groun', and went right spang in de middle of a san' bunkah."

"Ah! that was bad luck!" exclaimed Mr. Olney.

"No, sah, a ball in a bunkah is not bad luck, but bad struck. Well, Miss Mawjory looked so distress' dat I was kind of hopin' no one would make any remark, but p'ten not to see her poor play. But Mr. Pottah he up'n say, sezee, 'No wundah' sezee, kind of growly, 'No wundah dat de ball went in de bunkah, you were standin' wrong!' or, 'You wern't standin' right!' I jest fergit his 'zac' wuds, but it wuz not his wuds so much as de way he said dem, and de cross look on his face. I cud see den, fer de fus' time, dat dis gemmun had a shot tempah, and a quollin' dispersition undah er smooove suffas, en' dat he was as tetchy as a sore fingah, en' would not be a 'greeable man in a oggyment. Miss Mawjory she jus' bit her lip, but didn't contrydict him. So dey played de hole out, and strange to say Mr. Pottah and Miss Mawjory won dat hole after all—'ca'se why? Miss Louie had got so nervous in her play dat, aldoo Mr. Elliot, driv' good and hahd she would trow de effec' all away by her mise'bul po' play. But her gemmun pardner never blamed her, but sed, dat, ef he hisself and she both buck up, dey had a good chance yit.

"Well, at one whole, where it wuz Mr. Pottah's tu'n to drive, he druv de ball blim over de fence, and out of bounds. He jus' grit his teet and glared aroun', and its de Lawd's naked trufe dat he wuz r'arin' mad. Den he up and sez to me, sezee, 'Why don't you keep still when I'm drivin.' You went and moved,' sezee, 'and you sp'iled my drive. I've a mine to smash your tick skull!'"

"But wuz you moved?" asked Mr. Olney.

"I'll take a naffydavit on a stack of bibles, sah, dat I nevah moved. I know de game too well to move or to talk when a gemmun is in de ac' of drivin', kas it distracks his 'tention en flusterflies him, and derefore a caddy should keep his mouf shet as tight as if dere was a poor-house plarster ober it, and none of his 'natomy should move. So I sez to Mr. Pottah dat I hadn't moved. Well Mr. Pottah looked so savage at me dat I got skeered, en I 'spose Miss Mawjory reckonized dat he wuz wrong, en so she spoke up. I could see de fiah in her bright eyes, as she up'n sed, sez she:

"'You shouldn't speak dat way to de po' li'l boy,' sez she. 'He don't deserve it,' sez she. 'I wuz standin' right by him,' sez she, 'en he didn't move at all.'

"I 'spec' Miss Mawjory 'spec him to 'pollygize, but Mr. Pottah sed nothin' and wuz kinder stubbo'n. Miss Mawjory seemed upshot, en played wusser and wusser, en at one hole she druv de ball into long grass. Mr. Pottah den fetch



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a mighty swipe at it, to git it out ob der deep grass, but he skacely moved it. en he wuz bilin' mad fer der res' er de game. Nobuddy sed nuttin', but, now en den Miss Mawjory guv him a 'stonished look. 'Venshually Mr. Pottah and Miss Mawjory won de match, mo' spechually troo de monst'us po' play of Miss Louie.

"Now Mr. Olney, you is known as de bes' lawyer in all 'Merrikey, and I wuz gwineter ask you 'pinion in regawds er Mr. Pottah's conduct' in 'busin' me, en not 'ceppin' my wud dat I nevah moved. Don't he dereby 'sinuate day I'm a liah, en ain't he derefo' guilty of insinuating, en ain't dere no way dat I can be rightified when he's done me a ninjury? Can't a man like dat be had up befo' der Supreme Court in huncu?"

"Your question is quite a delicate one, Theophilus," replied Mr Olney, "and I will give it my best consideration on some future day."

IV.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the evening Mr. Olney seemed to be absorbed in the reading of a law-book, when, after tapping gently at the library door, his daughter entered.

"Let me congratulate you, Marjory," said her father.

"On what?"

"On winning the match," replied her father.

"Oh! the match," said Marjory, who apparently had not been thinking of golf. Hesitating for a moment, she then advanced and sat on an arm of his chair.

"Dad," said she, "I thought at first that I would not tell you until to-morrow morning, but I cannot wait that long. Walter Elliot this evening asked me to marry him!"

"And I judge from your radiant face that you said 'Yes'?"

"N-no," said Marjory, "I said that I must first speak to you, and that even if you consented to our marriage, our engagement would have to be a very, very long one. But he knows that I love him, and he is willing to wait."

"If I were a young man I would be absolutely satisfied with your reply, as meaning 'Yes,'" said the delighted father, drawing his daughter towards him, and kissing her. "My little girl has made me very happy. Walter has always been a favorite of mine, but I sometimes thought that you preferred young Potter."

"Well, dad, I scarcely knew my own heart for a while. They both seemed very fond of me, and have been very kind to me, but Walter has now absolutely won my heart. I wonder that I did not fully realize his true worth before to-day. Some day I must tell you about the game to-day, but there is no need to tell you about it to-night."

"No," said her father, "that story can wait, but I suspect that there is a young man in the drawing room now who can't wait."

A Week-end at Rideau Hall

Continued from Page 19.

different, because it was a Royal household. The Princess had spent the afternoon reading. She is very quiet in her habits, and likes outdoor life best of all. Of course, everyone knows that she is fond of painting. Perhaps that is only the natural result of her fondness of outdoors.

After a cosy talk over the teacups, we went upstairs to dress for dinner. No one intended to go to church that night.

The evening was spent very quietly. We all sat in the drawing room. Princess Patricia was very enthusiastic about the children's fancy dress ball that was held the Saturday after Christmas, in the afternoon. A very rollicking party it had been, their Royal Highnesses joining in the fun. Children anywhere between the ages of two and fifteen, were there. Small sons and daughters of Government officials and prominent men all over the Dominion. At four o'clock, the grand march was formed in the hall, and all the children marched to the ball room and courtesied to their Royal Highnesses. Then, after an hour's fun, they were served with tea. And they went home, very happy, after all the wonderful things they had done.

The Princess told us about this party that was given for the children at Rideau Hall. And anyone could tell that she loved the wee things.

We did not stay up late that night. For our train left quite early the next morning. The Duchess said good-by that night. She does not usually come down till lunch.

The maid came in early and rattled up my fire. It was only half-past seven. Breakfast would be ready in an hour.

And I had my last bath in the fragrant tub. I sort of hated to leave my nice bedroom. And me, that was so nervous about going!

The maid gathered up all my things and packed my suitcase.

They were all down in the breakfast room, that is, all but the Duchess.

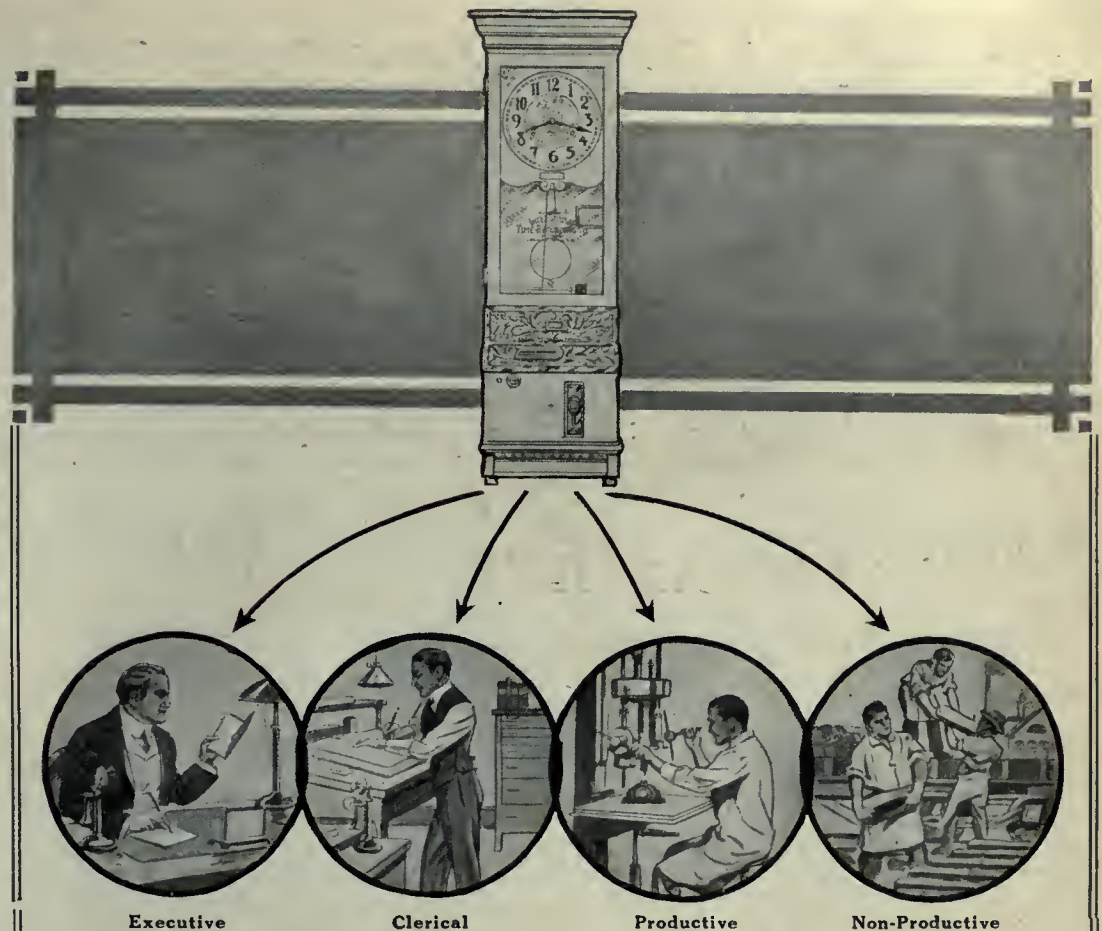
That was a surprise to me. They had risen early, just so that they could say good-by to us. Princess Patricia, the Duke, Miss York, and the aides. But I learned that they always come down to breakfast.

The breakfast was the most English of anything. Everyone helped himself. All the table was laid, and on the sideboard were the most delicious things, joints, game pies, and all such delicacies. It was all so nice and comfy, and put us in good humor for the whole day.

And then it was time to say good-by. The Duke gave us a hearty hand-shake, and I must confess I was sorry to leave.

The Royal automobile took us down to the train, and the same two aides saw that we got off all right.

I didn't mind at all that I hadn't taken a trunk, that is, I mean, a box. For royalty has a way of making one forget all such ceremony, instead of reminding one of it.



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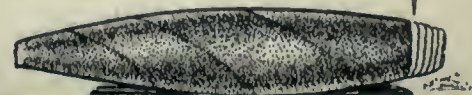
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The Theft of the Honan Ruby

Continued from Page 32.

Before the clamor, which ensued on the announcement of this loss, had died down, a quiet little man, appearing from no one knew where, stepped forward and took charge.

"I'll look after this now, Mr. Purdon-Hutt," he said, in an authoritative tone. "All guests will please take their station at this end of the room. I must request that no one attempt to leave the room until our investigation is completed."

The private detective, who had been engaged for the evening by Purdon-Hutt, then began a thorough inquiry. Porter, who had engaged his host in conversation noted with approval the brisk manner in which everything was done. In twenty minutes the little man was back.

"A queer case, Mr. Purdon-Hutt," he said. "I've had a man at the foot of each stairway all evening and no one has gone up that had no business there. My men outside report that no one has entered or left the house. The man left to guard the stone can tell us nothing. He was pacing the room when suddenly he was seized from behind and a gag shoved into his mouth. He says the grasp of his assailant was so powerful that he couldn't move a muscle. Your guests will have to be searched."

The men readily consented to this and each in turn was examined. But nothing was brought to light in this way.

"Nothing more to do just now," said the detective, plainly at his wits' end. "Better get them off home."

"That's right!" said the deep voice of Wade Alberson, at his elbow. "The ruby is still in this house, mark my words. If the crowd gets away we'll find it."

Alberson was quite apparently in an ugly temper. Not having been paid in full for the missing jewel, he suspected his host of trickery. The latter was equally suspicious, being convinced that Alberson had adopted this means of getting it back into his possession. The two men glared at each other malevolently.

"You bet we'll find it in this house!" snapped Purdon-Hutt. "And we wouldn't think of parting company with you tonight, Mr. Alberson. You'll stay here until the ruby is found!"

"The ruby is still in the house," asserted Porter in a confident tone. "I wouldn't worry about it, either of you. Can I have a word with you, Mr. Inspector?"

He drew the detective aside.

"Did you notice a dwarf-like man playing in the orchestra?"

The detective nodded.

"Put one of your men on to trail him. Find out where he goes. I think I can throw some light on this case." A moment's whispered consultation seemed to convince the detective that the clue was worth following.

"Let me suggest that you allow nothing to be carried out of the house," added Porter. "Keep the instruments of the

orchestra. Don't even allow guests to take their canes with them."

"Orders to that effect already issued," said the detective brusquely.

Keeping a wary eye on Tredham, who was standing in the hall ready to depart. Porter hurried to the cloak room and procured his hat and coat. A small room at the rear of the hall had been temporarily set aside for this purpose. It served at ordinary times, quite obviously, as an adjunct to the kitchen, for the clatter of dishes could be heard through a door at one side. A dumb waiter occupied one wall, partly hidden from view by an upturned table. Taking advantage of the busy absorption of the man in charge, who was trying to serve half-a-dozen impatient guests at once, Porter tilted back the table. The door of the dumb waiter dropped open and the quick eyes of the journalist detected the end of a stout rope hanging down loosely. He replaced the table and, after scrutinizing the checkman carefully, edged his way through the crowd into the hall. Tredham was just leaving.

As they left the house, the lights suddenly flickered and went out. There was much confusion and shouting of orders before the gas lights could be brought into use.

Before the cause of the failure of the lighting system could be investigated, a startling discovery was made. The officer who had been on guard at the rear of the house was found in an unconscious condition. A heavy blow delivered from behind, while the yard was in darkness, had stretched him out senseless. Luckily his helmet had broken the force of the blow. The discovery was made by one of the other officers on guard outside.

Why this assault had been committed tended to plunge the facts surrounding the robbery into deeper mystery than ever. Pointing as it did to outside co-operation, the incident provided fresh ground for speculation but put the harassed detectives more at fault than ever.

Porter was loath to leave the house under the circumstances, but Tredham had hastened off and he was afraid to lose sight of him. Porter followed his man cautiously to the fashionable apartment house where he lodged and then, taking up his station behind a big tree on the other side of the street maintained a close watch. An hour passed without a sign. Porter heard four o'clock strike from a distant church steeple and was just making up his mind to terminate the tiresome vigil when his wondering senses were whipped into keenest tension by the sound of a door cautiously opening across the way. Peering around the trunk of the tree, Porter saw Tredham step out and tiptoe down the steps. Gaining the sidewalk without allowing a single footfall to break the silence, Tredham struck off at a brisk gait. He had changed from his evening clothes into tweeds with a heavy overcoat, which served to muffle his face and made a fairly effectual disguise in the dim early morning light. Porter waited until his man was well ahead and then took up the trail.

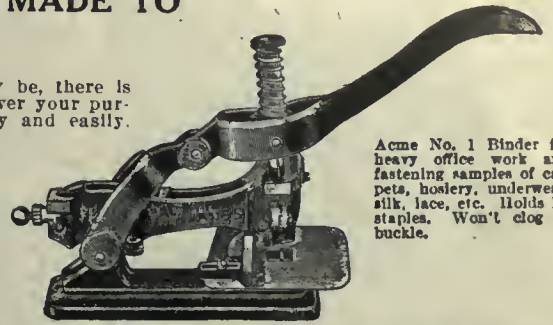
It led him to a poor section of the city and ended at a small shack set well back

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from the street and surrounded by a high fence. Tredham walked briskly through the gate and entered the house.

Perceiving a light in a back window of the house. Porter started to skirt around toward it, crouching beneath the fence. Turning the corner, he collided with another man who was coming back by the same discreet route. The stranger's mitted hands had closed on Porter's mouth before the latter could utter a sound. The grasp was instantly released, however. "It's you, Mr. Porter, is it?" said the other. "Good thing I recognized you in time. Thought you were one of the gang and was ready to silence you."

Porter recognized him as the officer deputed to follow the dwarf musician. "What's been going on?" he asked.

"Four of them in there," whispered the officer, jerking his thumb toward the house. "Three have arrived since the codger went in. They're a bad lot, Mr. Porter. That dwarf now, I believe he could handle two men like me. And I've considered a pretty fair hand in a free-for-all at that."

"It's time to close in on them," said Porter. "I'll watch the house while you get to the nearest 'phone and bring the chief down with more men."

"Right," said the officer, starting cautiously away.

Left to himself, Porter became a prey to curiosity as to what was transpiring behind the lighted window. Finally, he scaled the fence and edged slowly up until he was immediately beneath the window. A dilapidated curtain hanging limply from a broken roller did not entirely screen the room within from view.

Porter saw four men sitting about a small table. One was the dwarf, with a face like a thunderstorm, engaged in vigorous harangue. Tredham sat opposite to him, a little limp and quite apparently ill at ease. One of the other was the man who had been in charge of the check room at the Purdon-Hutt's. The fourth Porter did not recognize.

An altercation was in progress which promised at times to develop into a stormy one. The talk was general and the voices ran high, but the leader—there was no mistaking the position that the old musician occupied with the gang—summarily brought the others up when ever an outbreak threatened. They were debating a point of some moment and Porter watched their faces intently, hoping to gain an inkling as to its nature.

The subdued hum of a motor in the road and the scraping sound of tires on the frozen gravel, warned him that the police had arrived. He crept to the front of the house as the squad silently piled out of the car.

"Just four?" asked the officer in charge.

"Just four," replied Porter, "but reckon as six. They'll be a hard lot to handle."

"We'll have 'em trussed up before they even know where they're at," asserted the sergeant. "Davids and Anderson watch the back of the house! The rest altogether! We'll rush the door."

The men within had such complete confidence in their security that the door was not even locked. It gave way before the

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combined rush of the officers and they had swarmed into the room before Tredham and his associates had time to prepare for defense. Three of them were down and handcuffed in a trice, but the old musician proved himself of a different stamp. The policeman who laid hands on him was lifted off his feet and swung around like a dummy figure attached to a piston rod. His joints creaked under the pressure of the dwarf's terrific grasp and, when the latter let go, the officer crumpled up in an exhausted heap.

With a bound the leader was through the back door, throwing off two officers who tried to grapple with him. But here he was brought up under the revolvers of the two policemen left on guard, beaten, but still with plenty of fight left in him. It was only after a desperate struggle that he was finally conquered and handcuffed.

The arrest created a profound sensation. Tredham had become quite a social favorite during the few months he had been in the city and certainly no one but Porter had thought of connecting him with the robberies.

During the two days immediately following the arrest, the police worked hard on the case, but did not succeed in turning up any further evidence against the four men. On being taken to the police station the prisoners had been searched, but nothing of an incriminating nature had been discovered. The house was ransacked from top to bottom with painstaking thoroughness. Absolutely nothing was to be found. The instruments and articles of personal property which had been retained at Purdon-Hutt's were carefully examined, but with the same result.

Under the circumstances the police began to show uneasiness. The only thing against the men was the fact that they had been caught consorting together in a manner that was suspicious, to say the least. This in itself was enough to establish belief in their guilt, but to prove the same in court was an entirely different matter.

Porter in the meantime had been working hard on the case. He had been surprised when the examination of the articles left at Purdon-Hutt's failed to bring the stolen goods to light. In fact, the lack of success of the searchers left him quite dumbfounded and without a clue to go upon for he had been convinced that the goods had not been taken out of the house and would be recovered on a subsequent search.

Proceeding along the only lines of investigation left, Porter interviewed every person who might be able to throw any light on the mystery starting with the police officer who had been left in charge at Purdon-Hutt's and ending with the leader of the orchestra. In the course of his investigation, he unearthed one important fact. The police officer was positive that he had not examined the 'cello on the night of the ball, although all the instruments left had been searched. In other words, the 'cello had been taken



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out of the house, in spite of the watchfulness of the police.

A round of visits to the second-hand stores was unproductive of anything resembling a clue. Finally, therefore, Porter became convinced that the house where the arrests had taken place must be made the centre of his investigations. He made a laboriously thorough search of the premises and was rewarded by finding a parcel check in the room where the struggle had occurred. It had fallen into a crack of the floor and in consequence had not been noticed by previous searchers. The check had been issued from the parcel room at the station, and, being new, purported a recent deposit there.

Porter presented the check at the station and was handed in exchange a battered shoe box, securely bound with cord. On shaking, it gave evidence of being well packed.

This box Porter handed over to the police authorities who much to their astonishment, unpacked from it the Ruby of Honan and all the other articles stolen during the Purdon-Hutt ball.

"Old Gabriel Gurd is the cleverest thief on the continent," explained Porter to Mrs. Vardon the next day. "He was hounded out of England and came to Canada where he was not known, bringing a gang of clever mobsmen with him. Tredham, for instance, is the slickest pickpocket that ever graduated out of Whitechapel. Gurd trained him up from a greenhorn, making him the smooth society cracksman that Gabe himself would have been if nature had only equipped him differently. The old fellow has wonderful talents, can play any instrument, talks four languages, has studied all manner of sciences and could step in and manage any kind of business, I believe. But he is debarred from doing any of the things he is thus fitted for by his twisted frame and face.

"They carried on their campaign here according to strictly business lines. Each coup was carefully thought out and planned for weeks in advance. Old Gabe was the brains of the concern. And he generally took an active part as well. The night the diamond bracelet of Mrs. Lepense was stolen old Gabe, who was acting as an extra waiter carried it around in a napkin under a tray. When the officers searched him the bracelet was reposing in a pot of dish water.

"At the Purdon-Hutt ball, Tredham carried on his operations on the floor and palmed the goods to Gurd as he danced past. It may sound a difficult feat, but it was all in the day's work with that pair. Gurd had a receiving place arranged—a padded bag inside the 'cello. A cleverly concealed slide enabled him to deposit the jewelry there as it was handed to him by Tredham.

"As for the theft of the ruby, that was a simple matter after all. While the musicians were having supper, Gurd got away unseen and crossed the hall to the men's cloak room where a confederate was in charge. A dumb-waiter leads from this room to the floor above, and by



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means of his great strength Gurd climbed up the shaft to the floor above, using a rope that had been provided in advance. That has always been the way with Gurd—every detail arranged in advance, and every obstacle provided for. He then crept into the room where the ruby was kept, surprised and overpowered the guard, opened the safe—he's an expert safe-cracker, by the way—got the stone, clambered back down the chute and joined the rest of the orchestra at supper, all without making a single break.

"They expected to get the instrument out without trouble, but Gurd had his plans ready in case of interference. According to the other prisoners who are showing a willingness to talk to-day, the fourth man was outside on the alert all night. When the police ordered the instruments left behind, a pre-arranged signal was given to the man outside, who cut off the lights. In the darkness he knocked over the officer in the back yard and was handed the 'cello through a window by Gurd. This was done before the gas could be lighted in the house.

"This outside man, Sam Nipper, finding himself with the night's loot in his possession, tried to put one over on the rest of the gang. He took the goods from the instrument and then got rid of the 'cello at the first opportunity. It's probably lying around some unfrequented spot now where no one has discovered it yet. He then checked the jewels in an innocent-looking shoe-box, getting in just before the checking room was closed up for the night. It was probably his intention to get out on the first train in the morning. He then went to meet his associates and told them he had been unsuccessful in getting the 'cello, leading them to believe that one of the policemen had secured it. This was the reason for the angry debate which we broke up. When the police broke in, Nipper hastily threw away his parcel check, fearing that it would lead to the police finding the goods.

"You may wonder why Gurd did not hand the stolen goods out of the house instead of the cumbersome instrument. He was afraid to have the cello fall into the hands of the police as they would certainly have found the receptacle provided and thus fasten the guilt on him."

Tobacco and Efficiency

Does Smoking Affect One's Physical and Mental Efficiency

DEALING with the tobacco question in the *Technical World Magazine*, Dr. F. C. Walsh says the most interesting phase of the subject is its direct relation to physical and mental efficiency.

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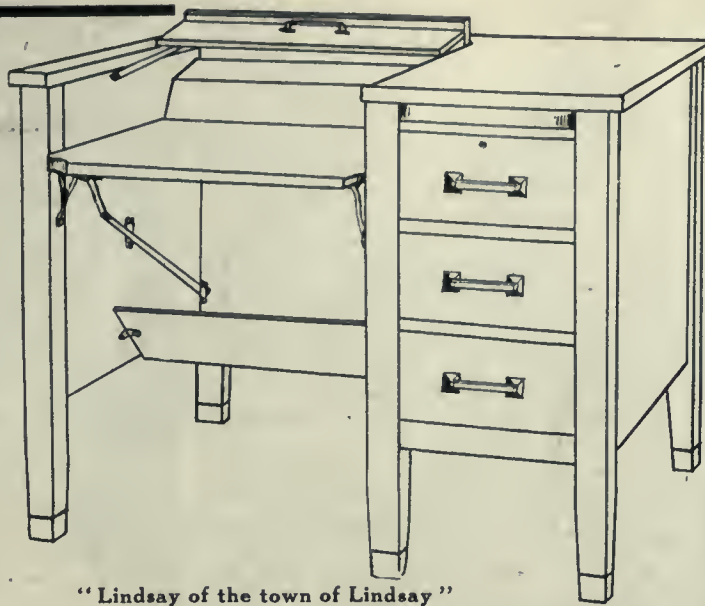
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full justice in spite of this habit? We are now on ground which will permit us to give a positive and scientific answer. The problem now becomes one which concerns the accurate measurement of fatigue. The quicker a man tires the less he is fitted to put forth his full strength in any continuous effort. Thus his efficiency and the value of his labor are materially diminished.

A few years ago Professor Mosso of Turin, Italy, devised an apparatus which is known as the "ergograph." Its purpose is to measure the rapidity with which the person experimented upon becomes fatigued. Mosso's application of his device was confined to tests which had an important bearing on questions relating to education. He demonstrated for one thing that at times of examinations in schools the children should not be encouraged to indulge in their usual physical exercise, as they were fatigued mentally as a consequence, and less fitted to undergo any mental test or strain. But what concerns us here is the further application of the "ergograph," when men were subjected to its tests while using tobacco.

A detailed account of these experiments might prove most interesting, but the conclusions reached are the more important. In most of the experiments, scores of tests were made on different individuals, but at various intervals. The first tests were to find how quickly the subject would become fatigued without the use of tobacco. The second tests were made under the same conditions, but with the subject using tobacco, generally in the shape of a cigar or cigarette.

All the results ran about the same, so far as the use of tobacco was concerned. The man being tested would begin smoking about five minutes before the machine was applied. The result was shown by the machine tracing graphically on carbonized paper. At first the man really did a certain amount of work above his normal average, but this would soon fall far below his normal capacity. As his fatigue became greater, the smoking of a second cigarette would momentarily whip up his winning energies so that for a brief period the amount of work he accomplished would again rise above his usual average, only to fall below his average a few minutes later. The test was decisive, and it proved this: That no man doing physical labor, and who smokes while on the "job," is as efficient and as able to put forth his full energies as he could if he were not smoking. Smoking after work or in the intervals of labor is another matter, but the conclusions demonstrated by the "ergograph" are of the utmost importance in their bearings on those who smoke while engaged in physical labor.

When it comes to smoking and mental efficiency we are not so cocksure; in fact we are on quite uncertain ground. In a question of this kind there is no way of accurate measurement, and we must depend largely on a man's personal opinion and feelings.

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The Mountain Guides of the Rockies

By L. V. KELLY



ON the top of an unnamed peak in the Selkirk range of the Western Canadian mountains there is a huge mass of rock on which is scratched a large cross. "Here lies the mortal remains of a mountain guide who was living up to the guides' religion that no member of his party should go into untested or untried projects. A guide never sends his party where he has not himself been and consequently it is the duty of the guides to often enter upon very risky experiments.

One early summer a young man led a party to the summit of the mountain in question and there found one of those natural curiosities, a balanced rock. It was a huge piece of granite weighing hundreds of tons and it swayed slightly when pressure was placed on it. Beneath it a narrow opening led into what looked like a cave, and some members of the party wished to explore. The guide, true to his religion, insisted on going in first and dropping on his knees crept out of sight. Suddenly some dislodged stone destroyed the equilibrium of the mass and without warning it settled down and crushed the life from the man below. No human power could remove that seal and few human beings will have a more magnificent tomb. There on the peak, ten thousand feet in the air, overlooking the green valleys and jagged mountains stands that massive monument where the guide died that his party might not experience risk.

The companions of the dead man held a brief burial service, chipped the great cross on the face of the rock, and returned to the valley. The winds whistle or whisper, the storms roar around the peaks and there in the utter solitude of the heights the guide sleeps where he died. He gave his life to his calling and no man can do more.

In all the mountains of Western Canada there is this class of men whose per-

sonality and all-round qualifications have won them the friendships of many of the prominent men of the day. They are the people who meet and live with the holiday people, the folk who go out in search of rest and health. The Rocky Mountain guides of Canada are the father confessors of the health-seekers, the hunters, novelists, artists and scientists who delve into the wildness of the mountains for rest; they are the protecting powers over every party that goes into the wilds. Scores of such men take the train every summer to lead their customers whither they will through the Brazeau country, the Selkirks, over the passes and up to the towering peaks; and the majority of them are good and cultured men. They know their country and their people and they know the outside world as well. The guide of to-day is no longer looked upon as hired help, but on the contrary is the companion and equal of those with whom he associates.

Tom Wilson, the ablest and best-known guide in all of Canada, is the father of all the Western Canadian mountain guides, and though he is now living a half-retired life in Banff, his friendships of the trail stretch across the continent and into Europe. At one time he was the king packer of the New West of thirty years ago and his duties were to lead such men as the forerunners of the Canadian Pacific exploratory and engineering forces. He knows every height and hollow of his beloved mountains. To-day he lives quietly with his books of which he possesses the finest private collection in the West. His sons have taken up his work and they now spend their summers along the trails that their father traveled over before they were born.

As an instance of how well-known Wil-

son was in his day it is only necessary to state that when the great English mountaineer, Whymper, the man who showed the Swiss how to climb the Matterhorn near half a century ago, came to the Canadian Rockies to attempt their most difficult peaks he asked to have Wilson as guide. And from that employment there sprang one of Wilson's most treasured friendships.

An Established Business Now

Guiding in Canada now is getting down to established business. One company of guides and outfitters have men and outfits stretching from Glacier Park in Montana to the far headwaters of the Saskatchewan, while from the international boundary to beyond the Yellowstone their ponies and men know every turn in the trail.

An outstanding figure is Jim Simpson, who specializes in scientists, artists, novelists and the like. His bachelor home is a veritable art-gallery with walls draped and covered with the trophies of chase and brush. Heads and robes of all the mountain animals are scattered throughout the rooms while here and there magnificent paintings from the brushes of famous artists testify to the appreciation in which the guide is held by the men whom he leads into the heights. The value of these pictures total thousands of dollars and they cost their present owner nothing, being gifts of friends to a friend.

Mountain-guiding like every other occupation has experienced many changes during the past ages. At one time when people went into strange countries they caught some frightened native and forced him on pain of death to direct the route; later the guide was the half-breed type, sullen, dirty, insolent and working simply for the wage he was to get. To-day there are polished and educated men fol-

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His Majesty's Government

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From "Times Weekly," London, Eng., Jan. 2, 1914

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lowing the life because they love the open, the freedom and the adventures of the trail. From an irregular and unreliable source of income the work has developed into a fairly well-organized industry spreading over many miles of country where the guides know every trail as they know the path from the home corrals to the well.

The education of a mountain guide necessitates as much or more time than any profession. In the first place the guide must have a good body, strong muscles, and a well-balanced head; he must know how to throw a diamond hitch, cook,

some tremendous cliff; he must further know the haunts of the big game, the easiest trails to the mountain peaks and the best routes for scenery and comfort combined. His market is limited, his season is only for four or five months every year, he must keep self, family, ponies and outfits over the twelve-month, and consequently his bills are not usually unreasonable.

A positive necessity to the guide is control of temper and a physical endurance triple that of his charges. He pitches camp, sometimes he cooks the "grub," always he must pack and unpack the

Sketching the head of a grizzly.



Painting the head of a mountain goat.

Guide skinning a grizzly. Above, to the left, is a typical winter scene, showing the snow-laden giants of the forest.

swim, shoot, and talk. These are the kindergarten requirements. In addition he must spend years studying the land, the trails and the peaks, learning the peculiarities of slides and avalanches, of forest fires, mountain torrents. The neophyte's education is hazardous and he takes his life in his hands innumerable times during the period he is learning how to protect the tourist from the very discomforts he experiences himself. The guide must brave the swollen torrents, the slides, the slip of his pony's foot on

ponies. Often his party of travelers will possess idiosyncrasies which would try the temper of a saint—but the guide thanks his stars he is no saint yet and grits his teeth while he grins and displays a diplomacy, tact and mental balance that would do credit to a statesman. As the years go by this type of tourist is fortunately decreasing and the human kind consisting of men who appreciate to some extent the work of the guide is growing more numerous. This is partly due to the personality of the guides

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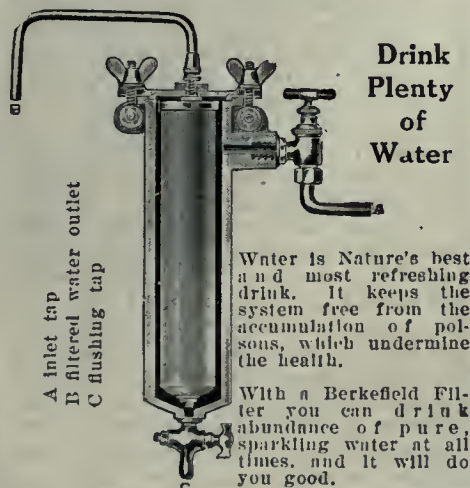
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and also to the fact that more people go out into the mountains and on the trails every year. A larger proportion of the trail parties of the present can pitch their own tents and make a sort of success at camp cooking than there could ten years ago. Not that they do, but they could if they must and they do not mind giving the guide a lift when necessary.

He Knows All Trails

All through the mountains from the boundary to the far north of Canada the old Indian trails wind and twist, climb and drop over the summits and through the rugged passes, while crossing them here and there are the more modern trails of the old fur-traders, or the still newer ones cut by the present-day guides. Every trail is known to the guides, every good camping ground. They know how far a party will make over any given trail during a fair day or a rainy one, how soon the snows will make the summits impassable, how long it will take to climb any mountain in the whole range. If one wants scenery it can be supplied in astounding grandeur. If health is sought the guides will lead their patients through piney trails, bright sunshine, marvelous mountain air, and show how best to secure that priceless treasure. Do you want to kill sheep or goats? The choicest and nearest peaks will give of their finest bands. Bear? Fish? These are simple and open books to the experienced guide. They have studied their profession and country, they know the best locations and they take their people there in all the comfort of modern camping. Pack-horses, capacious tents, food, long or short hours as desired. Nowadays hardship to the trail party is nil, for the guide has experienced them all and used his genius in eradicating them to such good effect that food is never short, horses are well-kept and cared for, and the tourist is as comfortable as he would be in an Adirondack camp within shouting distance of some great hotel. The only thing required of the traveler is a sufficient physical capacity to sit on an easy horse or climb to the top of a mountain if so desirous. The best fords are known, the easiest grades chosen and the wildest scenery presented with the least possible effort.

Anecdotes of the Past

Talk about the Swiss guides who know their mountains as a farmer knows his land! They understand landslides and avalanches, ropes, crevasses and cliffs. But compared with the Canadian guide they fall short in general accomplishments, while if put to the task of some mighty peak they will be hard-pressed to beat the hardy Canadians in a race to the top. And when it comes to entertainment at the evening campfire there are none who can compare with the home-trained men. They are as full of colorful tales as a kalcidoscope is of slides, they know the history of their mountain fastnesses as few students do. Here the red men met and battled in the days of yore, there the traders met the victors and fleeced them of their spoils of war. Back

Continued on Page 141.

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The Business Situation

Improvement is Forecast in Budget—No Obstacles to Return of Greater Activity

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of Financial Post

In the accompanying article, Mr. Appleton points out the promise of improved business conditions held out in the budget speech of the Finance Minister. While expressing the view that Hon. Mr. White has been a little too optimistic, he presents facts which point to an undoubted early improvement. The importance of a settlement of the railway question is shown.

FINANCE ministers in British Parliaments once a year have to review business conditions and estimate what, in their opinion, will be the trend of business during the ensuing twelve months. On trade outlook and anticipated monetary conditions they have to base calculations of revenue. They are not always correct, but they never fail to meet with severe criticism from opposition benches. In one particular, however, the budget speech of Mr. White has not met, as yet, with any effective opposition. We refer to that portion of his address which forecasts the trend of business during the fiscal year of the Government, from April 1st, 1914, to the end of March, 1915. It may be assumed, therefore, that Mr. White's forecast represents the general, and the best opinion, as to what is likely to happen, or what are likely to be the business results of the year.

During the last fiscal year the total revenue of the Government amounted to \$168,689,903, and of this \$111,764,698 was derived from Customs. The country's revenue, therefore, largely depends upon the extent to which merchandise is imported into the country. Mr. White expects that the amount of imports will be less during the current fiscal year than during the one preceding. This means, of course, that trade will not be so brisk. It may be well worth while for business men to give some attention to Mr. White's reason for assuming that trade will be quieter. As to the outlook for the year he said:

WHAT IS THE PRESENT OUTLOOK?

"Bankers and business men unite in the opinion that while it is a time for prudence and caution it is also a time for confidence and courage. The strength of Canada lies in her vast natural resources. That is the rock upon which our prosperity is soundly based and founded. Any depression, generally speaking, can be but temporary in character until such time as normal money conditions, joined with business confidence again restores the wonted activity of the nation. While this is so we must not close our eyes to the fact that we have been passing through a period of considerable inflation. Our railway policy has resulted in the construction of two vast new systems within the past dozen years. Construction upon the main lines of these systems is nearing completion. It must, however, be borne in mind that railways are never completed, are always building and re-building, always extending their branches and feeders. I do not therefore look for any abrupt cessation in connection with our railway construction. There has been in real estate throughout Canada a long-expected setback in values of speculative suburban properties. On the other hand, the values of farm and central business and residential city properties are, generally speaking, not only being maintained, but will undoubtedly with the growth of the Dominion tend to appreciation. On the whole, the readjustment which is going on in real estate conditions throughout Canada is recognized as inevitable and salutary. Commercial prospects for the im-

mediate future seem to me to be encouraging. Conditions will, I think, gradually improve with returning confidence and easier money. By reason of the autumn conditions of last year which permitted soil preparation on an unusual scale in all parts of the Dominion, the outlook for agricultural production this year is most favorable and we may look forward to increased production in those other great departments, our fisheries, forests and mines."

If the Hon. Mr. White is correct in his calculations, business conditions for the balance of the present year will improve materially. He estimated the revenue at approximately six millions less than in the preceding year. This will not represent a very material reduction in imports. In 1907, a boom year, the revenue of the Dominion reached \$96,000,000, and in the following year, 1908, a quiet year, the revenue declined \$11,000,000, or practically eleven per cent. Customs receipts at the present time, as compared with a year ago, show a decline of approximately twenty per cent. Business will have to improve considerably therefore, if the revenues of the Dominion turn out to be as large as Mr. White anticipates. We are inclined to the opinion that Mr. White is too optimistic.

The year, however, has many months yet to run. We are on the eve of another year of production. The seeding season has opened up favorably, and more land than usual has been prepared. Our mines are also producing more than formerly. As against excellent indications in this respect, we have to set a very unsettled state of the financial markets. Before another year's production can infuse greater activity into trade the present calendar year will have passed away, but the first months of 1915 may witness a revival that will bring up the Government's revenue (its year ends March 31st next) to the amount estimated by the Finance Minister.

At the present moment the chief factor in re-establishing business confidence is that of production. We have maintained consistently that it will steadily increase. The whole country will note with satisfaction that the minister himself drew attention to the satisfactory way in which the exports of Canadian produce were increasing. For the first eleven months of the current fiscal year the value of exports amounted to \$440,631,000, a sum \$50,000,000 greater than the total value of exports for any previous year, and there is still another month's exports to add to that amount. The principal increases have been in agricultural products, manufactures, fish and products, and animals and their produce. These are Canada's fundamental industries and on these the business future de-

pends. Of course, the increases in the export of agricultural produce has been the most marked, the figures of which for the last five years and a portion of the last current year, together with the percentage of the total they represent, are as follows:

Year	Agricultural Produce	Total Canadian Produce	% of Agri. to Total Produce.
1908 ..	66,069,939	246,960,968	26.00
1909 ..	71,997,207	242,603,584	29.00
1910 ..	90,433,747	279,247,551	32.00
1911 ..	82,601,284	274,316,553	30.00
1912 ..	107,143,143	290,223,857	27.00
1913 ..	150,145,661	355,754,600	42.00
11 mos.*	191,707,887	404,887,448	47.00

*Eleven months ending February, 1914.

In the above figures are to be found ground for hope in so far as business is concerned. During the past two years the nation's credit has been attacked because of the alleged disproportionate increase in production as compared with the amount of money that had been invested in recent years in fixed forms. That criticism was effective and one of the factors causing the price of money to advance. It is pleasing, therefore, to note that a larger amount of our increased produce of the field is being exported. In conjunction with this aspect of the situation it may be added that the entire West appears to be turning very rapidly to mixed farming. Tangible evidence of this is to be found in the fact that already during the present year the Canadian West has shipped to Eastern Canada no less than 100,000 live hogs. This is but the beginning of things in so far as mixed farming is concerned. It indicates the possibility of varying and extending the sources from which Canada can produce wealth and produce it in such quantities as to establish in the minds of investors greater confidence than at present exists.

Our Manufacturers

Perhaps the most depressing factor of the business situation at the moment is the inactivity of the larger industries of the Dominion. A month ago we pointed out that one of the disturbing features of the outlook was uncertainty as to tariff changes. Those uncertainties have now passed away, but up to the time of writing the industries affected by the changes made, principally steel, have not felt any change. One of the largest industries in that business closed down a furnace subsequent to the announcement of the favorable tariff change. The price of shares in practically all the companies concerned, since that event, declined materially. We do not attach much importance to this temporary depression of the month. It was but the culmination of a very dull period. Share price decline is due more to general financial depression than to actual business conditions. Tariff changes could not turn lack of, into plenitude of business. Our chief competitors in the steel trade are from across the United States boundary line, and there the dearth of orders for steel has been as pronounced as in Canada. We cannot come to any other conclusion, therefore than, that the steel trade, like so many others at the present time, is suffering from lack of business.



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The gathering of the clans



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The change in the tariff, however, is an important step in the direction of recovery. It has placed our steel plants in the position of being able to get orders when the demand arises, and this brings us to the question as to when this demand will arise.

Generally speaking the steel trade in any country is the first to feel the effects of any improvement. It is a fundamental industry and its condition may be taken as a fair barometer of other manufacturing. It is too early to look for very definite results from the slight changes in the tariff. As already stated tariff tinkering does not create business. Before more orders will be offering we must have greater confidence established and less anxiety as to money. The first step to rehabilitate confidence is to produce more. We have indicated that steps have been taken in this direction, and steps that are very decided. Reference was made to the increase in agricultural products and the growing proportion exported. Strides have also been made in the proportion of manufactured articles exported by Canada. During the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1913, the amount of manufactured goods exported was \$43,692,000, and for the first eleven months of the last fiscal year the amount exported was \$51,204,000. An increase of \$8,000,000, with a month in hand, is a fair index of the substantial progress being made in our industries. We have all the natural advantages for the production of paper. In 1912 the value of the exports was \$3,881,063, and in the following year the amount reached \$6,327,774, and during the year just closed the amount will reach still higher figures.

We need therefore entertain no fears as to the growth of our production. There may be off years, but on the whole the swing will be decidedly upward.

We believe that the country as a whole generally expected that Mr. White, when he gave us the Budget, would at the same time announce the settlement of the railway question in the Dominion. We have reference here to the completing of the transcontinental lines to which the country is directly pledged. That he did not do so was a general disappointment. At the time of writing, the close of April, it is understood that some plan has been evolved to clear the atmosphere with regard to the future of railway development. On the character of this depends to a very large extent the return of greater confidence. When the investors of the world are quite confident that the people of the Dominion, as a whole, stand at the back of the railway projects which they have subsidized so liberally, their confidence will return. At the present time it is somewhat disturbed by the enormity of our borrowings, by exaggeration of results from real estate speculation, and by the decision of the Railway Rates Board. To these local causes must be added the world-wide depression, resulting from so much loanable capital going into fixed plant. The outsider will, no doubt, interpret the temper of the Canadian people by their attitude towards the railway situation. It will be quite obvious that if they exercise good

judgment in handling their credit, and if they take every legitimate means to re-assure lenders that the money provided by them will be secure, will yield fair returns, and will be utilized for legitimate and productive purposes, there is little doubt but that confidence will very soon return. If, however, the Railway Board of Canada by its attitude on rates becomes "a bear" on Canadian rails as the Interstate Commerce Commission is to United States rails, there is no doubt, but that depression in Canada will persist. More railways are an essential to the development of Canada. If through shocks to credit progress in railway building at the present time is stopped then a very long period of commercial depression may be looked for. We anticipate, however, that the Canadian Government will clear the atmosphere of doubt and also clear the way for a return of general business confidence.

Banking Situation

With prospects of greater production, and of the railway situation being cleared up, local causes of depression are being moved out of the way. Our banks appear to be ready to take care of more active business. March bank statement indicated that liquidation was still in progress. Stocks are being reduced and buying is obviously down to a minimum. It seems to be the general rule to collect—to reduce liability. Has this policy now done its work? Has liquidation been carried far enough?

It will be noticed from the Government bank statement which appeared at the end of April that commercial loans in Canada amounted to \$855,381,265. In March a year ago they were \$890,513,000 and in March two years ago, \$850,157,000. Within the past twelve months there has been a contraction of \$35,000,000. At the same time there has been a considerable increase in savings deposits. Call loans elsewhere than in Canada are at the present time at the highest point they have ever reached. In 1909 they reached \$138,505,000, and they did not again touch so high a mark until February of the present year. It would appear therefore, that our banks are in a fairly normal position and quite equal to taking care of current needs of more active conditions than at present prevail.

When external conditions which depress the world's money market become more settled there does not appear to remain any great obstacle to the return of greater activity to trade in the Dominion. We are assuming, of course, that the Government will settle the railway question in a manner that will re-establish some of the lost confidence. Given a normal seeding and harvest season and more settled world conditions, it would not be at all surprising if during the closing months of the present year our industries found themselves again fairly well pressed with orders and our tradesmen again replenishing their shelves with the view to coping with better demands.

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The Science of Leading Men

Continued from Page 16.

moral qualities that he requires in them, and by treating them fairly.

An executive must have enough strength of character to convince his subordinates that he will not overlook wilful and persistent wrong doing or incompetence after reasonable instruction and opportunities to do better. It is necessary to temper justice with mercy, but the man who is incapable of administering needed punishment is himself hopelessly incompetent. It is probably unnecessary to say more, because competition will not allow him to rise high enough to come within range of these articles.

Love comes most slowly of all; but must be won, if one is to be highly successful. In dealing with others, one must always remember that they are human and that their hours inside the office or the works are only a portion of their lives. Outside lies the world, with its poverty and crime, sickness and death, love and jealousy—life and its troubles.

Common ordinary civility from a superior to his subordinate will soon establish enough communication between them, so that either will know if the other is in trouble. Treat your clerk like a machine, and he will give you a machine's service to the end of the connection. Treat him like a man, and you will find that he has a heart and is capable of loyalty and unselfish interest in your welfare.

Then, when one of your helpers is in trouble, be judiciously and promptly on the spot. A few hours off to the girl whom you see to be suffering with a headache, a private and confidential loan to the bookkeeper who has sickness in his family, a frank statement to a competitor of merit of an employee to whom you cannot give deserved advancement; these things tell. They will tell first on you. You will begin to like the people whom you befriend; and, if you never tried it before, you will be surprised to find how much you will enjoy it.

They will tell next on your employees. The girl will decline an invitation to a party in order to stay after hours and get out your rush correspondence; the bookkeeper will repay your loan and tell you where money is going to waste that you did not suspect; the man whom you recommended will decline a bigger salary with the competitor in order to stay with you. They will do these things because you have won their affection.

If not respected, you will receive hesitating and uncertain obedience; if not feared, you will be imposed upon; if not loved, you will receive only a grudging and compelled service. If respected, feared, and loved, you will be a real leader and commander of men; you will be like Nelson, whose mere presence was said to strengthen the fleet as much as four ships of the line.

Number 723

Continued from Page 11.

ticulating he was made to understand that in the afternoon, a job would be waiting for him. With a radiant face Dimitri sought out an eating establishment and filled his healthy young body with the nauseous mess given him, for three of the remaining coins Antonio had left. He ate with almost as much relish as though the hash set before him had been cabbage soup with meat in it! All his sufferings were forgotten, for thus do the gods smile upon youth and shed the radiance of hope to lighten the dimmest corners of despair. In the afternoon he would start work at not less than "two dollars a day."

He went immediately back to the office and tried to wait patiently. No one paid the least attention to him for a long, long time. Then the tension snapped and he approached the man who had brought him there with a halting question on his lips.

Salvatori glanced carelessly at the clock, rose and yawned. How could he know what depended on Dimitri's job?

Speaking a few words in every known language and using large sweeping gestures, the Italian thought he was explaining that another journey by train had to be undertaken before work could

begin; the boss in Weldon—Weldon—he repeated it and Dimitri added that name to his slowly increasing stock, wanted men to work on construction—a good job, yes, but if he didn't like it, for two dollars more Salvatori would get him another—oh, yes! He must go to the station now, and get on the train for Weldon—Weldon—and pretty soon he would be there.

"Dees here, teeket," continued Salvatori, thrusting a slip of paper into the boy's hand. "Das bettel—billet—Fahrkarte—geeve to conductor. Goo'bye."

He pushed Dimitri impatiently out of the door.

Guided more by instinct than by any real information, he found his way to the station and was put on a train. The ride was short, but not wholly pleasant. Now that the end was in sight, misgivings began to assail the lad; suppose he should be given some sort of work he could not do? Suppose he were told to work with figures—horrible! Then they would not give him "two dollars a day." Andre had not said what sort of work would be given. The letter—he felt through his clothes again, in the hope of finding it, but it was gone. He looked around the car wondering if any of the men were

bound for Weldon. With a thumping heart, he decided to ask.

The man nearest him looked up sharply and shook his head at Dimitri's conversational effort. Some of the others laughed. Obviously there was not a Pole among them.

"Weldon?" asked the boy, inquiringly, and looked from one to the other. Again they laughed and nodded their heads. There was one, in particular, who was always laughing. He had very red hair and freckles, and after the manner of deaf mutes, he conveyed to Dimitri the fact that he was getting off at Weldon.

And presently about seven of them were standing on a platform watching the disappearance of the train which curved like a long black pigtail on a mottled cloth.

A bluff giant met them—the time-keeper. He presented each with a blue ticket and turned them over to the foreman. After a short trip on a queer conveyance which the men propelled themselves, Dimitri was ushered into his future home, an old box car, fitted with sixteen bunks and a stove. Thanks to the kindness of freckled Dinny Flanagan, he learned that he must buy and cook his own food. The other fifteen did. At the company's store, he was given bread and salt pork, along with a book in which the clerk wrote something, under the number which tallied with that on his ticket.

He was the only alien in the car, the only man who had not some one with whom to converse in his native tongue. The majority were Italians, with a sprinkling of Irish and Scotch.

Although every bone in his strong, young body ached, he could not sleep. The bunk smelled of all sorts of evil things, and the air in the car was rank with smoke. He began to weave pictures of his home, imagining his mother sitting opposite the sacred Ikon thinking of and praying for him. He fancied gentle little Anna and the thoughtful Feodor, who had timidly regretted his leaving Poland. "I wish you were not going, brother," the lad had said, with one of his far-away looks. He saw them all waiting there, breathless for the first letter. Into this he would put five days' wages, the rest would be ample for his needs. Had not Mother and Anna denied themselves food when his throat was bad, that he might have the more?

A great wave of home-sickness swept over him and he strangled a sob by catching the flesh of his arm in his teeth.

Perhaps by saving, he could bring them out to Canada, to Weldon, in six or eight months. The thought made him almost faint. How long ago he parted from them! Visions of the old woman who had been so kind brought tears to his eyes; he must not forget them in sending presents home. He would ask Mother to buy—

A rough, but not unkind, hand shook him. It was day and the men were up and stirring, the atmosphere a composite suggestion of tobacco, frying bacon and humanity. Dimitri, fearing to be late, ate dry bread and washed it down with gulps of bitter coffee, which the Irishman gave him. He saw the men gathering food to-



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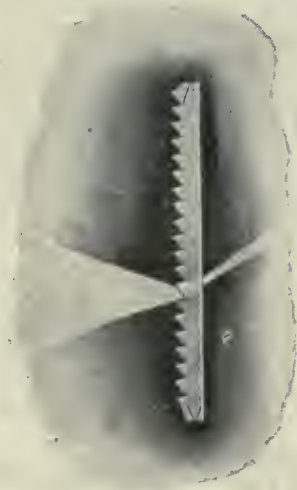
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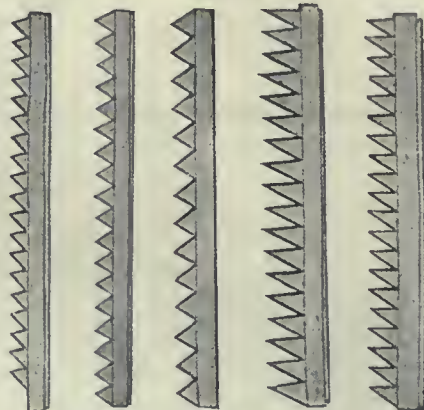
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gether and putting it in tin pails. He had no pail and thrust a crust of bread in his pocket, but Dinny, catching him in the act, signified by much bellowing and many slaps upon various parts of his anatomy below the belt, that he would share his pail with the foreigner, for the day, at least. So mumbling awkward thanks, the boy put some bread and meat with Dinny's dinner, and made himself responsible for the joint commissariat.

They set out in the crisp morning to a hand-car where the foreman armed them each with picks and shovels. They were on their way to work!

A shriek broke upon the still air, and interrupted Dimitri's dream pictures. Not quite understanding what was happening, he jumped from the car with the others. Then following their gaze, he saw a locomotive, a special, hurling its enormous black bulk upon them. The men leaving the car to its fate, ran still further from the scene of certain destruction, but Dimitri with a gasp made for the track and Dinny's bright new dinner pail which in his excitement he had left on the truck. The men shouted, the engineer cursed, but it was too late. There was a crash of splintering timbers, a shearing of rivets; there was a rattle of steel upon steel, and a peppered rattle as the wreckage struck the earth, some eighty feet distant.

The locomotive slowed down, and two men jumped from the cab. The construction crew ran back from their posts of safety, Dinny reaching the spot first.

"Who is it?" asked the engineer, turning his head away from the confused mass of wreckage.

"Only a Polack," answered Ryan, the foreman.

The d— fool," cursed the man, again. "It wasn't my fault! We'll send on the coroner. Got to catch the Minister, at Midland. The fool!"

Black smoke marked the course of the engine long after it had disappeared from the view of a crowd of silent men, who disposed themselves along the track to wait.

The coroner's verdict was brief. "Accidental death," he said, writing in his book. "What was the man's name?"

No one knew. The foreman didn't know, and, of course, the timekeeper didn't know. He had done all that was expected of him—he had tagged the stranger with a number—723.

And 723 was buried in a nameless grave, not far from the spot upon which he met accidental death. Dinny never used that bright new pail—he gave it away to the man who replaced the young foreigner.

And in far-away Poland the townsfolk shake their heads and mumble. A cloud hangs over the little cottage at the end of an aimlessly winding street. Katrine's eyes are dim with watching; little Anna is not married and stoop-shouldered Feodor has not gone to school with gentlemen's sons. He coughs a great deal as he looks away beyond the confines of the cottage and dreams his saddened dreams. And the priest and the tax collector come as before. Yet nothing will shake the faith of the little family waiting there, waiting so patiently for that promised letter!

The Cup of Fear and Trembling

Continued from Page 13.

this squatted the high god, one-eyed jewel-studded, ugly as black sin. Before the lap of the grinning god sat the Cup of Fear and Trembling—a shimmer of green and gold fire seeming to rise from it as a thin ray of sunlight fell across it. On an altar before the idol a fire was blazing, tended by five young women. The three minor priests bowed before the altar, and the high priest, Hurtado Xan, swung a censer of some strange, sweet, overpowering incense. The chant wailed forth, and one of the vestals stepped out, reaching out her bare, round arm for the Cup. As she turned, the light of the altar-fire illuminated her fresh, olive-tinted face, her dark, dreamy eyes shaded by long eyelashes, and her straight black hair bound by a golden circlet and falling to her knees I heard Mr. Fitzhugh groan. I looked around and saw him standing, eyes set, fists clenched, breathing fast, like a man in stress of pain.

"Iris and Cleopatra!" he was muttering. "What a woman! No wonder the governor went loco. No wonder he risked the rack."

He bounded into the ring of light and the vestal saw him. She just gave a little, happy cry, stretched out her soft, bare arms and dropped that precious Cup on the tiled floor, where the goat's blood ran red and smeary. She prattled away in their cux-quix-a-pac chop-talk, and Mr. Fitzhugh, seeming to understand, jabbered and gestured back. Old Hurtado Xan threw up his hands and screamed. The three minor priests pointed at the overturned Cup and raved like fury. The chant broke off short. But the maid came straight on toward Mr. Fitzhugh; and the young master, with his beard long and grown to a silky point like the pictures of the Savior, advanced to meet her. They came together just by the altar-fire, and they put their arms about each other and kissed in the presence of the high god.

Then I thought that all the deities had broken loose at once. The priests and the little, short-thighed, beardless men crowded around, and in half a minute Mr. Fitzhugh, the girl and myself lay bound upon the bright-colored tiling. In another minute they were bundling us down the great flight of steps. Looking back I saw they had set the Cup in its place before the ugly god. The sunlight fell across it and it snaked and writhed and twisted tauntingly.

They put Mr. Fitzhugh and me into one of the little stone pagodas and set a watch outside. There was goat-meat and cocoanuts inside and I ate more than was good for me; but Mr. Fitzhugh did not touch it. He just sat there like a man turned to stone, until the sun went down and the Quezguil people resumed their chanting. Then he roused.

"Tompkins, man, did you ever see the like in woman? Were there ever such world-old, slumber-fire eyes, such mer-

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maid wealth of gloss-black hair, such rounded, supple, Venus-turned arms?"

"Miss Lucile—" I reminded him; and he jumped like a man branded with hot irons.

"Great God, Tompkins! I'd forgotten Miss Lucile—and the Cup. Did you see the accursed thing squirming in the gaze of the hungry god and seeming to mock and laugh at us? Why, man, they're apt to torture us—to flay and rend and break on the wheel. And her, too—her, too, Tompkins. For she's a vestal of Xaquixapetl, and for her to love is to die. Are you afraid, man?"

I lied to him, saying that I was not greatly distressed. He sat there for three hours more, with the glow on his face that had come when the vestal Cerzane turned in the temple; and when I asked for information about this wheel-breaking business he swore by the stars that he and the vestal should die on the same wheel. And I did not take any great comfort from his answer.

About eleven o'clock the guard stuck his head inside and beckoned. Mr. Fitzhugh went out. I heard whispering, something that reminded me of the cooing of doves, and certainly a kiss. Presently the young master came back, his face radiant. He said that Cerzane, being the first vestal of Xaquixapetl, had a stronger hold on the common people than even the dreaded priests. She had shaken off her own bonds, had won over our guard and was ready to flee with us to the end of the world.

"And the Cup?" I suggested.

His face clouded. "Ay, there's the cup, Tompkins. You're a good memory-jogger, but sometimes a deuced unpleasant one, man, I mustn't forget why I came to Quezguil—nor who sent me." He sighed and fell to shaking his head.

I followed him out and he whispered and gestured with Cerzane until I feared the coming of the dawn. "Sweet—sweet!" he would mutter, and they would prattle in their x-ey talk. The guard stood like an Indian cigar-sign all the time. Poor devil, they probably parboiled him next day. Finally we set out for the temple.

There was another of the short-thighed, spear-armed little men at the entrance, but Cerzane walked past him as though he were a statue. In ten minutes she returned and we answered her summons. The fire on the altar burned dimly. A lone vestal lay in deep, unnatural slumber on a dais. Cerzane tip-toed to the high god and fumbled with his breast. The bronze front of him slid open. She beckoned us near, and I saw in the altar-light such a gleam of gems and gauds and gold as I may not hope to look upon again, save in some fitful dream. Emeralds of Coscuez and the Manka Valley, rubies red as a pigeon's blood, diamonds of Bahia, Columbian amethysts, gold and silver trinkets carved grotesquely, shone and sparkled and dazzled in the flickering light from the altar.

"The old god had a golden lining, eh, Tompkins?" whispered Mr. Fitzhugh. "Here—stuff your clothes—a king's ransom to a pocket."

We crammed our pockets with the

splendid treasure. As the altar-light played over his streaked face, the high god seemed to leer and mock at us. The sleeping vestal stirred; but Cerzane waved her hands and muttered and the girl slept soundly. I reached for the Cup and drew back, crying out with pain. There was blood on my fingers. I picked it up more carefully and saw where a sharply-cut stone had pricked me.

We stole out of the temple, down the great flight of steps and through the heart of the Sacred City. There was no light, no sound. At one of the carved totem-poles we were met by the prison guard with ingeniously woven, fiber baskets filled with goat-meat and fruits and skin-bags containing water. A yellow shepherd-dog joined us here and would not be shaken off. With considerable exertion we climbed the western slope and made our way through the pass. Then, taking the trail along a foaming creek, we climbed slowly and painfully through the darkness. When daylight came we hid in a bush-covered rock-cleft a good five hundred feet above the valley of the gods and with only the eagles and condors to spy upon our sleep.

* * *

One night we camped in a fissure above the ledge from whence the poor, solemn-eyed burro had dropped to the centre of the world. Cerzane was unusually fidgety and sat up very late. In the morning Mr. Fitzhugh, the first to leave the recess, whistled shrilly through his teeth. I hurried out and found him standing on the ledge gaping at a marvelous spectacle. Closing the trail before and behind us were hedges of gorgeous, greenish flowers, the blossoms huge and bell-shaped like some abnormal morning-glory. They seemed to be actually growing, but had evidently been strung on wires or vines during the night. To our left was a sheer drop of a thousand feet; to the right a perpendicular rock wall.

"Presto, change!" said Mr. Fitzhugh. "A little omelet-in-the-hat trick by our friends, the enemy. Why, they're fine as orchids——"

He stopped short when Cerzane, coming out of the cleft, flung herself upon his neck with a moan. She cried and babbled in his ear; his face went white; and I tried to think about that part of the Litany about sudden death, for I knew the game must be up with Cerzane carrying on like that. While she was still moaning, Hurtado Xan, the old parchment-yellow High Priest, appeared on the other side of the hedge. Behind him were Yayal, Quenpoyas and Punga Oje, three of his subordinates. They were grinning evilly.

"This is where we go over the river, Tompkins," explained Mr. Fitzhugh, with a bitter smile. "Cerzane's been fearful of old Hurtado Xan all along. That rare and beautiful hedge you see is the Quezguil lily, an exclusive species cultivated by our sardonic friends in the cloisters of the temple of Xaquixapetl. Its fumes are noxious and deadly; should we attempt to scale the hedge, the fumes would lay us out straight and stiff as the sheep-dog back there. When the

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The Men Around the Kaiser

By FREDERIC W. WILE

Berlin Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"

Tells about the German Giants of Industry, Education and Statesmanship

The German Empire has been striding the high-way of progress with seven-league shoes. Its development in industrial, financial, and educational matters during the past few decades has been almost unprecedented, nay epochal. To make such development possible, a nation needs men of broad vision, determination and genius. Germany has had many men of this stamp—mental and constructive giants who have towered above their countrymen and loomed large in world affairs. Starting with grim Bismarck and the Kaiser himself, the list of outstanding personalities extends to every branch of enterprise, and includes many names which will be written large in the history of the world.

The world prominence of the German Navy, which only yesterday was a negligible quantity in Europe's international diplomacy, fingerpoints to one man. That man is one of the subjects of this book. He it is also who recently replied to Hon. Winston Churchill's suggestion that the competing nations of Europe take a naval holiday.



Emperor William of Germany.

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Trials of the Circulation Manager

No. 1

Dear Sirs:—

This is the last day of April and I have been waiting patiently all this month for the April Number of "MacLean's," but have not received it yet; it has no doubt gone astray in the mail. Would it be possible for you to send me another? I will really be very much disappointed if you can't.

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*.....

* * * * *

Circulation Department promptly mails copy of April Issue under special wrapper. An investigation reveals the startling fact that the subscriber's name does not appear on the mailing sheets. After half an hour search of the back correspondence files a letter to the subscriber soliciting renewal subscription is found as well as our envelope in which it was mailed. On the face of the envelope, which was returned by the Post Office, was stamped, with the Post Office stamp, "Return." Circulation Manager noting the reason why subscriber's name was removed from the mailing list gives a sigh of relief that his department has not made another error and orders the name immediately re-entered. Post Office in blissful ignorance realizes not the calamity.

* * * * *

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worst comes, chuck that accursed Cup over the cliff."

The High Priest jabbered at Cerzane; and Cerzane, white-faced and trembling, translated to Mr. Fitzhugh.

"They're considerate enough to offer us choice of deaths," he went on. "There's the cliff, the hedge, or starvation."

I told him I thought I would sit inside and wait. Then he took Cerzane, the vestal, by the hand and they walked toward the edge of the precipice, with me calling after him.

"Mr. Fitzhugh, wait—don't—I can't bear it. Plead with these old fiends—beg—maybe they'll give in."

He turned with his sad, queer smile. "You'd better give me the Cup, Tompkins. We'll take the luring gaud with us. And good-by."

Arm in arm they moved again to the edge of the cliff, the priests of the god looking on mockingly. The young master stooped and kissed Cerzane. "Sweet—sweet—we go together," I heard him murmur; and I closed my eyes. And then a great clamor arose from the priests. I opened my eyes, dreading the sight of the naked ledge. But Mr. Fitzhugh and Cerzane stood upon the brink, staring over at the priests, who had fallen upon their knees. Old Hurtado Xan was pointing at Mr. Fitzhugh's neck and jabbering at a tremendous rate. Then Cerzane bowed and touched her head on the rock before Mr. Fitzhugh.

"What the hundred gods of Quezguil!" cried Mr. Fitzhugh. "Are they making a deity of me?"

Cerzane arose and talked rapidly, clapping her hands prettily and bowing and bobbing. The priests scrambled up and, with peculiar masks over their faces and rubber gloves on their hands, set to demolishing the hedge of death. Old Hurtado Xan crossed over and placed the hand of the vestal Cerzane in the hand of her lover. And Mr. Fitzhugh turned to me, with his finger on the crescent bowing on his neck.

"It's the legend, Tompkins—the old folk-tale of which my father used to hint. Away back about the time of Pizarro the children of the high gods lost their king. The high priest of that time declared that some day one of the white, bearded conquerors would come from afar, mating with a vestal of Xaquixapetl at the cost of his life; and that their son would return, woo the god's first vestal and be king of the Quezguils. They branded the new moon on my neck when they tortured my father nigh unto death."

He took Cerzane by the hand and led her into the cleft, and they whispered together for a while. After that, he came out and walked to and fro upon the ledge, ten thousand feet above the rotting wharves of Chancay. There was a frown on his face and a strange light shone in his eyes. He walked rapidly, nervously, while the four priests squatted outside and watched. There was a good hour of this, and then he came and took my hand.

"It's destiny, Tompkins," he said softly. "I felt something of the kind there in the temple when I saw Cerzane minding the fire of Xaquixapetl. I've talked with her and I've thought it all

out and I'm going to stay, old man. As their petty king, I can do some good in the world—maybe I can bring a people out of darkness. Anyhow I shall have a try.

"But you must go back—with the Cup, Tompkins. You see, I've the power over the Cup of Fear and Trembling now. Show Miss Lucile your good, red bruises and give her the bauble. She'd rather see the Cup come back without me than for me to return without the Cup. That was the way she cared—it was that she would not see me fail."

He gave me an emerald of Somondoco large as a robin's egg with which to redeem The Cedars; he signed a paper making the old place over to me, for he had no kin; and he turned and kissed the vestal Cerzane.

When I arrived at Mr. Sanford's, Miss Lucile sat upon the wide porch with four very fine gentlemen about her, laughing and carrying on after the manner of those in the blossom-years of life. But I had my duty to do, and, therefore, I stepped upon the porch and gave her the Cup of Fear and Trembling.

"With Mr. Fitzhugh's compliments, ma'am," said I, with a bow.

Her face turned white, then flushed red like a person in fever. "Will—will he return?" she asked, with a quiver in her voice.

"No, miss," I answered, with another bow.

Her head dropped forward the slightest; her bosom heaved, and I saw a single tear trickle down and tumble into the Cup—God knows it was not the first, the toy had wrung. And then she began to talk very gayly.

Mountain Guides of the Rockies

Continued from Page 129.

where the morning trail bent around the shoulder of a mountain was the spot where McKenzie camped one night on his great cross-continent expedition of latter part of the eighteenth century. Just down in the foothills a day's journey distant is the place where, in 1808, the old Nor'-West trader, Henry, filled the guarding Peigans with whisky and crept past them during the night when they lay in the stupor of spirits. On one mountain peak a guide had dangled over a great chasm for three hours before his friends could rescue him; in the distance the bright green of the second-growth shows where a fire wiped out a party of inexperienced hunters who had gone out without guides and been hemmed in before they realized their danger. The guides have laughed at danger all their lives and their humor is ever-bubbling, their narratives are thrilled and lightened by their humor. One regrets the necessity of retiring—and then healthfully regrets the necessity of arising in the morning.

An artist studying wild life or mountain scenery will employ a guide and tell what he wants after which it is up

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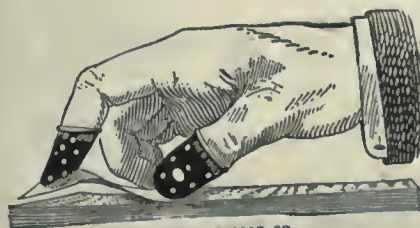
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to the guide to take him there in comfort and safety. A man may want to scale the most difficult peaks and the guide must take him there. The hardest trips are those in which grizzly bears or mountain sheep are the aim, for they are found in the roughest slopes.

One guide still talks of his hardest trip. He had contracted to take a party of three New Yorkers after big game in the crags and the men were experienced mountaineers having hunted in the Himalayas and the Andes. It was the guide's duty to cook and find game and it was the hunters' duty to follow where the guide led. The work was rough and exhausting, so much so in fact that the mountaineering city men decided to divide efforts, one to accompany the guide each third day while the other two took turns resting in camp. So the guide was up against a fresh man every morning and had to keep going to hold the pace. "But each one of them was played out every time I brought him in," declares the guide with grim satisfaction.

There are times when a guide is saddled with some such trial as a finicky woman or a crabbed nobleman whose happiness and content it is his duty to encourage, difficult though it be. Guides whose tempers have not been steel-bound have been known to suffer the insolence of men until the contract expired and then take out a personal and physical satisfaction, resulting in paying perhaps half his wage to the magistrate the next morning. But it is almost unknown for a guide to lose his temper on the trail, his pride in his profession and his utter contempt for heckling and fault-finding travelers being sufficient to make him overlook much annoyance. Yet no money could persuade that guide to take that party out again.

The Sun as a Physician

New Discovery of Its Marvelous Healing Power in Certain Diseases

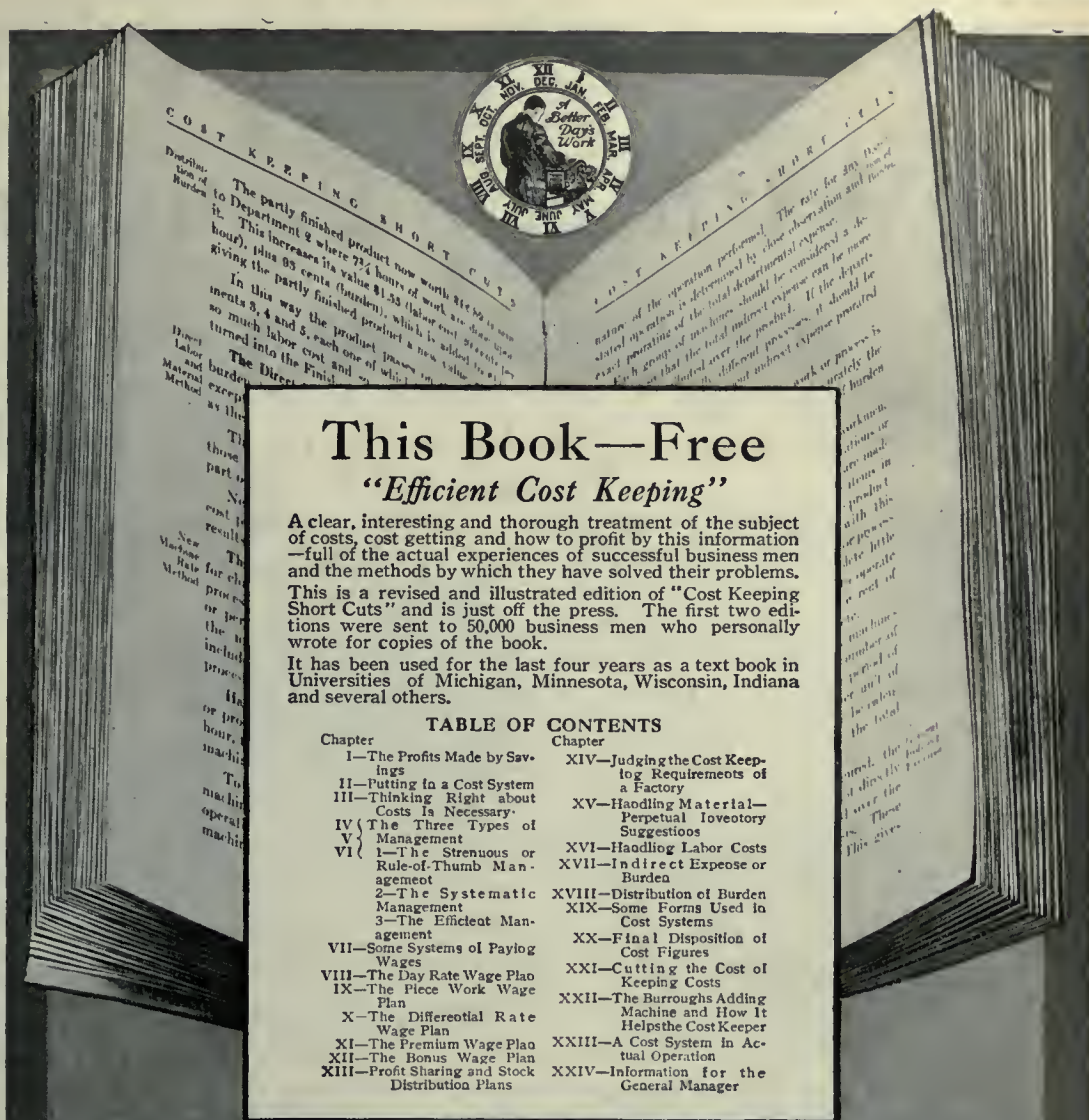
THE healing properties of sunlight in a general sense have been recognized for centuries, but according to a recent article in *La Revue* it has only lately been proved that direct sunlight is not merely beneficial in stimulating the general health and raising the tone of mind and body, but possesses a therapeutic value in certain maladies which borders on the marvelous. It has been found particularly helpful for tuberculosis of the bones, joints, and ganglions, and has also met with marked success in other diseases including acute rheumatism, and certain affections of the eye.

"All forms of external tuberculosis known as surgical tuberculosis are amenable to solar-ray treatment and receive benefit thereby, with results at times so stupefying that they seem to touch on

miracle." Such is the opinion of one medical man on this treatment as quoted by Dr. Leon Cerf, the writer of the article in question. Dr. Poncet, the founder of the treatment, first made use of it for treating osteo-articular tuberculosis affections as far back as 1892. In 1899, he expressed his belief that the beneficial effect of the exposure of tubercular manifestations to solar rays by a prolonged sun bath, extended not only to local tuberculosis but even to tuberculosis of the internal organs. Dr. Rollier, a Swiss physician, who benefited his patients by solar rays on snow covered peaks, became an ardent advocate of a treatment which gave him un hoped-for results. He did not cease repeating before learned societies the statistics of the cures he had obtained; he did not weary of showing to all the striking photographs of his patients, incontrovertible proofs of the transformations effected by the sun.

By 1911, he had collected statistics of 369 invalids suffering from external tuberculosis, who had undergone the treatment. Of these 284 were cured, 48 improved, 21 were stationary and 16 died. These results were absolutely remarkable. In 1912 he exhibited numerous photographs of varieties of tuberculosis of the bones of the foot complicated with infected fistules, rebellious to all the usual treatments and nearly all apparently calling for amputation. In all these cases results obtained surpassed the most optimistic hopes, and in 44 cases complete cures were obtained.

The transformation of the subjects under the solar rays is characteristic. Completely exposed to the sun, but sheltered from the wind and with the head protected, at the end of a month or two, brunettes take the color of rosewood and actually look like negroes; blonds become mahogany-colored. The general aspect is modified and becomes blooming; the muscles are regenerated; the digestive functions are regularized. This rapid amelioration of the general condition is accompanied by notable local modifications. One doctor found the treatment useful in tubercular peritonitis and others had excellent results in cases of muscular rheumatism. It is likewise declared to be good for wounds, especially infected wounds. It has been shown to be useful in trachoma, while the serious eye-malady, conjunctival tuberculosis, is stated to actually vanish under this treatment. Results can be obtained wherever direct sunlight can be had, whether on mountain-top, on sea-coast, in the desert, or even on the roof of a crowded city tenement. In 1911 a German surgeon of Cologne obtained results so wonderful that he introduced the system into his hospital practice. The erection is strongly advocated, in the suburbs of cities, of buildings simply and cheaply equipped for applying this solar-bath to convalescents and patients not requiring treatment by the usual hospital methods. Thus an enormous relief to regular hospitals would be afforded.



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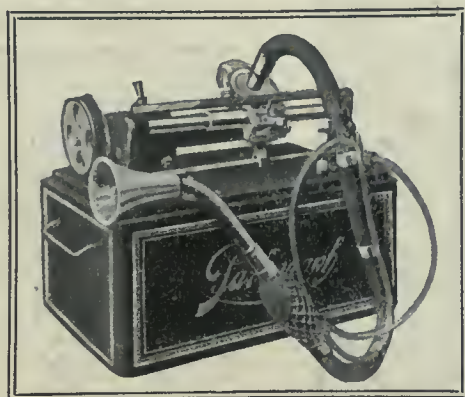
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Vol. XXVII

JULY 1914

No. 9

The Education of the Camp: By COL. WINTERS Military Secretary to the Minister of Militia.



THIS is the day of the anti-militarist" and the preacher of peace. The ancient but reprehensible practice of settling disputes by actual combat, whether between individuals or nations has, they tell us, fallen into disrepute. In its place we are to have arbitration, a lever, say its disciples, which is to hoist the millenium into being a few thousand years ahead of its accepted time.

In times such as these, then, the advocate of military training for the manhood of the nation must do his advocating with a difference. "Let us not prepare for war and we will not have it," seems to be the accepted doctrine of those who believe that human nature can be altered by legislation and a thousand inherited instincts exercised by the magic that lies in the stroke of a pen on official parchment and a few red seals to it all. Soldiers are the result, not the cause, of war, but these people would seek to eradicate the cause by removing the effect. Military training, they would urge, fits man to fight where

man should be fitted for peace, and therefore they will have none of it.

Well, the soldier even here can meet them on their own ground. If I were asked to prescribe the training best calculated to produce a man of peace I would say: Let him become a soldier. Let him glimpse the red horrors of actual war if such be his fortune; for the man who sees most of war wants least of it. But should he never taste the smoke of conflict—and in the proportion that he and others of his kind are the more prepared, in the same ratio I say they are less likely to have to do so—then he is still the better man of peace for his military training.

The athlete who spends two hours in his gymnasium is the better able to spend ten hours in his office. A military training goes deeper than athletics. It goes as deep as discipline and experience and the

broadest kind of education. The soldier learns to command himself and command others. He learns

it in drill, on parade, on the ranges and at camp. And it is perhaps in camp that he learns most. Canada spent over a million dollars on military camps last year and surely few expenditures are likely to bring larger returns. What is the value of a nation's health, capitalized? The scientists would tell us that we could scarcely place the figure too high. Pre-eminently a military camp is a school of health. Last year 45,984 officers and men spent from twelve to sixteen days at the sixteen military camping grounds that Canada possesses. Where a corps was not too far from its camp it marched there and when it arrived it spent its two weeks, more or less, in steady field training and parade movements which improved its appetite, removed its surplus flesh and taught it to sleep soundly at night. Incidentally it found conditions very much as it would find them in actual warfare, trained under the same circumstances and solved the same problems.

There are, as stated, sixteen military



A lesson in bridge-building. Military training leads to the acquirement of much valuable information.

A view of cook fires in a military camp at Niagara.



camp sites in Canada, at Goderich, London, Niagara, Barriefield and Petawawa in Ontario; at Three Rivers, Farnham and Levis in Quebec; Sussex and Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island; Halifax and Aldershot in Nova Scotia; Sewell in Manitoba; Calgary in Alberta; Vernon and Sidney in British Columbia. Most of the camp sites are, from the viewpoint of one who glimpses the requirements and possibilities of this feature of military training, far from large enough and are capable of use, in fact, practically only for drill movements. Petawawa is the only ground we have in Canada available for artillery ranges and as a consequence units have had to be assembled thereon from the far east and the far west of Canada. Canada needs larger camps and many more of them. The need is imperative at present and will become more pressing as her active militia expands. There should be a camp for every division. Better than drill, better than parade movements, better than mere range shooting, is the training the recruit receives in camp for it is there he approximates most closely to actual service conditions.

Both Canada's small permanent force and her active militia go to camp each year. All available troops of the mobile units of the permanent force we assemble at Petawawa for four weeks' annual training. From the permanent force we also draw instructors, officers and N.C.O.'s to assist militia officers in handling their men in camp without assuming any of the actual responsibility for the training of the units. The capacity of the permanent force at present, in fact, is being taxed to its utmost to supply such instructors. It is the duty of these trained men to give the benefit of their experience

where it is needed, for the period spent at camp being short, there is little time to unlearn mistakes.

In the training of men at military camp the primary problem is to get them there, a matter which in-

transport and supply parks and columns, transport in the field, and a score of other such minutiae of administration. Thousands of men must be fed and forage must be found for their horses, and both must be done quickly. And in addition to providing for these necessities, instruction is carried out, embracing various practical schemes worked out in the vicinity of the camps in order that corps may be trained to fill their roles as field units in active service. Take it all in all, the Army Service Corps finds little time lagging on its hands.

The system of training at camps of instruction may be divided broadly into two parts, drill and field training. Under drill we include the teaching of skilful

handling of arms and the power to move in formed bodies. It is pre-eminently but an auxiliary to field training in that it produces discipline and cohesion and the habit of obedience in the recruit. On the other hand, field training comprises the tactical or war training of units to fit them efficiently to take the field against an enemy. Troops must learn how to communicate with each other, how to receive and carry out orders in the field; to march, camp and bivouac under all conditions; protection both on the march and at rest; to obtain information by scouting and reconnaissance; and, finally, attack and

volves the transportation of various units from different distances. This is the first lesson of the military camp, that of effective mobilization, for the assembling of the man from their homes to the various common centres with the least possible delay is precisely the first problem of war. Regiments which are comparatively near their objective points are sometimes sent to them on foot, as was the case last year, when troops marched from London to Goderich, doing practical field work all the way. Others go by train. In this respect the mobilization of city regiments is a comparatively easy problem, but to assemble the various companies composing a rural regiment, when these companies are located fifty or a hundred miles apart, presents its difficulties. A meeting point must be chosen and the various companies picked up by train till the regiment is complete and ready to go to camp.

Camp reached, a separate arm of the service, the Army Service Corps, comes into play. Theirs are administrative duties in respect to the provision of supply and transport to the camps. This sounds simple, but involves such matters of detail as the formation, organization and maintenance of field butcheries and bakeries, storing of supplies in depots, organization and conveyance of regimental supply, organization of what are known as

defence, which in turn involves the consideration of many factors, such as fire tactics, the use of ground, and co-operation of all arms toward a common aim.

The period devoted to drill is as brief as possible, having regard both to the limitation of the period of the annual training and the superior importance of field movements, to which as much time as possible is devoted. In general it may be said that such instruction always commences with the training of the smallest formation—that is, the troop or section—and gradually progresses to the training of higher formations, culminating in the combined training of all arms. It is like the trying out and piecing together of one huge, intricate machine.

THE BRANCHES OF SERVICE.

The training, of course, varies with the branch of the service which receives it. Cavalry, for instance, must share with infantry the necessity of learning to shoot, scout, attack and defend. But where the man on foot must learn to march, his mounted fellow soldier must learn to ride, to move rapidly, cover long distances, combine surprise and attack to the best advantage; while individually

each man must be able to find his way across country and to spare his horse and keep it in condition. Artillery must learn to handle their ordnance with the maximum of accuracy, to observe the enemy's fire, to take advantage of better ground, and to learn to drive and maneuver generally.

Then there is that most efficient arm of the service, the engineers. Their duty it is to assist other troops in the passage of rivers, improvement of roads, placing of localities in a state of defence, assisting cavalry in the interruption of the enemy's communications by the destruction of bridges, railways and telegraphs, and establishing communication for their own units by fitting up telegraph offices and lines, or wireless stations if necessary. There is the Corps of Guides, to whom we look for a mounted body of officers and men skilled in reading a map and who know what to report and how to report it, either verbally or in writing.

Under the camp signaling officer, men are selected from the various units to become instructed in signaling, whether by flag, semaphore, heliograph or lamp. And finally, there is rifle shooting, reduced to a highly scientific form of training in which no novice is allowed to fire a single round of ammunition until he has been taught first how to hold a gun, use its sights, and how, even, to pull a trigger.

ACTIVITY IN THE CAMPS.

The fact that all this instruction must be compressed into sixteen, twelve and sometimes eight days, means that the soldier's life in camp is a busy one. Morning and afternoon sees him drilling, gaining rifle practice, or carrying out some simple tactical scheme of field work, while at night he may have to play his part in outpost duty. Any one of Canada's sixteen military camps in use is a veritable cross section of war in itself. There is the uniform movement of infantry across country, the dashing of cavalry from point to point. Engineers are building



Practical field work. Troops receiving a lesson in taking advantage of cover.

bridges across rivers, the structures springing up with marvelous celerity or being demolished even more rapidly; or they are laying cable lines for telegraph communication. Wireless machines are fingering the atmosphere for sympathetic currents with their sensitive antennae, while, from neighboring hills, waving flags or dazzling flashes of the heliograph tell that the Morse code is annihilating distance by another expedient. And camp fires are blazing where perspiring cooks hang anxiously over the roasting meat and the boiling coffee that are to furnish the next meal of the day.

STAGING A MIMIC WAR.

A practical variant of the straight camp which approximates even more closely to active service conditions is the sham campaign extending over a period of days, such as is sometimes conducted. The training of No. 1 division, which has its headquarters at London, Ont., was, for instance, last year divided into two parts. The rural regiments trained at Gcderich camp as in past years, but in August there was carried out, over a large area of country, a series of army manoeuvres participated in by city regiments of infantry and cavalry, together with detachments of heavy artillery and all necessary auxiliary corps. The troops

were divided into opposing forces, Blues and Reds. The Blues constituted the attacking force, the Reds the defending army, and the object of attack was the City of London.

The Blue force was taken by train half way between Windsor and London, while the Reds marched out of the streets of London that same night. The two forces then commenced to look for each other under every condition of actual warfare. Marches averaged from eight to ten miles per day, stops being made at irregular periods to test the powers of the commissariat department, whose duty it

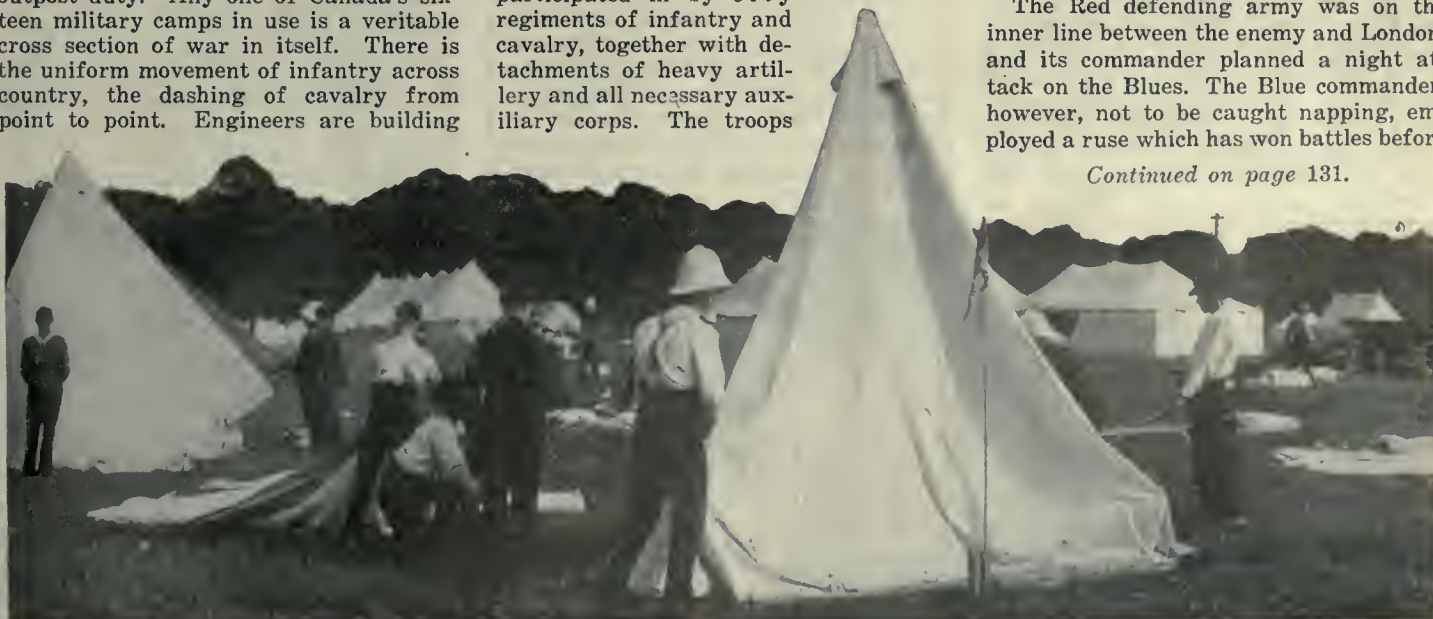
was to prepare a meal and get it over and finished within half an hour. And nobly did the camp cooks do their part, as blazing fires and the savory odor of cooking food within a few minutes of the calling of halt gave testimony.

Night marches were made and the clerks and factory employes, who composed the city regiments, were required to sleep in the open, sometimes in a drizzling rain, to go on outpost duty, scout and reconnoiter. To prevent surprise, careful guard was necessary, which meant that cavalry and guides on both sides were constantly active. And yet these same city boys came through it all but with one case of illness, and bore the fatigue and strain as though it were all part of their daily scheme of things.

The third night out found the two forces in touch, with but half a mile between, and with outposts in close proximity guarding every road and lane. Camp fires winked at each other in the darkness, and between the camp ground and the outposts the lamps of the signalers flashed their messages back and forth.

The Red defending army was on the inner line between the enemy and London, and its commander planned a night attack on the Blues. The Blue commander, however, not to be caught napping, employed a ruse which has won battles before

Continued on page 131.



The first day at camp—putting up the tents.

On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

How Riel Incited to Combat.---Article 1

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, M.A.

Author of "The Making of the Canadian West," etc. and formerly Lieutenant No. 1 Company, Winnipeg Light Infantry

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The accompanying article is the first of a series prepared by Rev. R. G. MacBeth for MacLean's Magazine, in which he will present interesting facts and reminiscences of that stirring time when the new Dominion of Canada faced its

greatest crisis. Many of the incidents to be cited in this series have never before been made known to the public, so that Mr. MacBeth's work will have a distinct historical value. As one of the men who fought against Riel, he is writing from first-hand knowledge.

LOUIS RIEL, who had the unique but doubtful distinction of leading two western rebellions in a decade and a half, was not himself a fighting man. This is not saying that he was lacking in courage, for there are many things to evidence that he was no coward. But he had no capacity or desire for things military. His power lay in a remarkable talent for making effective inflammatory appeals to his compatriots. He did not fight himself, but he could put others into the fighting mood. Lacking the moral greatness, the consummate artistic skill, the mental force of Demosthenes, this Western outlaw must have possessed the Greek orator's intensity and his strange power to move others to action. For it will be remembered that an incomparable testimony to Demosthenes was given in the words: "We hear others speak and admire the beauty of their diction; we hear Demosthenes and we all cry out 'Let us go and fight Philip.'" Riel had a wonderful capacity for uttering philippics. Despite his extravagant, vain, erratic and mercenary characteristics, he could at any time set the French half-breeds of the West into excitement and violence as easily as he could set the autumn prairie on fire with his flint and steel.

And besides sending them on the war-path against impossible odds, he succeeded, for his own purposes, in the amazing task of turning them against the priests of the Roman Catholic Church, in which they had all been cradled and to which they had always been deeply devoted. In the second rebellion he assumed priestly as well as kingly authority, in token whereof he amended his name into Louis "David" Riel, Exovede, and, for the time, he persuaded his followers not only to fight the Dominion of Canada, but their Church as well. He made them believe that he was both civil and ecclesiastical head.

In this connection, of course, some



A picture of Riel's first council, reproduced from an old photograph. Riel is the centre figure in the group.

things ought to be remembered as explaining his success. To begin with, Riel was in the real sense of the term a "born"

REFUSED COMMISSION.

Early in 1870 my father, Robert MacBeth, of Kildonan, received a large, blue envelope, containing a Magistrate Commission, signed by Louis Riel, President, and Louis Schmidt, Secretary of State, of the so-called Provisional Government. The old Highlander, whose forbears had been soldiers, took it back to Riel and told him he had no desire for such a document. He said to Riel that he did not recognize him or his government as having any authority to make appointments. Riel was much annoyed and threw the paper off the table, but did not dare to arrest or interfere with one so widely known.

agitator. His father, generally known as "the Miller of the Seine," near St. Boniface, was a fiery revolutionist who all his life long inveighed against the Hudson's Bay Company and any other authority that prevailed in the country. The rebel leader grew up in the atmosphere of the revolutionary spirit, and in that regard he was a rebel to the manner born. He had early learned how to play upon the emotions of men. Then it should not be forgotten that the young rebel received a good education, for one in his station, in the city of Montreal, so that when he returned

West, at the very time the country was discussing proposals to enter Confederation, he sprang at once into the leadership of his uneducated and easily influenced fellow countrymen.

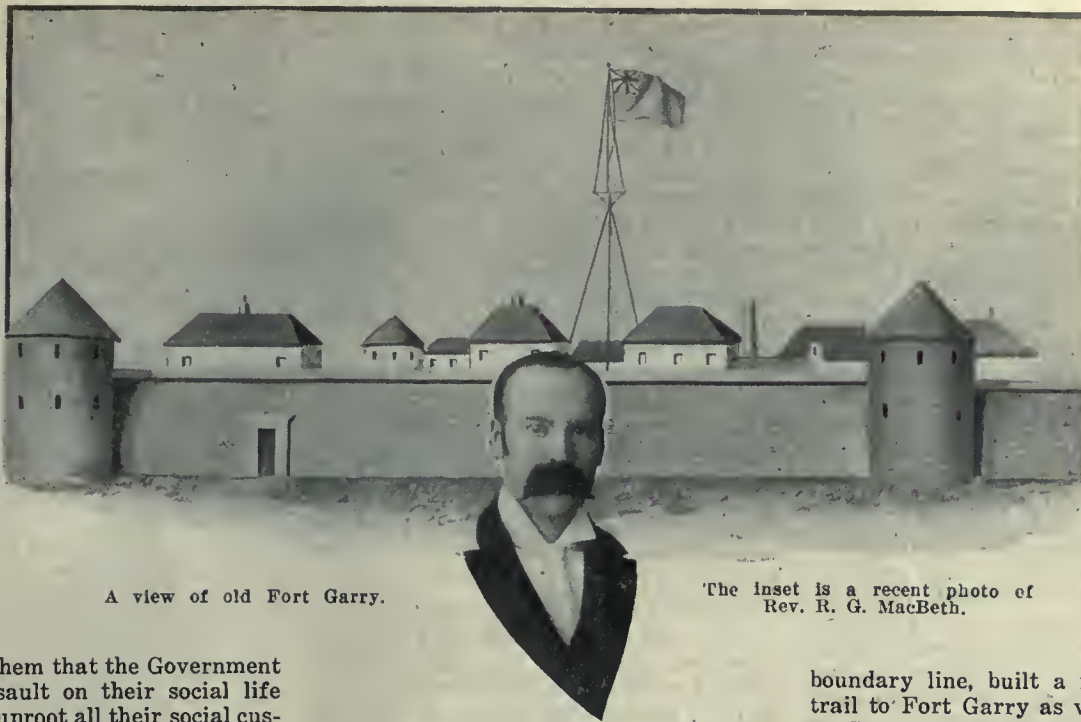
Moreover, the fact must not be overlooked that considerable blundering on the part of the Canadian authorities gave Riel his opportunity. Some blundering was more or less excusable, because even public men of all parties in Eastern Canada were blissfully ignorant of Western conditions. There was little communication between East and West except what percolated through the United States, and a good many Eastern men were under the impression that, outside of the Hudson's Bay Company employees, the land was occupied chiefly by Indians and coyotes who did not need to be consulted. So the Canadian authorities bought the West from the Hudson's Bay Company and started in to take possession. And Riel could make out a good case when he told the people, whose ancestors had been there nearly a century back, that their rights were to be taken away.

This was in 1869. Later on, in 1885, Riel was dealing with the same class of people and the same family connections, when he ignited and fanned the discontent of the South Saskatchewan half-

breeds into the flames of rebellion. These people wanted to live on narrow farms bordering on the river as their ancestors and relatives had done on the Red, Assiniboine or the St. Lawrence. But the Government said they must accept the rectangular survey and settle on square farms. And Riel lashed them into

fury by telling them that the Government was making assault on their social life and intended to uproot all their social customs, and when, added to this, he could remind them of the delays of local officialdom in regard to their land patents, the philippic of the agitator was complete and his followers were ready to fight.

Perhaps the most desperate and potentially dangerous act of Riel's career was the effort he made in 1885 to arouse the Indians and let them loose on defenceless settlements, with the horrors of the scalping knife and the torture. He knew the deadly possibilities of an Indian uprising. He knew that wars between the Indian tribes were not so far in the past, but that the warrior spirit was still easily stirred, and he knew that once the young braves were out for a taste of blood there was no limit to what they would do. No one knew better than Riel did the fearful result of the Indian uprisings in the Western States, and the same story might easily have been repeated on this side of the line. He knew well that a general hostile movement of the Indians would take perhaps years to quell. We know what trouble three or four chiefs made. What would it have been if the revolt of the savages had been widespread? Fortunately the influence of the missionaries laboring amongst them, the presence of a few mounted police here and there, and



A view of old Fort Garry.

The inset is a recent photo of Rev. R. G. MacBeth.

the swift rally of the Canadian troops, headed off what might have been an indescribable orgy of slaughter.

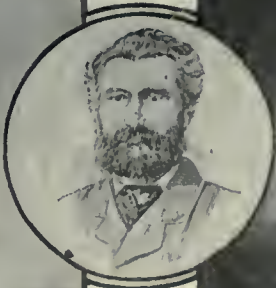
Moreover, Riel knew that all Governments had treated the Indians well and that they had no reason to revolt and bite the hands that fed them. Their reserves were "fair as gardens of the Lord," and the intention of the Government was to provide for every proper want of their wards. But here again it must be admitted that certain agents did not carry out the wishes of the Government and that the conduct of some agents was such as to make it easy for the runners of Riel to send the Indians, through the frenzy of the sun-dance, out on the path of murder and theft.

And so we go back to our first position and repeat that Riel had a perfect genius for getting other people to fight, while keeping strictly out of the fire zone himself. And hence in both rebellions he had his fighting man.

In 1869 there was no real fighting done, but Riel had his "adjutant-general," for, of course, the rebels were organized and well armed from the outset. This "adjutant-general" was Ambroise Lepine, a French half-breed, and one of the finest

specimens of physical manhood I ever saw. Six feet two in his moccasins and built in splendid proportion, straight as a pine, and a leader of acknowledged prowess on the plains, Lepine had all the natural accessories of a soldier of fortune. He was in command of the mounted men who rode down to the

boundary line, built a fence across the trail to Fort Garry as visible intimation to Governor McDougall that he was to keep out, and stayed there to see that he turned back and started for Ottawa. Then, as the winter was coming, Lepine, desiring quarters, rode at the head of his men to Fort Garry, which was defenceless, and took possession of this historic Hudson's Bay post, where these plainsmen helped themselves to everything in sight. A few days later Lepine directed the movement against the few loyalists who had gathered in Dr. Schultz's house nearby, and by overwhelming numbers compelled their bloodless surrender. Farther on there was a counter movement by loyalists who rendezvoused at Kildonan, and the aim of whose movement was to secure the release of the prisoners held by Riel. After some negotiations, this release was understood to be promised, and the loyalists from the Assiniboine started home, making a detour on the wintry prairie to avoid Fort Garry. Lepine with a body of his mounted men went out to intercept them, plunging through the snowdrifts with a dash which the rebel newspaper, *The New Nation*, said was characteristic of "the finest horsemen in the world." The loyalists were poorly armed, had hardly any ammunition, and were generally un-



Reproductions from paintings by Paul Wickson, used as illustrations in F. Douglas Reville's novel, "A Rebellion." They show scenes during the campaign against Riel. The inset is a drawing of Lepine, Riel's lieutenant.

prepared for any attack, and so they concluded that their leader, Major Boulton, was right in counseling non-resistance in the interests of possible peace. But, to their surprise, Lepine took them all prisoners and brought them to the fort. From personal conversation with some of these loyalists in after years, I am safe in saying that had they known they were to be taken prisoners, with the deplorable results that followed, they would have resisted to the death.

In the party thus arrested by Lepine were Major Boulton and Thomas Scott, both of whom were shortly afterwards sentenced to death by Riel's court-martial. Boulton's alleged crime was his leading of a movement against the rebel chief. Boulton's life was spared, partly at the request of Donald A. Smith (afterwards Strathcona), who had arrived from Ottawa as Commissioner from the Canadian Government, but chiefly at the intercession of Mr. John (afterwards Senator) and Mrs. Sutherland, of Kildonan, whose son had been shot by one of Riel's spies near the loyalist rendezvous a few days before. But all efforts to save Thomas Scott were unavailing, though the same parties tried, and, in addition, the local Protestant clergy, especially the Rev. George Young, the Methodist minister who attended Scott up to the last, he being a member of that Church. Scott was a young Irish-Canadian from Ontario who had been working on the Dawson Road. He was athletic and somewhat jocular, because it is remembered that he took part in ducking a contractor who was inclined to be overbearing. It is said Scott used to throw some of Riel's guards

about when they came in with the rations; but he was just an ordinary light-hearted, energetic lad who was ready for a bout at any time. Riel determined on his death and nothing would alter his decision, though up to the last it was hoped he would relent. But he expected Scott's death would terrorize the community, and so on the 4th March, 1870, this young man was shot by a half-drunken firing party outside the front gate of the fort. Lepine does not seem to have relished his share in this dark tragedy, but the will of his chief was law. The effect of this murder was to completely estrange from Riel all but his abject followers..

A somewhat curious illustration of what Carlyle calls "the irony of fate" comes in connection with this part of Riel's career. Major Boulton, who escaped death by "the skin of his teeth," as above recorded, was, fifteen years later, the leader of Boulton's Scouts, and the first to meet Riel's forces in the battle of Fish Creek. And Captain George Young, of Winnipeg, the son of the man who had pleaded in vain with Riel for Scott's life in 1870, was in 1885 placed by General Middleton in command of the escort that took Riel to Regina, the place of his scaffold.

From what I knew of Ambroise Lepine, I think it quite likely that he would have made a stand against Wolseley in August of 1870 if Riel had given the word. But the rebel chief realized that discretion was the better part of valor, and so he was across the Assiniboine and on his way to the international boundary line ere Wolseley reached the rear gate of old Fort

Garry. It can be said to Lepine's credit that he did not run away, but after a few days' absence went home to his farm up the Red River. Shortly after Wolseley's coming a warrant was sworn out for his arrest for complicity in the murder of Scott. Two men went to arrest him at his house at night. The redoubtable plainsman took a look at them and said he could knock their heads together, but that they were only doing their duty and he would go with them. He was put on trial before Chief Justice E. B. Wood, and, though brilliantly defended by Chapleau, of Quebec, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.. This sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for a term, with the permanent forfeiture of his civil rights. And so Riel's adjutant-general subsided into comparative obscurity.

Meanwhile, Riel had gone to Montana, and was found there fifteen years later teaching in an industrial school, when the discontented half-breeds of the South Saskatchewan sent for him to come back and help them secure the rights which they felt were in jeopardy. The inordinate vanity of the man was flattered by this attention. He came, and almost immediately counseled violence, assuring his followers that they could sweep the Mounted Police and the Government and the Hudson's Bay Company out of the country. And here again he found in the famous buffalo hunter, Gabriel Dumont, a fighting man, with genius for guerrilla leadership and with the prowess and personality that could attract a devoted following. Our next article will study the astonishing sequel.

A Word About Subscription Agents

Subscribers can be of service to the MacLean Publishing Co. as well as to themselves by reporting any discourteous treatment on the part of irresponsible subscription representatives. The MacLean Publishing Co. have their own salaried circulation staff, covering the entire Dominion in the interests of the fourteen MacLean papers, and only persons of good standing and thorough reliability are added to this staff. Occasionally, however, subscription books have fallen into the hands of undesirable or dishonest persons who have claimed to be authorized representatives. This has resulted in annoyance to subscribers and has in such cases created an erroneous opinion of the methods employed by the MacLean Publishing Co. It is only through the kindness of customers that such cases can be detected and the offenders properly punished.

The worst offenders are the representatives of the general subscription agencies, who cover the country for a list of publications, but who claim in

many cases to be in the direct employ of the MacLean Publishing Co.

MacLean's Magazine is never offered with premiums. Any offers to the contrary are fraudulent. The magazine is sold simply on its merits and the publishers will appreciate very much if subscribers, learning of any irregular offers being made, will telegraph our circulation manager, Toronto.

This statement is deemed necessary, as it is impossible for a company with so many publications, and covering so wide a territory, to prevent irresponsible parties from attempting to take subscriptions. The circulation work of this company is carried out on the principles and according to the policies which have always guided the MacLean Publishing Co. The reputation we have built up for service and reliability we value above all else, and for that reason are keenly desirous of preventing unauthorized canvassing which might tend to impair the prestige which we have fairly earned.

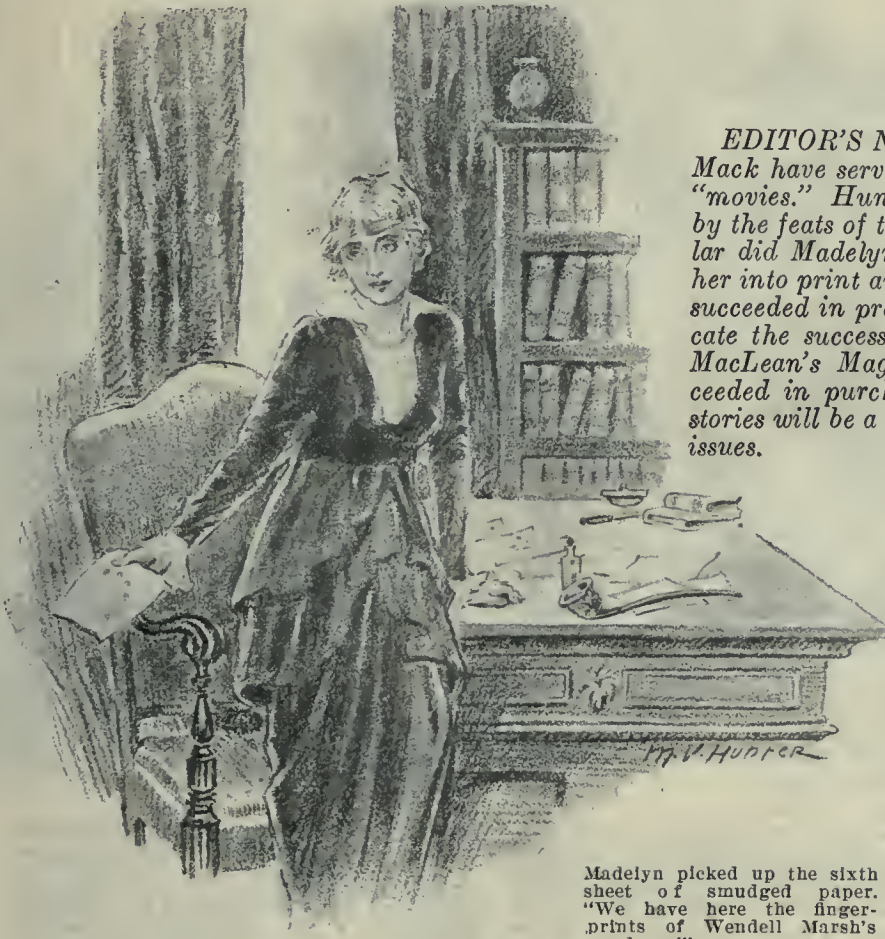
Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

1.---The Man With Nine Lives

By HUGH C. WEIR

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—For some time the exploits of Madelyn Mack have served as the most popular of all themes for the "movies." Hundreds of thousands of people have been stirred by the feats of this beautiful young private detective. So popular did Madelyn Mack become that a demand was felt to put her into print and to Hugh C. Weir fell the task. Mr. Weir has succeeded in preparing a series of stories that promise to duplicate the success of the famous Sherlock Holmes series. And, MacLean's Magazine, with characteristic enterprise, has succeeded in purchasing the serial rights. The Madelyn Mack stories will be a regular feature of MacLean's in all forthcoming issues.



Madelyn picked up the sixth sheet of smudged paper. "We have here the fingerprints of Wendell Marsh's murderer!"

NOW that I seek a point of beginning in the curious comradeship between Madelyn Mack and myself, the weird problems of men's knavery that we have confronted together come back to me with almost a shock.

Perhaps the events which crowd into my memory followed each other too swiftly for thoughtful digest at the time of their occurrence. Perhaps only a sober retrospect can supply a properly appreciative angle of view.

Madelyn Mack! What newspaper reader does not know the name? Who, even among the most casual followers of public events, does not recall the young woman who found the missing heiress, Virginia Denton, after a three months' disappearance; who convicted "Archie" Irwin, chief of the "fire bug trust;" who located the absconder, Wolcott, after a pursuit from Chicago to Khartoom; who solved the riddle of the double Peterson murder; who—

But why continue the enumeration of Miss Mack's achievements? They are of almost household knowledge, at least that portion which, from one cause or another, have found their way into the newspaper columns. Doubtless those admirers of Miss Mack, whose opinions have been formed through the press-chronicles of her exploits, would be startled to know

that not one in ten of her cases have ever been recorded outside of her own file cases. And many of them—the most sensational from a newspaper viewpoint—will never be!

It is the woman, herself, however, who has seemed to me always a greater mystery than any of the problems to whose unraveling she has brought her wonderful genius. In spite of the deluge of printer's ink that she has inspired, I question if it has been given to more than a dozen persons to know the true Madelyn Mack.

I do not refer, of course, to her professional career. The salient points of that portion of her life, I presume, are more or less generally known—the college girl confronted suddenly with the necessity of earning her own living; the epidemic of mysterious "shop-lifting" cases chronicled in the newspaper she was studying for employment advertisements; her application to the New York department stores, that had been victimized, for a place on their detective staffs, and their curt refusal; her sudden determination to undertake the case as a free lance, and her remarkable success, which resulted in the conviction of the notorious Madame Bousard, and which secured for Miss Mack her first position as assistant house-detective with the

famous Niegel dry-goods firm. I sometimes think that this first case, and the realization which it brought her of her peculiar talent, is Madelyn's favorite—that its place in her memory is not even shared by the recovery of Mrs. Niegel's fifty-thousand-dollar pearl necklace, stolen a few months after the employment of the college girl detective at the store, and the reward for which, incidentally, enabled the ambitious Miss Mack to open her own office.

Next followed the Bergner kidnapping case, which gave Madelyn her first big advertising broadside, and which brought the beginning of the steady stream of business that resulted, after three years in her Fifth Avenue suite in the Maddox Building, where I found her on that—to me—memorable afternoon when a sapient Sunday editor dispatched me for an interview with the woman who had made so conspicuous a success in a man's profession.

I can see Madelyn now, as I saw her then—my first close-range view of her. She had just returned from Omaha that morning, and was planning to leave for Boston on the midnight express. A suitcase and a fat portfolio of papers lay on a chair in a corner. A young woman stenographer was taking a number of letters at an almost incredible rate of dictation. Miss Mack finished the last paragraph as she rose from a flat-top desk to greet me.

I had vaguely imagined a masculine-appearing woman, curt of voice, sharp of feature, perhaps dressed in a severe, tailor-made gown. I saw a young woman of maybe twenty-five, with red and white cheeks, crowned by a softly waved mass of dull gold hair, and a pair of vivacious, grey-blue eyes that at once made one forget every other detail of her appearance. There was a quality in the eyes which for a long time I could not define. Gradually I came to know that it was the spirit of optimism, of joy in herself, and in her life, and in her work, the exhilaration of doing things. And there was something contagious in it. Almost unconsciously

you found yourself *believing* in her and in her sincerity.

Nor was there a suggestion foreign to her sex in my appraisal. She was dressed in a simply embroidered white shirtwaist and white broadcloth skirt. One of Madelyn's few peculiarities is that she always dresses either in complete white or complete black. On her desk was a jar of white chrysanthemums.

"How do I do it?" she repeated, in answer to my question, in a tone that was almost a laugh. "Why—just by hard work, I suppose. Oh, there isn't anything wonderful about it! You can do almost anything, you know, if you make yourself really *think* you can! I am not at all unusual or abnormal. I work out my problems just as I would work out a problem in mathematics, only instead of figures I deal with human motives. A detective is always given certain known factors, and I keep building them up, or subtracting them, as the case may be, until I know that the answer *must* be correct.

"There are only two real rules for a successful detective, hard work and common sense—not uncommon sense such as we associate with our old friend, Sherlock Holmes, but common, *business* sense. And, of course, imagination! That may be one reason why I have made what you call a success. A woman, I think, always has a more acute imagination than a man!"

"Do you then prefer women operatives on your staff?" I asked.

She glanced up with something like a twinkle from the jade paper-knife in her hands.

"Shall I let you into a secret? All of my staff, with the exception of my stenographer, are men. But I do most of my work in person. The factor of imagination can't very well be used second, or third, or fourth handed. And then, if I fail, I can only blame Madelyn Mack! Some day,—” the gleam in her grey-blue eyes deepened—"Some day I hope to reach a point where I can afford to do only consulting work or personal investigation. The business details of an office staff, I am afraid are a bit too much of routine for me!"

The telephone jingled. She spoke a few crisp sentences into the receiver, and turned. The interview was over.

When I next saw her, three months later, we met across the body of Morris Anthony, the murdered bibliophile. It was a chance discovery of mine which Madelyn was good enough to say suggested to her the solution of the affair, and which brought us together in the final melodramatic climax in the grim mansion on Washington Square, when I presume my hysterical warning saved her from the fangs of Dr. Lester Randolph's hidden



With a sudden movement she threw open the door before her. From an adjoining ante-room lurched the figure of Peters, the butler. He stared

cobra. In any event, our acquaintanceship crystalized gradually into a comradeship, which revolutionized two angles of my life.

Not only did it bring to me the stimulus of Madelyn Mack's personality, but it gave me exclusive access to a fund of newspaper "copy" that took me from scant-paid Sunday "features" to a "space" arrangement in the city room, with an income double that which I had been earning. I have always maintained that in our relationship Madelyn gave all, and I contributed nothing. Although she invariably made instant disclaimer, and generally ended by carrying me up to the "Rosary," her chalet on the Hudson, as a cure for what she termed my attack of the "blues," she was never able to convince me that my protest was not justified!

It was at the "Rosary" where Miss Mack found haven from the stress of business. She had copied its design from an ivy-tangled Swiss chalet that had attracted her fancy during a summer vacation ramble through the Alps, and had built it on a jagged bluff of the river at a point near enough to the city to permit of fairly convenient motoring, although, during the first years of our friendship, when she was held close to the commercial grindstone, weeks often passed without her being able to snatch a day there. In the end, it was the gratitude of Chalmers Walker for her remarkable work which cleared his chorus-girl wife from the seemingly unbreakable coil of circumstantial evidence in the murder of Dempster, the theatrical broker, that enabled Madelyn to realize her long-cherished dream of setting up as a consulting expert. Although she still maintained an office in town, it was con-

fined to one room and a small reception hall, and she limited her attendance there to two days of the week. During the remainder of the time, when not engaged directly on a case, she seldom appeared in the city at all. Her flowers and her music—she was passionately devoted to both—appeared to content her effectually.

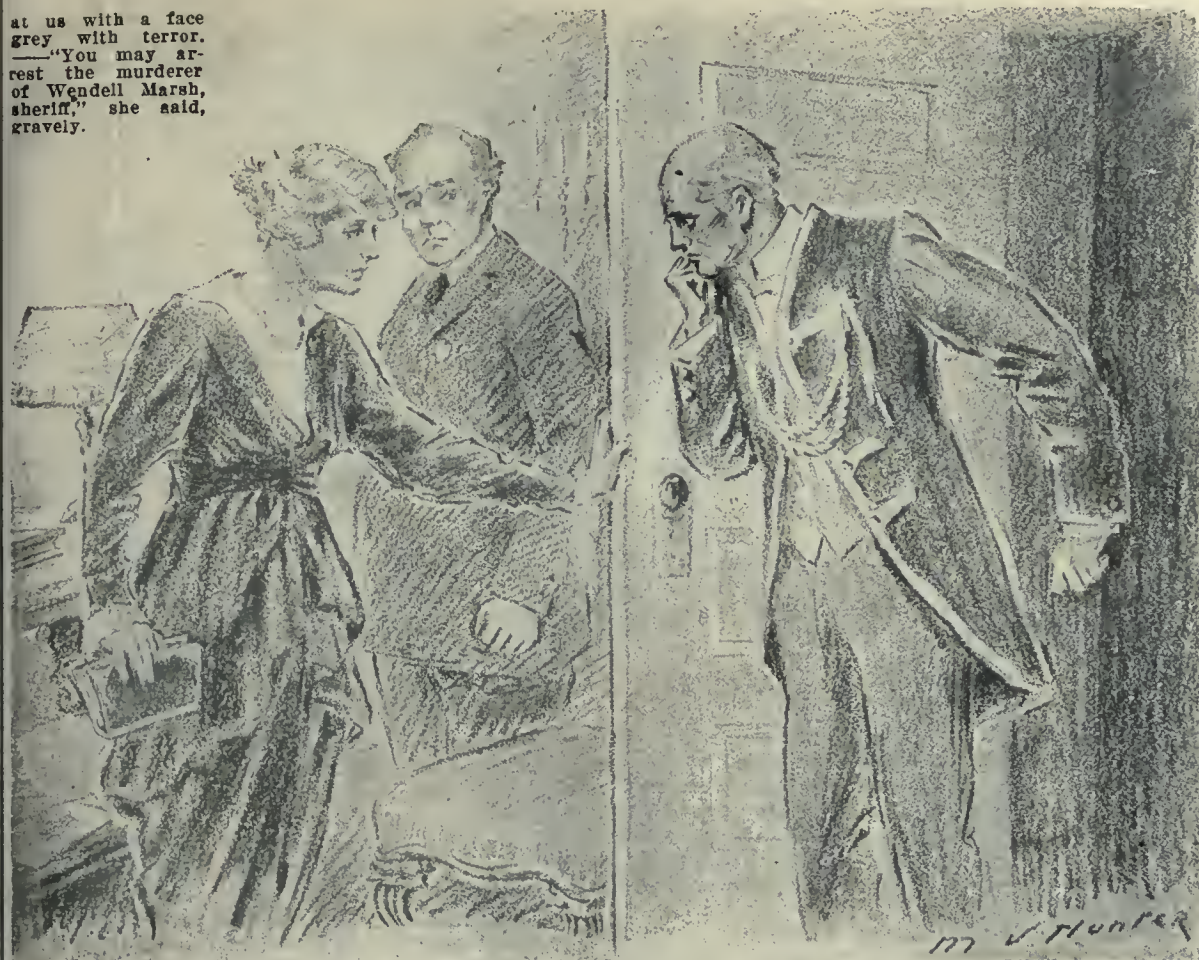
I charged her with growing old, to which she replied with a shrug. I upbraided her as a cynic, and she smiled inscrutably. But the manner of her life was not changed. In a way I envied her. It was almost like looking down on the world and watching tolerantly its mad scramble for the rainbow's end. The days I snatched at the "Rosary," particularly in the summer, when Madelyn's garden looked like nothing so much as a Turner picture, left me with almost a repulsion for the grind of Park Row. But a workaday newspaper woman cannot indulge the dreams of a genius whom fortune has blessed. Perhaps this was why Madelyn's invitations came with a frequency and a subtleness that could not be resisted. Somehow they always reached me when I was in just the right receptive mood.

It was late on a Thursday afternoon of June, the climax of a racking five days for me under the blistering Broadway sun, that Madelyn's motor caught me at the *Bugle* office, and Madelyn insisted on bundling me into the tonneau without even a suitcase.

"We'll reach the Rosary in time for a fried chicken supper," she promised. "What you need is four or five days' rest where you can't smell the asphalt."

"You fairy godmother!" I breathed as

at us with a face grey with terror. "You may arrest the murderer of Wendell Marsh, sheriff," she said, gravely.



wind-blown veil. Her glance met mine suddenly. The twinkle I had last glimpsed in her eyes had disappeared. Silently she pushed a square sheet of cramped writing across the table to me.

"My Dear Madam:

"When you read this, it is quite possible that it will be a letter from a dead man.

"I have been told by no less an authority than my friend, Cosmo Hamilton, that you are a remarkable woman. While I will say at the outset that I have little faith in the analytical powers of the feminine brain, I am prepared to accept Hamilton's judgment.

"I cannot, of course, discuss the details of my problem in correspondence.

"As a spur to quick action, I may say, however, that, during the past five months, my life has been attempted no fewer than eight different times, and I am convinced that the ninth attempt, if made, will be suc-

cessful. The curious part of it lies in the fact that I am absolutely unable to guess the reason for the persistent vendetta. So far as I know, there is no person in the world who should desire my removal. And yet I have been shot at from ambush on four occasions, thugs have rushed me once, a speeding automobile has grazed me twice, and this evening I found a cunning little dose of cyanide of potassium in my favorite cherry pie!

"All of this, too, in the shadow of a New Jersey skunk farm! It is high time, I fancy, that I secure expert advice. Should the progress of the mysterious vendetta, by any chance, render me unable to receive you personally, my niece, Miss Muriel Jansen, I am sure, will endeavor to act as a substitute.

"Respectfully Yours,

"WENDELL MARSH.

"Three Forks Junction, N.J.,
"June 16."

At the bottom of the page a lead pencil had scrawled the single line in the same cramped writing:

"For God's sake, hurry!"

Madelyn retained her curled-up position on the bench, staring across at a bush of deep crimson roses.

"Wendell Marsh?" She shifted her glance to me musingly. "Haven't I seen that name somewhere lately?" (Madelyn pays me the compliment of saying that I have a card-index brain for newspaper history!)

I snuggled down on the cushions. Neither of us knew that already the crimson trail of crime was twisting toward us—that within twelve hours we were to be pitchforked from a quiet weekend's rest into the vortex of tragedy.

II.

WE had breakfasted late and leisurely. When at length we had finished, Madelyn had insisted on having her phonograph brought to the rose-garden, and we were listening to Sturveysant's matchless rendering of "The Jewel Song"—one of the three records for which Miss Mack had sent the harpist her check for two hundred dollars the day before. I had taken the occasion to read her a lazy lesson on extravagance. The beggar had probably done the work in less than two hours!

As the plaintive notes quivered to a pause, Susan, Madelyn's housekeeper, crossed the garden, and laid a little stack of letters and the morning papers on a rustic table by our bench. Madelyn turned to her correspondence with a shrug.

"From the divine to the prosaic!"

Susan sniffed with the freedom of seven years of service.

"I heard one of them Dago fiddling chaps at Hammerstein's last week who could beat that music with his eyes closed!"

Madelyn stared at her sorrowfully.

"At your age—Hammerstein's!"

Susan tossed her prim rows of curls,

glanced contemptuously at the phonograph by way of retaliation, and made a dignified retreat. In the doorway she turned.

"Oh, Miss Madelyn, I am baking one of your old-fashioned strawberry shortcakes for lunch!"

"Really?" Madelyn raised a pair of sparkling eyes. "Susan, you're a dear!"

A contented smile wreathed Susan's face even to the tips of her precise curls. Madelyn's gaze crossed to me.

"What are you chuckling over, Nora?"

"From a psychological standpoint, the pair of you have given me two interesting studies," I laughed. "A single sentence compensates Susan for a week of your glumness!"

Madelyn extended a hand toward her mail.

"And what is the other feature that appeals to your dissecting mind?"

"Fancy a world-known detective rising to the point of enthusiasm at the mention of strawberry shortcake!"

"Why not? Even a detective has to be human once in a while!" Her eyes twinkled. "Another point for my memoirs, Miss Noraker!"

As her gaze fell to the half-opened letter in her hand, my eyes traveled across the garden to the outlines of the chalet, and I breathed a sigh of utter content. Broadway and Park Row seemed very, very far away. In a momentary swerving of my gaze, I saw that a line as clear cut as a pencil-stroke had traced itself across Miss Mack's forehead.

The suggestion of lounging indifference in her attitude had vanished like a

"If you have read the Sunday supplements," I returned drily, with a vivid remembrance of Wendell Marsh as I had last seen him, six months before, when he crossed the gang-plank of his steamer, fresh from England, his face browned from the Atlantic winds. It was a face to draw a second glance—almost gaunt, self-willed, with more than a hint of cynicism. (Particularly when his eyes met the waiting press group!) Some one had once likened him to the pictures of Oliver Cromwell.

"Wendell Marsh is one of the greatest newspaper copy-makers that ever dodged an interviewer," I explained. "He hates reporters like an upstate farmer hates an automobile, and yet has a flock of them on his trail constantly. His latest exploit to catch the spot-light was the purchase of the Bainford relics in London. Just before that he published a three-volume history on 'The World's Great Cynics.' Paid for the publication himself."

Then came a silence between us, prolonging itself. I was trying, rather unsuccessfully, to associate Wendell Marsh's half-hysterical letter with my mental picture of the austere millionaire. . . .

"For God's sake, hurry!"

What wrenching terror had reduced the ultra-reserved Mr. Marsh to an appeal like this? As I look back now I know that my wildest fancy could not have pictured the ghastliness of the truth!

Madelyn straightened abruptly.

"Susan, will you kindly tell Andrew to bring around the car at once? If you will find the New Jersey automobile map, Nora, we'll locate Three Forks Junction."

"You are going down?" I asked mechanically.

She slipped from the bench.

"I am beginning to fear," she said irrelevantly, "that we'll have to defer our strawberry shortcake!"

III.

THE sound eye of Daniel Peddicord, liveryman by avocation, and sheriff of Merino County by election, drooped over his florid left cheek. Mr. Peddicord took himself and his duties to the taxpayers of Merino County seriously.

Having lowered his sound eye with befitting official dubiousness, while his glass eye stared guilelessly ahead, as though it took absolutely no notice of the procedure, Mr. Peddicord jerked a fat, red thumb toward the winding stairway at the rear of the Marsh hall.

"I reckon as how Mr. Marsh is still up there, Miss Mack. You see, I told 'em not to disturb the body until—"

Our stares brought the sentence to an abrupt end. Mr. Peddicord's sound eye underwent a violent agitation.

"You don't mean that you haven't—heard?"

The silence of the great house seemed suddenly oppressive. For the first time I realized the oddity of our having been received by an ill-at-ease policeman instead of by a member of the family. I

was abruptly conscious of the incongruity between Mr. Peddicord's awkward figure and the dim, luxurious background.

Madelyn gripped the chief's arm, bringing his sound eye circling around to her face.

"Tell me what has happened!"

Mr. Peddicord drew a huge red handkerchief over his forehead.

"Wendell Marsh was found dead in his library at eight o'clock this morning! He had been dead for hours."

Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Through my daze beat the rhythm of a tall, gaunt clock in the corner. I stared at it dully. Madelyn's hands had caught themselves behind her back, her veins swollen into sharp blue ridges. Mr. Peddicord still gripped his red handkerchief.

"It sure is queer you hadn't heard! I reckoned as how that was what had brought you down. It—it looks like murder!"

In Madelyn's eyes had appeared a greyish glint like cold steel.

"Where is the body?"

"Upstairs in the library. Mr. Marsh had worked—"

"Will you kindly show me the room?"

I do not think we noted at the time the crispness in her tones, certainly not with any resentment. Madelyn had taken command of the situation quite as a matter of course.

"Also, will you have my card sent to the family?"

Mr. Peddicord stuffed his handkerchief back into a rear trousers' pocket. A red corner protruded in jaunty abandon from under his blue coat.

"Why, there ain't no family—at least none but Muriel Jansen." His head cocked itself cautiously up the stairs. "She's his niece, and I reckon now everything here is hers. Her maid says as how she is clear bowled over. Only left her room once since—since it happened. And that was to tell me as how nothing was to be disturbed." Mr. Peddicord drew himself up with the suspicion of a frown. "Just as though an experienced officer wouldn't know *that* much!"

Madelyn glanced over her shoulder to the end of the hall. A hatchet-faced man in russet livery stood staring at us with wooden eyes.

Mr. Peddicord shrugged.

"That's Peters, the butler. He's the chap what found Mr. Marsh."

I could feel the wooden eyes following us until a turn in the stairs blocked their range.

A red-glowing room—oppressively red. Scarlet-frescoed walls, deep red draperies, cherry-upholstered furniture, Turkish-red rugs, rows on rows of red-bound books. Above, a great, flat glass roof, open to the sky from corner to corner, through which the splash of the sun on the rich colors gave the weird semblance of a crimson pool almost in the room's exact centre. Such was Wendell Marsh's library—as eccentrically designed as its master.

It was the wreck of a room that we found. Shattered vases littered the floor—books were ripped savagely apart—curtains were hanging in ribbons—a heavy leather rocker was splintered.

The wreckage might have marked the death-struggle of giants. In the midst of the destruction, Wendell Marsh was twisted on his back. His face was shriveled, his eyes were staring. There was no hint of a wound or even a bruise. In his right hand was gripped an object partially turned from me.

I found myself stepping nearer, as though drawn by a magnet. There is something hypnotic in such horrible scenes! And then I barely checked a cry.

Wendell Marsh's dead fingers held a pipe—a strangely carved, red sandstone bowl, and a long, glistening stem.

Sheriff Peddicord noted the direction of my glance.

"Mr. Marsh got that there pipe in London, along with those other relics he brought home. They do say as how it was the first pipe ever smoked by a white man. The Indians of Virginia gave it to a chap named Sir Walter Raleigh. Mr. Marsh had a new stem put to it, and his butler says he smoked it every day. Queer, ain't it, how some folks' tastes do run?"

The sheriff moistened his lips under his scraggly yellow mustache.

"Must have been some fight what done this!" His head included the wrecked room in a vague sweep.

Madelyn strolled over to a pair of the ribboned curtains, and fingered them musingly.

"But that isn't the queerest part." The chief glanced at Madelyn expectantly. "There was no way for any one else to get out—or in!"

Madelyn stooped lower over the curtains. They seemed to fascinate her. "The door?" she hazarded absently. "It was locked?"

"From the inside. Peters and the footman saw the key when they broke in this morning. . . . Peters swears he heard Mr. Marsh turn it when he left him writing at ten o'clock last night."

"The windows?"

"Fastened as tight as a drum—and, if they wasn't it's a matter of a good thirty foot to the ground."

"The roof, perhaps?"

"A cat *might* get through it—if every part wasn't clamped as tight as the windows."

Mr. Peddicord spoke with a distinct inflection of triumph. Madelyn was still staring at the curtains.

"Isn't it rather odd," I ventured, "that the sounds of the struggle, or whatever it was, didn't alarm the house?"

Sheriff Peddicord plainly regarded me as an outsider. He answered my question with obvious shortness.

"You could fire a blunderbuss up here and no one would be the wiser. They say as how Mr. Marsh had the room made sound-proof. And, besides, the servants have a building to themselves, all except Miss Jansen's maid, who sleeps in a room next to her at the other end of the house."

My eyes circled back to Wendell Marsh's knotted figure—his shriveled face—horror-frozen eyes—the hand gripped about the fantastic pipe. I think

Continued on page 132.

Drawing class at work in the Ontario College of Art.



Normal College at Toronto where the College of Art is located.

To Foster Canadian Art

By JOHN EDGCUMBE STALEY

EDITOR'S NOTE. — We have been too busy here in Canada to educate ourselves up to the highest standards of artistic appreciation. And, as a result, we lack something as a people perhaps that a closer acquaintanceship with art would supply. That this lack has been felt is

evidenced by the steps now being taken to give the school children of Ontario an education in Art. The story of this movement is told in the accompanying article, together with a strong presentation of the necessity that lies behind the movement.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE'S dream of an Imperial dynasty hinged on the capacity of his son, the little King of Rome, to carry on the military programme of his sire. And so, to instil the martial instinct into his son's mind, the Emperor directed that the child's nursery should be hung with martial pictures that he might grow up familiar with the phases and details of a soldier's life.

Art exercises so powerful an influence on the character of the individual and particularly on the juvenile mind, that it must be considered a potent force in the moulding of national characteristics. The youth of ancient Greece derived inspiration to noble deeds from the inspiring words of the Grecian poets and the incomparable works of her sculptors.

Art environment is a factor that must be considered in Canada; for, truth to tell, up to the present there has been no such environment, except in the Province of Quebec.

The Laval Art Galleries in the City of Quebec, and the Montreal Picture Gal-

lery, offer permanent and inspiring charms, but Ontario is singularly lacking in this respect. Sad to say the capital, Toronto, is the only city of its size in the civilized world that has no permanent public Fine Art Gallery!

That there is an insistent demand for remedial measures in art cultivation in Ontario is conclusively proved by the latent art instincts of the people. Wherever temporary exhibitions of the Fine Arts, or Applied Arts, are open to the public they are thronged by delighted visitors of all classes. Last Labor Day, for instance, more than 10,000 people passed the turn-stiles, to view the pictures in the Art Galleries at the National Canadian Exhibition at Toronto.

The contention that the inhabitants of industrial communities, such as Toronto, care really very little for Art per se, is, therefore, devoid of foundation. This can be shown by an incident that occurred in Whitechapel—a portion of London, which, for generations, had an evil fame for depravity and crime. Somewhere in

the nineties a commodious permanent art gallery was erected in the main thoroughfare, where loan exhibitions of works of art succeeded one another. In 1898 the special summer attraction was a display of the works of the present president of the Royal Academy. Right opposite the entrance to the principal room was placed a very beautiful oil painting, entitled, "Horae Serenae." It represented a Neapolitan vineyard, at the vintage season, with Mount Vesuvius in the distance. In the foreground was a group of vine dressers, girls and men, dancing merrily.

Well, one Saturday afternoon when they might very naturally have been wasting their time elsewhere, half-a-dozen young "pearly" costermongers entered with their "donahs"—feathers and all! The party made a bee-line for Sir Edward Poynter's picture, and, after standing silent for a time, involuntarily, as it seemed, began to step and dance in front of it! It was the greatest compliment that could have been paid the



talented artist, and at the same time, it was a striking instance of the power of suggestiveness wrought by the fine arts upon susceptible untought natures.

Art, of course, has two main expressions, the ornamental attributes of the fine arts, and the useful properties of the applied arts. The teaching of the former in Canada at large has been, in the past, intermittent and ineffective. The Province of Ontario has, in a sense, the highest record of efficiency in the Dominion for quite a number of voluntary art associations have been from time to time in operation there. At the present day the most noteworthy are the Ontario Society of Artists, the Ontario Association of Architects, the Women's Art Association, the Graphic Arts Club, the Canadian Society of Applied Arts, the Canadian Art Club, and the Toronto Art Museum Association.

All these organizations hold exhibitions but, with the sole exception of the Women's Art Association, they make no attempt at teaching curricula, nor do they possess school equipment of any kind. To be sure the Toronto School of Art came into existence with the approval and assistance of the Ontario Society of Artists, but the society did little in its corporate capacity as a teaching body. Besides the so-called "school" was subject to continual lapses, changes and disputes.

Art students until recently, at all events in Ontario, have had no choice but to go to Europe or the United States for duly qualified instruction and satisfactory experimental study. The painters of Canada of to-day, with few exceptions, mostly look to some foreign school of Art as their alma mater. Several Canadian-born artists of mark indeed have remained abroad and given themselves and their art to the country of their adoption. This is a very undesirable state of things.

The art attitude of wealthy citizens of the past and, sad to say, of the present, for the most part, is shown by the extraordinary statement made to the writer of this article by a manager in one of Toronto's stores: "I don't care a bit," he said, "for pictures or for books. My tastes lie in another direction. I leave such matters to my wife. If, when she is in the store, she sees a prettily framed picture, or a handsomely bound book, she says, 'You may send that up to our place.'" This sexology, so to speak, of pseudo art appreciation is remarkable throughout Ontario. It is non-existent in Europe. There has been, until quite lately, absolutely no provision for the art-training of boys. Girls have received an artistic finish, for what it is worth, it is true. Of how little value, however, this really is, is evidenced by the following narrative. Recently an exhibition of etchings by Canadian etchers was arranged at the Toronto Art Museum (The Grange). The press sent reporters, chiefly young college girls. One of these—on one of the leading Toronto dailies—telephoned later in the evening, to the

caretaker: "Tell me, please, what an etching is, anyway."

In Greece and Italy—the cradle lands of European art—men and boys were the artists, art-workers, and art-lovers. Women and girls had other occupations essential to the comfort and joy of living. The annals of the fine and applied arts contain hardly any female names of fame. Art temperament and art teaching provided the artistic environment of the makers of history and the founders of nations. Go where you will in Central and Western Europe you will observe the good breeding, the courtesy, the taste, and the refinement of the people. They have learned through the encouragement and practice of art principles, the true and full enjoyment of the pleasant things of life.



A study in oils by a student at the Ontario College of Art.—A good sample of the excellent work being done.

The Dominion of Canada, great in nearly everything else, is singularly lacking in art culture, but in Ontario active steps are being taken to provide the rising generation with better opportunities. In 1909, the Provincial Government of Ontario intervened in the interests of the teaching of the fine arts and applied arts, and appointed Dr. Seath, superintendent of education, to make an extensive tour through the principal European countries and many of the states of the neighboring republic. His instructions were to report upon a desirable and practicable system for technical education in the Province of Ontario. In the report he presented in 1911, to the Minister of Education, he says: "In all the countries I have visited great importance is attached to the fine arts and their adaptation to the industries. Every centre of importance has its picture gallery,

and its art museum, with technical and industrial art departments. Drawing and applied art are universally regarded as basal, and provision is accordingly made for the instruction of workmen as well as of artists. Moreover, the schools are supported both by the locality and by the state."

Dr. Seath added various recommendations to his report, affecting the teaching of the fine arts and applied arts in Canada. Among these are the following: 1. The further extension of the provision of art and drawing facilities in the primary and secondary schools; 2. The establishment of a central art school in Toronto, with both day and night classes, for students and teachers, in the fine arts, and, for apprentices and workmen, in the applied arts; 3. The establishment of art schools and departments in the chief centres of population of the province; 4. The more generous support of Art generally by legislative grants.

The Government took action upon Dr. Seath's report and the most salient outcome of the new legislation was the opening on October 1, 1912, of the Ontario College of Art, as an independent art-teaching corporation, under the direct authority of the Department of Education.

In personnel and equipment the college is remarkable, indeed the American continent has nothing on an equal scale of excellence. The teaching staff consists of six chief instructors: Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., the principal, Mr. W. Cruikshank, R.C.A., Mr. J. W. Beatty, R.C.A., Mr. C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A., Mr. R. Holmes, A.R.C.A., and Mr. Emanuel Hahn.

So far as equipment is concerned the Ontario College of Art is happy in the possession of excellent temporary quarters. The handsome suite of rooms, on the upper storey of the Normal School, in Gould Street, Toronto, provides as spacious and as well-lighted studios and class rooms as can be desired, and every convenience for teachers and pupils. The antique gallery of plaster casts of world-famed sculptures, which were acquired for the old School of Art more than fifty years ago. By way of complement to this installation there is a splendid range of photographs and prints of the world's masterpieces in painting. At the full service of teachers and pupils is the excellent library of the Normal School, under the able superintendence of Mr. Alley, the librarian, who has lately arranged a special section for the free use of students of the college.

The courses of instruction in the college are in three divisions. The first affords full facilities for the education and training of professional painters, illustrators and sculptors; the second provides professional training in all branches of pictorial and industrial design in their practical relation to the various crafts and manufactures; and the last course is arranged for the train-

Continued on Page 113.

The Wheatlands

I.

The even circle of the prairie lies
Below the glamor of her vivid skies,
The brazen circle of the sun shines on
The yellow grasses of Saskatchewan.

A world, within the budding heart of May,
Wearing the aspect of an autumn day,
Yet spring is come, the barren winter gone,
For willows redden in Saskatchewan.

And in rough grass the sturdy flowers grow,
Battling the forces of the winds that blow,
Across a thousand miles, to breathe upon
The purple crocus of Saskatchewan.

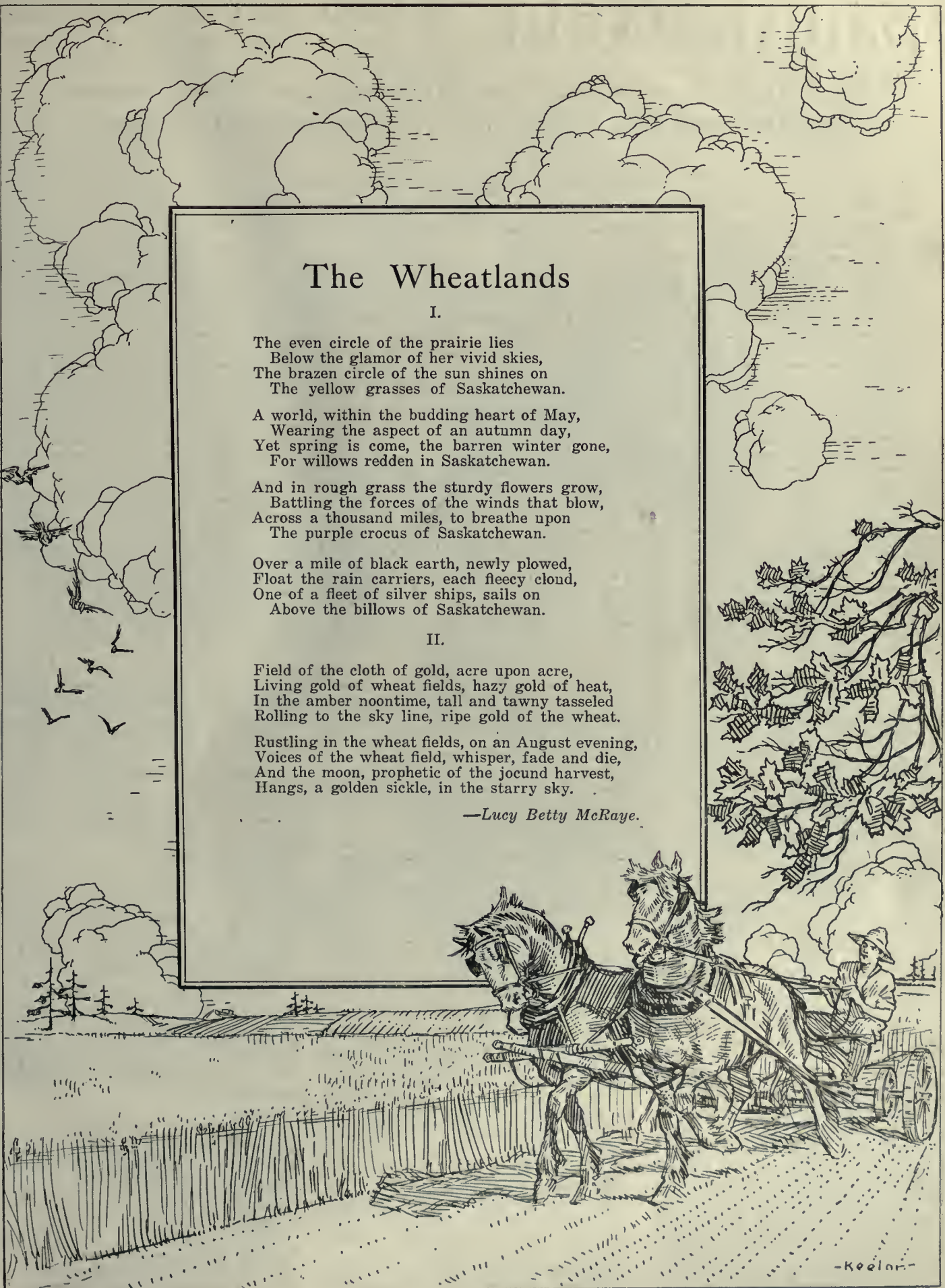
Over a mile of black earth, newly plowed,
Float the rain carriers, each fleecy cloud,
One of a fleet of silver ships, sails on
Above the billows of Saskatchewan.

II.

Field of the cloth of gold, acre upon acre,
Living gold of wheat fields, hazy gold of heat,
In the amber noontime, tall and tawny tasseled
Rolling to the sky line, ripe gold of the wheat.

Rustling in the wheat fields, on an August evening,
Voices of the wheat field, whisper, fade and die,
And the moon, prophetic of the jocund harvest,
Hangs, a golden sickle, in the starry sky.

—Lucy Betty McRaye.



Spanish Gold

By GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

The Story of a Search for Treasure on the Coast of Ireland and the Amusing Situations which Arose

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The Rev. J. J. Meldon, curate of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, while visiting his friend, Major Kent, comes across an old pocket-book of the Major's grandfather, in which he finds an account of some treasure, supposed to have been hidden by the Spaniards of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, on the Island of Inishgoulán. The Major possesses an excellent yacht, The Spindrift, and they decide to take a trip to the island and search for the treasure, which Meldon is very confident of finding, but of the existence of which the Major is very skeptical. Meldon also owns a yacht, The Aureole, a worthless tub, which he lets to a Mr. Langton, who, with a friend, wishes to take a trip round the coast. On arriving at the island Meldon and the Major find Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's, engaged in surveying the island for the Government, and dividing it up into allotments. He informs them he is prevented from completing his work by the obstinacy of one old man, named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, who owns a piece of land in the very centre of the island, entirely surrounded by other people's land, but with which he will not part at any price. Meldon, not wishing to divulge the real reason of his visit, tells Higginbotham the Major is a Government mineralogical expert who has been sent to examine and report on the island's mineral resources. Meldon and the Major start to explore the island and discover they are being followed everywhere by an old man, who turns out to be Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, and who declares he cannot understand a word of English. Meldon tells him they are naturalists looking for sea beetles, and manages to get rid of him; continuing their search, they find an inlet with a hole, which is only visible at low tide, and here Meldon decides the hidden treasures must lie. On returning to the yacht they notice the arrival in the harbor of the Aureole. The following day Meldon starts for the inlet and the cave, and on his arrival discovers a man, who is being lowered over the cliff to the entrance of the cave. This turns out to be a Sir Giles Buckley, the friend who is with Langton, on the Aureole, and a son of a neighbor of the Major's, who had lately died. Sir Giles would also have heard of the treasure, as his grandfather was a friend of the Major's grandfather, and had visited the island with him. After some discussion, Sir Giles calls out to Langton to haul him up, and both he and Meldon depart, as the tide has nearly covered the hole in the rocks. The following day, Meldon, having set adrift Sir Giles' boat to prevent his leaving the yacht, again visits the cave with the Major. They make their way through a long underground passage and eventually find two old iron boxes which, however, are empty. At this point Langton and Sir Giles appear on the scene through a hole in the top of the cavern which it seems is just under Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's plot of land. Disappointed, they all return to the yachts, and find that the Government yacht has arrived in the harbor with Mr. Willoughby, the Chief Secretary, on board. Willoughby lands to visit Higginbotham, and Meldon follows. Higginbotham in vain tries to dissuade Meldon from seeing Willoughby, who is much incensed at Meldon's tale of the geological survey, but Meldon insists, and we here find him in the midst of a conversation with Willoughby, who is beginning to be amused at his good-humored nonsense.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

HE approached the tall figure, peering eagerly through the darkness. "I'm blessed," he said, "if it isn't old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat! So you've got one word of English, have you? Maybe now if you searched in the corner of your mind you might find a little more."

"I have plenty," said the old man. "There's few have more English nor better English than myself."

"I always thought you had," said Meldon. "I'd have laid long odds on it if I'd been a betting man, which, of course, I'm not. Now what is it you want?"

"It's yourself, Master."

"Is it, then? And what would you do with me supposing you had me? Tell me that. Is it wanting me to speak a word for you to the Chief Secretary you are, to get back your house and land?"

"It is not."

"If it is, I'll do it, of course; but I tell you straight that it won't be the smallest bit of use. The whole might of the British Empire is against you. They'll get your land out of you if they have to send a man-of-war round to do it. Besides, you know, you gave yourself away badly in that interview with Father Mulcrone to-day. I don't blame you. I knew very well you were done for when they fetched the priest to you. It was a mean trick, that. No real sportsman would have done it. It was a sort of sitting shot. You didn't have the ghost of a chance.

Now if you'd been treated fairly and left to worry it out with nobody but Mary Kate to come between you and the Board, you might have kept them arguing till either they or you were dead."

"It isn't wanting you to speak for me I am. Neither to himself, nor his reverence, nor to any other man."

"Is it a writing, then?"

"It is not."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that any way, for I haven't brought my fountain pen with me on this cruise, and I'm thinking it's poorly I'd write with any pen and ink that you are likely to have. But if it isn't to speak nor yet to write I don't quite see what it is you do want."

"It's yourself."

"That's all very fine. I owe you a good turn for giving me that crab, and I admire the plucky way in which you've stood up to Higginbotham and the Board, but I'm not going to hand myself over body and soul to a man I've only known for three days without finding out what he wants me for. Has anything gone wrong with Mary Kate or Michael Pat?"

"I'd be thankful to you if you'd step up to my little houseen, the place that they're going to take from me."

"What for?" said Meldon. "I declare to goodness it's very near as hard to make out what you want now you're talking English as it was before."

"There's that there that I'd be glad to show you. Maybe you'd tell me what would be the best to be done. It's what

I never expected to show to any man, let alone a stranger like yourself. But my mind's made up, and I'll show it to you."

Meldon gripped the old man by the arm.

"Is it the treasure you have hid there?"

"Treasure?"

"Treasure; yes. Gold. Do you understand? Is it gold you have up in your house?"

"It might, then."

"Is there much of it? How much is there?"

"There's a power. Glory be to God, there's a mighty deal of it! More, maybe, than ever you saw in one place together in all your life."

"Come on, then," said Meldon. "Let me set eyes on it. I dare say you guessed—I always said you weren't such a fool as you tried to make out to Higginbotham—I dare say you guessed that the Major and I were after that treasure ourselves."

"I did."

"I thought you did. And the gentlemen from the other yacht were after it too. You guessed that, I suppose?"

"Didn't I see them going down the Poll-na-phuca? What else would the likes of them be after in such a place?"

"Well, I'll say this. If I wasn't to get it myself, I'd sooner you had it than another. I hope you'll make a good use of it and not be wasting it on drink and foolishness. Give Mary Kate a good

fortune when the time comes and marry her to a decent man."

"Sure, what's the use of talking?" said the old man in a tone of despair. "It'll be took from me along with the house. The Board will take it and never a penny will the little lady be the better of it, no more than myself or any other one."

"Maybe they won't get taking it," said Meldon, "though indeed for all the good you're getting out of it at present they might as well. I don't see that it's any use to you if you don't so much as buy yourself a decent suit of clothes and spend sixpence on getting your hair cut. It's a shame for a rich man like you to be going about the way you are."

"What good would grand clothes be to the likes of me?"

"I'm beginning to understand things a bit," said Meldon, whose thoughts had passed away from the use to be made of the money. "I see the reason now why you wouldn't give up the house and land to Higginbotham. You're certainly no fool. That dodge of yours, pretending you couldn't speak a word of any language except Irish was uncommonly nippy. I doubt if I could have hit on anything better myself, and I've had some experience in disguises. Only for the priest you might have kept them all at bay. I don't see what they could have done to you, even if they took to asking questions in Parliament."

"What was the good? They have it taken off me now at the latter end."

"They have the house and land," said Meldon. "There's no doubt of that. But I wouldn't say they have the treasure yet. You came to the right man when you came to me. If that treasure can be saved, I'll save it. What would you say now if we carried it down to-night to Mrs. O'Flaherty's, Michael Pat's mother, and hid it under the old woman's bed?"

"I wouldn't trust her. She'd steal it on me."

"I don't believe she would. Not if you gave her a bit for herself and bought a silver mug or something for Michael Pat. But if you don't like the notion of her, what about Mary Kate's mother? She's your own daughter."

"She'd steal it on me as quick as another."

"Would she, then? I declare to goodness you have a pretty low opinion of your relatives and friends. I don't be-

lieve they'd touch a penny of it. Have you any plan in your own head?"

"Let you be coming up and taking a look at it."

"I will, of course; I'm most anxious to see it. But tell me what it is you think of doing with it?"

"I thought maybe—" the old man paused and laid his hand on Meldon's arm.

"Well?"

"I thought maybe you and the other gentleman would take it with you in the yacht and put it in the savings bank beyond in the big town."

"That beats all," said Meldon. "And



But Father Mulcrone clung to the railing.

what would hinder us from making off with it and never coming next or nigh you again?"

"You wouldn't do the like."

"Well, as a matter of fact I wouldn't. No more would the Major. But how do you know that? It's a queer thing that a man who wouldn't trust his own daughter, and her living under his very eye, would hand over a lot of money like that to two strangers."

"Sure, I could see by the face of you the minute you first set foot on the pier that you were as simple and innocent and harmless as could be. Anybody could tell

by the talk of you that you couldn't get the better of a child, let alone a grown man like myself, begging your honor's pardon for thinking that ever you'd want to do the like."

"You're quite wrong about that," said Meldon, irritated by this compliment to his integrity, "and if you dare to say such a thing again I'll not help you with your treasure. Mind what I say. Another word of that sort out of your head and I'll go straight down to Higginbotham and tell him what you've got."

"Let you be coming along now," said Thomas O'Flaherty in an indulgent tone, "and don't be wasting the night talking.

Walk easy. It's a rough way from this on to my house, and there's stones on it would break the leg of a bullock, let alone yours or mine."

CHAPTER XIX.

THEY reached the cabin. Old O'Flaherty fumbled at the latch and opened the door. Inside, the place was almost quite dark. A few sparks glowed faintly on the hearth. The small square window looked like a grey patch on the black wall. Meldon paused at the threshold unwilling to advance without light towards unknown furniture, over a pitted and hilly earthen floor. O'Flaherty disappeared into a corner and could be heard breaking sticks. The fragments were flung on the hearth. The old man went down on his knees and below the embers.

"I have the end of a candle on the dresser beyond," he said, "if I could come by as much fire as would light it."

"If that's what you're after," said Meldon, "I have a box of matches in my pocket."

He drew out the box and struck one. O'Flaherty pounced on his candle, lit it, and set it on the stone seat which

filled an angle of the wide hearth.

"Let you give me a hand now, and we'll shift the dresser," he said. "I could do it myself, but it'll be done quicker if you take the near end of it."

Meldon caught hold of the dresser and pulled it over to the far side of the room. O'Flaherty stood on a wooden stool and took down a shovel which rested among the rafters of the roof. He scooped away loose earth from the place where the dresser had stood. At a depth of about an inch he came upon a number of beads laid close together. He prized up

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Alcoholism—From the Angle of Efficiency

By JOHN BARREN

Editor's Note.—The accompanying article is not intended as a temperance lecture in the accepted sense of the word. The object is to demonstrate that indulgence in alcoholic beverages is unwise from a purely business standpoint inasmuch as the man who indulges to any extent cannot become fully efficient in his own line of work. The writer is not a total abstainer but he has kept the

habit within rigid limits and has not permitted it to interfere with his work in any sense. Herein he records actual facts which have come under his notice, leading to the conclusion voiced so emphatically in the article—that to become efficient a man must be to all practical intents and purposes an abstainer.

IT was at a dinner tendered to a well-known novelist that I overheard a remark passed with reference to the guest of the evening: "Clever chap alright, but they say he can't do anything until he's half-sea-sick. It's John Barleycorn that puts all the queer notions into his head."

As the novelist did not have the reputation of being a heavy drinker, I would have passed the remark off as mere idle talk but later in the evening an opportunity presented itself for a few minutes' conversation with him and I determined to test its truth. With this object in view I brought the conversation around to the subject of alcohol and its effects, by remarking that many great writers and artists were supposed to have done their best work when under the influence.

"That is an absolute fallacy," he declared, emphatically. "It is impossible for anyone to conceive great ideas or to think great thoughts when one's mind has been thrown into the chaos that follows indulgence in spirits. Drink churns the mind up and the ideas that come to the surface are the lightest and most inconsequential. To write well, a man must have complete control over his mind. He must be able to produce when needed the knowledge and ideas that have been stored away in its secret recesses. A genius has a well-indexed mind so that he can turn up what he needs at the moment he needs it. But drink brings ideas tumbling out unbidden from every source and work done under the stress of alcoholic stimulation abounds in incongruities, lacks the reasoning of sound judgment and has farcical exaggeration as its sole quality.

"I know this from my own experience," he went on. "I used to think that I needed a drink or two before starting to work. The practice brought me to the verge of complete failure. Now I do all my best



work from 6.30 in the morning until noon. And when I am working on a story I never touch a drop. I have often gone for nine months at a stretch without even tasting the lightest wines."

Does drink stimulate the mind or does it in reality clog the brain and lessen its productive power?

This is one of the most vital questions facing the worker to-day. In this age of rapid achievement, of fierce and unrelenting competition the need of personal efficiency has been felt as never before. To succeed in the fullest measure, a man must so sharpen his reasoning and producing powers and so order his time that he will get out of himself the maximum of his capabilities. He must make himself one hundred per cent. efficient.

Is this possible when alcoholic beverages are indulged in? Can efficiency and tippling be made to trot in double harness?

TESTS PROVE ALCOHOL NOT A STIMULANT.

Realizing the great importance of the question scientists have sifted the matter thoroughly and have passed verdict. Tests have been conducted with the thoroughness which distinguishes all scientific research and the result has been the production of positive proof that alcohol, contrary to popular belief, is not a stimulant; that it retards man's muscular and mental speed and that it lessens his ac-

curacy as well as his productiveness. Reference to the results obtained by Dr. Emil Kraepelin, professor of mental diseases in the University of Munich, will serve to demonstrate how thoroughly and unerringly science has proceeded in the matter and how convincingly the results have been. The following is taken from a report of the findings of Dr. Kraepelin:

"A group of men—who were kept in ignorance of the real nature of the tests, who understood only that they were expected to persist to the limit of their endurance—was capable of a definite average quantity of work. This average was determined with almost mathematical certainty by experiments made dozens of times, under absolutely similar conditions as regarded time of day, food, exercise, and surroundings.

"A good index of the degree of a man's capability for work is the weight he can continue to lift with the index finger of his right hand. So the ergograph, a celebrated laboratory device invented by Prof. Angelo Mosso, was brought into requisition. In manipulating this the fingers were clinched round a wooden peg—all but the index-finger—the arm held immovable by being clamped to the arm of a chair. A weight of several kilograms, suspended by a small rope that passed over a pulley, was raised and lowered until the subjects were forced to desist from exhaustion. This process was



They lost an average of 9.6-10 per cent. in efficiency by the end of the week.

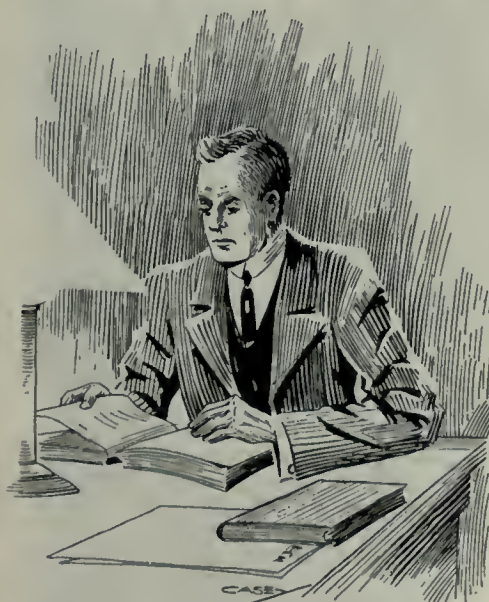
repeated twelve times, with rests of a minute intervening—like the rounds in a boxing contest. Each pull was automatically recorded by a pencil on a strip of paper, registered by a line. The sum of the lengths of all the lines was translated into 'meter-kilograms,' which meant the work accomplished in raising one kilogram one meter against the pull of gravity.

"These experiments were made ten times a day, and the total average for each man calculated for a number of days, under conditions of absolute abstinence from drink. Then the men were given the alcoholic equivalent of a 'good glass' of Bordeaux wine after each meal, and the experiments repeated. The consequences were a diminution in the subjects' ability to withstand the fatigue of weight-lifting, amounting to an average of from 7 6-10 to 8 per cent. These experiments were repeated hundreds of times by scientists in various parts of Europe, and always with similar results. In every instance a definite, measurable loss in muscular efficiency was demonstrated.

"A number of tests were used to show the effect on work involving combined muscular and mental processes. A number of accountants of all grades were selected, and their average ability to add one-figure columns was estimated for one week. They were then given daily, in divided doses the equivalent of three and a half cups of claret, which is equal to about a teaspoonful of whisky. One cup of claret does not contain as much alcohol as a drop of whisky. Claret sold in Canada is of course different for it is fortified with alcohol to make it last. The best clarets are so delicate that they will not last a year and they go off if moved from place of production.

"A marked and progressive diminution in their output was noticed, beginning with 3 1-10 per cent. the first day. After two weeks of this steady, moderate alcoholic allowance the percentage increased to 15 2-10.

"Similar experiments were then tried



There is so much in this life that a man should do, so many studies to master, so many books to read, that he has no time to give to the society of good fellows.

on typesetters. These were required to set type from printed pages (to insure absolute uniformity of copy), and the total number of ems a day was computed for a week. Then, with daily gentlemanly drinks, they lost an average of 9 6-10 per cent. in efficiency by the end of the week."

And this verdict is being accepted by business. The insistent demand for efficient men is putting the man who drinks to any serious extent out of the race.

A PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE TALK.

A few years ago the writer made a trip over the C.P.R. to the Pacific coast as the

guest of a well-known railway magnate. One evening our train was tearing down the Pacific slope of the Rockies trying to make up lost time when suddenly the emergency brakes were applied. The passengers for the most part were precipitated from their seats by the unexpected stop. The private car in which we were traveling was, as usual, at the rear of the train, and, fearing that something serious had happened, we sprang out and hurried forward. The train, we found, had been stopped at a flag station and the sole occupant of the platform was an elderly gentleman in clerical attire. He informed us that he was Bishop —, and apologetically explained that he had flagged the train because he was anxious to get to the coast as soon as possible to keep an engagement in Victoria. By this time the whole train had disgorged its passengers and the train officials did not appear happy over the check to their efforts to make up time; for your train man likes to run on schedule when a railway magnate is on board. The magnate, however, expressed his pleasure at meeting the bishop and invited the latter to be his guest. The train moved on.

The bishop had for many years been a strong advocate of temperance, being a total-abstainer himself, although a broad-minded man in every sense of the word. When our party sat down to dinner in the private car, he observed that no liquor was being served. Fearing that his presence was a damper on our conviviality, the bishop was rather put out. Finally he remarked to the railway man that he hoped his scruples or principles would not prevent us from indulging in our usual wines. He was very quickly assured that neither the magnate nor myself had any thought of drinking anything.

We had, as matter of fact, traveled all the way across the continent, being two weeks on the way, as we had made a number of stops and had taken trips over various branch lines, and during the whole time not one drop of liquor had been touched though the car was stocked with everything that any drinker could want.

"I discovered many years ago," said the railway man, "that it's utterly impossible to do good work and at the same time indulge in liquor. I've observed its actual effects on hundreds of good men employed with and under me. Any man who takes liquor regularly is quite incapable of doing original work.

"Business rules are very exacting nowadays," he went on. "If a man is to make good he must bring to his work a clear head. The unsettling effects of indulgence will show themselves in weaknesses here and there. It is possible sometimes to pick out men who are drinking even when



"I think," said the bishop, "you have given the most effective temperance sermon I have ever heard."

they show no physical signs and have never been seen to enter a saloon. Their work bears testimony to their intemperance."

"I think," said the bishop "you have given the most effective temperance sermon I have ever heard."

A BAR TO PROMOTION.

Many large railway corporations have made stringent regulations forbidding the touching of alcohol by an employee on pain of instant discharge. Why? Because a man who has had a drink cannot be safely intrusted with the lives of the passengers of the road. Reliability is one of the first assets of the efficient man.

And the idea is spreading rapidly. At the head of all big corporations are executives who appreciate to the fullest degree the relation of alcoholic indulgence to efficiency. Their work is largely to build up organizations and in all their calculations of the merit of individuals they take John Barleycorn into consideration. They often make their selections for promotion on the basis that no man can be a "good fellow" and a good worker at the same time.

THE REASONS WHY.

Much of what has been said may come as a surprise to those who have always regarded moderate indulgence as a stimulus to the execution of best work.

But the fact remains that the so-called stimulation of alcohol is not a stimulation of the producing faculties. The result is effervescence, not efficiency. In the rise of spirits and the volatile animation which accompanies the first few glasses,

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The Inside of the Shell: By GEO. FREDERICK CLARKE

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER

“TAKE these papers Yorke, and ride—”

A bullet bit a piece from the rock above the lieutenant's head. His face twinged with pain as he shifted his wounded limbs in endeavor to better screen himself from the enemy below.

“Ride as fast as you can. You have a chance. Old Baldy—behind the cliff there—is in a bit better shape. Give them to the colonel—they're important—and give him my respects. And I say—I say. What was I going to say?”

His voice trailed off into monosyllables; his eyes closed in utter exhaustion.

Private Yorke shoved his Lee-Enfield over the ledge and, running his eye along the sights, pressed the trigger with a savage oath.

“By Goard,” he growled, “there's one bloomin' dopper the less. Wish I 'ad a bloody Maxim, I'd myke them set up an tyke notice. Cowards!” he spat out. “Bloomin' cowards—scared to come up an' tyke a chance.” He aimed again at the little group of men who were busy unlimbering a field gun on the veldt below.

“Didn't learnt to shot for nothin',” he muttered with grim satisfaction, and ran along the little parapet and fired again and yet again.

When he got back the big grey eyes of his master were looking up at him sternly; the thin brown hand shook with the weight of the heavy service revolver he endeavored to steady.

Private Yorke's face suddenly blanched.

“Off 'is nut,” he said beneath his breath. Aloud: “I si, my lord—if you'll just point that thing over the cliff, there—It might go off—you know—an' sen' a valuable servant to kingdom-come before 'is time.”

The strong lines about the lieutenant's mouth grew grimmer. The revolver steadied somewhat in its mad wobblings.

“I told you to go, York,” he said tensely, his face drawn with pain. “These papers are important. Gatacre said they must be in the colonel's hands by to-night, at the latest. You have a chance—the least possible chance of getting away—why don't you go?” he demanded with sudden vigor. “Damn it, man! Don't you see what it means if they fall into the enemy's hands? Your country is at stake!”

Man and master looked long into each other's eyes. The lieutenant's handsome features in odd contrast with the ugliness of the private's. The latter's hat was off and his red, touseled hair waved in the breeze. His freckled face was made more ludicrous by a newly-made scar that stretched from the corner of his upper lip almost to his right ear. He shifted a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the



“Yorke, if by any chance you get off safely after I'm gone, take this note to her—you know who.”

other and spat from between thin, bloodless lips. A shell, whining through the air like some lost soul, passed harmlessly overhead; a rain of Mauser bullets stung the rocks about them.

Still master and man looked into each others' eyes.

“Damn it, I sy!” blurted out Private Yorke at last. “You know I won't go!” The tears started into his little, light blue eyes.

“What do I care for country?” he demanded. “She h'aint never done nothin' for me. You—you done everything. I—I wasn't nothin' but a damn wharf-rat, nosin' about Southampton docks, when you come along with the recruitin' officer and—” the words choked. Private Yorke drew the back of a hairy hand across his eyes.

Private Yorke was one of that submerged tenth which helps populate greater London; of Celtic origin, which, before the days of the Feudal System gave undying allegiance to its overlord.

“By Goard! You think I'd leave you—wounded, to be shot by them blymed doppers down there—”

Another shell, striking the ledge below them, exploded with a noise that shook the hillside, and drowned the little private's words. The blood leaped to his pale cheeks, the light blue eyes sparkled. He grasped his Enfield and, kneeling calmly, emptied the magazine with deadly precision at the enemy.

“They're only plyin' with us,” he cried bitterly. “But it'll be dear fun before the thing's over.” He turned to meet the swimming eyes of the lieutenant and then both men, one wounded to death, the other indomitable in his devotion, began a steady rifle fire.

“You knew blymed well I wouldn't go an' leave you,” panted Yorke across to his comrade. “Knew bloomin' jolly well, didn't you? You was only bluffin' about shootin'?”

The lieutenant from his vantage behind the rocks nodded his head slowly, and a flush of pride for the little comrade beside him filled his breast. A wan smile flickered across his lips. Here was this puny Cockney, whom he had picked up on the wharves a couple of years ago, raising

friendship above honor. It wasn't right, he well knew that. Yorke should have gone when he was ordered. He had a right—a perfect right to compel him to go. But then, what could you do with a man who had been your companion for two years; who had blacked your shoes and cooked your food, and waited upon you with dog-like fidelity. You couldn't well shoot him down in cold blood, even had you the will. Private Yorke drank, smoked, chewed and swore, and stole anything that was movable—save that which belonged to his master. In spite of sharp reproof and stern tasks beneath the scrawny chest, the light blue eyes and the narrow forehead, was a soul that would gladly have sold itself for the welfare of the man who had befriended him.

The papers, important communications from Gatacre to his colonel, reposed in the worn knapsack at the lieutenant's side. He would burn them before they fell into the enemy's hands. There was a slim chance that the cannonading would attract his countrymen who were fortified a dozen miles away. But, soon or late, their coming would be of no avail to him. He knew he was doomed. The awful weakness was even now overpowering him; and he had yet one other thing to do before the end came.

He thought of the homeland, that he loved with all the firm, undying devotion of an Englishman: the mother, the sis-

ters, the young brother who would be left to mourn him. A film came over his eyes. Yes, there was a girl of twenty, thoroughbred to the finger-tips, whose face he carried in a locket next his heart. God bless her.

He drew out his tablets and wrote as hurriedly as his failing strength would allow.

Finished, he said: "Yorke, if by any chance you get off safely after I'm gone, take this note to her—you know who, my lad—and tell her I loved her to the very last. And—I'll burn these," taking the precious papers from the knapsack. He crumpled them in a little pile and struck a match. It flared, caught on.

Emotions too heavy for utterance flooded the breast of Private Yorke.

He knew their importance, that perhaps the future of South Africa rested on their safe deliverance. He knew also that pride of race, of military creed, which dominated his master. He wished with all his soul he could speak, say that he would make a break and try to get them through. But loyalty, that Celtic spirit of allegiance to a chieftain, blocked his mouth, made him dumb.

A shell, better aimed than the others struck the ledge only a few yards away and exploding, filled the air with flying fragments of metal and debris. With a cry, half human, half animal, Yorke bounded forward as the lieutenant fell, an inert mass across the burning dispatches. He turned him over, muttering wild words of love and fidelity and revenge. He tried to staunch the wound that stained the fair

forehead of the man he loved better than he had ever loved any creature in all his stunted life; and then, with a gentleness indescribable, he dragged the lieutenant to greater protection beneath the big boulders which formed their natural fortification.

The hot tears streamed down his freckled face. He stooped and, thrusting the smoldering dispatches into his tunic, next the scrawny, narrow chest, picked up the heavy revolver and strapped it to his hip.

As he straightened, a Mauser bullet chopped through his red hair searing the scalp in its passage. A stream of blood trickled into his eyes and he swore as he bound a dirty kerchief about his brows. Indeed, as he stood there, he mouthed such a torrent of strange, ungodly oaths as would make the inhabitants of old Caliph green with envy.

He waved his fists at the men below him, leaning far over the parapet in his wild frenzy until, awed by the strange creature's antics the enemy stopped for a few moments and surveyed him through their field-glasses. Presently, however, he reached for his rifle and began shooting at them in his reckless manner. When he had exhausted his own ammunition he discarded his heated rifle and reached for his master's. As he slipped the cartridge belt off the beloved shoulders he stooped and touched with his own thin lips the beautifully chiseled mouth of the man he had loved. Its coldness sent a chill through his frame. As he rose to his feet his eyes caught the note so hastily written

to the girl back home—clasped in the writer's left hand.

He had said: "Yorke, if by any chance you get through safely, after I'm gone, take this to her—you know who, my lad—and tell her I loved her to the very last." He remembered again his master's love of country, that mighty Empire which had been so cruel to him, Private Yorke, that had starved him, and "jyled him," and cast him forth again with ideals below their former level.

Here, now, on this hillside, with his friend dead beside him, and the enemy below cutting the air about him with their evil dum-dums, he began to realize that great force which had been that friend's highest ideal. The true significance of his master's idealism, cherished above love of home ties, awakened in the man something new, a certain pride that he was of the same race as his master and the men who were striving for right of Empire. Now he understood the "whyfor" of it all, even the songs they sung back there in camp, "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." Unknowingly, these two years, he too, had worshipped Empire in the personality of his friend.

"Goard," he exclaimed, "an' 'e wanted me to go an' leave 'im alone—to die all by 'is-self. Not much! Private Yorke's not that kind of a Johnnie, even for a bloomin' hempire like 'er Majesty's. Now, 'owever, things is chynged since 'es gone, an' I see wot I got to do, plyne as Jimmy Mason! I've got two things to do." And he

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With an air, almost magnificent, Yorke brought forth from his tunic the bundle of charred dispatches, drew himself to the utmost of his five-foot-seven, and, bringing his hand to the salute, without a word toppled over across the body of his master.

Men and Movements

G. K. Chesterton---“Let Me Reform You”

By HUGH S. EAYRS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Standing out from the brilliant galaxy who are making a new literature in England to-day one figure catches the eye and holds the attention. G. K. Chesterton is a remarkable figure in literature for many reasons, the

chief of which is that he is distinctly different from anyone else who has ever essayed to put thoughts on paper. His viewpoint is new and yet old as the hills. He is teaching a new philosophy in a delightfully amusing and thrillingly sincere way

THERE are all sorts of things to see in London. The guide book will tell you to be sure and go through the Tower, and pay a visit to the British Museum, and on no account to miss Buckingham Palace, where the King lives, and the spot in Whitehall, marked by a tablet, from which a king stepped out to his death. At Westminster, if you are lucky, you may see the Cabinet in the flesh, and at Madame Tussaud's you may see the Cabinet, in wax.

All these, and many others, are the sights of London.

But there is one view you simply must catch. If you don't, you haven't really “done” London. The view is that of a quaint figure who may be seen in Fleet Street, the birthplace and burial ground of literary reputation, about the time when the papers make ready to go to press. The quaint figure is that of Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Years ago, American visitors to London felt their visit incomplete unless they caught a glimpse of Disraeli, the Wizard in the House, or of Victoria, who held the reins and ruled an empire for sixty years. To-day, American visitors to London would like to see the King, but they must see Chesterton. Mr. Asquith is interesting, but Mr. Chesterton is fascinating. Mr. Chesterton is a sight of London.

And the reason why he is one of the lions, is that he has made himself one. Nobody discovered him and boomed him and entertained him into fame. G. K. would scorn the very idea. But everything he writes is an invitation to come and see this burning bush, which is not consumed. He doesn't entertain you alone by what he writes. The personality behind the book puzzles and attracts. You may read W. D. Howells, but you don't care a hang whether you see him or not. You may wax enthusiastic over Marie Corelli, but you are not particularly interested in what she looks like, although perhaps in her case you might like to thank the lady who made Stratford-on-Avon famous, as the resi-

dence of one Marie Corelli, the same Stratford-on-Avon which, incidentally, quite incidentally, was also the birthplace of one William Shakespeare, now deceased. But the point is that books, more than their authors, attract the reader. Jack London is still Jack London, whether he wears long hair, or is prematurely bald. In Mr. Chesterton's case, however, it is different. Whether you pick up “The Defendant,” which is sense, or “The Flying Inn,” which is nonsense, you wonder what this fellow looks like who dares to disprove—quite to your satisfaction, while you are reading him—what the newer thought and

the higher criticism lays down as standard, and to impudently champion a cause—quite to



Above is shown a photograph taken while presiding at a mock trial on the Edwin Drood case—the murder mystery story which Charles Dickens left uncompleted.

A humorous caricature of Chesterton done by a well-known London artist. It is typical of the utter disregard of sartorial niceties, which is an outstanding characteristic of “G.K.”

sane and crazy, incontrovertible and impossible.

See him as he wobbles down Fleet Street. He wobbles, he doesn't strut, or walk, or stride. The only time he varies his gait is when he rolls from side to side down the corridor of the *Daily News*. A man of actual middle height, he looks short because he is stupendously fat. He wears a suit for the making of which his tailor ought to be turned out of the union, and a broad hat, which might, with equal suitability, be worn by a Mexican sharpshooter, or an Italian impresario. He would scorn to have a shave when he needs it, but he wouldn't grow a beard, because he knows he ought to. He is so broad both ways that he would be a powerful argument against the overcrowding in the Toronto street cars, and so round that he might be taken for a geographer's globe. A massive head crowns a massive body, and a shock of hair that is neither curly nor straight

tumbles back from a fine, broad brow, indicating breadth of intellectuality. He loves to be shabby because he is quite sure that the dirty state is the happy state, being also the first state, and because he has money enough to dress like a respectable retired major, with money. Alfred Noyes may look like a prosperous stockbroker, but G. K. Chesterton—“never!” To sum him up, he is a mixture, in the proportion of one and one, of the late Doctor Johnson and Mr. Arthur Hawkes. The doctor cannot, perforce, be either flattered or offended by the comparison, and Mr. Hawkes—when I dared mention it to him—was anything but displeased. So much for a sight of Mr. Chesterton in the flesh.

It is more difficult to see the man through the mirror of his writing. Not that the mirror is cracked, but the glass presents a reflection that is confusing. His books may be summed up in the phrase, “Let me reform you.” He takes it for granted that we all need reforming. His most notable book is “What's Wrong With the World.” Note that it isn't a question. It does not ask, “What's

your satisfaction—for which you know very well there should be no serious champion. G. K. C. has made a name and a fortune out of pulling the wool over the eyes of people who read his voraciously, and who know his writings to be at once

wrong?" It shows what's wrong. And what is wrong is wrong because, in the main, it is modernism. In effect, G. K. Chesterton says to his readers, "Heterodoxy is your doxy; orthodoxy is my doxy; even though my orthodoxy is paradoxical" He cries out against the hollowness and superstition of modernism. Mr. Lloyd-George is right when he cries, "Back to the Land," for in the beginning of things the land was the people's and there is no denying it. Mr. Chesterton stands in front of the world which would rush on to things because they are new, and, cracking his whip of laughing seriousness, cries, "Back, back to orthodoxy. Orthodoxy has been proven. Modernism hasn't. You would plunge into a new cosmos because it is new, but you ought to abide by the old cosmos because it is old, and has been tried, and was not found wanting." He is tired of the new cult which must be forever running after something that is novel. For instance, in a book about Mr. Bernard Shaw, he told him that though he was a clever fellow and a charming, he was a Calvinist—a new Calvinist. He pointed out that Mr. Shaw's Calvinism is wrong, because to the Calvinist each daily act can't very much matter, because he is ordained to do it since the day he was born, and is therefore only filling up his time to the crack of doom. To the anti-Calvinist, whether he is Protestant or Catholic, each moment of life is thrilling and interesting; to the Calvinist it is, by his own confession, automatic and uninteresting. To the Arminian, the three score years and ten are the battle. To the Calvinist, they are the mere procession of the victors in laurels and the vanquished in chains.

From that, Mr. Chesterton goes on to cry down the new Eugenist cult because the Eugenist would educate the child before he exists. Says G. K., in substance, "It isn't fair. Because the father and the mother are the parents of the children that doesn't settle the disposition of the child. It doesn't even settle the good looks or the ugliness of the child, since the child may get his ugliness from a mother who is beautiful, or his good looks from a father that is ugly." So, he goes on, the Eugenist would swear away a force which is eternal, the force which is responsible for every child being different to every other child, that came be-

fore, or comes after. He is right when he says, "You can't make a child fit, simply by having fit parents, since the fitness or otherwise of the child depends on other influences besides parentage." And so on.

Mr. Chesterton is out to do one thing. He is out to reform, not by bringing in new ideas, but by pointing to the virtues of the old. He wants people to see that the slightest thing is significant because of its unseverable connection with the great and glorious past, even if the great and glorious past has something shameful in it, as he would paradoxically put it. He refuses to acquiesce when folk supersede the banner of the past by the banner of the future, though he admits the modifying influence of the future. He wants no new theology, because we haven't had time to disprove the old. He wants no new political economy, because the old—if it were faithfully practised—could not be bettered. He doesn't want reforms because they are re-forms, but would cling to the forms that have been, slightly changed to suit the present need. He admits the new light of new circumstance, but it cannot radically alter. It only lightens, or shades. The old has been proven; the new must be proved, and more often than not, it won't hold water when measured by the standards that have held cosmos—Chesterton's pet word—together for so many generations. What's wrong with the world is that it runs away from the past simply because crinolines took up more room than hobble skirts, and gallantry took up more time than boorishness.

Sometimes this philosophy of Mr. Chesterton misses fire, and there is only smoke, because it is recited with a laugh, or more fittingly, a guffaw. But then, as G. K. C. takes care to often remind you, "cosmos is, after all, very comic," and if a philosopher is a laughing philosopher, he is none the less philosophic, necessarily. If it were otherwise, *Punch* and *Life*, which point a moral through the vehicle of a joke, would be fiascos as teachers. Yet I once met a man who told me he worshipped twice on Sunday, once at church, and once in the parlor with *Punch* in his hand. Mr. Chesterton is something more than funny; he is witty. And he is witty because he is wise. If his wisdom pills are fun-coated, they are none the less good medicine.

What a paradox Chesterton is! When he is most serious he laughs loudest. To say because he is laughing at you, ergo, he is insincere, is quite wrong. But he believes in laughing (perhaps that is why he is so fat) though you might not think it to look at his frowning face.

His charm as a writer is that he is so efficient a master of ceremonies. He has ideas which are his puppets, and he makes them, whenever he wants, gyrate and dance with a maximum of inanity. But underneath the inanity there is not insanity. He is more inconsistent than H. G. Wells. Indeed, he is only consistent in his inconsistency. It was G. K. C. who proved black was white, but he still believes that black is black and white is white. Everything he writes is so alive because he takes old-as-Adam ideas and common happenings, and somehow sees something fresh in all of them. And always the fresh vision is the obvious one. Most people see; Chesterton perceives. Witty epigram and daring paradox are the wheels of his Juggernaut wisdom. He takes you with him through familiar country and shows you pastures new, which are nevertheless very old. He points out what you have missed in the old, because you are digging in the earth, and sweeping the heavens for something novel. Through Crazy Highway, and Exaggerated Byway, he arrives at his journey's end, the convincing and converting of the man he is talking to or writing for. And you find you really weren't going anywhere at all, but the journey was intended to show you how little you knew, and how much you deceived yourself about the steadfastness of the knowledge you thought you had.

Mr. Chesterton is doing a great work. He has made religion and politics burning questions for many who thought them a heap of dead ashes. The Liberal party in general and the *Daily News* in particular, in Great Britain, know his power and his worth. He takes the facts of life and with them he quashes the fancies that don't matter. He would have you believe that it isn't such a bad old world after all. He wants you to laugh at it so that you are in the mood for improving it. His books are rare homilies, and unlike some homilies you hear in church, you can't go to sleep during their recital.

The Barred Gate: By MARGARET M. HARLAN Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

SHE had come to Carlsbad with her maid, her motor, a gay party of friends and her husband and his "liver."

He had been sent by his chief, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to try his mettle in an effort to unravel a tangled diplomatic situation with the Turkish Ambassador, who also had a "liver."

Although the clever young Englishman had chosen diplomacy as a career,

he was already the author of two uncommonly successful novels.

Within the first ten minutes of their meeting she overheard his remark to one of her friends, "Madame, I am humbly acknowledging that I know nothing whatever about women," and she made an immediate mental note, "Clever person! He probably knows more than most men."

His impression after the few words of introduction was, "Mondaine, charming,

a baffling expression, eyes that one associates with violets; probably spoiled"; and, when she refused to walk with him, he decided that he wanted to know her.

His mission in Carlsbad was an important one, and knowing that the praise of his chief meant a rise in the Foreign Office he was keenly intent on making a successful coup. Thus, he had little time for pleasure. But as he encountered the gay American party in their going and coming, when his mind was free

from his ambitious duties, he was piqued by her indifference to him and his attempts to seek her. He had an abrupt power with women which occasioned either dislike or intense interest, often love, but never indifference.

He sometimes surprised a question in her eyes, but it was as quickly withdrawn, and her air of piquant gaiety kept him at bay.

After many days of fitful glimpses of her, and casual encounters, they met one afternoon near Pupp's crowded restaurant.

"Well, this is luck," said Hallam; "won't you

stop and rest under the trees? And perhaps you will take an ice—it's abominably warm." Her lips were about to refuse, but her eyes said, "Yes, why not?"

As they sat down, he realized with what a keen longing he had waited to command the undivided attention of this woman, and to read the riddle of her look.

He had found it so easy, because of his own magnetism, to indulge in the pastime of unmasking a woman's personality, that it had grown to be an almost expected relaxation. In winning the emotional gratitude of a neglected but attractive governess, or "companion," he succeeded in persuading himself that he was practising a certain kind of altruism; "poor little thing, she's so lonely," he would say to himself in excuse.

With a woman of his own social set, it was merely *pour passer le temps*. His observation was therefore trained in understanding the ways of women.

The fascination of playing with their emotions, while guarding his own, sometimes brought upon him revelations, which, had he been probing his own soul, might have been self-revelations.

As she watched the passing of the motley crowd, he studied her. He noted with an aesthetic delight her perfect daintiness, the costly accessories of her dress, the satiny gleam of pearls under the lace of her gown, the proud poise of her small head, the beautiful line from throat to shoulder. He wondered, as he looked, if it were a shadow or a sadness that flitted over her face. The interlaced boughs overhead cast a sharp reflection in the afternoon glare.

Presently, one of Grieg's mystic melodies was begun by the orchestra. The reverent silence that all German audiences render to such genius gave Hal-



As they sat down, he realized with what a keen longing he had waited to command her undivided attention.

lam another opportunity to test his insight. That her inmost spirit responded to the meaning of the melody he felt sure, but the unusual sense of frustrated endeavor to pigeon-hole her type, so to speak, gave an added keenness to his desire to plumb the depths. Hallam had been wont to consider himself infallible in the diagnosis of a personality, but he now had a baffling sense of something far beyond his vision. While conscious of a tantalizing, elusive charm, he detected a promise of unending variety of mood, an imp of daring lurking within her, or perhaps a devil of destructive impulse, should Fate once challenge or provoke her.

Prosperity will kill her, he thought, banality, stupidity, uncongeniality, will rouse that devil in time—"I wonder what she would do," he questioned. And as he absorbed the dreamy wonder of her look, as she listened, he also knew that the flame on the altar of her heart—the red flame of passion—and yet more, the white flame of the inner shrine, the holy of holies, sentineled by the red flame, had never been kindled. All unconsciously to herself, he felt it had been guarded by the virginity of her soul. He wondered whose hand would light that torch.

As he mused and wondered, the little verse crept into his mind:

"Oh, loved the most, when most I feel
There is a higher and a lower."

Her scarcely breathed exclamation of "How beautiful," bade him ask:

"I adore it. I think I love everything I don't quite understand. It offers such a field for exploration."

When the angel of rapture had folded his wings, and the commonplace had fallen upon them, and the murmur of the

crowd became once more apparent, he came to the present by asking:

"Is your husband better?"

"Oh, he always thinks he is, in every new place, until he tires of the theatres and amusements. I induced some of his special playmates to meet us here, hoping that it would make him more contented to stay."

"Then you don't care for it?"

"Oh, it's well enough as these places go, but—Ah, well—if one has a home, it is nice to be in it now and then."

Just then a particularly bizarre group of Turks—Turks with their gay fezzes, and Russian women,

whose faces seemed drawn in sharp black and white, passed in the moving procession. Her direct gaze returned to him as they disappeared.

"Mr. Hallam, I think you must be a very happy man." It was the first time she had ever given him the full radiance of her look. He stammered, surprised by the earnest directness of her expression.

"I? Really, you astonish me; why, may I ask?"

"Because you are free to live the life you choose. More than all, because you have ideals and the power to give them to others."

"So you have read my small contributions to literature?"

"Yes, long ago. Do you realize your gift, and do you value it?"

"I do when the cheques come in."

"Is that the only reason? It's such an escape. When life bores you, and people grow tiresome, you can retire to another world and make it real, and your own."

"Ideals are very well," he replied, "but after all they are lonely companions. If I could pluck champignons, Pommery sec, motor cars, and all they stand for, from the trees, I might find them everlastingly congenial."

"Your character of the hero in your last book is an inspiration for a lifetime. I have never met any one like him in fiction. He seems so human, so possible, and yet so ideal."

"Well, you see he is human. He's real. He is not a creature of my imagination at all. He's my friend."

"How very interesting!" and her smile pictured her interest. "Do tell me about him."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell about dear old Jack. He has been my best

friend since we were in knickerbockers, and he seems to me a perfect combination of a man of the world and a saint, an unusual combination that, and the most unusual part is that his family comes in for the saintliness. The unsuspecting might take him for a devil-may-care pessimist."

"What does he look like, your friend?"

"Well, Jack is long and lean, with gray eyes and a wonderful smile. He could melt the stoniest heart with that smile, and those gray eyes of his would never flinch even if called upon to sacrifice his life's happiness—to save his mother or brother from debt or scandal."

Then under the encouragement of her interest: "By Jove! Jack is an inspiration. He started out with a wonderful scheme for economic reform, but his career has gone to smash because of his irritating idealism in regard to what he considers his duty. It's fine, but his people don't appreciate it."

"Therefore you don't think it worth while?"

"Yes, oh yes! I suppose one is bound to think that unselfish service is the highest conception of life. But it's hard on Jack, and I would rather make him the hero of my story than be in his place."

"How much luckier you are, Mr. Hallam, than he; for evidently he is not able to live his life as he likes."

"If it is a question of measuring happiness, Mrs. Manning you seem to possess all that heart can wish."

"Yes," said she, musing, "I have everything that money can buy. I have everything I want, but one—"

Although her look challenged him, he did not put the expected question. Then, as if talking to himself as much as to her:

"I can fancy you in your own setting."

"I wish you could see our place. It's beautiful. My husband took enormous interest in it until it was finished to the last detail: the house, the grounds, the stables."

"Then did he tire of it?"

"Have you ever heard the story of the old man who said 'It's not so hard to get what you want, as it is to keep on wanting what you get.' The original remark had reference to wives; but it might be applied to houses, hats, or husbands."

He smiled, but his pulse quickened as he ventured:

"Mrs. Manning, may I ask you why you have avoided me all these weeks?"

"Because I know you too well: I don't understand you, but I have known you for a thousand years!"

That night, as Hallam tied his necktie with unwonted absentmindedness, he said to himself: "The thought of Jack is always a bracer. I wonder why I felt such sudden enthusiasm. It must have been her eyes; they glowed when I told her of him."

He slowly reflected: "She looked as if she, too, could die for an ideal."

II.

THREE weeks later, they were walking in one of the forest paths on the mountain.

They had elected to say their good-bye away from the crowd. The parting had grown more painful than either dared to admit. Hallam had been summoned to London, having successfully finished his mission, and he was to leave that afternoon. In silence they sat under the trees to rest; and the silence seemed sadder than the words of farewell.

"Dear, it was as inevitable as the tides. If it had not happened now, it would have sometime. I couldn't leave without telling you. God knows I tried; but what was the use? You knew it."



"Next week I am going to marry your friend Jack."

"Yes, I knew it. I wonder if it is a beautiful thing that has come to us, or a terrible thing?"

"Never a terrible thing, sweetheart, how can love ever be terrible? Why, the thought of you will be an inspiration to

me always. What books we could write together!"

"Shall you keep that thought in your mind in the weary time to come,—the thought that I want so much to help you?"

"Dear heart, I shall daily give thanks for you." And then growing vehement in the pain of parting, all the long-rooted theories of individualism came pouring from his lips.

"Why, you belong to me by all the laws of nature and truth. Don't you feel that? There is a morality of nature higher than any laws of expediency. It is God's truth. What do you care about man's laws? You love me; I feel it in the sweetness of your arms. What can keep us apart forever? Sometime—sometime—there must come a time—"

"Oh, it all seems so wrong," she moaned.

"It's not wrong, it's not wrong, Florence dear, it's only natural, and we can't help it."

They had been swept so fiercely into the full tide of passion during these short weeks, that it was only now, when the parting had come, that they were brought face to face with any question of decisive conduct. To him all artificial standards were like the morning dew that vanishes in the splendor of the sun's rays. His love seemed to him so strong, so unending, so sure and equal to the conquest of mere convention. In the

surety of reciprocal passion, even absence had no terrors, for love like theirs must endure.

In the madness of the moment he found his arms around her; he felt her tears on his face.

"Ah, Philip, what shall I do in the empty days without you?"

"If he were only cruel to you—if he ill-treated you, I would have some excuse. It would be different for us then."

"Phil dearest, let us think of what we have. It is very wonderful. I never knew I could love any one like this. Don't you believe in mental telepathy? I do, and I feel that we can find each other so. The thing itself is so great, that we

can do without the manifestation. To know that somewhere in the world you are thinking of me, and caring for me, will give me happiness enough until I see you again—and then you will write to me—and I shall always be hoping—"

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May Irwin—Peeress of Stage Widows

By MARGARET BELL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Perhaps no Canadian actress is better known or better liked than jolly, buxom May Irwin. It is many years since she left her home in Whitby to win a place on the stage and during that time she has laughed and wept

her way into the affections of theatre-goers everywhere. Many mimic stars have a certain bent. With Christie Macdonald it is the princess role; with May Irwin it is that of the widow. Read this description of the "greatest of stage widows."

ON a narrow, little stream, which runs between bits of land down in swampy Florida, could be heard the swish, swish of a boat. It was a flat-bottomed boat, such as is used by fisher folk.

It was used by fisher folk. But they were not professional fishers, though they handled the boat as if they might be.

Away beyond the jungle of tropical trees, could be heard the voices of the negroes just starting out to the fields. Now and then, the soft, languorous voices would be intruded upon by a shrill, weird cry. The call of the wild cat is not pleasant to hear.

The hour was four-thirty a.m.

The two people in the flat-bottomed boat had been up and around for half an hour. The great Southern world was awake and doing. The month was January.

Sometimes, the two fisher folk went out hunting. There was a wide variety of game to choose from. But, of late, the head of the party was becoming fastidious. She would eat nothing but teal.

So doth superfluous bounty render us all snobs of epicureanism.

Not that anyone would ever dream of calling May Irwin a snob. There, it's out. One of the fisher folk was none other than this popular comedienne, who had run away, right in the midst of her season, to cater to a large family of nerves. The out-of-the-world district of Central Florida was the place chosen for the picnic. There she wore comfortable clothes and a more comfortable incognito and rested her soul in peace.

He who accompanied her was her husband, one Kurt Eisfeldt, by name. There they spent three precious months, far away from grease paint and managers' ills, associating with ducks and alligators and dear other picnickers, of sixty or seventy summers. There they fished and



Views of May Irwin from her latest plays, in all of which she has appeared in widow roles.

hunted, and cooked the result of these two frivolities, to their hearts' content. There they listened to the lulling slum-

brous voices of the Southern negroes, and the neither lulling nor slumbrous voices of the 'gators. And gradually the years slipped from their backs, until they felt no more than infants frisking in thoughtlessness.

And when it came time to leave the 'gators and ducks and wildcats, the whole family of nerves had disappeared in the Florida swamps.

During all those precious weeks, *blase* New York had spent much time speculating as to where May Irwin could be. But the only solution arrived at was an indefinite "nervous collapse, had to go South." Under which wise canopy of truth did she conceal herself. With the result that she was never bothered when the weekly mail made its rounds, neither was her holiday interrupted by the arrival of any vari-colored Sunday editions.

When May Irwin disclosed herself and came out of hiding, the very first thing she did was go to a gunsmith's and order a gun. The reason for this is very obvious, especially to anyone who is familiar with the lines of May Irwin's figure. When she was down in the wilds of Florida, a great desire came upon her, the desire to shoot some of the delectable things, which, when unfeathered, made such delicious pates and the like. She went with her husband, on most of his shooting trips, but always dissolved into tears, when she attempted to wrest a wee life from its pond or tree. Such pathos seems only natural from big-hearted May Irwin. But, as a matter of fact, the tears were not for the duck at all. Rather for herself and her inability to hold

the gun. By which disability she missed a lot of sport.

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The Miracle of the X-Rays

One Man Stumbled on to Its Discovery and His Find Trained Another Servant for Humanity

By DR. GORDON BATES

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The advance of medical science has been marked by several epochal discoveries, the greatest of which perhaps was the triumph of Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood. Almost equally great, how-

ever, was the result of a series of experiments which led to the finding of X-rays. What has been done by the use of these penetrating, mysterious rays, and what may be done in the future form the subjects for the following article.

AS even the least among us know, X denotes the mysterious, the unfathomable, the occult. Sometimes, in the teeth of an examiner it stands for the essence of maliciousness. More frequently there is a certain benevolent aspect to the unknown; none of which is altogether irrelevant in the discussion of the rays whose character made them deserve their name.

The X-rays were called by their expressive title because it was the only title which fitted them. Now they are sometimes called the Rontgen rays. Then, their discoverer knew only that he had found something new and astounding, something possessing unheard of, almost magical qualities. As to its meaning or explanation—well the less said the better. Obviously X was discovered but it was only X. The other side of the equation was yet to be filled in.

History has it—for in the story of X-rays it is ancient history now—that one day in the fall of 1893, Prof. Rontgen was experimenting with Crooks tubes. One should explain that these are large glass vacuum tubes so arranged that electric sparks from a high voltage current can be passed through them. At the time, on a flat-topped desk in his office lay an

unassorted heap of books, glass tubes and plate-holders, platinum and aluminum electrodes and what not; such an unassorted heap as is likely to accumulate on the desk of a busy man. In this confusion it happened that a large book



Plate 3

which the professor had been reading lay on a photographic plate-holder. In the book lay a key serving as a book-mark. Over this, during one morning, the experiments went on.

Returning from lunch, Prof. Rontgen, who was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, took out the plate-holder from beneath the book and went out with his camera to take a picture. Unfortunately for the picture, but fortunately for modern science, the portrait or whatever it was which resulted was ruined by the appearance, in the centre of the developed picture, of a large black key.

The professor was puzzled but later set to work to repeat precisely the operation of the day on which the occurrence had taken place. The Crooks tube, book, key, and plate-holder were placed in exactly the same positions and lo, again a key appeared in the photographic plate.

Here, indeed, was a strange thing. Of course it was known that cathode rays would affect a photographic plate, but



Plate 1.—Showing a fracture of both bones of the leg.

here between the plate and the source of the rays were a thick book and the hard rubber side of the plate-holder, both of which were impervious to light. The greenish glow or fluorescence in the Crooks tube then suggested that substances other than glass might be made to fluoresce. Various ones were tried. One of them was barium platino-cyanide. This, placed on a card-board screen, glowed brilliantly under the influence of the new rays. Solid substances placed between the source of the rays and the fluorescent screen showed up distinctly on the far side of the screen. In 1895 Prof. Rontgen made public the facts he had discovered.

The explanation of the rays, as far as it goes is this; that when cathode rays passing through a vacuum tube impinge against the glass wall of the tube itself, certain rays (the X-rays) are produced. By using special cathodes it was soon found possible to focus the cathode rays on metal targets or anti-cathodes and thus strengthen them. Since the heavier metals have proved to be more efficient for this purpose they were—and are—more frequently used. Platinum is the material in the best tubes.

So much for the discovery and its explanation. Of course it aroused a sensation. Everyone could appreciate the existence of the thin light in the air, which made it possible for one to see. Here, however, was something which made the impossible possible, which permitted one to see through solid substances, books, cushions or thick boards, to obtain actual photographs of things on the other side.

DISCOVERY APPLIED TO SCIENCE.

In medicine and surgery the value of it all became apparent at once. Obviously the hit-and-miss method which had been part of the diagnosis of various conditions, notably fractures, could be largely done away with. Before the use of the



Plate 2.—Showing a needle lodged in the foot.

new rays, broken bones were set and their subsequent position, good or bad, ascertained largely by sets of measurements. In many bad fractures this, to put it baldly, meant little better than scientific guesswork. Often the condition was partially or incorrectly diagnosed in the first place. Even if the diagnosis were correct, the sequel, because the surgeon could not check the results of his treatment, might be too frequently a life-long deformity for the unhappy patient. Today in any case in which there is any possibility of an error the existence of Rontgen rays provides a means which no surgeon can afford to neglect. In them lies a sure means to correct the fallibility which is becoming less and less a part of surgical diagnosis.

Plate 1 gives a very easily interpreted picture of a fracture of both bones of the leg. Such a fracture could probably have been easily set without the aid of the X-rays. It is a clear and clean cut; yet one may easily imagine the possibility of a fracture not so simple, one in which for instance fragments have been detached as in an oblique fracture whose parts would insist on over-riding. The possibility of such complications is one which can not be disregarded even in a fracture which seems simple.

The value of the X-rays in clearing up such obscure cases or in rendering assurance doubly sure in simple ones has been inestimable. No less valuable have they been in cases when the detection of foreign bodies has been necessary.

Man is at best a fragile creature and, as he is liable to breaks of one sort or another, so he may ingest articles of diet which are indigestible indeed. Men, insane and otherwise, and children have emulated the ostrich in swallowing all sorts of article from tacks to safety razors. Bullets, pins, coins, crochet needles and other things too numerous to men have found their way by one avenue or another into the interior of man's anatomy. Once, they might be discovered by a groping surgeon. Too often they disappeared completely only to turn up later as the cause of peritonitis or some other malady which might easily be serious enough to result in death.

To-day, by means of the X-rays in the hands of a competent operator a foreign body may not only be located but actually seen. Plate II. gives an example of this. Some unfortunate has stepped on a needle. The tough skin of the heel almost precludes any possibility of locating it by ordinary means. Before the days of the X-rays one would have found it necessary to simply cut and cut until, largely by chance, the needle was struck. Possibly—or probably—it was not found at all. The modern simplifying of the problem is made obvious by the picture.

To experienced surgeons one of the greatest revolutions made possible has been brought about in kidney surgery. In looking over papers on this subject of even little more than ten years ago, the errors in diagnosis made by even the most distinguished surgeons are, in the light of present achievements, almost laughable.

X-rays have changed all this. At first, even shortly after their invention, they proved to be of value in locating stones in the kidney or in the ureter, the tube draining the kidney (the small oblong shadow shown in Plate III. is an example); but since other things such as phleboliths also cast shadows, the method was not always trustworthy. Of late the use of the cystoscope and the ureteral catheter (a long fine tube which may be insinuated into the ureter), in combination with X-rays have added greatly to the utility of the latter. Not infrequently small pea-like stones or calculi as they are called, are found whose existence formerly could only have been a matter of conjecture.

PRODUCING PICTURES.

Any substance whose density is in great contrast to its surroundings will cast a shadow on an X-ray plate. Carbonate of bismuth is an example. It is a heavy white powder and has been used to demonstrate various conditions especially in the abdomen. If a patient is given a drink of this substance suspended in water, the thick cream-like concoction passes to the stomach and thence to the intestines. In passing it coats the walls between which it passes with layers of bismuth sufficient to cast a distinct shadow on a plate. Thus a picture of the stomach and intestines may be produced and possibly some diseased condition demonstrated. Again by swallowing little pellets of bismuth the situation of strictures of the oesophagus



Plate 4.—An X-Ray photograph of the lungs.

may be found. The package of bismuth goes down until its passage is interrupted. The X-rays show how far it has gone. A point just below this must be the situation of the stricture.

Similarly certain conditions of the heart blood-vessels or lungs may frequently be shown up when ordinary methods

of diagnosis are insufficient. An outstanding example of this is found in aortic aneurysm, a dangerous dilatation of the great artery leading from the heart. It commonly shows up well on a fluoroscopic screen or an X-ray plate.

Other heart and lung conditions can be fairly pictured too. Plate IV. is a picture of the chest of a person suffering from tuberculosis. One lung is affected as will be seen by the shadows on the right side. The other lung is clear. The position of the dark shadow in the centre of the picture.

Such are a few of the methods by which the diagnosis of many conditions is furthered by the use of these curious rays. One has only to look over a series of plates from the collection of an expert radiologist to realize how valuable they must be. Here will be several plates of bullets implanted in obscure portions of the body. Next perhaps will be a picture showing the chest of a child who has been unfortunate enough to get a stick-pin in his wind-pipe or a cent painfully crammed into his oesophagus. Next will be a badly broken leg or a dilated stomach or a tuberculous bone. One cannot but feel elation at a retrospect which includes successful repairs of all sorts which only these pictures have made possible.

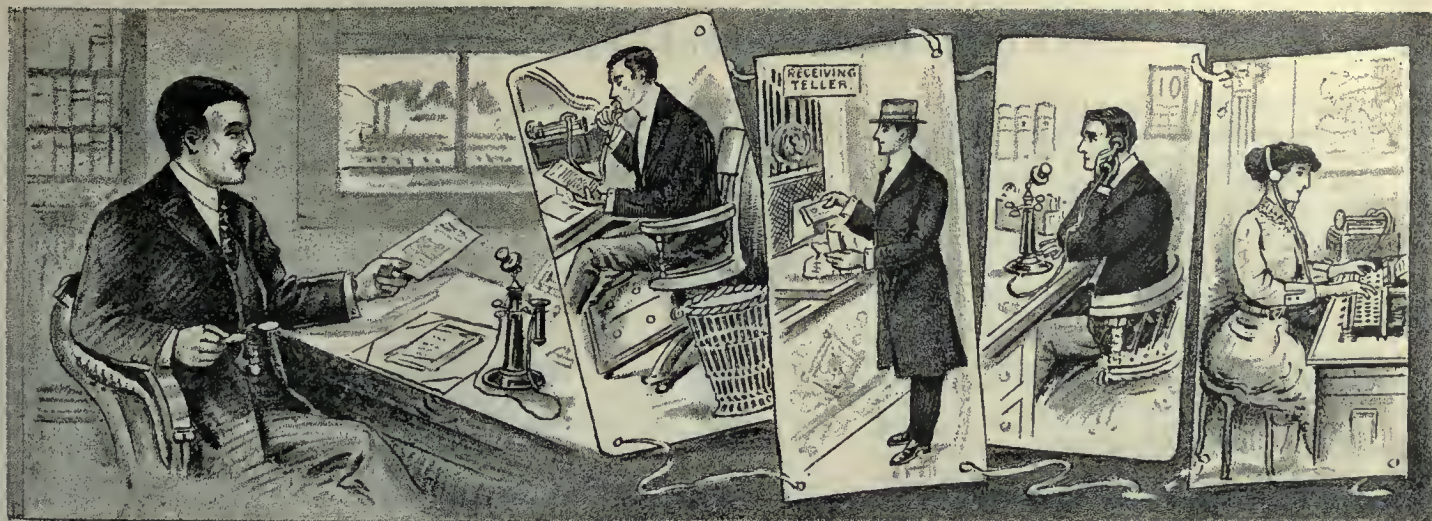
Early in the study of X-rays it was found that improperly used they might do a great deal of harm to people using them. Before this was realized more operators than one suffered the penalty which the inexperience of pioneers in many ventures makes frequent. Severe burns were not uncommon. Terrible skin inflammation, too, resulted, so severe in the case of at least one well-known English physician that both his hands were subsequently amputated. Following this, perhaps on the principle that one poison will destroy another, it was suggested that possibly X-rays would cure disease and in fact their effect was tried in many conditions.

In some cases results more than justified expectations. In others woeful disappointment followed. In superficial cancer such as early cancer of the lip, in that malignant condition known as rodent ulcer, a terrible face cancer, and in lupus or tuberculosis of the skin, brilliant results in the form of absolute tumors and in tuberculosis of the lungs results have been entirely negative. In not a few chronic skin diseases the X-rays have a decided value.

But one might continue a dissertation on the merits and possibilities of so interesting a subject ad infinitum. Space forbids that one do more than touch on a few of its more important uses as a diagnostic and therapeutic agent.

It may be of interest, last of all, to say something of the appearance of the tube which generates rays. It is a large glass bulb with several hollow projections. The air has been exhausted and the wires which bear the electric current to and from it are attached at either end. Projecting into the centre from one end is the cathode, opposite it is a small metal

Continued on Page 121.



Getting the Facts: Systems that Make for Efficiency

By GEO. H. SHEPARD

Third Article of Series

THE story is told of a quack doctor who, lacking knowledge of the theory of medicine relied upon records of his experience in his case book. Being called in to treat a carpenter in a fever, he prescribed some bread pills, thinking that they would be harmless at least. When he called on his patient the next day, to his astonishment he found the man well. As he knew that it was not his bread pills that had done it, he questioned the patient about what had happened. The carpenter replied that he got thirsty in the night and drank a pint of pickled cabbage juice. Whereupon the empiric noted in his case book: "For fever, one pint of pickled cabbage juice, taken internally at night."

Some time after, being called to treat an upholsterer with a fever, he ordered the man to get up in the night and drink a pint of pickled cabbage juice. The patient died and the quack then added to the entry in his case book: "The above treatment is beneficial to carpenters, but fatal to upholsterers."

Yet the quack was on the right track in keeping immediate records and in trying to draw conclusions by comparing them. After losing a few more carpenters and upholsterers, he would probably see that the patient's trade had nothing to do with the curative properties of pickled cabbage juice. Continued records would have shown that more cases recovered under bread pills than under pickled cabbage juice treatment.

It took the medical profession only about five thousand years of that kind of observation and analysis to learn that one fever differed from another. Study of the ulcerations of the intestines showed that typhoid fever was altogether different from typhus. Investigations as truly heroic as they were truly scientific, in which several gallant men lost their lives gradually cleared up the obscure rela-

tions of cause and effect, and showed that mosquito bites, and not contact with the sick, were the means of propagating yellow fever.

I once spent five days in quarantine for yellow fever on a sub-tropical island swarming with mosquitoes. If it had not been that, by the mercy of God, there were no cases at the quarantine station during that time, probably every one there would have had the fever.

Now, through knowledge of the fact that extermination of mosquitoes, and not quarantine, is the true preventive of yellow fever, Gorgas has converted the Isthmus of Panama into a health resort. Anyone who has ever visited the grim cemetery of the old French days, on Monkey Hill, appreciates the difference.

WHAT THEORY IS.

The past has given us from its experiences, records, and reasonings, an immense and invaluable fund of knowledge; and it is this knowledge that constitutes our THEORY.

How can anyone despise or neglect it? Yet there are those who do both, and who even glory in their shame.

This unfortunate state of mind springs, I believe, from not knowing the limitations of theory. The trouble with theory is that it is incomplete. The most that it can do is to draw a circle around the answer and say: "It is in there." Theory alone can not say where.

In other words, the mere theorist can find the nest, but it is beyond him to take out the eggs.

On the other hand, the *practical man* can not only go direct to the nest, but can put his hand right on the egg, provided he has done it before. But now let your empiric, who has been a very successful raider of hen's nests, be called upon to produce a dozen orioles' eggs. He will follow the beaten path to the hen house,

regardless of the fact that no oriole ever nested there.

Now call in your ornithologist, who has never been in your town in his life, and ask him to get you orioles' eggs. He will find a row of elms, with long branches too slender at the tips for cats, and will tell you to search next to the outer screen of leaves for the hammocks of the orioles.

Of course, for the mere routine worker, practical empirical knowledge is entirely sufficient. A man who is both theoretical and practical has marked out the way for him, and he has worn it into a beaten path.

The danger which threatens the routine worker is that, when the matter has degenerated into mere routine, the theorist-practitioner can and does transfer his ability still further to a slave without mind or personality; and the human machine finds a metal machine in his place, and his job gone.

I am writing for men who have to, or desire to, lead others, who have to blaze the trails for the routine workers; and for such men knowledge of the theory of their work is imperative.

Such a man must not only find the elm trees, but, the first time at least, he must direct the placing of the ladders by which to circumvent the strategy of the orioles, and must point out to the small boys who rifle the nests just where to search the screen of leaves. He is much more apt to do that successfully if he has been bird-nesting himself a good many times.

In other words, the executive must have not only theory and not only practice, but he must have both theory and practice, not merely welded together, but fused and stirred together until every atom of theory finds its atom of practice and the two combine into new molecules of knowledge.

One of the great defects of our sys-

What He Would Have Done

LET us see how the principles can be applied to a concrete case. A man intends to make a business of making honey. He is taken in hand by a scientific manager who knows very little about either bees or honey, but who questions him.

IDEALS.

Q.—What do you expect to do?

A.—Secure 35 pounds of honey a year from each colony.

The scientific manager immediately finds out that twice this amount of honey has been produced on the average from well managed hives, so he marks the client 50 per cent. on ideals.

COMMON SENSE.

Q.—Where do you intend to settle?

A.—Oh, anywhere. I have a brother-in-law at Ashbury Park.

Q.—Do you know that bees are unionized and that you will have to accept the rules of their union?

A.—I don't know much about that. I guess it will be all right. He is marked 20 per cent. on these questions for he is evidently not using common sense in starting his venture.

PERSONNEL.

Q.—Have you employed any one skilled with bees?

A.—No. I remember what my uncle told me when I was a boy.

Q.—Will you start your bees with an Italian Queen?

A.—A native queen is good enough for me.

Q.—Have you subscribed to the bee papers, have you put yourself in touch with the United States Agricultural Department, or with the State Boards?

A.—No. I have a book that belonged to my grandfather. He is marked 10 per cent. on the principle of personnel.



DISCIPLINE.

Q.—Have you studied the spirit of the hive? Do you know the rules by which the bees govern themselves?

A.—No, but I smoke them when I take the honey and catch them when they swarm.

He is marked about 30 per cent. on discipline.

FAIR DEAL.

Q.—What are you going to do for your bees? Will you watch to see if they fall sick? Will you watch the flowers fade and then take their honey away? Will you allow the great night moth to destroy them?

A.—I think the bees can take care of themselves. I must sell the honey they make.

On this occasion he is given as to the principle of the "Fair Deal" not only no credit, but a demerit of 50 per cent.

RELIABLE, IMMEDIATE, AND ADEQUATE RECORDS.

Q.—Will you know when each kind of flower blooms and about how much of it is within each of the hive? Will you weigh the honey made in each hive, have records to show how much the bees both make and need, will you know the minute they are going to swarm and have a new hive ready?

A.—No, but I keep a very accurate record of the weather and I watch the market quotations for honey.

On reliable, immediate and adequate records he gets 10 per cent. for he has at least counted his hives, and this is a beginning of reliable records.

From your previous answers it is plain that you have very vague plans and schedules, that you have no despatching, that you are not adapting conditions nor operations, that you are not reducing to writing best practices, that you are offering very scant efficiency reward.

stem of education has been that we have made our youth swallow a mass of theory without any practice along with it, so that we have properly called the knowledge certified by the still wet diploma of the college graduate, "undigested." In order that theory and practice may properly digest each other, they must be taken together in small mouthfuls, and must be well chewed before swallowing.

Schneider, of the University of Cincinnati, has shown us how to do it by sending his engineering students two weeks into actual work at engineering trades in commercial shops and then two weeks into the college class rooms, with a special teacher, called the co-ordinator, continually to point out the relations between theory and practice.

TRACING MIND INFORMATION.

In a preceding article of this series, that on personnel, I pointed out that the possibilities of any one individual's theory and practice are too limited for present-day requirements; and that this difficulty can be overcome by competent counsel through staff organization. As soon as a new item of knowledge reaches the mind, the natural tendency is for all previous knowledge to challenge the new-comer. You see in a technical journal that a new alloy, Stellite, is superior to any steel as a cutting tool. Immediately your knowledge of chemistry cries out to Stellite, "Hold on. Let's see what you are

made of?" Behind chemistry come her family, the Elements. Iron exclaims, "Show us your family tree. No relation of mine apparently. Perhaps you've met the family cook, old Auntie Heat?"

This natural tendency of the mind should be encouraged, for it is by means of it that the mind classifies its knowledge and gets it into convenient shape for ready use. In the above process all the previous members of the family have got acquainted with Stellite. They have quartered him in a brain cell on Cobalt Street. They have not only got his address, but they have connected him to the brain's telephone exchange and have put down his number in their directories.

Some day you want the latest and best alloy for a cutting tool. Meanwhile you have forgotten all about Stellite. Naturally you inquire of Iron who replies, "I'm getting old and am trying to retire from that line but I know a young fellow, the very party for you," takes down his telephone receiver and rings up Stellite. "Stellite speaking," replies the latter. "Boss wants you in the main office," says Iron and hangs up; and, in less time than it takes to tell it, Stellite presents himself to the Conscious Mind.

In fact, the brains of men of great ability, in so far as there has been opportunity to examine them, have been distinguished not so much for gray thought cells as for the abundance of white nerve

fibres and for the thoroughness with which they connect the thought cells.

THINKING ON THE ROAD.

Such classification and correlation of knowledge should be fostered by deliberate reflection for that express purpose. Arnold Bennett suggests to the busy man that he should use the journey from house to office every morning for this purpose. The suggestion is a good one; but, for American cities at least, should not begin until one has entered the car, and should end the moment one starts to leave it. The reason for this is that reflection requires concentration and concentration induces absent-mindedness, and absent-mindedness on the street gets one run over by an automobile. Also alertness is itself an indispensable mental quality and needs exercise, and there is no better place for it than in saving one's life from trolley cars and mad pedestrians in negotiating a street crossing.

Re-examination of the grilling that Stellite got from the previous members of the family, when he applied for admission, shows that the process tends to break up the new knowledge into its elements and to examine every element by itself.

This instinctive analysis should also be encouraged because, while combinations are infinite in number, elements are few. Hence one readily gets to know the elements and how to deal with them.

What He Was Instructed To Do

THIS man's undertaking is hopelessly doomed to failure on his own showing.
How do we advise him?

Ideals.—You will set up an ideal of 70 pounds of honey per hive per year, twice what you have counted on.

Common Sense.—You will go to California, the land of flowers, not to Ashbury Park, and you will locate in the foot-hills where the season is longest.

Personnel.—You will hire out for at least a year to a successful bee-raiser. You will find out everything you can from all the experts in the world. You will start with the best queens you can secure. The quality of the workers is of the highest importance.

Discipline.—You will study the spirit of the bees and build on the disciplining foundation they give you.

Fair Deal.—You will see that they become neither discouraged nor indifferent, you will protect them from enemies and diseases. You will be ready for them when they swarm.

Records.—You will keep only necessary records, but they must be absolutely reliable, immediate, and inadequate.

Planning.—You will carefully and scientifically plan the whole business in advance, as to how many hives to keep, how often they can be depleted of their honey, what you will do as to the swarms.



Standards.—You will establish standards and schedule the operations in accordance with the seasons and locality.

Conditions.—You will adapt conditions by setting up the hives where the flowers are, moving the hives from place to place to different flowery fields and as the season advances move them into the mountains.

DOING THINGS THE BEST WAY.

You will standardize operations by selecting the proper kind of hive, putting in it the box frames equipped with a comb foundation of wax. You will place wood wax outside the hives so that the bees need waste no time gathering pollen. You will empty the combs and put them back again so as to save the trouble of making new ones. You will not expose glucose outside the hives and induce the honest bees to fill the comb with glucose instead of with honey.

Instruction.—You will write in a loose leaf ledger all you learn that is good practice so that your son can inherit and build further on your knowledge.

Efficiency Reward.—Finally you will see that in all respects your bees are healthier, more prosperous, living up to their own ideals more fully than they ever did before.

This kind of analysis, this kind of betterment can be applied to any undertaking whatever.

SEPARATING EACH ITEM.

We do not build a wall by dumping loads of bricks along the line and crushing them into a compact mass by a steam roller. First the hod-carrier separates every brick from the disorderly heap; and in his hod every brick is a distinct element, separate from every other brick. Then the bricklayer builds all these separate units into one compact larger unit, the wall; and out of the same kind of bricks he may build many different kinds of walls.

The mental processes of able men are like that. On being confronted with an unfamiliar problem, such a man does not try to deal with it in bulk. Instead he first analyzes it, separates it into its elements. Probably most of the elements are already familiar to him. If there are any strange ones, he next gets after them. If he is helped by staff organization, he will, if need be, call in competent counsel to help him to quick acquaintance with them. When the elements of the problem are known, comes the building of the answer, the synthesis of those elements into the decision.

In dealing with problems of efficiency, the principles stated in the introductory article are of supreme importance. Just as the chemist, by applying to an unknown compound in turn the test for the presence of every element of matter makes a qualitative analysis of it—so the efficiency engineer, by applying to any situation the fundamental principles of efficiency one after another, determines in what respects it is efficient and in what inefficient.

Harrington Emerson illustrates this as shown in the test accompanying this article.

As thus indicated, the very first analysis by the principles of efficiency, may, under a skilful investigator, be not only qualitative, but more or less quantitative also. As the work of betterment proceeds, successive analyses must carry quantitative determinations ever to more and more refined accuracy. That is, as time goes on, one must not only answer the question, "What?"; but ever more and more accurately, "How much?" This will be taken up further under the principles of standards and records.

One of the ways in which common sense must be most strongly applied is in insisting upon the substitution of definite quantitative knowledge for fads, fancies, and general impressions. One of the most serious obstacles in the way of greater efficiency is usually the lack of such knowledge. In that case, standards must be determined and records must be installed as soon as possible, in order to obtain it.

The professor of mathematics of a certain university in passing through the grounds, saw the superintendent of buildings with a gang of laborers trying, with a block and fall, to lift to its place over the main door of a building, a bust, of heroic size, of the donor of the building, which had been generously furnished for that purpose by the admiring giver.

The load proved too much for the gang and the superintendent of buildings ordered one of the laborers to go to the tool-house and bring another tackle of the same purchase, but with blocks of larger diameter.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the professor, "Don't you know that, the purchase being the same, you will gain no mechanical advantage from the expedient which you

have devised, and that therefore the mechanism which you propose will be equally ineffective with that from the application of which you have just desisted?"

"Just watch me," replied the superintendent.

After 29.46 minutes by the stop-watch of an efficiency engineer who was an unnoticed bystander, the man returned with the required tackle. Meanwhile the superintendent smoked a pipe, and the laborers took a nap on the grass.

The fall with larger pulleys having been rigged and manned, the heroic bust rose proudly to its intended position from which it has ever since surveyed the campus and has aroused feelings of untold gratitude in the hearts of the students, who refer to it fondly as "The Mug."

Neither the professor nor the superintendent commended himself to the efficiency engineer.

There is considerable data on the friction and bending of ropes, which are just as proper elements of the theory of mechanics as the principle of moments. The professor was apparently ignorant of the former and based his conclusion on the latter alone.

The superintendent, who prided himself on being a practical man, had common sense enough to know that his ropes would bend enough easier around the larger sheaves to enable him to lift the load; but, by failing to exercise forethought, he kept himself and his whole gang idle while the larger fall was brought.

A theorist-practitioner by the exercise of higher common sense would have foreseen the need of the larger blocks, would have planned to use them, would have dispatched the necessary tackle to the

gang when it went to work, and thereby would have adapted conditions to the work, and would have saved 29.46 minutes of the time of the superintendent and the entire gang.

Some one has said that science is foreknowledge; and, since the laws of nature are absolutely uniform, it is evident that a perfect knowledge of both laws and conditions would enable one to predict the future with absolute accuracy. Because our knowledge of both is imperfect, we can only approximate the future for a limited time ahead; but we can approximate it more closely and further ahead than is ordinarily attempted. In reality the exercise of foresight is one of the most necessary applications of common sense; and an executive, to be successful, must not merely deal with events as they occur, but must foresee and forestall wants.

No matter to what height one may raise his higher common sense, he can never get along without good old plain common sense, which is built close to the ground.

This kind of common sense is in great measure intuitive, a natural gift. But whatever one has of it will grow by exercise and cultivation.

THE VALUE OF GUESSES.

Some men are distinguished by this faculty. The man who is perhaps the nestor of the engineering profession, Dr. John E. Sweet, president of the Straight Line Engine Company, of Syracuse, N.Y., is so remarkable for his professional intuition, that another eminent engineer said of him that it seemed to be impossible for him to do anything wrong. I suppose that Dr. Sweet's conclusions are a result of some instantaneous process of reasoning; but the process is so unconscious that I once heard him say, when asked how he reached a certain decision, "I guessed at it." And I also heard him in a public address to engineers, advise them to learn to be good guessers.

The ordinary man cannot begin by being a good guesser. For him there is no road to combined accuracy and quickness of judgment except the practice of the analysis and synthesis above dis-

cussed, until they became sub-conscious and instantaneous.

USING FEMALE ADVICE.

On the whole, intuition is a woman's rather than a man's faculty. When a man comes into contact with a smart woman and sees her take an aeroplane flight to some conclusion in exactly the opposite direction to that taken by his freight train of reason, he is apt to feel contempt, until the event has justified her intuition and condemned his reason. After a few such experiences he begins to feel amazement; and after a good many, respect.

If any of my readers has a smart wife, I cannot give him better advice than to add her to his staff and to take competent counsel from her. Not all women are smart; but, if a man has not a capable wife he ought to be able to find among his sisters and his cousins and his aunts at least one woman whose advice would be of the utmost value to him.

If the female mind would always jump to the right conclusion, mere man could end his troubles by hiring a smart stenographer; but, alas! the best female intuition will sometimes land on the wrong spot, as it did in the celebrated case of Mother Eve and the apple. Hence we poor sons of Adam cannot after all merely eat as we are bidden and be wise, but must take the apple offered by the female adviser and first carefully peel, quarter, and core it, lest a very large worm, or perhaps even the Serpent himself, may lurk inside.

It is, in the end, by thorough study of one's work and by the exhaustive knowledge and correct methods derived therefrom, that one arrives at a real zest for his work and enjoyment of it; and such zest is itself one of the greatest promoters of personal efficiency.

At this point, let me give place to a real highbrow writer, with which words I present Mr. Arnold Bennett, who from "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," speaks to you as follows:

"Cause and effect are to be found everywhere. Rents went up in Shepherd's

Bush. It was painful and shocking that rents should go up in Shepherd's Bush. But to a certain point we are all scientific students of cause and effect, and there was not a clerk lunching at a Lyon's Restaurant who did not scientifically put two and two together and see in the (once) two-penny tube the cause of an excessive demand for wigwams in Shepherd's Bush, and in the excessive demands for wigwams the cause of the increase in the price of wigwams.

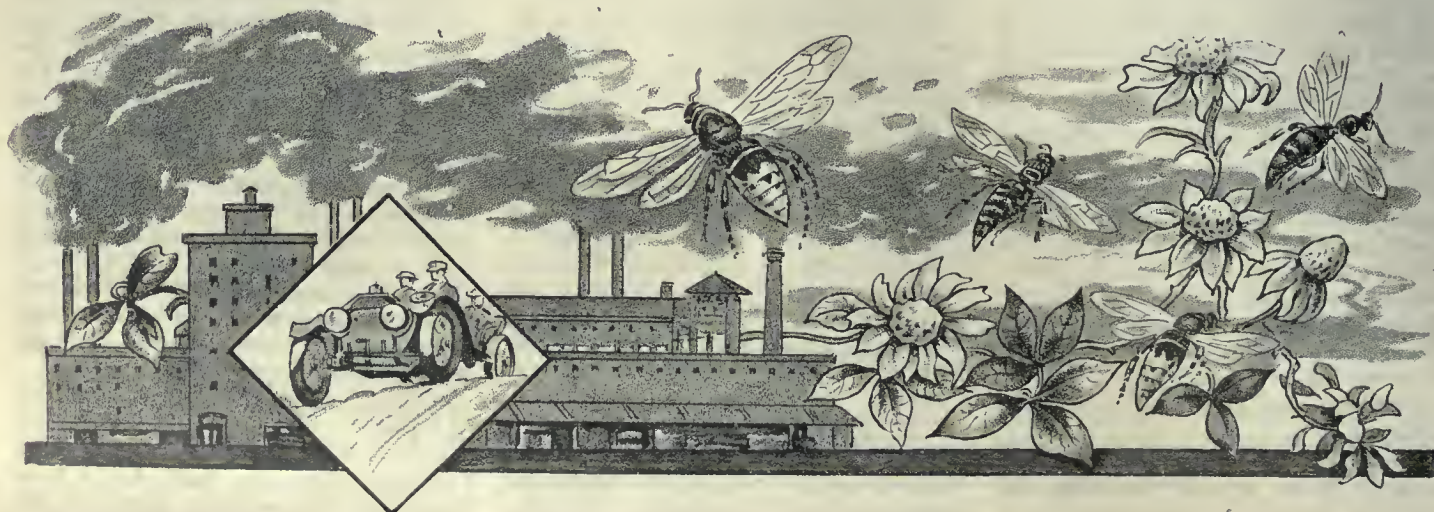
"Simple" you say disdainfully. Everything, the whole complex movement of the universe, is as simple as that when you can sufficiently put two and two together. And, my dear sir, perhaps you happen to be an estate agent's clerk, and you hate the arts, and you want to foster your immortal soul and you can't be interested in your business because it's so humdrum. Nothing is humdrum.

"The tremendous, changeable picturesqueness of life is marvelously shown in an estate agent's office.

"What! There was a block of traffic in Oxford Street; to avoid the block people actually began to travel under the cellars and drains, and the result was a rise of rents in Shepherd's Bush! And you say that isn't picturesque! Suppose you were to study, in this spirit, the property question in London for an hour and a half every other evening. Would it not give zest to your business and transform your whole life?

"You would arrive at more difficult problems. And you would be able to tell us why, as the natural result of cause and effect, the longest straight street in London is about a yard and a half in length, while the longest absolutely straight street in Paris extends for miles. I think you will admit that in an estate agent's clerk I have not chosen an example that specially favored my theories.

"You are a bank clerk and you have not read that breathless romance (disguised as a scientific study) Walter Bagehot's 'Lombard Street'? Ah, my dear sir, if you had begun with that, and followed it up for ninety minutes every other evening, how enthralling your business would be to you, and how much more clearly you would understand human nature."



The Gold of Cupid

By LOVELL COOMBS

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER



EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is a strong story by a new writer, new at least to readers of MacLean's. In bold relief he presents the rough life of the pioneer, of the miner, who goes to the edge of civilization in quest of the earth's hidden store of gold—and who finds his lot cast with primitive men amid primitive conditions. The necessary leavening is supplied in a love story that has a happy ending.

"Put 'em up!" commanded O'Rourke, thickly. "We come for the map. Fork it over."

IN the lamp-lit smoke-haze of the Wet Nugget Saloon, tense over a table, Frenchy Le Banc talked rapidly with tongue, hands and shoulders.

"Mais, w'at eef McLeod he have stake you? W'at eef he have nurse me w'en I'm cut de leg? So, den, because, mus' we starve? Or work lak dog on de mine, t'ree dollair day? An' was you fault you gone broke? Was my fault de axe she's slip?" A whisky-moist fist crashed on the sodden board. "Non! We will mak heem give up de map he will mak on de place, an' fin' it ourself, oui!"

O'Rourke still wavered

Frenchy snapped his fingers. "Bah! you shoot de Greaser for get his shovelle, you keel de Injun because hes not give you wan cheecken, an' now wintair she's come, an' you will starve, or bus' your back for t'ree dollair day! Bah!"

"I was drunk. Both times I was drunk," growled O'Rourke guardedly.

"An' you are drunk now—so!" retorted Frenchy cunningly. "Come! 'Noder dreenk!"

O'Rourke hesitated, gulped the glass, and another. "Come!" coaxed Frenchy. With the snarl of an animal O'Rourke rose and followed his partner out into the darkness.

When the Kootenay Gorge had seemingly given up its last pay-streak of the precious yellow metal, a "strike" that had produced a score of pea-sized pellets in half an hour's panning might be supposed to have brought satisfaction, at

least, to the finder. In a small cabin half way up the mountain slope Scotty McLeod sat at a plank table and brooded over a letter that half concealed the forgotten gold.

Perhaps it was the occasional morbid lapse of the disappointed man of few and strong affections; perhaps it was the irony of fate that had brought the find on the anniversary of the letter that had made a wandering prospector of a homesteader joyfully toiling out a home for a "girl back east."

However that may be, the latch had lifted and the cabin door had opened sufficiently to flicker the candle light when the blonde young Nova Scotian glanced up. The door flung back, and O'Rourke and Le Banc entered, stumbling. On their unshorn faces was a glower of drunken purpose, and in O'Rourke's hand was a revolver.

McLeod started to his feet. "Why, O'Rourke—" he began.

"Put 'em up!" commanded O'Rourke, thickly. "We come for the map! Fork it over!"

"Map? What map?"

"The map you just been makin' there!" A swerve of O'Rourke's gun indicated the letter on the table. "Stick up your hands and git—Look out! Take it, then!"

The bullet from the shaking revolver had missed, and as McLeod backed against the wall, in one hand he held the letter and in the other the tin box from which it had been taken.

"O'Rourke, you're mad! You're drunk!" he expostulated. "On my honor, this is no map. It is something of more value to me than any map, but positively it's of no value to you. I have made no map, if you mean of the location of my strike. I don't need to. And as I told you two to-day—when I gave you the nugget apiece that you seem to have forgotten—I'll let you in on it just as soon as I have filed."

In O'Rourke's drink-muddled brain was but one idea. "We come for the map! Fork over the map!" he ordered doggedly.

McLeod appealed to the French-Canadian. "Le Banc, you will believe me. This is no map. There is no map."

"Den tell w'ere she is, de place!" demanded Frenchy.

"I'll not tell you, you drunken fools! Take the gold on the table, if you must. There's a little money under a plank over in the corner—third plank out. Take that too. But I'll not let you touch these letters."

"Won't you!" O'Rourke lurched nearer, and steadied his gun-hand.

At the moment, Frenchy, hastening to locate the hidden money, stumbled and fell. O'Rourke turned his head. Instantly McLeod dropped the box and grasped at his own revolver. Before he could raise it O'Rourke whirled and fired, and the Nova Scotian crumpled to the floor.

As Frenchy recovered himself, and began digging at the plank with his knife, O'Rourke swayed to the side of the pros-

trate man and took from his clutching fingers the coveted paper. Back at the table, he smoothed it out before the candle.

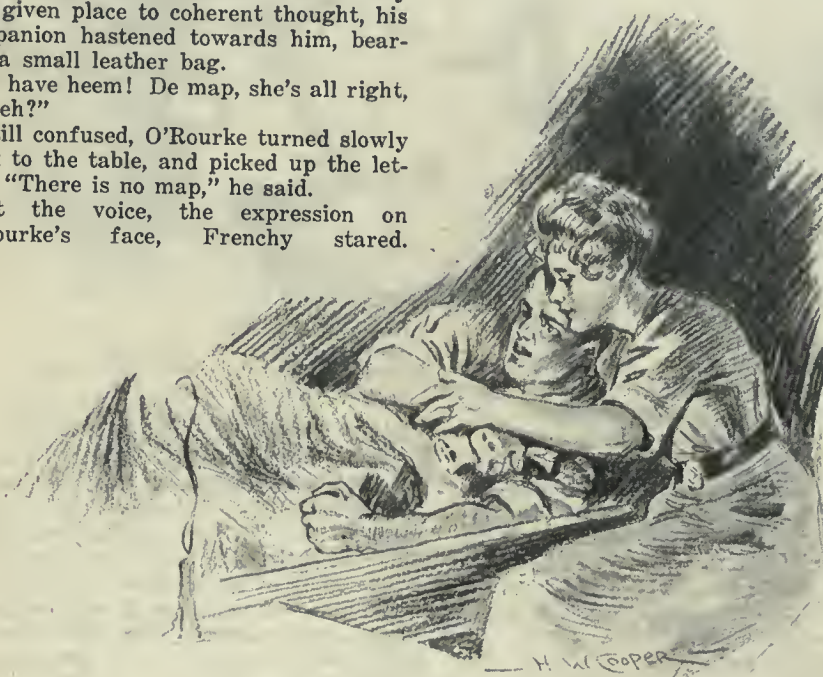
An oath spat through his teeth. He whipped the sheet over, back. Drunken anger flamed in his face, and snatching at his gun, he sent two bullets crashing through letter and table. Abruptly, with the changeableness of intoxication, he bent over the epistle, and fixed his bleary eyes on the written lines. He straightened up, winking. He again bent, read a moment, and stood stiffly, drunkenly, erect, slightly swaying, strange emotions struggling in his reddened face. His troubled gaze fell, and at his feet caught the glint of the tin box. Steadying himself, he stooped and secured it. It contained only letters. He placed it on the table, carefully.

An exclamation from Frenchy turned him in that direction, and wrought in his face a new set of emotions. Before they had given place to coherent thought, his companion hastened towards him, bearing a small leather bag.

"I have heem! De map, she's all right, too, eh?"

Still confused, O'Rourke turned slowly back to the table, and picked up the letter. "There is no map," he said.

At the voice, the expression on O'Rourke's face, Frenchy stared.



And the dearest girl caught him in her arms.

O'Rourke cleared his throat, hesitated. With a sudden assumption of anger he thrust the letter toward the French-Canadian. "Damn it, can't you see it ain't a map? It's a lo— —a—" The words stuck in O'Rourke's throat. "It's a letter."

Frenchy glanced at it, and shrugged his shoulders. "Anyway, we have de monee."

"The money? Put it back!" O'Rourke started at his own words. Sharply then he repeated them. Frenchy gasped.

"Put it back!" commanded O'Rourke, raising his voice.

"W'at de devil! Are you crazee?" cried Frenchy.

O'Rourke snapped out his pistol, and roaring at the top of his lungs, "Put it back! Put it back!" drove the incredulous Frenchman to the corner, where sullenly the bag was tossed into the hole.

They returned to the table. "Now," said Frenchy icily, "maybe you will tell w'at is de mattair, eh?"

O'Rourke's eyes dropped to the letter, still in his hand, and confusion again seized him. Of course Frenchy would not understand; would laugh, sneer at him. An expedient lightened his face. Again the revolver was thrust at the startled Le Banc.

"Now Frenchy, you keep your trap shut till I tell you to open it, or you git this! Open up just once, and you git it! See? Just listen!"

O'Rourke once more cleared his throat. "As I said, this ain't no map. It's a letter. A letter from a woman—a girl—in fact, it's a—" O'Rourke took a deep breath, glared along the pistol barrel, and shot the words out fiercely. "It's a love letter!"

Frenchy raised one black eyebrow just perceptibly.

O'Rourke crooked his trigger finger, glowered, and proceeded. "Now, of course, a rum-soaked French maverick

had run away again, or Old Blue had hooked you, or—something terrible. But it's all right now, and 'the sun is shining' once more.

"And so you really have part of the house—our house—up! Oh Dick, wouldn't I just love to be out there right now, fixing things up nice. And cooking mock duck and devil cake for you!"

"I suppose I shouldn't say things like that, should I? But whenever I think of you away out there on the plains, all alone, doing your own cooking and washing—making a home for us, for me, sometimes it makes me want to cry. Sometimes I do. But some day—"

"Excuse me a moment, dear, Uncle is calling me."

O'Rourke paused.

"Oui, oui! Go 'head!"

Slowly O'Rourke raised his eyes from the letter, and blinked into dumbfounded consciousness of the revolver at his side, and Frenchy leaning over his arm, looking and listening breathlessly.

"Proceed! Go 'head!"

O'Rourke continued to stare. "Well, I be—"

"For why? For why?" Frenchy spoke with flashing gestures. "Don't I know love lettair? Don't I have switheart once? Ah, Marie, ma petite! Mo'real, la rue Guyotte! Ah, pretee! Sech eye! Sech eye! An' now ten year—ten year ago—" Frenchy choked. "Ten year she dead! Mais, go 'head! Proceed!"

For a full minute O'Rourke continued to gaze at his companion unbelievably. He blinked back to the letter. At the second sentence he began reading more rapidly, a new interest in his face. The letter had broken off abruptly where he had paused.

"Oh Dick," he read, "how could you—you, you. Uncle has just heard, and told me. That farewell dinner affair at Halifax, and afterward. Oh you have broken my heart. And I thought you were so different, so fine. I didn't know anyone could feel so—oh, so broken, broken."

"Don't write me any more. I'll send them back unopened."

"Well, what do you think of that!" Superlative amazement was expressed in O'Rourke's unadorned phrase.

"But w'at she mean?" cried Frenchy.

"How do I know? A booze fight, I suppose. A booze, and a general hot time."

"Eet's a lie!" Frenchy struck the table fiercely with his clenched fist. "Eet's a lie! A man w'at leev in tis hell hole 'straight' lak hee always? Eet's a lie!"

"Sure it's a lie," O'Rourke assented mechanically. For the first time something beyond the merely sentimental appeal of the letter was stirring in his muddled brain. He glanced slowly about. At the huddled form by the wall his eyes halted, dilated. And suddenly the curtain lifted, and he saw his own crime against this man; his crime against a man who had befriended him. A low gurgling died in his throat. He started forward, reeled, and threw himself into the chair and across the table, beating his

Continued on Page 100.

like you don't know what a love letter is, but—look out!"

For Frenchy's eyebrows and shoulders were up, and his white teeth parted.

O'Rourke advanced his gun. "I just said I knowed you didn't know, didn't I? Wait till I'm through. Now," continuing, "it appears Scotty had a girl, and they was in love with each other, and wrote letters to each other on the subject. This is one of them letters. D'you see?"

"It's from—Shu—ben—acadie, N.S.—some queer place. Writ about a year ago. It says—" The unwonted difficulty of speech again attacked the reader, but with a further glare along the pistol barrel he proceeded, slowly and deliberately, that the vindication of his weakness might sink in.

"It says:

"My own dearest Dick,—You cannot imagine how happy I was to receive your Thursday's letter. It had been over a week since your last, Dick dear, and I had begun to think all sorts of things. That the oxen

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Moving Pictures Without a Screen A Remarkable Development in Kinematography

From The Scientific American.

Most of us in our early days can remember seeing the stage trick known as Pepper's Ghost, in which the figure of a woman plainly seen on the stage mysteriously vanishes into nothing. The development of this idea in connection with the kinematograph is here explained.

SOME five years ago a German experimenter, Herr Messter, as a result of some particular investigations, discovered that if moving pictures were projected by reflection in a certain manner, the stage could be set with scenery and properties, as for a regular play, with the result that the usual white screen could be eliminated, and that the photographic figures could be moved about within a certain area in such a manner as to convey the illusion that living performers were seen instead of photographic reproductions. He pursued his experiments, but was faced with the initial difficulty that only small figures could be projected, and this fact tended to destroy the illusion, since to maintain the latter, life-size portrayal of the performers was imperative. Another complexity which troubled him was the destruction of the coloring qualities owing to the high light necessary. This latter problem was overcome by utilizing pierrots and clowns, in which only black and white dress and make-up were required. Such a limitation was a handicap, but, nevertheless, when such pictures were shown, considerable interest and wonder as to how the effects were obtained, were aroused. The fact that the figures were dwarfish, and yet apparently endowed with life, enhanced the mysterious effect. By patient experimenting the inventor at last overcame the latter deficiency, and having succeeded in getting his figures life size, public exhibitions of "Alabaster," as



New method of showing moving pictures.

it was called, were given in Vienna with great success. The absence of the familiar white screen proved an irresistible

attraction. In London the pictures, upon their presentation, proved an instantaneous success.

The explanation of the mystery is exceedingly simple. Kinoplastikon is no more nor less than a revival of the famous "Pepper's Ghost" idea, adapted to the kinematograph. Singing and talking effects are obtained by electrically synchronizing a talking machine with the acting.

Some years ago a British kinematograph experimenter ascertained that, if moving pictures are thrown through a translucent screen to be projected finally upon a plate-glass mirror, the pictures stood out with greater definition, softness and plasticity. In this instance a screen formed of a kind of ground glass was placed in front of the projector lens. This is the basis of kinoplastikon.

The projector instead of being set at right angles to the screen is placed in the wings and the picture is first thrown onto a translucent screen through which it passes on to a plate-glass screen placed diagonally right across the stage. There is a proscenium opening covered with a black cloth at the back of the stage and the figures, which are really reflections on the diagonal glass, appear to be walking on the floor in front of the black cloth. The talking machine and photographic records are not produced simultaneously, as with the Edison kintophone and the Gaumont chronophone. The gramophone record is made first. Then the artists proceed to the theatre, and act the play, repeating the words synchronously with the accompaniment of the previously prepared record. The gramophone is introduced to secure synchrony between lip movement, action, and sound. The operation is one of some delicacy, depending upon careful rehearsal and timing.

The talking machine system adopted is that known as the "vivaphone," which has proved remarkably successful. In the reproduction, striking coincidence between the action and lip movements of the artists and the talking machine is secured by means of a simple and effective electrical apparatus. In the projecting box is an illuminated indicator having an oscillating hand. The central position corresponds with dead synchrony between sound and movement. As the electrical apparatus of the gramophone is connected with the projector, the operator strives to keep this moving hand in the central position. On one side of the "synchrony" mark is a red light corresponding to "too slow," i.e., the pictures are in advance of the sound; while on the opposite side is a green light indicating action being behind the sound. If the former happens the operator decreases the handle turning speed, while in the latter instance the projector is accelerated. The indicator being in the projecting box, immediately before the operator, the latter has no need to watch the screen to see if he is keeping step. He merely follows the indicator. As in the majority of cases the projector is operated by electricity, the task of maintaining synchrony is exceedingly simple. This method of reproducing sound and movement simultaneously has proved the simplest, most effective, and most economical yet devised. After the gramophone record has been obtained, and should anything go wrong with the acting of the scene, or revisions appear essential, the wastage concerns the film only, whereas if the two different records are produced simultaneously, as in the Edison and Gaumont methods, a mishap, either in recording sound or movement, affects both issues, with the result that both have to be done again.

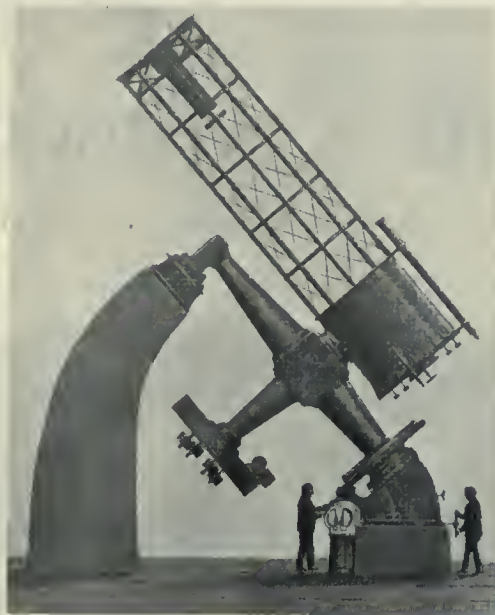
One very noticeable effect of this method of projection is the absence of flicker. The translucent screen appears to absorb all defects.

Canada's Great Telescope

THE Dominion Government will soon possess a more powerful reflecting telescope than any now in existence. It has been referred to in the newspapers as "the largest telescope in the world," but this description is misleading for two reasons: first, because its aperture, 72 inches, is to be the same as that of the famous Parsonstown reflector, built by Lord Rosse in 1842; and second, because by the time it is completed the 100-inch reflector which has long been under construction for the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory will also be ready for use. The Dominion instrument will, however, be much more efficient than Lord Rosse's. Not only will the mirror be much superior, but the mounting will enable the telescope to be worked to full advantage. The disk for the principal mirror will be made at the St. Gobain Glass Works, Paris, but all the grinding and figuring will be done in the States. The total cost will be nearly \$100,000. Inasmuch as the

instrument is intended primarily and notoriously for work of no immediate practical benefit, viz., the spectrographic measurement of radial stellar velocities, this sum represents a very notable contribution to pure science on the part of the Government.

The telescope will have a parabolic mirror of 72 inches clear aperture and 30 feet focal length with a central hole



Powerful reflecting telescope of the Canadian Government.

10 inches in diameter. It is characteristic of twentieth century technique in astronomy that, although the new telescope will have a full set of oculars for visual observations, no programme of visual work is contemplated. Nowadays the camera takes the place of the human retina. The main purpose of the instrument will be the measurement of motion in the line of sight of stars fainter than the fifth magnitude; a task beyond the light-gathering power of nearly all existing telescopes. An investigation of the atmospheric conditions in different parts of Canada is now in progress to determine where the telescope is to be located.

What Lloyd's Insure Some Details of the Work of the Greatest Insurance Organization in the World

From The Quarterly Review.

It was somewhere in the middle of the 17th century that one, Edward Lloyd, established in Tower Street, London, a coffee house, which became the resort of sea-faring men and was the inception of the world-famed institution which now has as its home the Royal Exchange in the City of London.

LOYD'S would be interesting enough if it were only a centre for the dissemination of shipping news and the home of a large proportion of the marine in-

surance business of the country. But it is far more than that. Most foreign nations come to London, and so to Lloyd's, for some proportion of the necessary insurance on ships and goods, without which oversea trade could not be conducted; and it is safe to say that there are very few important events which are not immediately reflected at Lloyd's. Very often they are foreshadowed. The sinking of a great liner is a matter of the utmost moment to underwriters; so may be also the disappearance of a pearl necklace. Indeed the theft of a necklace worth over \$500,000 is of far more importance, financially, than many of the shipwrecks that occur. The wreck of a German airship, a disaster in a Welsh coal mine involving, perhaps, claims for hundreds of thousands of pounds, an earthquake in the Indies, a typhoon in the China Seas, a great fire in the Argentine meat-freezing works, the loss of a minute portion of radium, strikes and the fear of strikes, war and the rumors of war, and the death of a sovereign, are all events which find immediate reflection in the great insurance market.

The explanation is that the insurance habit is growing; and the progressive underwriter is perpetually considering how he can provide the indemnity against loss of capital which is needed by traders of all descriptions.

REGISTRATION OF SHIP MOVEMENTS.

Every day the arrivals and departures of many hundreds of ships at home and foreign ports are duly reported at the Royal Exchange. These reports are sent from stations owned by Lloyd's or from stations owned by the Admiralty and transmitted for Lloyd's. Use is often made of these stations by owners to send instructions to their captains. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred nitrate ships which arrive off the Lizard do not know their ultimate destination. The cargoes may have been sold several times during the voyage.

In every signal station a list may be found of ships for which the coast-guards are requested to keep a sharp lookout, either in order that messages may be sent or because the vessels are overdue. The news that a ship has passed such a point is immediately telegraphed to Lloyd's, and there posted up in a recognized place on the walls. Uneasiness has sometimes been caused in the insurance market because a ship which had been accustomed to signal, say, when passing through the Straits of Gibraltar had failed to do so. It was afterwards shown that there was dirty weather, and the ship's signals, even if made, had not been recognized. In the meantime reinsurances may have been placed on the ship at comparatively high rates. Agents are appointed by Lloyd's in practically every port of the world; and the position is one which is held in much honor by local commercial men.

Another form in which Lloyd's provides news is in its captain's register containing the record of every captain in the British mercantile marine. This means that a captain who has once been held responsible for a serious mistake finds it extremely difficult to obtain a position of

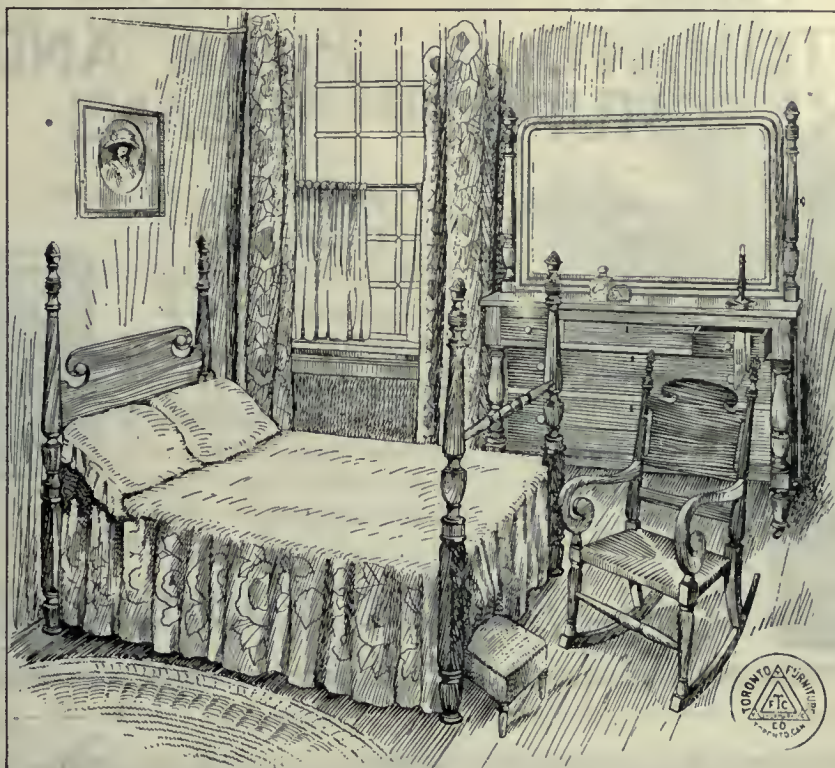
equivalent value again, the owners would perhaps be willing to employ him but they find that the underwriters would charge a higher rate of insurance.

The bulk of the business is brought to Lloyd's by brokers who have their representatives at different centres. A broker receives an order to insure say ten boats of values between \$150,000 and \$200,000 apiece, a total say of \$2,000,000 to be insured. He approaches a leading underwriter and gets him to quote a rate. If the terms are satisfactory this underwriter will lead off with a certain amount, perhaps \$15,000 on each boat; then the broker goes on to other underwriters and offers them the insurance at that rate, and each one writes similar or smaller amounts according to his fancy.

CODE OF HONOR.

While, as has been shown, news is the life blood of insurance, a rigorous code of honor controls its circulation. It is assumed that disclosure is made of all material facts, and no underwriter would be justified in effecting a re-insurance on a ship if he had information disadvantageous to her which the other had not. Occasionally, of course, peculiar cases occur. One Monday morning recently an underwriter whom we will call Mr. A., effected a re-insurance on a ship bound from the Baltic. In the afternoon Mr. B., who had accepted the re-insurance, sent his compliments to Mr. A., and knew he was above suspicion, but he thought Mr. A. would be interested to learn that, according to a Danish newspaper, the ship had gone ashore on the previous Saturday. This naturally was news to Mr. A.; he had reinsured in good faith; he saw no reason to release Mr. B from the bargain; and there the incident ended.

The extension of non-marine business at Lloyd's has lately been a remarkable feature. The amount of fire premiums received runs into millions of pounds, and it seems to be growing. Lloyd's have frequently proved themselves more adaptable than the tariff companies. They have always been willing to transact insurance of loss of profits, and they have introduced a system, which has proved popular among merchant houses, of insuring only the excess of a certain amount, leaving client himself to bear say, the first \$100 or \$200 of any claim, thus saving the trouble of having to pay a large number of trivial claims. There is an immense amount of workmen's compensation, and motor-car insurance. The volume of jewelry insurance is steadily growing, both on stones during exhibition and in transit. Other risks are those of war, strikes, damage by hail to Indian tea crops, earthquakes, fidelity guarantee, rain in connection with cricket matches, and flower shows, aviation accidents, accidents to race horses, etc. One of the strangest inquiries that ever reached the market was from an undertaker in the East End of London. He desired to cover the risk of shock caused to persons by his coffins being delivered at the wrong houses at night. Underwriters expressed themselves willing to quote a rate if particulars were given of the turnover, the number of shocks caused, and their effects.



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Indian Music

The Beauty of Eastern Music
Described by One Who
Has Made a Study
of It

From the Review of Reviews.

The writer of the following article for the last six years devoted herself to making known to the Western world the beautiful and soul-touching music of the Hindus. In this pioneer work she at first received little encouragement, but her efforts are now meeting with deserved success and she frequently receives calls from universities and lovers of music to give her musically illustrated lectures, vocal improvisations, and recitations.

IT is perhaps because the public does not realize the value of the arts in promoting international goodwill that these have been comparatively neglected as factors in the World Peace Movement. Yet the day is fast coming when they can no longer be so generally ignored. In poetry above all other arts we have long since touched and loved the East. There we have found a soul which is our very own—echoes of our own most exquisite dreams and deepest passions. In many an Eastern poem we have known ourselves one humanity with peoples of differing races, realizing perhaps for the first time, that our prophets are also theirs, and that they come "out of the East."

But the supreme revelation of the Eastern consciousness—supreme because most subtle—is being made through music. In its music we may know the innermost being of a people. In the songs of China, Japan, Egypt, Persia, India, may be peace messages, of which it is, indeed, not idle to dream—messages of that goodwill which can only be truly experienced when it is born of understanding. Only a comparatively small section of the Western public has, as yet, heard and enjoyed the music of the East; but to hear it is, for the majority of Western listeners, to love it. For several years past I have witnessed the phenomenon of audiences—large and small, "popular" and "select"—falling under the spell of Indian songs. Time after time people have come to me and have said "they spoke a language that we know." How much more would they have realized this last had they heard this music from the lips of Indian singers!

POPULAR MISCONCEPTION.

Several curious misconceptions about Oriental music still prevail in the West. One is, that it is not comprehensible by the Western mind, or that it makes no appeal to the Western nature; another, that it is built upon mysterious scales and tones, utterly impossible for the Western ear to grasp, or the Western voice to utter; another, that it is monotonous—primitive and barbarous; and yet another, that it exists only as a fancifully elaborated theory, or mythology (as do also, supposedly, Japanese and Chinese music), but it is in no wise a real and living art.

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Last—but not least—that it doesn't exist at all!

In the past, the Hindu naturally turned to the rich, the affluent, the conquering people, as the proper patrons of his music. His patrons gave him the portable harmonium, the inferior piano, the gramophone and the pianola! They fed the native musical soul on brass bands—excellent, no doubt, but not as substitutes for the *raga* and the *alapa*, or even the orchestra and the symphony. "This is Western music," said the Indian, seeking to enlarge his field of knowledge. "Let us learn it; let us, also, absorb this culture of the West!" So they learned, and taught their children; and to-day we find the majority of the leaders of native Indian society using gramophone and harmonium instead of the *vina* (a large mandolin-like instrument), and in scores of cases the native musicians, thus ousted by machines, are unable to follow their calling as before.

That Indian (and, indeed, all Oriental music) cannot be understood by Westerns is a belief which can only be held by those who have not heard it at its best. Its appeal to any fairly musical Western person is, on the contrary, instant. The modes which they employ in their scales are numerous; but European folk-singers have partly accustomed us to modes in the West, and it is quite easy, therefore, to turn from the modal atmosphere of a Gaelic song to that of an Indian *raga*. So close indeed is the connection between all European folk music and Indian *ragas*, that it is very likely that our folk music is of Eastern origin.

THE "TOM TOM" THE PRIMITIVE INSTRUMENT.

It has often been shown that the primitive mind is unable to grasp complex rhythms. Two or three short pulses, with little or no variation either in duration or intensity, are the most that the savage can beat upon his tom-tom. It is rightly, therefore, called a "tom-tom," for that is all it does. But why do we call the magic little Indian drums by that savage name? The Indian drummer is a great artist. He will play us a "rhythm concerto," all alone, and play us into an ecstasy with it. He will play it in "bars" of ten, thirteen, thirteen-and-a-half, sixteen or twenty beats, with accents within each "bar" (called *Tala*) flung out with a marvelous hypnotizing swing. He will sing counter-accents, against these, splitting rhythmic "hairs" until our mind whirls. Suggestions of such rhythms, beaten out by a ragged urchin on the end of an empty kerosene oil can, first aroused me to the beauty and the power of Indian music.

Oriental music is not sad, as we, if we hear it in the midst of our restless, scintillating life of the West, are sometimes apt to think. But it requires of its hearers something of that mood of divine discontent, of yearning for the infinite impossible, which is at once the deepest joy and the greatest despair of which we are capable.

The ideal musician of all lands has ever been the man who through music can remind us of the goal of things; but perhaps the Indian musician more than all

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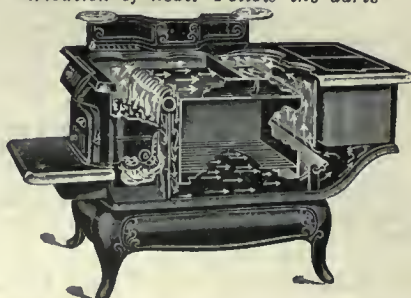
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EVER since her disastrous war with Japan Russia has been quietly building a gigantic railway system along the banks of the Amur River, which flows through Siberia into the waters of the Pacific. Linked as it is with the Siberian Railway at one end and with the Ussuri Railway that runs northwards from Vladivostok at the other, the new line will provide Russia with an all-Russian railway system to the shores of the Pacific. It will be the main artery through Eastern Siberia, a land of precious minerals, perhaps the richest region in the world.

The new route to the Orient from Moscow to Vladivostok will be some six thousand miles in length, and will give to Russia the distinction of possessing one of the longest railways in existence. Hitherto we have heard little of the scheme, for the reasons that the territory it concerns is at present so remote, and that, being a state undertaking intimately connected with the high strategy of the Russian Empire, the authorities have not been over-disposed to impart information about its progress. So soon as it became evident some nine years ago that the war with Japan could not end favorably, a decision was arrived at to construct the line. It was realized that the existing route to the East, which passed for a considerable part of the way through Manchurian territory where Japan had become the neighbor of Russia, was strategically unsafe. Moreover, the new situation, besides giving Japan control of a considerable section of the highway to the Pacific, left Eastern Siberia exposed to aggression. If Russia were to retain this territory and with it her place and prestige as a Power, then it was evident that she must people the soil with her peasant settlers and encourage the development of the resources above and below ground. While the peace negotiations were actually in progress at Ports-

mouth a flying survey was begun. The difficulties with which the engineers met were tremendous. Primeval forest and jungle had to be explored; the only paths that existed were the tracks of wild beasts; and, as far as the greater part of the region was concerned, man set foot there for the first time. No other region in the world which civilization has sought to penetrate can show such extremes of climate as were experienced in Eastern Siberia. The mean temperature in mid-July at one o'clock in the afternoon is fifty-nine degrees, while in winter it is eighty-nine and a half below zero.

Long before the flying survey was completed a measure authorizing the project was rushed through the Duma. Opposition against it was bitter. But the Tsar and his advisers, notably the War Minister, were obdurate, and ultimately the thirty-two millions sterling demanded for the construction was voted. It is not surprising that the line has taken longer to complete than was originally anticipated. The rule has been adhered to that no Chinese workmen but exclusively Russian labor should be employed. It is safe to say that only sturdy manhood of the type of the Russian peasant could have conquered the obstacles that Nature opposed in this savage region. Heavy rains resembling those experienced in tropical countries were followed in the winter by Arctic weather, and as the hard surface gradually thawed the ground became an icy marsh, in which, standing knee-deep, the men were compelled to work. Now, after eight years of stupendous struggle, the great task is approaching completion. The last links are being forged in the long steel way that smoothes an all-Russian path from Moscow, the city of luxury and merchandise, to Vladivostok, the fortress city facing the Pacific and computed to mount some six hundred guns. Soon it will be possible for us to travel amid the elegant comfort for which the Russian state railways are noted from London to the extremity of the Eastern continent, without passing over so much as an inch of territory under the sovereignty of an Asiatic people.

Great as is the undertaking which will render this possible, it is only the beginning of a scheme historic by reason of the magnificent conception of its proportions. From the main artery it is intended that a vast network of subsidiary lines shall radiate, and within a decade Siberia will be as accessible as any other part of the habitable globe.

PANAMA GROWS MORE HEALTHY.

The last report of the Department of Sanitation at Panama for the year 1913 shows that for the Isthmian Canal Commission and the Panama Railroad Company, out of 56,654 employees there were 473 deaths, giving a rate per 1,000 of 8.35. This is the lowest rate recorded since the United States took possession of the Canal Zone. The next lowest was in the previous year, 1912, when the rate per 1,000 was 9.18. The highest, 41.73, occurred in the year 1906.

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has not arrived — neither has the iceless refrigerator nor the fireless furnace — but the cookless kitchen, with comfort and

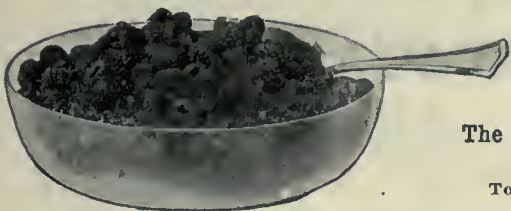


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With these crisp "little loaves" of ready-cooked cereal in the home you are ready for the unexpected guest, for the uncertainties of domestic service, for every emergency of household management. No worry or drudgery—we do the cooking for you in our two-million-dollar, sunlit bakery.

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Made only by The O. & W. Thum Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

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Open Tanglefoot slowly. In cool weather warm slightly. For best results place Tanglefoot on chair near window at night. Lower all shades, leaving one at the Tanglefoot window raised about a foot. The early morning light attracts the flies to the Tanglefoot, where they are caught. (33)

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Populating the Seas

An Account of the Recent Boom in Shipbuilding.

Further Expansion Coming

From Munsey's Magazine.

One of the chief indices of the general prosperity of the world is the state of its carrying trade. At the present time the markets of the world are expanding at a prodigious rate with a consequent demand for more ships. The present conditions, and prospects for the future are here dealt with in an article replete with interest for the business man.

NEVER since the world began have there been so many merchant ships on the seas. There has been in shipbuilding a tremendous boom, which, though declining, still continues. Construction and completion are racing neck and neck. New keels are being laid at the rate of about three a day, while three new vessels take their first plunge into the water. Freighters they are for the most part—the big delivery wagons of the deep that plod over the long sea roads.

While the effects of this remarkable expansion in the ocean-carrying trade are seen principally in British shipyards, the many causes are mostly American. First, there is the completed Panama Canal, with the consequent rearrangement of trade routes and the shifting of traffic from other watery highways. Then there is the opening up of many new regions of the earth, rich in possibilities of production of the great staples. Also new uses have been found for these staples, and new articles of great importance commercially are being constantly discovered or developed in connection with them. Of prime importance also is the stupendous growth of the foreign commerce of the United States. This is a rich and tangible prize for which the merchant navies of the world are contending—more than four billion dollars' worth of merchandise a year to be carried to and fro over the seas.

England is the centre of the world's shipbuilding. Four years ago the outlook there seemed gloomy indeed. It was estimated in 1909 that there were a million net tons of British shipping in commission more than actually were needed. Freight rates were at their lowest ebb; coal, provisions, wages and insurance were high. This state of things continued until September, 1910. Then the boom began. The pendulum started on its long sweep in the other direction. Since then until very recently, the demand for ships has exceeded the supply.

When one considers the vast quantity of steel and timber and machinery and labor, and the many other things that have to be assembled and used in the building of a ship, and then multiplies it by one thousand or by two thousand, the importance of this boom in shipbuilding and its relation to the other industries of the world becomes apparent.

No exact statistics have been compiled as to the total monetary value of the

ships now afloat or building throughout the world, for the worth of a vessel fluctuates continually. As a rule—theoretically—it begins to depreciate the moment the boat goes into commission and continues to do so steadily until the end of the chapter. But this extraordinary boom in shipbuilding and in the ocean carrying trade has upset every theory and precedent. Vessels built five or six years ago are worth more to-day than when they were launched. Foreign vessels now under construction have been selling at an advance of about seventy per cent. above the market values of the early part of 1910.

Many of the tramp lines have been paying dividends of eight to fourteen per cent. in the last four years. As the size of the boat increases the cost grows proportionately.

Passenger-carrying steamers especially the transatlantic liners, are floating palaces on whose adornment and equipment money is lavished without stint. Immensely powerful boilers and engines are necessary to drive them swiftly and their consumption of coal on a single voyage would be sufficient for the average freighter for a year.

By the end of 1914 it is estimated that the total number of merchant ships afloat upon the oceans of the world will exceed 40,000, and that their total tonnage will be more than 55,000,000. Three-fourths of these are steamers, and the rest are sailing craft. The tonnage of the latter, however, is only about one seventh of the total. Boats of less than one hundred tons gross register, wooden vessels trading on the Great Lakes and ships on the Caspian Sea are not included.

In the number and tonnage of its merchant ships Great Britain is far ahead of any other country. Nearly half the vessels afloat are British.

With the opening of the gates of Panama five new ocean routes will be created: one to the west coast of South America, a second to Australia and New Zealand, a third to the Philippines and Oceanica, a fourth to the East Indies and Southern Asia, and the last of all to China and Japan. Not even the most astute of the great commercial sea lords who scan the horizons of trade from their watchtowers in London, New York and Hamburg can do more than hazard guesses as to the rearrangements of trade and the shifting of fleets that the opening and expansion of commerce and old markets will bring about in the next five years. On only one point do they agree unanimously: that the world is on the threshold of a tremendous commercial boom, and that its stimulating cause is the opening of our great canal.

There always has been and always will be more competition in water transportation than in carrying freight and passengers by land. The railroad that pushes its lines into a new and undeveloped territory usually has the field to itself for a long time. Building railroads is more expensive than building ships. Fifty miles of new railroad is about equal to the cost of a five-thousand ton freighter—and all the waterways of the world are open to the ship. The right of way on the ocean costs nothing. Also the tides of commerce usu-



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Every night, countless happy children have Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk at bedtime. And even more grown-ups, when the evening is over, gather around this dish.

Try it and find out why. Here are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size. Thin, crisp, toasted bubbles—fragile morsels with an almond taste. Imagine how inviting are these dainty wafers floating in bowls of milk.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

They call this Prof. Anderson's supper, for you owe this Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice to him. By his process alone are whole grains made so easily and completely digestible.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each kernel. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice do not tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat, 10c. Except in
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Ways to Enjoy Them

Do more than serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for breakfast. Try them in different ways. For each is distinct in its flavor.

Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with your berries, use them in candy making. Scatter the grains like nut meats over a dish of ice cream. Eat them dry like peanuts, or douse them with melted butter.

These are all-day foods. When the children are hungry—whatever the hour—the best food you can give them is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

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(596)

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THE AMBREW CO.
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ally rise and fall less sharply on the sea than on the land.

With the great shifting of trade routes that will come next year, and the remarkable increase in the number of ships that traverse them is likely to come the adoption of new means for the relief of vessels in distress. There is talk of establishing a system of guard or patrol ships to watch over the ocean roads and search for vessels requiring assistance or those that are overdue, from which nothing has been heard. Such a system of safeguards would have to be an international matter. This plan, it is contended would not eliminate the inevitable hazards of the sea but would reduce them materially.

Exploring the Infinitely Little

How the Astronomers of Medicine are Charting the Universe that Lies Beyond the Range of the Microscope

From The World's Work.

One of the greatest subjects in scientific medicine of the present day is the search for tiny particles, minute and undiscernible organisms so small that even the most powerful microscope will not reveal them and yet so powerful that they at once produce frightful and fatal diseases if injected into man or animal. The history is here told of this work which is at present occupying the attention of some of the greatest medical men of the day.

AS the world of the astronomer is infinitely large, so is the world of the bacteriological worker infinitely little. The latter is satisfied with a universe half an inch in diameter carefully laid upon a microscopic slide. Yet this tiny universe is as infinitely filled with definite bodies in a state of motion, as is that of the astronomer. Many of these bodies are clearly visible; they have been definitely described and charted. Besides these, however, there is an infinity of particles which the most powerful instruments do not reveal. The universe which is no bigger than a pin-head is as interesting as the external universe of the stars; and probably more important in its bearing upon human civilization.

The man who first looked upon the organisms that cause contagious disease was the man who made the first large magnifying microscopes. In 1675 Antony van Leeuwenhook, a lens grinder of Delft, Holland, placed a drop of water under his magnifiers and saw a hitherto unsuspected world of living things. He called them animalcula—little animals—but he made one mistake. He imagined he was dealing with extremely minute living things; in fact, his animalcula were giants, the mammoths, of the invisible living world. Far below them in order of size were microbic liliputians, too minute to be seen by his microscopes or even by the microscopes of to-day which are infinitely more powerful.

PROBABLY



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Made by SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, TORONTO 38

Once Pasteur had definitely shown the power of these living micro-organisms, and proved that each disease had its particular organism, laboratory workers everywhere set themselves the task of discovering them. From the earliest days, however, the discoverers met with peculiar difficulties. For many diseases they had no trouble in running down the particular microbe; others proved unexpectedly agile and elusive. Back in the eighteenth century Jenner conquered smallpox, but the most industrious search for thirty years has disclosed no trace of the smallpox microbe. The germs of measles and chickenpox have also eluded detection. Those of yellow fever, scarlet fever, hydrophobia, typhus, and trachoma are also among those which have refused to disclose themselves. To these may be added many peculiar to cattle, such as foot and mouth disease and distemper of dogs.

ORGANISMS THAT GO THROUGH FILTERS.

It was at first thought that because they could not be found these germs did not exist, but in 1898 a German investigator, Loeffler, was experimenting with foot and mouth disease, and decided to try a new experiment. He made a watery emulsion composed of salt solution and extracts of ulcers from the diseased cattle and compressed it through a filter, the minute meshes of which were fine enough to catch all known bacteria. He thus obtained a clear watery liquid which was inevitably free from all bacteria of conventional size. He injected this watery extract into healthy cattle, and the animals presently sickened and died of foot and mouth disease. This proved there was something in the liquid which caused the disease and further experiments showed that whatever it was was alive. Yet under the most powerful microscope the water looked absolutely clear. Similar experiments were made in the case of yellow fever with a minute drop of blood from a patient. These experiments created virtually a new branch of science. For want of a better name these germs which go through fine porcelain filters are known as "filterable viruses." Thirty-one diseases are believed to be caused by this class of living things.

A NEW DISEASE BELTS THE WORLD.

Recently the scientists of the Rockefeller Institute, of New York, succeeded in isolating one of these organisms. This was the one that causes infantile paralysis. Six years ago practically nothing was known of this disease. In 1905 it burst out in considerable virulence in Norway and Sweden, and thence it started on a mysterious circuit of the world. At the Rockefeller Institute Dr. Flexner early succeeded in transmitting the disease from man to monkeys and from monkey to monkey. The organism was also proved to be one of the "filterable viruses." In conjunction with Dr. Noguchi, the famous Japanese bacteriologist, he succeeded in breeding the minute living particles till they became visible under the microscope. They appeared to be variable in size, but it would take about 130,000 of the average size ranged side by side to make an inch. An "ultra micro-



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PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS,
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149

seropic virus" had thus actually been seen and taken into captivity. Dr. Noguchi is now working on the germ of rabies. His work is still unfinished but it is safe to predict that eventually he will solve this problem also.

NEW LIGHT ON CANCER.

Other experiments indicate that another bacteriological dwarf may be the cause of cancer. In the early days there was undisputed belief in a bacillus or a parasite. No one, however, actually found an organism that produced the disease. No extract taken from tumor cells and injected into a mouse could be made to produce cancer. But when Dr. Rous tried the same experiments on chickens a virulent cancer subsequently appeared on the site of the inoculation. From this one might naturally conclude that human cancer is caused in the same way.

Government Ownership of Railways

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy Explains His Ideas to an Interviewer

(From The Outlook.)

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with his immense energy and grasp of detail, combined with a profound practical statesmanship, is probably the ablest living railway executive. His opinions with regard to the government ownership of railways as here detailed were given to a representative of The Outlook and have especial reference to the present feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction prevalent in the United States with regard to the railways of that country

A NATION, however, always gets what it really wants—not what everybody wants, but whatever meets the composite of general public demand. So, if you really want Government ownership of railways, I am sure you will have it. It is all a matter of making up your mind.

And here perhaps I can be of some real service to you, because, while an outsider can never have the native sense of national tendencies, he always has the one advantage of disinterestedness. There is no reason why he should not be impartial if he wants to be. So I can at least put before you what I think are the general advantages and disadvantages of government ownership as seen by one who has worked on railways all his life and become familiar with railway policies. Perhaps, too, you will permit me to say a word for fairness and good temper in the discussion of your railway problems, and for avoidance of the punitive spirit that I see comes out strongly sometimes in some of your publications and speeches. I do not deprecate this particularly because it is directed against railways, but because it always hurts the national spirit. No nation can be great whose citizens conceive of it only as a battle-ground for perpetually warring special interests. Even if some interests

Just where will this search for the smallest organism end? What is the downward limit of size in living things? Already it is plain that the tiniest particles of matter, like the most enormous heavenly bodies, differ from one another in size and glory. Some will pass through reasonably coarse filters; others slip through the very finest. It is conceivable that, though we should increase the strength of our microscopes a thousand-fold, there would still be organisms so inconceivably small that we should never find them. It is probably true that bodies inert and living are organized on two principles—the infinitely great and the infinitely little.

The most powerful telescopes will probably never reveal the most distant stars; the most far-reaching microscope will never disclose the similarly multitudinous little universes that lie all about us.

have abused their privileges, there is a right way and a wrong way of bringing them to terms. But I will return to this later.

I confess I was never able to see any principle of fundamental democracy involved in government ownership. When people say, as some do, that it is *a priori* essential to democracy that the government own and run the railways, I merely ask, Why? To me the question is one of pure expediency. Will government ownership give all-round better service and give it cheaper or as cheap? To my mind, the answer to that question settles the matter. I do not see that any principle of democracy is at stake, one way or the other.

Another thing must be kept in mind. That government ownership or private ownership works well in one country gives no assurance that it will work well in another. The success of government ownership in Prussia, for instance, or Switzerland, does not guarantee its success in Brazil. Private ownership may succeed in England and fail in Spain, Italy, Canada, the United States. There is no forecasting these things. The human element enters into them too largely.

SOME OF THE OBJECTIONS.

There are some objections to government ownership, and I may as well begin by getting them off my mind, and afterwards I will mention the points I see in its favor. First, a government does not move in the railway development of a new district with anything like the promptness and enterprise shown by a private concern. I am not saying that it cannot, but only that it does not; and this is a point seriously to be taken into account by any country that is not fully developed.

In the second place government administration does not show the same economy and efficiency as a private company. A dollar goes further with a corporation than with a government. Again I am not saying that it must be so, but only that it is so. I am aware that these two objections are only the echo of the old complaint that democracy is inefficient, and obviously the answer is for some democratic system of government like yours to come forward and be efficient. If you vote upon government ownership I hope you will do that. I hope you will show us the most enterprising, economical and best-managed railways in the world; and then I will be the first to congratulate you and take back everything I have said.

Then a third objection coming out of the foregoing, is that for a time at least—long enough to disappoint popular expectation and set up some more or less serious political reactions—rates would probably rise; and moreover, they would tend to remain fixed with too great rigidity. Few are aware, I think, of the immense difficulty and labor involved in making and adjusting railway tariffs. Rate-makers cannot foresee everything. Mistakes are bound to occur and errors of judgment resulting in hardship are inevitable. Under private ownership a rate that is onerous or unjust can be quickly readjusted and a sudden change in conditions in a given locality can be promptly met with an appropriate rate. My impression is that it would take longer for a sense of these urgent day-to-day necessities to penetrate to government rate-makers, and also longer for the indicated changes to be made.

A fourth disadvantage is in the sinister possibilities of political organization implied in so large and sudden an increase in the number of government employees. What this would actually amount to in your case I do not know. Personally I think not much; and yet this is one of the very points about which a foreigner can never be quite sure.

THE ADVANTAGES.

So much for the general objections to government ownership. Now, on the other hand, railway property being the most easily socialized body of wealth, and one of the largest as well, if the twenty billion dollars of railway property were taken away from private control, your enormous and distressing inequalities of wealth would no doubt be largely limited. This is the first advantage, and it is considerable. Second, railway investment, which employs so much of your capital, would lose its speculative character by the substitution of bonds bottomed on the Government's credit for bonds bottomed on the credit of a private company. This would remove one of the chief grounds you have for complaint against your railways as hitherto managed.

Unfair discrimination, in the next place—another just ground of complaint—would also disappear under government ownership. It is hard to conceive of a government in your country that would not administer its railways impartially. The impersonal and general nature of government, which in other res-

COOK IN COMFORT

The gas saver puts the heat under the pot—not in the room. Saves gas, time, trouble. Price only \$2.50. Mention this advt. Get selling rights. Agent's price only \$1.50.

DOMINION SALES COMPANY

Toronto Arcade Dept. M. Toronto, Ont.

TRICKS FOR STAGE OR PARLOR USE

All the latest Magic Novelties, Puzzles, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free

THE PROCTOR MANUFACTURING CO.

155 King Street East Toronto, Ontario



First, a healthy skin— then a beautiful complexion

The healthy skin *must* come first. Keeping it clean is not enough—it must be protected. Lifebuoy Health Soap, as its odor shows, contains an antiseptic solution which purifies and protects the skin, and thus promotes its health and beauty.

Let us send you this charming picture—

This beautiful picture by Penrhyn Stanlaws, a reproduction of which is shown above, was painted for the purpose of showing the typical "Lifebuoy complexion."

It proved to be such a charming, lifelike picture that we have had it reproduced in full colors, 11½ x 17 inches, on heavy antique paper, worthy of a handsome frame. There are no advertising marks on it whatever—charming for boudoir or den.

Send us 12 cents in stamps to cover postage and we will send you the picture and two big full size cakes of Lifebuoy Soap Free. Clip out the Coupon below, fill it in and mail today.

LIFEBUOY 5c
HEALTH SOAP

This
Coupon
Worth 10c

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
Eastern Avenue, Toronto

65

I enclose 12 cents in stamps to cover postage, for which please send me a free copy of the Stanlaws picture, suitable for framing, and two full size cakes of Lifebuoy, free.

Name

Address



DIAMONDS

\$1—\$2—\$3 WEEKLY

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. **Terms 20% down, \$1, \$2 or \$3 Weekly.** We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality.

Write to-day for catalogue, it is free.

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection, at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly.

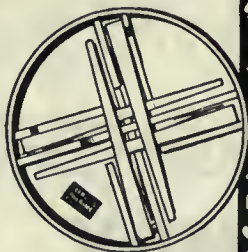
JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Canada



Convenience Itself

People never realize how many uses there are for a Peerless Folding Table until some friend produces one from who-knows-where and sets it up, almost like magic.

Peerless Folding Table



Here is a table light as a camp stove and strong enough to hold a ton without a quiver. Fold up the legs and you can stow it out of the way in a moment.

The style of table you want is in our illustrated catalogue No. 1. Write for a *free* copy to-day.

HOARD & COMPANY,
LIMITED

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
LONDON - - - ONTARIO

pects is rather against its efficiency in railway operation, is in favor of it at this one point. A government is raised above the temptations to favoritism which have beset private companies in the throes of competition, and also above the temptation to narrow and local views of industrial and commercial development. Therefore, too—this is the fourth advantage, and very important—under government ownership rates can be adjusted with reference to a maximum development of the country as a whole. Germany gives an excellent example of what can be accomplished in this way. The privately owned railway is bound to be most of all interested in the development of the section that it serves but if the government took its railway work seriously and intelligently, no section would thrive at another's expense through conflict of transportation interests. There would be a harmonious and balanced development of all sections, because the government is able to view the country as a whole, and is indifferent to a forced or unrelated development in any part.

I think the case for and against government ownership can be pretty well summed up under these eight points—four in favor and four against. There

are one or two minor points besides, possibly, that might be mentioned, such as the advantages of government-owned roads for military purposes; but to a non-military country like yours this scarcely counts.

If we in Canada have any advantage over you, as some think we have, it is only because almost from the beginning we have seen and held to this newer theory, that, *no matter how privately owned a railway company may be, it owes its existence to the public through its charter, and therefore it owes its first duty to the public.* The shareholders who constitute the company have undertaken, in consideration of the charter, to perform certain services for the public for which they are to receive compensation, but the public by its legislation has reserved the right to determine what the compensation shall be. Clearly, the interests of the public must rank first; but the very fact that the public accepting the service is also to be final authority in the matter of compensation, would make it as unfair and inequitable to have that compensation established at a figure below its value, to the detriment of the shareholders, as it would be if the transaction were between two business men of recognized integrity.

Bennett, Eccentric Journalist

A Sketch of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table
Newspaper—The Idiosyncrasies of an
Absentee Editor

From Everybody's Magazine.

Appended is a sketch of James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, one of the best known Americans of the present day. It is written by a former member of The Herald, who has thus had a chance to see the eccentric millionaire at his best—and his worst.

AS remarkable in his eccentricities as in any other respect, James Gordon Bennett is a big man whatever way he is taken. His individuality always impresses those with whom he comes into contact. It is difficult to speak of him without prejudice, and little has been written about him that is not flattery or invective.

In appearance he is a thoroughbred. He is tall and slender and of military bearing, with the swing of a sailor added. In spite of his seventy-three years he stands erect and carries himself with the grace and ease of youth. Everything about him indicates tremendous force. Time has not greatly marked him, and this in spite of the many excesses in which he is supposed to have indulged.

Mr. Bennett is as unjust as he is generous, and that is saying a great deal. He is an arrogant aristocrat, an unbending tyrant, and a steadfast friend. He is inconsiderate in his dealings with those in his employ, and yet by most of them he is regarded with the same awe and respect in which the Japanese hold their "heaven-born" emperor.

When he is under no restraint, Mr. Bennett's thoughts flow faster than he can voice them. His words tumble over themselves as he talks; he shortens them to mere syllables, and finally they seem to choke him and he is compelled to halt for breath. In conversation it is his habit to jump at the meaning of what is being said to him, frequently falling into error, but never admitting that he has done so. When contradicted, his rage becomes violent—so violent, in fact, that it is no uncommon thing for him to rave at those about him and, like a madman, seize upon and destroy whatever he can lay his hands upon. The storm is terrible while it lasts, and it is not always of short duration, but when it is over the sun shines and the Bennett sky is beautifully blue.

It is impossible to separate James Gordon Bennett from the New York Herald. Bennett most of the time is the Herald. The Herald at all times is Bennett. He dominates the paper, permitting absolutely no authority to any subordinate. To such an extreme is this carried that the head of a department is made to feel that he is of no more importance in the great machine than is the lowest-salaried man under his command. Indeed, there is ample precedent to justify the thought that another day may see the relative positions of the city editor and the cub reporter reversed.



To Tell You a Story We'll Pay for Five Breakfasts and Five Suppers To-morrow

To-day we greet you on this page to extend this invitation:

Go to your grocer and buy from him a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Take this coupon with you. Then he will give you—for the coupon—a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice, and we will pay him for it.

Thus for 10 cents you get a quarter's worth of Puffed Grains. And the Puffed Rice meals are all with us, given with our compliments.

To Tell You a Story

We do this to let these delightful grains tell you their story—a story you won't forget.

To tell you of grains which are steam-exploded to eight times normal size. Of grains like airy bubbles, filled with a myriad cells. Of thin-walled grains—crisp, fragile, inviting—with a taste like toasted nuts.

Of grains that are used as both foods and confections. As breakfasts and suppers far more tempting than any others that you know.

We want Puffed Grains to tell this story to-morrow at your table. And we gladly buy this package so you'll let them do it.

Professor Anderson's Foods

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, remember, mean more than mere delight. They are whole grains made wholly digestible, and that never before was done.

Inside of each grain there occur in this process more than 100,000,000 explosions. One is caused inside of each food granule, and it blasts the granule to pieces. Thus digestion can instantly act.

No other process does this. All cooking breaks some of the granules. But Prof. Anderson's method—shooting

grains from guns—is the only way known to break all of the granules.

So these are more than fascinating morsels. They are scientific foods. All the elements in these grains are made available as food.

Good for 15 Cents

Buy from your grocer a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Then present this coupon and he will give you a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. We will pay him the 15 cents.

Serve some of these grains with sugar and cream. Mix some of them with fruit. Serve some for supper in bowls of milk. They are crisper than crackers and four times as porous as bread.

Use some like nut meats in home candy making, or as garnish for ice cream. And let the children when at play eat the grains like peanuts. There are countless ways to serve these food delights.

Cut out this coupon, lay it aside and present it when you go to the store.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c. Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c. Extreme
West**

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER

Good in Canada or the United States only C-48

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Wheat, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Rice.

Name

To the Grocer

We will remit you 15 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
THE QUAKER OATS CO.,
East of Manitoba—Peterborough,
Ont. West of Ontario—
Saskatoon, Sask.

Address

Dated 1914

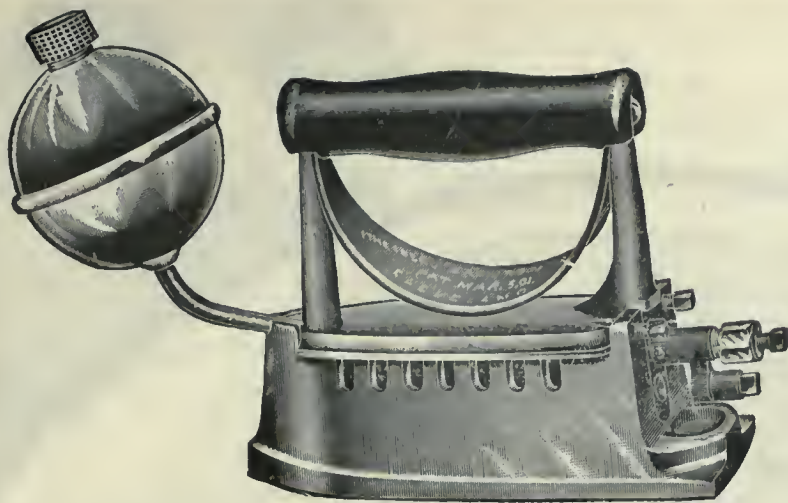
This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1914.
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

15-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Wheat is Purchased

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont., and Saskatoon, Sask.



ASK FOR A FREE TRIAL OF THIS SELF-HEATING IRON

THE "Ideal" is the most perfect self-heating sad-iron that has yet been devised. It is simple in construction—consisting of a few parts that are indestructible to ordinary wear. It is certain in operation and safe to handle. It will do four to five hours' heavy ironing with one filling, at a cost of only a fraction of a cent an hour.

This self-heating sad-iron is as handy and reliable as an electric iron. But it is not operated by electricity. It uses only a small quantity of gasoline. It is greatly superior, from every consideration, to the ordinary stove-heated sad-iron, or irons which burn charcoal. There is 20 years' service in the "Ideal" Iron.

Send us your name and address and we will give you the name of the Hardware Dealer who will demonstrate to you how the "Ideal" Iron is operated and loan you one for ten days' free trial. If you are not satisfied you may return it without any charge whatsoever. But if you have once used this iron you will no longer be bothered with the old-fashioned iron you have used in the past.

Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited

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By CHAS. G. ASHLEY, E.E.

Contains 144 pages, treating in a simple concise manner on the earlier forms of wireless electrical waves, development of radiotelegraphy, radiotelegraphic apparatus, and describing systems of radiotelegraphy. The section on wireless telephony covers Bell's radiophone, Selenium cell, Bell's photophone, "Light Telephony," telephony by means of Hertzian waves, nature of a high-frequency telephone current, oscillation generators, telephonic control of oscillations, transmitting circuits, receiving arrangements, two-way transmission and system of radiotelephony. The section on aeronautics covers the wireless on dirigibles and on aeroplanes, giving the earliest experiments on balloons, dangers from electric discharge, preventive methods, wireless on the Zeppeline, Horton's experiments, recent records and general problems. Price \$1.10, postage paid.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

TECHNICAL BOOK DEPARTMENT

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

Though he makes his home in Europe and does most of his editing by cable, Mr. Bennett's presence is felt in the *Herald* office every day and all the time. It is to emphasize this effect that he insists upon having the lights kept burning in his private office each night until the presses begin to turn, and everything there kept in full readiness for him. Pencils, pens, ink, and stationery are properly arranged upon his desk, upon which, too, are placed, morning and afternoon, all editions of the New York daily papers.

In the editorial council-room his big armchair, ever ready for his occupancy, stands at the head of the table, and about it is all the atmosphere that is supposed to surround a throne. In the memory of the present generation the sacred chair has never been violated by plebeian touch.

The morning of the day of the Bennett arrival the *Herald* is certain to carry on its first news page two semi-stock stories. One is a dog story; the other describes a runaway, preferably in Fifth Avenue. Runaways always interest Mr. Bennett, and if necessary at least a little one can be arranged with the connivance of a friendly policeman.

Dogs are Mr. Bennett's hobby. He speaks oftener and with greater feeling of a King Charles spaniel that died about ten years ago than he does of any of the men who have died in his service. So highly does Mr. Bennett think of dogs that he has arranged a set of cable-code names for the heads of his various committees, each having the word "dog" for its stem—such as doghead, dogfoot, dogeye, and dogtail—and I have never yet been able to determine whether this was done out of compliment to his employees or as an act of derision.

There is a hush and an atmosphere of mystery about Herald Square on the day of Mr. Bennett's arrival. Men who for a year have worn baggy trousers and shiny coats and who have slouched at their work, appear at the office hours earlier than is their custom. Their clothes are new, and their trousers are stiffly creased. Nothing less than a magnificent frock coat is considered decent. Silk hats are necessities. The editorial council, as a result, has all the solemnity and much of the appearance of a convention of undertakers.

Runners are out in all near-by streets to give notice of the "approach." Even "Big Dan" Rinn, the policeman who has been a fixture in Herald Square for twenty years, is nervous.

By the time Mr. Bennett reaches the building, there is not one of his employees who has not been warned of his coming. The office is a hive of industry, and it remains so as long as he is there. He may stay until long after nightfall, but no one leaves before him, even at the urgent call of hunger—there might be a summons to the Bennett presence.

Finally a menial passes from room to room with the words of release, "He's gone."

A wild dash is made to the nearest restaurant; food is hurriedly swallowed, and all are quickly back at their desks, there to remain until a trusted scout brings word from home that "Mr. Bennett has retired for the night."

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Executive Committee, composed of serious-minded gentlemen, gathers and waits in silent gloom for the coming of Mr. Bennett to preside. After perhaps an hour of oppressive silence, the opening of a far door brings all members stiffly to their feet. They remain standing and in silence until the "throne" is occupied. Then follows from Mr. Bennett a rapid fire of questions and instructions. The recent issues of the *Herald* are torn to shreds. Everyone connected with the paper is declared to be deficient.

"Only two stories have appeared in the last week that have been worth the space given to them. One was about a runaway in Fifth Avenue; the other about a dog saving a baby's life. They were both full of human interest."

Finally the one-sided debate closes and the committee session for the day is at an end. Every one stands until the door has closed behind the owner of the *Herald*.

When the ship carrying Mr. Bennett back to Europe is known to have passed outside Sandy Hook, silk hats are laid aside, creased trousers and frock coats are put away in camphor, and Herald Square relaxes—just a little. Long breaths are not drawn until it is certain that no bomb has been left behind with a slow fuse attached.

In most of his journalistic battles Mr. Bennett has been permitted to be the aggressor. He met one who reversed the order and himself took the aggressive when he clashed with William Randolph Hearst. Trouble began when the late Thomas T. Williams, a Hearst lieutenant, called upon Mr. Bennett in Paris and proposed certain lines of alliance. Mr. Williams found Mr. Bennett in an ugly mood, and received scant courtesy. A message as insulting as it could be made, declining the alliance, was sent to Mr. Hearst. After that message had been delivered, warfare upon the *Herald's* Personal Column as a criminal agency was opened by the Hearst newspapers. The United States district attorney began a prosecution which ended with Mr. Bennett's being brought into court, where he paid a fine which, with costs, amounted to more than \$40,000.

In connection with this case it is only fair to say that Mr. Bennett, while taking the attitude that the *Herald* is not responsible for those who advertise in it, frequently instructed that the Personal Column be kept clean.

Mr. Bennett, too, has had the courage of his convictions. It was during the time of a recent visit to New York that election advertising—about the most profitable advertising any newspaper enjoys—was sent to the *Herald*. It was worth to the paper \$42,000. Printing it meant that the name "William Randolph Hearst" would appear once, but only once, in the *Herald*. Mr. Bennett brushed it aside with the remark:

"The paper is mine. I would not admit that man's name to its columns for \$42,000, for \$420,000, nor for the full value of the Hearst estate. If Hearst dies, goes to jail, or is elected President of the United States, I want no mention of him made in the *Herald*."

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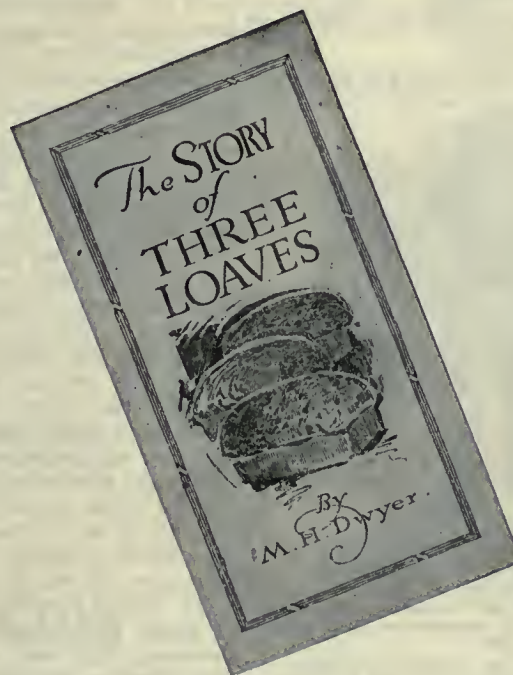


If your hair is faded or not more than one-half gray we can recommend no nicer, cleaner or more satisfactory dressing for the purpose than this. A few applications are all that are necessary. It is colorless, harmless, and neither greasy nor sticky. It works like the touches of sympathy—quietly, firmly and effectively. Price, \$1.00, delivered. Tell us what the natural color of your hair was before turning gray, and we will send you a sample of Rejuvenator and Booklet "D" free.

Superfluous Hair

Moles, Warts, Powder Marks, Red Veins, Cow Licks, Etc., permanently removed by our reliable and antiseptic method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured in each case. Consultation invited at office, or by mail, regarding any Skin, Scalp, Hair or Complexional Trouble.

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Do you make Home-Made Bread, or would you like to? If so, fill out and mail coupon to us.

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**JAMES STEWART
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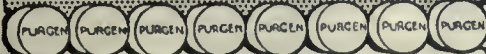
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PEARL LA SAGE, former actress, who now offers to tell
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This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians and beauty specialists for years. You have never in all your life used or heard of anything like it. Makes muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment, in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. All methods now known are cast aside. There is nothing to wear, nothing to take internally. Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders, are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin, and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living is necessary. A few minutes every day does it.

To every reader of this paper I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

—FREE COUPON—

PEARL LA SAGE, Suite 770
2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am a reader of this paper and am entitled to know full details of the sensational, harmless, scientific method for giving marvelous beauty to the complexion and removing every blemish in ten days. There is no obligation whatsoever on my part for this information.

Name
Street
City State

Some Curious Bibles

Particulars of Unusual Errors in Early Versions

From The People's Friend

The story of the English Bible is a strange and interesting one. We are apt to forget that the Bible as we know it is but one version of the scriptures, and that there were countless others in use before the introduction of the Authorized Version of James I, which is that in use at the present day.

THE first Bible to be printed in the English language appeared in the year 1535. This was the Old and New Testament as translated from the Dutch and Latin by Tyndal and Coverdale. It is believed to have been printed abroad.

Two years later James Nyclolson reprinted this edition at Southwarke, and to him falls the honor of having printed the first English Bible in England. It was in size a folio, like most of the present-day pulpit Bibles. Printed in black letter, the chapters contained no subdivision of verses, but read on in one continuous narrative. This Bible is looked upon as a great rarity, there being less than half a dozen copies in existence.

The English translation of the Bible was eagerly received by the less educated people of the country, to whom the Latin Bible was a closed book. The first edition was soon exhausted, and during the next two years other four editions appeared. None of these was officially recognized by the Church, and it was not until 1539 that the English Bible was produced under the patronage of church and state. "Cromwell's Bible," as it was called, was printed under the auspices of Thomas Lord Cromwell, and was corrected by Coverdale. For the period it was a sumptuous volume, and, in addition to engravings by Holbein, it contained several pages of an almanac. By a royal proclamation a copy of this Bible was ordered to be placed in every parish church in England, where it could be read by all and sundry. In many cases the Bible was secured to the reading desk by a stout chain lest any too enthusiastic reader might be tempted to carry away the book with him. Bibles were Bibles in those days.

"THE BREECHES BIBLE."

During the next twenty years there were continual reprints of the Bible. In 1560 the first Geneva Bible was printed. This version is better known by the name of "The Breeches Bible," so called from the somewhat peculiar rendering of Genesis iii. 7—"They sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves breeches." The translators of the "Breeches Bible" were a distinguished body of men, among whom was included John Knox. It was in this edition, too, that the chapters were first divided into verses. For long this was the most popular version of the Bible, and during thirty years it went through some fifty editions, including one printed at Edinburgh in 1579—the first English Bible printed in Scotland. In spite of the large number which must have been

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an exquisite delight for the delicate sense of the trained ear. Essentially the piano for purity of tone, responsiveness and permanency. The only piano equipped with HOWARD'S PATENT STRAINING ROD.

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are human-like in expression. They embody all the best devices and latest improvement in the art of piano-making.

Hearing for yourself is the best proof. There is a NEWCOMBE owner or dealer in most every community. Write us and we will put you in touch with them. We will also send you our illustrated catalog "N" showing the many beautiful designs. WRITE NOW.

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Head Office and Warerooms:
359 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.



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MINARD'S LINIMENT

It has given years and years of satisfaction.

Makes pains vanish in a few moments. A reliable, quick remedy.

Beware of Imitations.
Sold on its Merits.

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Sole Inventor of Appliances for Modifying the Shape of the Nose. Patent S.G.D.G. (France and abroad). Narrows. Straightens. Reduces. Noses all shapes, and is suitable for all cases.

Beware of Imitations.

Bronze Medal, Brussels, 1910.

Special Treatment for Red Noses, Blackheads, Acne, Pimples, etc.

Cream of Beauty gives youth and freshness. Peerless Rice Powder, "Sans pareille," makes skin like velvet and Massage Cream removes wrinkles. Care of the Face, the Nose, the Eyes. Chin Strap reduces double chins. Creme Grecque, develops the bust and strengthens it. The Argentine Cream, whitens and gives beauty to the hands.

Only address 209, Rue St. Honore, PARIS



issued the "Breeches Bible" is something of a rarity, and a copy is worth two or three pounds. A body of fifty-four scholars was appointed in the reign of James I. to revise the existing versions and to produce one which should be a standard for all time. As the result of their labors we have the Bible as we know it to-day. The Authorized Version was, as a translation, a masterly piece of work, and for the beauty and dignity of its diction it will ever be looked upon as the fountainhead of pure English.

All the early English Bibles were well and carefully printed. The type employed was the black letter, and the text was, as a rule, free from serious error. Strange to say, as time went on the printing began to deteriorate, and mistakes crept into the text. Sometimes these "mistakes" were quite intentional. In many cases deliberate additions or omissions were made for the purpose of furthering the cause of some particular sect or creed. As an example of a printer's error the text of Psalm xiv. in an edition of the Bible printed in the reign of Charles I. stated that "The fool sayeth in his heart there is a God." The change of "no" to "a" in this case cost the printers £3,000 of a fine. Another Bible was marked by an even more crass error, for a "not" was missed out in the Seventh Commandment. All copies of the "Wicked Bible," as it was called, were ordered to be destroyed, and the printers were heavily fined. At least one copy of this Bible is known to have escaped the flames. As an example of a deliberate corruption of the text we have the case of Field, the printer, who is said to have received a bribe of £1,500 from the Independents to change a text in Acts vi.,

to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own ministers. All the printer had to do was to change a "we" into a "ye," so that in Field's Bible the right of appointing their pastors belonged to the people, and not to the apostles.

One of the most curious of old Bibles was that printed at London in 1650 in Shorthand. Evidently this must have attained some popularity, for a few years later we find another Bible being printed in Shorthand, to be sold at half a guinea.

The year 1716 was marked by the production of the first Bible to be printed in Ireland. True to the traditions of the race this Bible contained a remarkable blunder. In a verse in Isaiah the words "sin no more" were printed "sin on more." This error was not discovered until the whole edition of eight thousand copies was bound and partly distributed.

THE "VINEGAR" BIBLE.

Even Bibles printed at such a seat of learning as Oxford were not free from error. A magnificent edition of the Scriptures printed at Oxford has come to be known as the "Vinegar" Bible, from a curious mistake which appeared in the running title of the twentieth chapter of Luke, where it read "the parable of the vinegar" instead of "the parable of the vineyard." Still another Oxford Bible was marred by a somewhat serious error. In the Bible printed there in 1792, in Luke xxii., 34, St. Philip is named as the disciple who should deny Christ instead of St. Peter.

Modern printing and proof-reading have attained such perfection that it would be almost impossible for serious error to creep into the text of a twentieth century Bible.

Japan's Telephone King

Account of the Work of a Great Japanese Telephone Manufacturer Who Lately Died

From the Japan Magazine.

The great achievements of Japan in her war with Russia were not due primarily to her guns and personnel. As a matter of fact, her triumphs would have been impossible without the marvelous perfection of her telegraph and telephone apparatus. It was as a result of the foresight and genius of a man unknown outside of his own country that Japan was able to accomplish these wonders. This man was the late Kibotaro Oki.

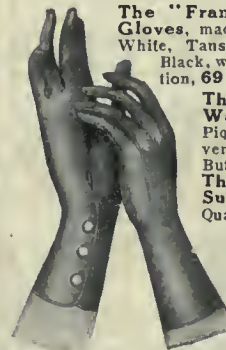
AFTER the war with China it was seen that in future the success or failure of any land campaign must depend more or less on perfection of telegraphic equipment and telephone service. Up to this time, and for some period subsequently, most of the instruments used were imported from abroad. Foreigners, seeing how largely Japan was beginning to invest in such enterprises, began to enter the trade. It was agreed then that the important instrument for the battlefield of the future would be the portable telephone. Foreign experts soon caught on, and some of them approached Mr. Oki to persuade him to unite with them in in-

ducing the Government to adopt their plans for equipping the army with a proper telegraph and telephone service. As he hesitated, he was threatened with dire competition; yet he remained unmoved. He knew he was unequal in skill and backing to the foreigner, but he was determined to produce something quite Japanese and independent of alien influence and control. In any case, it would be better for outsiders to know as little as possible about the nation's methods of communication in war time. Gathering about him a number of apprentices and students, he set them to work assisting in perfecting his apparatus. At this time the Government was depending for the most part upon foreigners for telephone instruments and general equipment. When Oki came on the scene the competition began to be fierce. The Government soon discovered that none of the foreign supplies suited the purpose so well as the instruments produced by Oki. Not only has he for the past few years satisfactorily supplied

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all the telephone equipment of the Government, but his instruments are finding profitable export abroad. Most of the telephones used in southern China are from his factory. He is now, though dead, the telephone king of Japan.

Oki came of a family with mechanical genius. He studied with German instructors and soon passed them.

At this time all manufactures in Japan were in a very rudimentary condition. Being a man of great independence, he soon made marked improvements in the design and manufacture of telegraph and telephone apparatus. . . . The Russo-Japanese war brought the climax of prosperity. The Oki company not only supplied all the instruments for that unprecedented campaign, but so perfect were they that no mistakes were made by the army; and the perfection of Japan's communications service not only satisfied the fastidious army staff, but astonished the military attaches and correspondents of the world. After the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war certain great electrical firms abroad proposed to get in touch with Oki and find out the secret of his achievement. But he declined, and accepted the consequent competition. The result was favorable to the progress of electrical enterprise in Japan; for it cut down prices and enabled the Government to make its pressing necessity for extension of telephone service possible without any undue outlay. Certainly it is being accomplished at prices that would not have been possible had foreigners not entered the field. Thus the Government has been saved several millions, and the prosperous Oki company has in no way been injured. It is seen, therefore, that the wisdom and genius of Mr. Oki is apparent not only in his scientific achievements in the realm of telephone service, but in his remarkable business talents and general manipulation of industrial enterprise for his own and his country's good.

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From Shop Boy to Prominent K.C.

The Life Story of Sir Edward
Clarke, One of Britain's
Foremost Legal
Lights

From Tit-Bits.

Sir Edward Clarke, one of the most prominent of British barristers, and member of parliament, is about to retire. The story of his rise from a simple shop boy is one of indomitable pluck and perseverance.

LIKE the industrious London apprentice, Sir Edward Clarke, who, after fifty years at the Bar, is about to retire, began life by working in a city shop during the day and sleeping behind the counter at night. In his case, however, the shop belonged to his father—a jeweler of King William Street—and for four years Sir Edward acted as his assistant. Shop life, however, had no attractions for the boy who was ultimately to rise to such eminence in the legal profession, although about this time he had no clear idea as to what he really wished to become.

He tried clerical work in the India Office, reporting in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and not till then did he turn his attention to the law. He wasted no time, however, when he decided upon this fourth change. Six months' study enabled him to win the Tancred Law Studentship, carrying with it an income of \$500 a year for six years, and from that point he never looked back.

THE ONLY WAY.

"I entered the legal profession," Sir Edward remarked, during an interview, "neither propped by ancestry nor assisted by connection." This was said in no boastful spirit, but merely as an illustration of what can be done by the young man who determines to get on. "The attraction to me," he said, "was that the Bar afforded the only path by which a lad, who had neither money nor influence to back him, could hope to attain any position of influence in political affairs." And probably the proudest day in Sir Edward's life was that on which he took his seat in the House of Commons for the first time in 1880, while his father, aged 80, and his son watched him delightedly from the Strangers' Gallery.


Perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of Sir Edward's energy is that provided by the fact that when he was over sixty years of age he invented a new system of shorthand. While it had many excellent advantages, however, the system was a little too complicated for the average person. Sir Edward thereupon perfected a system of swift shorthand, so that people would be able to write three times quicker than by the ordinary method. Particulars of this system of swifthead were published in 1909, and it earned the gratitude of thousands of business men who had never,

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through lack of time or inclination, been able to study the various existing systems of shorthand.

It was not many years after he was called to the Bar at the age of 23 that Sir Edward had increased his \$500 a year to several thousands. Long ago he earned the title of the law's strong man, and he is probably the finest living cross-examiner. There is a story told that one of Sir Edward's first successes was in a murder trial at Maidstone Assizes, when the late Mr. Justice Charles persuaded him to take the brief for the defence. Sir Edward was only a stuff gownman at the time, and hesitated.

"If you don't take it," urged the judge, "some stupid barrister will put a wrong question and the woman will be hanged."

Sir Edward allowed himself to be persuaded by the judge's flattering argument, and secured his client's acquittal.

WANTED HIS "SWAG" BACK.

Stories of cases in which Sir Edward has been engaged are, of course, legion; but one of the best, perhaps, is that which he tells of one of his early cases, when a young man was found in illegal possession of a number of spoons and forks. When the man's term of imprisonment had expired the barrister was surprised one day to see him walk into his chambers.

"You didn't expect to see me again, did you?" said the man. "You see, it's like this. When they got me I had a lot of the silver plate on me, and they took it away. Now, I was thinking that, as you got me off so lightly, you could make the police give me my swag."

Sir Edward is regarded at the Bar with the greatest liking and esteem, no less on account of his ability than of his geniality. He is delightful company, fona of music, and can tell a capital story. Apropos of his love of music, the late Mr. George Du Maurier used to tell the following:—As many readers are aware, Lord Alverstone is musically inclined, and both he and Sir Edward, it is said, were very fond of hearing themselves sing at the musical evenings held periodically in the Temple. One evening Lord Alverstone (he was Sir Richard Webster then) said to Mr. Du Maurier, "Excellent fellow, Clarke, only he will sing." Only a few minutes afterwards Mr. Clarke confided to Du Maurier, "Webster is a capital fellow, but he has a weakness—he thinks he can sing, you know."

It is related that Sir Edward is so energetic as a musician that he once broke a friend's pianoforte, while on another occasion when he was asked to take part in a river picnic, the invitation setting out that it was "musical," he was told after the acceptance "to be less athletic on the piano and more harmonious on the water."

ATHLETIC RECREATIONS.

Rowing and sculling used to be Sir Edward's favorite recreations, and even now one may see him pulling a boat about on the river at Staines, where he has a house, and where he has built a beautiful church at a cost of about \$55,000. All his life he has been a devoted son of the Church and defender of her interests, and he is a member of the House of Lay-

men. Perhaps Sir Edward's chief weakness is his love for somewhat unconventional raiment. His boating get-up is said to be fearful and wonderful, while a story is told of his being mistaken by an American for a Royal Duke as he emerged from the Law Courts one day in all the glory of a light gray frock-suit, gray gloves, white hat, red tie, and patent leather shoes.

In his younger days Sir Edward was an enthusiastic Volunteer. "I was always," he once confessed, a full private, more or less efficient. We went for long marches, principally by train, to Wimbledon Common, and we fought sham fights at Newhaven. Although we had our uses, I should not like to claim that we were efficient, according to modern notions. Still, I strongly object to the description of an individual that 'as a Volunteer I was born in a panic, nursed in neglect, and grew in my maturity into a military monstrosity.'"

Greatly daring, Sir Edward has strongly opposed the Suffragettes, who have never forgiven him for his remarks about women and politics. "Women in politics," he said some time ago, "are almost always personal. A handsome young guardsman or the son of a peer will be an irresistible candidate to a woman. She generally says of a man either that he is 'a dear' or that he is 'a wretch.' To vote for the 'dear' would be a matter of course, and to embroil women in the activities of political life would be an invasion of the home against which every woman should have the right to protest."

STIMULATING PLANT GROWTH WITH X-RAYS.

Experiments made by Dr. Schwartz, a German scientist, show that X-rays stimulate the growth of plants and of living tissue in general, but in order to produce good results it is required to adjust the value of the rays in order to prevent a destructive action, such as can also take place without due care in making use of them. Should the exposure to the rays be too long, the effect can exceed the proper limits and become dangerous. Working upon plants, he finds that an under-exposure of 30 seconds has no appreciable effect of any kind upon the growth, and, on the contrary, a long exposure of 5 minutes is seen to alter the tissues and hinder the growth of the plant. The proper time appeared to be 150 seconds, and shortly after exposure to the rays the plants were so much stimulated that in three weeks' time they had grown to double the height of the other specimens. Such experiments were made with the use of young sprouts, and not upon plants in an advanced state of growth. As to the effect on the tissues of the human body, he finds that in the case of wounds where there is a decrease in vitality of structures, this is stimulated to quite a degree, so that, for instance, an obstinate wound will heal up after a few *seances*. It is well known that the X-rays will produce severe burns upon the skin, but this is caused by a too strong action.

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Zionism in the City of Zion

Showing How the Jews are
Repopulating Palestine

From The Continent, Chicago.

In 1885 there were not more than 30,000 Jews in Palestine; to-day there are at least 150,000. Professor Franklin S. Hoskins, of the Syrian Protestant College, here gives some authentic information about the actual results of the Zionist Society's work.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago one heard little of the Hebrew tongue in Jerusalem's streets or elsewhere in the land, because the Jew found it much safer to conceal his identity under the language of the country from which he chanced to come. But to-day Hebrew is used everywhere—in the market, the banks, and most especially in thousands of schools. It is one of the cardinal aims of the Zionists again to make this the language of the ancient homeland, and it will not be long before other nationalities and religions will have to learn Hebrew or simply be shut out of the commercial centres of the city and country. Only recently a German society for helping the Jews attempted to keep the German language in the schools. One of the results was a riot, and the matter was settled in favor of those who clamored for the Hebrew.

Those who have visited Jerusalem in former years will remember the thousands of pitifully poor Jews of all nationalities who lived on alms in the city. It is said on good authority that not less than 5,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000) is now coming into the land annually for their relief. But each year brings a better class of immigrants, and that means less and less need for alms. The fifty or sixty colonies lately established wear a much more hopeful appearance.

Those about Jaffa and in the Plains of Sharon show every appearance of wealth and prosperity. The orange trade of Jaffa has increased greatly and will soon be largely in the hands of Jews. Out of 1,500,000 boxes handled this year at that port, at least one-third, or 500,000 boxes, are from the colonies or in the control of the Jews. While other nationalities, and especially Christians of all lands, are busy trying to circumvent one another in appropriating legendary and sacred sites, the Jews are in a common-sense way buying up agricultural land. It is not possible to make any accurate estimate of what has been done in this line, but it is a well-known fact that no tract, small or large, within a hundred miles of Jerusalem, east or west of the Jordan, can be offered for sale without attracting Jewish buyers. Colonies, societies, and banks exist for this very business, and thousands of all nationalities and religions are in the trade for gain. Every day brings some fresh surprises of phenomenal purchases. This is one of the most striking features of the present commercial life of Palestine. The colonies are encouraging this agricultural conquest of the land, and

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meanwhile industrial schools under the patronage of wealthy societies and individuals are attempting a revival of Jewish arts and handicrafts with most creditable results.

Austria and Germany are most powerful in the trade of Jerusalem and its vicinity; France in high politics and finance. Of the influences from within the Arab element is almost nil, the Christian element too busy with trifles, the Jewish seriously and powerfully predominant. Certain churches and enterprises represent one or another of the European nations, but rarely more than one. But the Jewish element, for one reason or another, draws power from all nations. Leaders of the Zionist movement differ sharply on many points; misunderstandings separate powerful interests; motives are attacked and as vigorously defended. But underneath all the outward clash of theories, the heart and soul of the Jewish race does unitedly hope for and expect to establish a great Jewish state which, sitting at the juncture of three continents, in the seat of their ancient glory, shall levy tribute from the great nations of the earth.

Some speak of it as to be a state without a religion, in the sense that the United States has no official faith or state religion.

Eat Whole Wheat Bread

The Strength-giving Qualities
of Bread are Now Sacrificed to Color Says
a French Scientist

From La Revue Scientifique.

How we are deliberately removing from our flour its most nutritious elements, is explained in the following article. Whole wheat bread contains the most nourishing part of the grain, while the whiter the flour the more exclusively is it composed of those parts least rich in fatty matter phosphates and nitrogen compounds.

THE sifting of flour favored by the world-wide culture of wheat, which is extending yearly, now removes about 50 per cent. of the weight of the grain, whereas fifty years ago a hundred pounds of wheat yielded eighty-three pounds of flour ready for bread-making.

Whole-wheat bread has almost disappeared even from the army. During the first wars of the Revolution the soldiers' bread was made from unsifted flour, containing all the wheat and bran. In 1796 the Academy of Sciences, at the request of the Minister of War made a report on the use of bran in bread-making. The minister asked whether the presence of bran in bread might not be injurious to the health of the troops, and if so, in what proportion. The report, which was published in the proceedings of the Academy, stated that bran left in its entirety in flour might be injurious to health, but that nothing is more advantageous to the

quality of the bread than to leave a certain quantity of bran in it. To obtain this quality of bread wheat should be used from which 18 per cent. of bran has been removed.

These conclusions adopted by the Academy were transmitted to the Minister of War, but were not applied till 1853. The flour was sifted of five to ten per cent. of its bran and after 1844 of fifteen per cent. Owing to the twenty per cent. sifting instituted in 1853 an increase in the bread-ration was advised by the surgeon inspectors, who said: "Sifting carried beyond a certain limit eliminates useful elements and has no advantage beyond improving the color of the bread. Very white bread is a type which may suit tired stomachs accustomed to rich and varied food, but the wealthy classes are led to prefer it only by custom and imitation. The choice of a more or less white bread for the workman, the peasant, or the soldier, should be regulated especially by the proportion of meat that enters into the daily repast. The Parisian workman who is particular about the color of his bread, and prefers to buy a bread of very white flour, but less substantial and less strength-giving than that given to the army consumes a larger flesh ration than the soldier. So that the more the flour is sifted the more meat must be consumed daily."

In these latter days, with the most laudable intentions, the sifting of flour used for army bread has been raised from 20 to 30 per cent. The result is certain; the ration will prove insufficient, and the soldier will go hungry.

Romantic Career of Roumania's Soldier King

Balkan Monarch Who Has Kept His Throne for Over Forty Years

From Ideas.

When King Charles first arrived in Bucharest, not a voice in Europe could be heard to give him the least hope of keeping his new throne for more than a few months, yet he has held it undisputed through tremendous ups and downs of popularity for over forty years. Apart from the Emperor of Austria, he is the only living monarch who personally led his troops to battle in the mighty struggle against the Turks in the nineteenth century.

FORMED out of Moldavia and Wallachia, Roumania is the happiest result of the Russo-Turkish War of 1876. In that year King Charles was a simple sub-lieutenant of Prussian Dragoons, and, owing to the diplomatic action of Prussia, Roumania invited the then Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen to become first Prince of Roumania. Bismarck advised the Prince to accept the job, as, in any event, it would afford him some interesting recollections. Prince Charles was a member of the Catholic branch of



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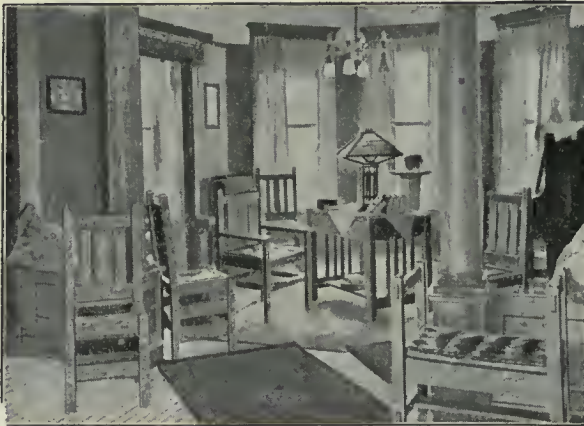
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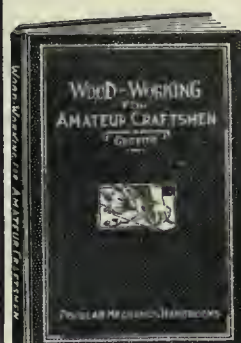
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the House of Hohenzollern, and a Catholic he remains to this day. So Prince Charles went to Bucharest, and, acting up to his motto, "Always on the spot!" he has stuck there ever since, through a variety of crises which would have compelled many another man to throw up his job in despair of ever giving satisfaction. Bismarck had said to Prince Charles. "You have been unanimously elected by a nation to rule over them; obey the summons!" But, notwithstanding the "unanimity" of the voice which called him, Prince Charles had to smuggle himself across the frontier.

THRONE WHICH HUNG UPON CUSTOMS' OFFICER'S PATIENCE.

His passport had been made out in the name of "Karl Hettingen, traveling on business to Odessa," and a further disguise was afforded by a pair of blue spectacles. At the critical moment, however, "Karl" forgot his new name; and it seemed as though the Customs officer would order his arrest when a quick-witted companion ostentatiously insisted on paying duty on all the cigars in the Prince's baggage, thus giving "Karl" an opportunity of refreshing his memory from his passport.

The chances of a European throne, it may be said, hung upon a Customs officer's patience. But, in due course, the Prussian sub-lieutenant reached the Roumanian capital, and for forty years he has ruled his new state not only to its immense advantage but with all the sterling incorruption and honesty of the best-class German. During a long life no breath of scandal has tainted his name. Soon after his arrival his younger brother became the immediate cause of the Franco-Prussian War.

The spirit of emulation had got hold of the Sigmaringen Hohenzollerns, and they all wanted to carve out thrones for themselves. By this time Charles of Roumania had taken a wife in Princess Elizabeth of Wied, and a happy couple they have proved. Yet the Princess was a Lutheran, and a Lutheran she remains.

Since those days, forty-four years ago, King Charles' wife has become world-famous as "Carmen Sylva," the Poet-Queen, and her portraits have made her face familiar to newspaper readers the world over. But from the time that Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen assumed the role of ruler of Roumania in Bucharest, Roumania has suffered from swelled head. Fondly imagining herself a great Power, she has tried to rival Austria, France and Germany, and has spent money recklessly.

For the last ten years she has been trying to retrench. Roumanian vanity has taken form in a wonderful improvement in street architecture, and in the new Bucharest, which has arisen under King Charles, even the private houses have become small palaces. Half these beautiful houses are empty, and many are already decaying. The people of Bucharest have over-built themselves, and rents have gone down alarmingly.

King Charles introduced the German military system into his new kingdom, and the Roumanian officer struts about the streets of Bucharest in glaring fancy

dress uniforms, with corsets and built-up shoulders visible to the naked eye. In the War Office in Bucharest the chambers buzz with comic opera soldiers in fawn-colored uniforms—from the War Minister down to the boy who licks the stamps. However, the Roumanians gave a good account of themselves in 1877 when King Charles led them at the battle of Plevna.

In May, 1906, King Charles celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the Roumanian throne, though, of course, he was not made a King till 1881—when Roumania did herself proud! Such junketings were things unknown in Bucharest.

King Charles has unfortunately suffered all his life from a form of ill-health, and the anniversary rejoicings found him in by no means the best of health. But the great event of 1906 saw him fit enough to keep his saddle for two hours, and those two hours must have been amongst the most exhilarating of his remarkable

life. The event was a great review of the Roumanian troops, and as King Charles, a German soldier, had spent forty years in the evolution of this fine army, he had probably more cause to be proud of that day's show than could have been, under like circumstances, any other monarch in Europe.

The review was undoubtedly a grand sight, and the enthusiasm for King Charles was intense as he moved away from the review ground. Not many months after the King's life was almost despaired of, as he was stricken with a stomachic trouble, complicated by arthritic neuralgia of the intestines. But, as has so often been the case, the King recovered, and may still live, as did that other Balkan King, George of the Hellenes, to celebrate the jubilee of his reign. Balkan potentates seem to be tremendous "stayers" in spite of their feverish lives. King Charles has, however, had to forego a meat diet altogether.

Cloth v. Glass for Windows

Cotton Cloth Much Healthier than Glass, Say Those Who Have Tried It

From The Engineering Magazine.

To use some textile or other fabric for windows instead of glass may seem a retrograde movement, but according to the writer of this article it may be desirable in schoolrooms. Cotton cloth will admit sufficient light and a great deal of air, and at the same time the cold that enters the room is less than that radiated by a pane of glass. It is thus easier to keep a cloth-screened room warm, than to heat a room having glass windows.

THE interior design of our school-rooms seems to be an interior hall, dark and filled with a bad odor, while opening from it are lateral cells or classrooms. The universal use of glass has provided a means to light these cells or classrooms, but no means have been found to keep them full of fresh, sweet air. Buildings fitted with apparatus that is supposed to be capable of delivering eighteen cubic feet of air per pupil per minute are full of stuffiness, the children are restless, there is hacking and coughing.

In our rigorous northern climate, the first thought is to provide a sufficient protection from the winter cold, the second requirement is to provide a well-lighted room, and we fill the side wall with glass which furnishes the light, but this same side wall of glass prevents proper ventilation, because glass is the greatest radiator of heat known, and it chills the bad air so rapidly that sufficient good air can not be furnished to ventilate the rooms properly, while the halls and coat-rooms are filled with stale, dead air and dust. The problem is to introduce a sufficient quantity of fresh air into a warm room to make it hygienic and, at the same time, to avoid drafts. Drafts in a room are currents of air with velocity enough to be perceived, and if such air is cold, they

are uncomfortable. So the problem is to introduce cold air, but of a very low velocity. If of a very low velocity, there must be a large inlet to get sufficient volume.

An experiment was tried out last year in a modern sixteen-room school with a registration of 750. It is equipped with a fan which forces hot air into the room; there are also steam-heated pipes along the outside walls under the windows. During school hours the windows and doors are closed to keep the ventilating system in working order. The school-room in question had five windows facing the east. Wooden screens were made and covered with a medium grade of unbleached cotton cloth. After they were put in place, the windows were kept open during school hours. The stuffiness and odor entirely disappeared, as did all snuffing and coughing of the pupils. No more cases of fainting occurred, complaints of headaches ceased, and the pupils have done better work.

Before school opens in the morning, the janitor closes the windows and warms the room to 70 degrees by hot air from the fan. This is humidified by a steam jet in the mixing-room. When school opens, the windows are raised and the hot-air inlet closed. The windows were open through all the days of winter, although children sit within five feet of the open window. Only on occasions of very severe wind have windows been lowered, and then only in exposed situations, and even on such occasions one or more would be raised at intervals. There are no cold drafts, the velocity of the hot air rising from the radiator pipes is greater than that of the cold air which is being slowly diffused through the screens, so that the resulting direction of the air current is upward. The screens furnish fresh air of very low

BANISH SPARROWS

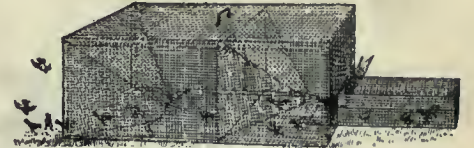
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velocity from a large surface (about fifty square feet in this room) with no heat loss for conduction, whereas with the windows closed, we have a large area of glass cooling the bad air—glass transmits twenty times more heat than cotton. The slow diffusion of fresh air does not seem to cool the air in the room any more than it would be cooled by the glass if the windows were down. The janitor says that the room has been warmed as easily as it was before the screens were used. Other teachers were at first incredulous, but as they observed the improvement in work and discipline as a result of the fresh-air conditions, they had the windows in the rooms fitted with screens. In that way the idea has spread to other schools. The public has become interested, and many pupils at the request of their parents have been transferred from closed to fresh-air schoolrooms. The teachers and pupils have learned the benefit and comfort of fresh air and the educational value of this experiment has been of much benefit to the community.

Another great improvement noticed in the fresh-air schoolrooms is that the humidity is practically the same as it is out of doors. The cloth screens do not interfere with the lighting of the room unless they are allowed to become discolored with dust, the light rays are broken up and diffused throughout the room so that the character of the lighting is really improved.

Armed Peace is Economic War

A Weighty Pronouncement by
one of Russia's Greatest
Statesmen

(From The Contemporary Review.)

Count Witte is one of the best known and greatest of European statesmen. He it was who established Russian finances on the solid basis which enabled them to bear the strain of the war with Japan, of the ensuing general strike, and of the so-called revolution. The opinions below were recently expressed to Dr. Dillon, the noted political European journalist.

WHEN I try to realize what is meant by the "peace" of to-day, I feel tempted to call it economic war. Certainly it is little better than war. Speaking without exact figures I should say that some 40 per cent. of the outlay of the various States is absorbed by the armies and navies which are to carry on the great campaign of the future, and by the debts left by the campaigns of the past. Sketch a picture in your mind's eye of all that those sums if properly spent could effect for the nations who now waste them on heavy guns, rifles, dreadnoughts, fortresses and barracks. If this money were laid out on improving the material lot of the people, in housing them hygienically, in procuring for them healthier air, medical aid, and needful periodical rest, they would live longer and work to better purpose, and

enjoy some of the happiness or contentment which at present is the prerogative of the few.

Again, all the best brain-work of the most eminent men is focused on efforts to create new lethal weapons, or to make the old ones more deadly. Take the newest conquest of man—the air. People can fly to-day. They have achieved the triumph at the cost of the lives of some of the most heroic individuals of all nations. But how do they think of applying aviation? They are obediently following the lead of their respective Governments and endeavoring to make the

airship one of the most death-dealing pieces of mechanism in use. And they may succeed. For one of the arts in which cultured nations have made most progress is warfare. The noblest efforts of the greatest thinkers are wasted on inventions to destroy human life. When I call to mind the gold and the work thus dissipated in smoke and sound, and compare that picture with this other: villagers with drawn, sallow faces, men and women and dimly conscious children perishing slowly and painfully of hunger—I begin to ask myself whether human culture and the white man who personifies it are not wending towards the abyss.

And turning it in another direction, I behold the anarchist and the socialist springing up in regions made desolate by this modern Moloch.

When and how will it all end? Unless the Great States which have set this hideous example agree to call a halt, so to say, and knit their subjects into a pacific, united Europe, war is the only issue I can perceive. And when I say war, I mean a conflict which will surpass in horror the most brutal, armed conflicts known to human history and entail distress more widespread and more terrible than living men can realize.

Developing Britain's Colonies

What is Being Done to Improve Conditions in the Dependencies and Protectorates of the Empire

From The Edinburgh Review.

The accompanying article gives some valuable information with reference to Britain's tropical possessions and their natural resources, showing the steps which are being taken to develop the resources and educate the people to a higher standard. The problems that are being faced are big ones, but they are being taken up in a way that promises results.

THE British Empire is an aggregate of scattered territories separated by oceans and continents, subject to every variety of climate, and comprising communities in every stage of economic and political evolution, evolution being understood as the operation of changing circumstances on unchanging environment. It includes one-fifth of the habitable surface of the globe, with more than one-fifth of its inhabitants, while the natural factors of distinction between the temperate and tropical zones have determined a political classification into four main groups, shown approximately in this table:

	Area in Square Miles.	Population.
United Kingdom.	120,000	45,500,000
Dominions	7,500,000	20,000,000
Crown Colonies..	2,060,000	42,000,000
India	1,800,000	320,000,000

Excepting Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus in the Mediterranean, and the Falkland Islands in the Southern Atlantic, nearly all the Crown colonies and protectorates lie within the tropics, all within the heat-belt of the world bounded by the parallels of 30 degrees north and south of the equator. The Mediterranean islands are retained in the power of the Crown for the security of a trade route on which the commerce of all the constituent parts of the Empire depends, the South Atlantic islands for specific reasons arising out of their geographical position. On the other hand, the self-governing dominions, with the exception of a considerable area of northern territory in Australia and a

small area in Africa, lie in the temperate zones, the political cleavage between the self-governing dominions and the Crown colonies having followed the natural lines of cleavage between the temperate and tropical zones.

The statistical abstracts of the Board of Trade classify the trade of the Empire, apart from bullion and specie, as (1) food, drink, and tobacco, (2) raw materials and articles mainly unmanufactured, and (3) articles wholly or mainly manufactured. The classification leads to much confusion in the discussion of fiscal questions, as it is impossible to draw a precise line of distinction between the three classes. The great staples of food of Crown colony origin are imported largely as raw material of manufacture, and as contributions to industrial employment there is really no distinction between raw materials of food and raw materials of the textile industry, or of any other manufacturing industry. For the present purpose it must serve to classify the natural resources of the Crown colonies under the general heads of agricultural and forest resources, mineral resources, and ocean and river resources.

From a record of the results of the economic development of the Crown colonies and protectorates to a consideration of the policy and the agencies which have brought them about, the transition is natural. The policy has been controlled by the recognition of three basic facts: (1) that the development of the material resources of the Crown colonies and protectorates is the only source from which revenues adequate to the maintenance of civilized governments can be derived; (2) that the material resources of the tropical world can only be developed by the labor of peoples adapted to tropical environments; and (3) that the laborer cannot in the long run be excluded from a share in the distribution and profits of the results of his labor.

The agencies of this policy fall naturally into two groups, economic and social.

The economic development of the Crown colonies, to the mutual advantage of the constituent parts of the Empire, is the result of an intimate association and co-operation between two scientific agencies, the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, the botanical headquarters of the Empire, and the Imperial Institute. The work at Kew falls under three heads. It provides a school of research and of scientific and practical teaching in agriculture and horticulture; a central depot, and a clearing-house. A principal function of Kew in the department of research and education has been the training of young men for appointments in colonial botanic gardens and stations as curators and superintendents. Within the last few years Kew has studded British Africa with men capable of teaching natives the rudiments of tropical agriculture. As a central depot, the Gardens carry on the work of identifying the species of economic plants best adapted to the climatic and other conditions of the various parts of the Empire. As a clearing-house, Kew receives from, and distributes to, botanic gardens throughout the Empire plants likely to form the foundation of new cultures. Plants from different parts of the Empire are received at Kew, nursed to recovery, repacked, and dispatched to a new home. Among the larger enterprises have been the migration of rubber-producing trees and cinchona from South America to Asia and Africa—twin enterprises of happy omen. For many years Kew had been in association with the Crown colonies through the agency of botanical institutions in the West Indies, Mauritius, Ceylon, and the Strait Settlements, but in 1898 this great central institution was brought into much closer association with the West Indies by the creation of a West Indian Department of Economic Botany, supported by Imperial funds, and placed

in charge of an officer styled the Imperial Commissioner of Agriculture for the West Indies. In connection with this department, a system of botanic stations has been organized in the smaller islands in addition to the botanical establishments of British Guiana, Jamaica, and Trinidad. They serve as centres for the experimental cultivation of new plants, for diffusing accurate information, and as training institutions for the practical teaching of agriculture. They are the headquarters from which agricultural instructors are sent to give lectures and demonstrations bearing on the selection of land for economic plants and the whole process of cultivation, from preparing the soil to handling, packing, and marketing the produce in such a way as to secure the most remunerative price. These instructors carry the work of the station so far as possible into the rural districts, giving practical demonstrations to small proprietors on any farm or plantation convenient for the purpose. The department promotes agricultural and horticultural teaching and training, not only in special schools, but in the garden plots connected with the ordinary routine of primary schools. The work of the department is encouraged by exhibitions, and its methods and results are brought to the knowledge of the most isolated cultivators of the soil by the distribution of bulletins, handbooks, and leaflets.

Similar work is being carried on in the East through the agency of the Ceylon Agricultural Society, founded by Sir Henry Blake in 1904. The object of this society is to bring all classes, down to the smallest cultivators, into closer touch with the Government, with each other, and with the scientific staff of the Botanic Department. The central society is formed of all the members of the Legislature, some of the principal inhabitants, European and native, of each province, and all the members of the staff of the Botanic Department. Local societies have been formed by voluntary action in every part of the island and affiliated to the Central Board of Agriculture. The work of the society follows closely the lines of the Department of Economic Botany in the West Indies, and, like that department, finds a valuable auxiliary in the primary school system of the colony. In Ceylon instruction in theoretical agriculture is given in all Government schools above the fifth standard, and the teachers are desired to make use of the plots of ground attached to their schools for practical gardening.

It is not surprising that at the present moment the West Indies should be endeavoring to develop their Department of Economic Botany by making it the nucleus of an Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture with a view to further development into a university, while at the same time the Ceylon Board of Agriculture is taking active measures to select Ceylon as the site of the proposed college. On the part of the West Indies it is claimed that the Island of Trinidad would provide a site in proximity to the great centres of research and education in Europe and America and to a large area of diverse cultivations under diverse conditions of climate, soil, and labor. It is

urged that the West Indies have natural affinities to Europe and America, and that in any case Ceylon cannot provide a substitute for the university centres to which the West Indies look for co-operation. On the part of Ceylon it is urged that proximity to the great planting areas in the Eastern tropics, in tropical Australia, in Mauritius and Seychelles, and in British East Africa is of greater importance than proximity to centres of research and training in Europe and America. It is urged that the climate is healthy, and that there are vast plantations of all kinds of tropical industries giving opportunities for studying estate work on the spot. Another advantage is claimed in the fact that the students would find themselves in contact with Tamils—a race of Indian agricultural laborers who have migrated largely not only into the East but into most tropical colonies. Ceylon has also the advantage of a system of Government Technical Schools, devoted to instruction in a wider range of subjects subsidiary to agricultural estate work. The claim of Ceylon has been strongly supported by Professor Dunstan, whose authority is unquestioned, but probably he would not desire to exclude the alternative of two Colleges of Tropical Agriculture, one in Trinidad and the other in Ceylon.

The discovery of the precise nature and value of thorianite, the new Ceylon mineral, and its commercial utilization are due to the work of the Imperial Institute; the development of cotton cultivation in nearly every Colony, and of the utilization of oil-seeds (especially in West Africa) are among many other subjects in which the work of the Imperial Institute has been conspicuously

successful in assisting the commercial utilization of colonial products.

The Scientific and Technical Research Department of the Institute is now fully equipped and staffed for the conduct of inquiries and investigations, and the supply of information with reference to the production and utilization of every tropical product. Without interfering with the work of the local Agricultural Departments whose operations it supplements, or trenching on the purely botanical functions of Kew, the Imperial Institute has established a Central Department for Investigation and Inquiry, which is useful alike to the Colonies and to British manufacturers. Its Exhibition Galleries, continually added to and improved, are an object lesson in the resources of every country of the Empire. The Institute is also becoming more and more the headquarters of societies which carry out auxiliary work of Imperial utility. The recent Parliamentary Reports of the Institute show, however, that its work is much impeded by want of room in the great building at South Kensington. Originally intended solely for Imperial purposes, at a crisis in its history a part of the building was assigned for offices for the University of London. This arrangement has in recent years satisfied neither party, and it is satisfactory to learn that there is some prospect of the University of London being provided elsewhere with a separate building of its own. As soon as this has been arranged, the Government will be in a position to restore to the Imperial Institute that accommodation which at present is so urgently needed in order to extend and complete work which has been so well begun.

The Origin of Slang

Many Modern Slang Words and Phrases can be Traced to the Classics

From The Forum.

The study of language has demonstrated that common usage to-day makes language to-morrow. The new use of a word to-day becomes the accepted use of that word to-morrow. And so it follows that the slang word of the present, provided always that it serves a useful purpose and is not merely slang for slang's sake, becomes embodied in the accepted vocabulary of the future. The following article bears interestingly on this point.

MANY of the objections to slang urged now and then by purists seem to the student of language, for the most part, groundless. Much of the better sort of slang is an unconscious endeavor to turn into vigorous Saxon English, readily understood, the highly latinized English of the learned. For instance, "to take the hide off" is a forceful rendering of *excoriate*, as "kicking back" is of *recalcitrant*, as "to catch on" (to one's meaning) is of *apprehend*, and so on.

Both *telegram* and *telegram* have long

since given way, in the business world to *wire*, which is sure to come into general use. So common had "wires" become there was felt to be no need of any foreign importation for the wonderful "wireless," which is now currently used as adjective, noun, and verb, so flexible is our speech. "Elevator," strange to say, has held its own even on the lips of the bellboy, though the Englishman's *lift* is far better.

Much of the current slang supposed to be modern is not new. For instance, "kid" (child) goes back as far, at least, as Massinger's *Old Law* (1599):

"I am old, you say. Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well!" *Kidnap* (to nab a kid) was certainly not a new word to De Foe or Bunyan.

"To skip out" is accounted slang, but in Wycliff's translation of the Bible we read: "Whanne barnabas and poul herden this, thei skipten out."

In *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first English comedy, about the middle of the sixteenth century, an actor says: "Nay

dame, I will fire thee out of my house," which certainly has a modern ring.

Goldsmith in *The Good Natured Man* (1768) says: "If the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him"; and this will require no gloss for the modern reader.

"Not in it" is found in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*: "They have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in it."

"Cut it out" goes back as far, at least as Sheridan's *Critic* (1779): "The performers have cut it out."

The optimistic brakeman, who had both legs cut off by a train, and who, when a bystander tried to console him by saying he ought to be thankful he wasn't killed outright, replied, "I'm not kicking," was only using a biblical expression: "Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice?"

"Buss" is Shakespearean slang for *kiss*, the Johnsonese definition of which is: "The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction."

The tendency to-day is strongly toward the Saxon element of our language, short and simple, except in scientific treatises. A well-known medical writer published an article, a few years ago, in one of our most popular weeklies, in which he said: "The problem of whether life be worth living emphatically depends upon the metabolic integrity of our hepatic cytoplasm." A wit, not a scientist, long ago answered Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" by replying: "It depends on the liver."

By the way, did not *pun* come in as a slang term? Skeat derives it from the Anglo-Saxon *punian*, to pound; "hence pound words, beat them into new senses, hammer at forced similes"; and the labored efforts often made seem to justify this etymology. It is so used by Shakespeare, in the sense of *pound*, in *Troilus and Cressida* (2,1): "He would *pun* thee into shivers with his fist."

Slang is the spare-ribs of speech, cut to the bone. A certain literary editor has placed 'phone in his "Inferno." Another attempt to lash the waves. Was he unmindful of *cab* (*cabriolet*), *cad* (*cadet*), *pet* (*petit*), *pup* (*poupee*), *fad* (*fadaise*), *navvy* (*navigator*), *bus* (*omnibus*), *mob* (*mobile vulgus*), etc?

"I have done my best for some years past," Swift wrote, "to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers." Take *boss*, which came in as slang, out of the propaganda of a great progressive leader, and what gaps you have left to fill! What would the purist suggest in place of "It's up to you," "I'm up against it," "He went back on me," "graft," "stunt," etc.? "Mossback" and "rubber-neck," the coinage of unrecognized poets, are more expressive than "greenhorn," which has long since won its way in standard English.

In the same way that politics of to-day is history in the making is the slang of to-day language in the making, and for this reason slang is of immense interest to the student of language.

Victor Hugo says in his chapter on slang (*L'Argot* in *Les Misérables*: "To hold up on the surface and keep from for-

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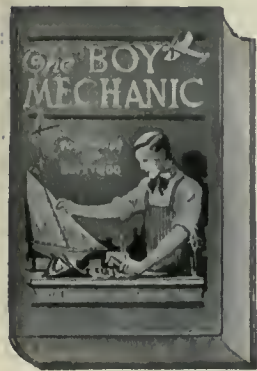
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getfulness, from the gulf, only a fragment of any language which man has spoken, and which would be lost—that is to say, one of the elements, good or bad, of which civilization is composed—is to extend the data of social observation and serve civilization itself. . . . To those who study language as it should be studied—that is to say, as geologists study the earth—slang appears like a real alluvium." He remarks in this same chapter: "That exquisite and so celebrated line, 'Mais ou sont les neiges d'antam?' is a verse of slang. *Antan—ante annum*—is a slang word of Thunes, which signifies the past year, by extension, formerly,"

As to daily use, every man of taste rightly resents the wanton slinging of slang. The present writer finds himself in the same boat with a friend who says: "I don't smoke myself, but I always like to smell a good cigar." And mark you, the cigar must be a good one.

The Brilliant President of Yale

A Trade Paper Editor Who Rose to the Head of a Great American College

From Munsey's Magazine.

Arthur T. Hadley, the president of Yale, began his career as a trade journalist. For years he acted as editor of a railway journal; and in that capacity gained such an insight into the problems of transportation that he became recognized as an authority. The story of his career, as outlined in the accompanying article, is one of brilliant achievements.

PRESIDENT HADLEY is a man in the fifties, with close-cropped gray hair. His face is a narrow New England oval—forehead full and slightly seamed, nose good and strong, chin reticent, not to say retiring, eyes a trifle worn with much reading, but as full of sparkle as his conversation. His mouth is almost overstocked with teeth which, gleaming constantly as he talks, are a living witness to a laughing soul, which is no libel, since President Hadley has been declared to have the keenest sense of humor of any man in America.

He is excessively nervous. In his platform manners he is endowed with an awkwardness which, they say at Yale, amounts to grace. In personal conversation one is not conscious at all of this awkwardness, merely noticing the greatest excess of nervousness and being impressed by a vivacious, chuckling cordiality and a sense of perpetual motion.

The president gets up and sits down; he waves his hands; he vibrates, rotates, gyrates, and all the time is striking off ideas like sparks from an anvil. Expressions scud across his face, which kindles or grows dark, frowns or smiles, nods emphatically with approval, or shakes with stubborn disavowal, conveying the notion of kinetoscopic mental action at once spontaneous and dazzling.

After finishing his course at Yale, Mr. Hadley went to New York. In that city, and solely for utilitarian purposes, the young man espoused journalism as a career, and that part of journalism which was most closely related to his chosen field of economy, namely, the trade papers of business and finance. In this field of topics he soon centered upon the greatest of them all, the railroads.

His insinuating intelligence and nervous industry were swiftly at close grips with this subject upon many sides. He wrote financial articles for the railroad journals, and railroad articles for the financial journals, and presently was assistant editor of the *Railroad Gazette*. Within a few years there was a tome upon the shelves of thoughtful students entitled "Railroad Transportation," by Arthur T. Hadley. This volume, published in 1885, was almost the first attempt to analyze and correlate scientifically the principles of railway management. It is rather surprising now to turn over the pages of this book and see how many of the problems supposedly purely of our own day were already surveyed and their rocks and shoals charted by this analytical young journalist of a quarter of a century ago.

Recently an eminent railroad president remarked: "I have just been reading Hadley's volume published twenty-eight years ago, and, out of my now thirty years' experience, it is remarkable how few words in the book I would change."

By the end of the ten-year period of journalism, the persuasive personality of "this young fellow Hadley" and the thrusting inquisitiveness of his mind had made him widely known and respected. In 1885 Governor Harrison, of Connecticut, was looking about for a labor commissioner. He gave the job to Hadley.

By 1886 Yale had begun to see Hadley, yet only, as it were, with one eye, since it honored the young man with but a half-time professorship in the department of economics. It was five long years before this half became a full, although in the meantime the young Interstate Commerce Commission was coming down to New Haven to take opinion of the lecturing journalist, and his star as an authority on the practical side of economic science was steadily brightening.

However, in 1891 Mr. Hadley was made a full-time professor at Yale, and from that moment he came on swiftly. Only eight years later the corporation was choosing a president to succeed Timothy Dwight. There was much delay, much waiting for nominations from the retiring president, and a prompt disinclination to accept the nomination when it came. A committee was appointed and possibilities canvassed. Considerably to the surprise of the man's most intimate friends, and perhaps of himself, there was a gradual centering upon Arthur T. Hadley.

Once his fitness was seriously considered, it was rather astonishing to find in how many ways he measured up to all the specifications. Tried in almost any light, the man fitted. He was closely connected with the great generation which had passed. He represented the best traditions of Yale scholarship and of Yale

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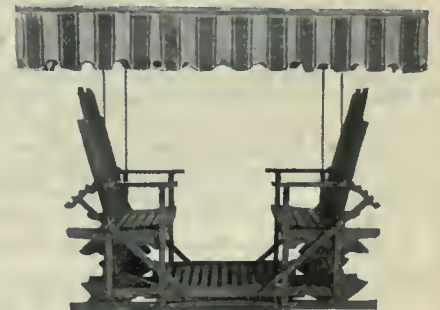
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democracy. By sheer appreciation of ability he had been advanced in eight years to the position of dean of the graduate school. Nor was it that Yale alone recognized his scholarly qualifications; all America had done so, and Europe as well. He had been elected president of the American Economic Association. His books had been translated into foreign tongues. As a teacher, while it was ad-

mitted that he sometimes lost himself and talked over the heads of his students, it was also recognized that his contact upon their minds was sharp and stimulating, and his influence of the highest. He was an able instructor, but a greater man than teacher. What he was inspired as much as what he said.

The president of Yale is more a mediator than master. He is a kind of intel-

lectual clearing-house, sitting with open mind toward the policies of the different colleges and professional schools, dispensing appropriations, granting or withholding concurrence, influencing opinion, giving impulse and direction to the tendency of the whole, but seldom forcing the presidential initiative into the individual departments.

The Lord Chief Justice

A Study in Personality, and Sketch of His Career

From The Pall Mall Magazine.

No career in recent times is more striking than that of the boy who ran away to sea and eventually was raised to the highest judicial honors that England can bestow. This sketch, which is by T. P. O'Connor, was written shortly before Sir Rufus Isaacs' elevation to the high position he now occupies.

SCENE—a railway carriage; *dramatis personae*—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Attorney-General, Lady Isaacs and myself. The stranger to political personalities in their intimate lives would have been startled if he could have looked into this carriage and have seen the occupation of its travelers. For what was taking place was that the Attorney-General was rolling out these lines:

When I was a-walking down Leicester Square, Give him some time to blow the man down. And the Chancellor of the Exchequer, swaying himself backwards and forwards, was roaring out thus:

When I was a-walking down Leicester Square, Give him some time to blow the man down.

The scene was eminently characteristic of the two men; it was their real selves, not the solemn, decorous and self-restrained beings they have to be when they are before the public. With all their difference in race, creed, upbringing and minds, there is a strong resemblance between the temperaments of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General.

VIRILE AND AUDACIOUS COURAGE.

If either of them could be induced to write the story of his early days, it would bear a strong resemblance to the immortal American work known as *The Bad Boy's Diary*. The boy wasn't bad at all; he was simply a wild, untamable spirit, full of the joy of life, of virile and audacious courage, and of a thirst for adventure and independence; just the kind of boy that grows up into a strong man, able to make his way through apparently insurmountable obstacles, and destined to take the place which men are always willing in the end to yield to their natural born rulers.

There was the difference between the youth of the two men that one had his path in life very much cut out for him by others, and though the way was difficult he never swerved from it; the other had spent many boisterous and some inauspicious years before he found himself in the profession for which anyone but

himself would have at once seen he was destined by nature.

RAN AWAY TO SEA.

If you hear him to-day singing a sailor song with gusto, it is because he followed the historic condition of the bad boy and ran away to sea. He returned, however, an untamable spirit, and, rejecting a position in his father's business, entered the Stock Exchange. But his gifts apparently did not lie in that direction. And thus at twenty-four years of age this brilliant, daring, high-spirited boy had not yet found himself. But he had not lost a bit of his courage, or of his love of adventure; like so many other bold spirits, he thought of the New World, with its absence of traditions, of settled and pre-arranged careers, and had actually booked his passage and arrived at the railway station of departure when a message from his mother dissuaded him from going. With instinctive second sight, she pronounced the startling verdict that what her boy should be and ought to be was a

barrister. He would have laughed at the advice, but the brother who came to tell it to him had to add that their mother was ill from the grief of parting with him. He took his luggage out of the railway carriage, returned home, accepted his mother's advice, and settled down to study for the profession to which his mother's advice rather than his own instinct pointed the way.

For three years he never went to a place of amusement; he worked with that terrific power he has ever since displayed—but also he played; but he played in the right kind of way—accompanying his father on travels connected with the fruit trade in which his father was interested, and enlarging his knowledge of men and countries and languages; and this is one of the reasons why he is so much at home on the Continent to-day.

So he started as a barrister, but even after he had entered the courts he was still uncertain whether his nomadic spirit had yet found its real home. He stated openly that he was not ready to give more than three years' trial to the Bar; that if at the end of that time he did not see some real prospect of success, he would leave it and start life again.

The three years passed, and though they were not years of unmitigated lean-ness, they were still without any promise of big success. And just then there came the temptation, in a seductive form, to again change his career; a friend offered him a very tempting opportunity of a business partnership, and quite possibly he would have accepted it but that here again, as on a previous occasion, a woman who loved him and whom he loved came as before to guide and to encourage him.

He had not been more than a year at the Bar when he fell in love and married, and was already a father when the crisis came. And it was his wife that uttered the decisive word. She laughed at his self-distrust, she laughed at their comparative poverty; she knew he would be a great man at the Bar if he only had patience. And he yielded.

And then, all at once, the whole tide turned. Business began to come with a rush, and the curious thing was that it usually came from those whom he had opposed. They realized the formidable powers which Sir Rufus himself did not



Sir Rufus Isaacs.

yet appreciate, and they were resolved that when next they had a big interest to defend it was safer to have this brilliant young advocate as friend than as opponent. Soon he rushed to the front; in ten years he had found himself so busy as a junior that in sheer self-defence, and to avoid being killed by his work, he had to take silk; he was confronted now with peril not from failure, but from success.

Everybody knows what has since happened. He soon reached the point when he had an offer of a brief in every great case. The extraordinary versatility of his talents enabled him to figure with equal effectiveness in the most heterogeneous business. He could argue at one period of the day on some big commercial case on which hundreds of thousands of pounds depended; and in the afternoon defend in a great criminal case, and if he were compelled—for he did not like the business—plead the case of the outraged husband or the neglected wife.

THE SECRETS OF GIGANTIC SUCCESS.

What was the secret of this gigantic success?

First, and above all, the thorough mastery of his case. To accomplish this, this prosperous man of the world, this darling of the social gathering and this prominent figure in the stern array of Parliamentary fight, has had to live a life which might be described as having all the hardness of the lot of the convict and the asceticism of the monk. For years he was called at four o'clock every morning while the Law Courts were sitting; a faithful servant, who is still with him,

brought him his tea, and within a few moments afterwards, in the blazing sunshine of summer or the dim light of winter, he was at his desk, mastering the details of his briefs.

To stand on his legs for hours every day in the heated atmosphere of a court, to pass through all the moments of doubt, difficulty, emergency, anxiety which a great case forces on a conscientious advocate, then to go to the House of Commons, or to sit through a reception till midnight—there was a demand on physical and mental energies that not one man in a hundred thousand could stand, and that this man has stood for all these years, without turning a hair.

I have detected once or twice at the end of a long session of Parliament a certain trace of weariness in the face—perhaps even the suspicion of a little pallor; but these are very rare moments.

As a rule, Sir Rufus is in exuberantly high spirits. "Rufus Isaacs has no nerves," I have heard one of his colleagues say, half in admiration, half in resentment. Dismiss him for a day from the Law Courts and from the House of Commons, and he is again a rollicking boy, singing his old sailor songs, golfing ardently, tumbling down on the grass, chaffing man and woman, walking with a step of feverish rapidity; the lithe frame as taut as a piece of steel wire, and the temper sunny, infectious, cheerful, audaciously eloquent of that joy of life which only belongs to those in whom mind and body are in the faultless accord of perfect health.

Wonderful Cave Discovered

A Large Cavern Like an Underground Cathedral Found by Engineers in Copper Mine

From The Engineering and Mining Journal.

A wonderful cave was opened recently by copper miners at Shattuck, Arizona. With a domed interior like the rotunda of a cathedral, the cave gave its discoverers a feeling of overpowering awe. It far exceeds in magnitude any previous cavern, and the appended description presents it in a graphic light.

IT was first discovered by a drift on the 300-foot level which fortuitously struck it in its lowest and in a central point. A drift a few feet on either side would have passed beneath it and have left it perhaps unknown for years. In shape it is a huge lens approximately following the bedding planes of the inclosing limestone at an inclination of about 35 degrees, and it is roughly circular in horizontal projection. Its upper extremity is 172 feet above the 300-foot level, and the diameter of its circular projection is 340 feet. The vertical distance between roof and floor where its height is greatest has been roughly estimated at 80 feet.

One's first impression of this great cavern, now electric-lighted, with its stalactite-studded dome, is that of the

shadowy interior of a Gothic cathedral. Close examination reveals myriad forms of calcite, crystalline and amorphous, with all its vagaries of structure and color. It is apparent from the structure that a lime-impregnated solution has filled portions of the cavern subsequent to the original formation of the stalactites and stalagmites; left its quota of mineral as arborescent, coral-like deposits on the stalagmites, and afterward drained away. In many cases a second generation of stalagmites has formed, and in places there is evidence that this alternation of aerial and subaqueous deposition has taken place several times. A unique occurrence is shown in the first, that at the left, of the accompanying photographs. Known in local mine parlance as "calcite wiggletails," these curious serpentine growths, ranging from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, emanate from the limestone hanging wall in the most amazing spirals and volutes or shoot out at every conceivable angle. Each one, as described by Prof. Alexander H. Phillips, of Princeton University, seems to be a complex parallel

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growth of elongated and curved rhombohedrons.

Directly beneath the cave is a zone of boulders and detritus cemented with calcite, and below that again is a huge irregular mass of siliceous breccia. The breccia zone extends to within a few feet of the 700-foot level, where it rests on a sill of granite porphyry of great lateral ex-

tent and variable thickness. Throughout the detritus zone and the mass of siliceous breccia are scattered shoots of high-grade copper and lead-silver ore. Associated with this breccia are found several rare minerals unique to the Shattuck, most noteworthy of which is a deposit of a rare copper-lead vanadate.

Several conjectures have been advanced

to explain the origin of this cavern. It is probable that the shrinkage contingent upon the solidification and cooling of the intrusive mass shattered and opened the rock mass for a great distance above it. This left a large open space easily accessible to acid meteoric waters which enlarged the cavity to its present size and left it ready for the calcium carbonate.

A Novel Kind of School

A School Which is Open From 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. the Year Round, With No Holidays

From The American Magazine.

In the opinion of William Wirt, the superintendent of the School System in vogue at Gary, and which is here described, no teacher can educate the child. Every child must educate himself. All the community can do is provide the opportunity for the child and adult to improve their conditions. Such is the type of municipal institution Mr. Wirt has established at Gary.

WHY should a child's school life be ever thought of as a distinct existence set off in a water-tight compartment away from his home life, social life, play life? Our own life is not lived on the block system. Our life is a blend of work, play, observation, study, everything together. Why not a child's?

Why should not a school include all possible opportunities and factors of education, instead of only a special few? We ourselves are being educated all day long, here, there, and everywhere, by whatever we get interested in, and a child is no different.

Why should school run only six hours a day? Our own life does not stop at half-past three each afternoon. We have still quite a number of hours that must be gotten through somehow or other after that, and so has a child.

Why should school close three months in summer? We do not stop living in summer. Our life keeps going and we have to do something with it, and whatever we do gives us some kind of education, good or bad. It is exactly the same with a child.

Why should a child be compelled to study anything before he has any interest in it, or any motive for being interested? We never dream of doing such a thing ourselves.

Why should a child be required to sit at a desk when he is not doing work that needs a desk? None of us would do that. A desk is only a tool, like a saw or hammer, and we only use a desk when we need it. Why should a child sit at a desk, except when he needs to use it?

Why should children of certain approximate ages and proficiencies be segregated in inelastic "grades"? Our own life is not graded by age or proficiency. We mix with all kinds, young, middle-aged, old, wise, commonplace, stupid. Through these contacts we learn a great deal, and

contribute a great deal to others. Children get and give exactly the same values from the same kind of contacts, because children are exactly like us.

Why should a child be taught anything out of books that he can learn by direct experience? We ourselves always learn things better by seeing or doing them than by reading about them.

In fact, why should school pretend to educate a child at all? The surest thing we all know is that the only kind of education worth anything is the education we give ourselves. Why not let the school deal with children as life deals with us—not try to teach anything, but merely offer endless opportunities and inducements for them to teach themselves?

The only attempt I know of to carry this principle out on an adequate scale is made by the public school system of Gary, Indiana.

These schools run the year round. Children are not obliged to attend all year, but they do. The schools are open all day, from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Children need not be there all day, but usually they are.

The Gary schools pretend only to offer all possible opportunities, inducements and facilities for a child to educate himself. They do not pretend to teach much. The teachers I saw were taking it very easy, talking very little, and surely I will not be misunderstood when I say they seemed to have very little to do. I am thinking only by comparison with the wearing grind and drive of other schools, where the teachers maintain themselves as the centre of interest by trying to teach.

There are several schools in Gary, and all are on the same system. The new Froebel school and the Emerson school are their best buildings. These have around them a very large acreage containing park space, gardens of vegetables and flowers, playgrounds lighted at night, ball grounds, courts for tennis, squash, hand ball, basket ball, etc. In the buildings themselves are well-equipped gymnasiums, swimming pools and showers.

The building accommodates twice as many children as it will hold; that is, it has desk room or actual class-room space for only half the daily attendance. This is why the Gary system costs no more

than any other; in fact, rather less. All the plant (including outdoors) is in use all the time. One set of children being in the class-rooms, another is outdoors or in the gymnasium or the shops. This plan is merely a very simple application of elementary efficiency-study. Next to our churches, our school property is the poorest investment we have, because in whole or in part it is out of use so many hours each day that the overhead charges run up scandalously high. Gary gets every cent out of its taxpayers' investment. The Emerson school, for instance, takes care of a trifle over two thousand children daily, without crowding, while under our usual system it could take care of only one thousand and forty.

The school programme is arranged in such a way that one half the pupils have ninety minutes of school work in the regular subjects: English, history, mathematics, etc., followed by ninety minutes of work in the special subjects, manual training, shop work, science, music, gymnasium and playground activities. The other half of the pupils have the same programme in reverse order, the ninety minutes of special work preceding the ninety minutes of regular work.

There is no separate high school in Gary. Every grade from kindergarten up is in one building; this helps to break up the rigid and mechanical grouping of children in grades. The Gary schools are graded nominally, but really the grading is very elastic. If a child is dull in one subject and good in another, he is not held back until he catches up with himself. He keeps on with whatever he is good at until he develops interest in other things.

The shops at the Gary schools are all practical. A boy learns cabinet-making, not as an exercise, but because the school needs desks. He learns draftsmanship under the immediate incentive of knowing that a real job of structural iron work depends on his blue prints. He learns plumbing because the new Froebel school is waiting to be piped. He learns printing because somebody has sent in a job order, and will pay for it when it is done. He learns to fire boilers because the school dynamos have to be kept running. He studies the practical chemistry of combustion because he wants to keep his coal bill as low as the one

on the other shift. None of his work is play-work. He can always see the end of it, and the end is always real, responsible, serious. There is the trouble with the ordinary manual training in schools; it is not serious, not related to actual life. The child knows this. None of us ever takes a job seriously unless it is a serious job, and neither will he.

Many mechanical features of the Gary schools—I have mentioned a number of them—can be adopted to advantage, unquestionably, anywhere. But the remarkable success of the Gary schools comes

from the fact that all these mechanical features depend upon a spirit, a philosophy, a moving faith behind them; and this, unfortunately, is something that is only broadly communicable.

What we now call the Gary System is merely the special way that William Wirt has found suitable for the expression of his own spiritual life.

And surely there must be other William Wirts in the country. Let them come forward. They are needed. And when they come, let us see to it that they have a free hand.

Wreck Raising

How Ship Salving is Carried Out—The Great Difficulties Encountered

From London Magazine.

The world-saddening accident which resulted so recently in the loss of one thousand lives in the Gulf of St. Lawrence has brought the question of sea navigation in all its many phases very prominently forward. Special interest will therefore attach to this article, which tells how wrecks are raised.

A GIRDLE of lighthouses and light-ships encircles the United Kingdom, and every night and all night a string of three hundred and twenty-three lights glows in the darkness, flashing messages of caution to the men who "go down to the sea in ships."

Yet in spite of all the money which has been spent to mark the dangers of our shores and some of these lighthouses have cost as much as £90,000—the sea takes a big toll of the shipping every year—so big the toll that the figures are almost unbelievable, totting up as they do to about £9,000,000, which is the average value of ships and cargoes lost round our shores annually.

With such a huge loss going on continuously, several firms have found it pays them to devote all their time to salving ships, and some of them have performed something akin to miracles in snatching ships from watery graves.

There are various methods of salving ships, and the method employed in each case depends on the nature of the wreck. For instance, if a vessel sinks close in to a sandy shore, she is probably raised in the following fashion; divers go down to see how the wreck is lying, and, after this examination, two lighters are moored so that the wreck lies directly between them, and pointing the same way.

Having gone down again, the divers signal for cables to be lowered. These cables the divers pass right under the keel of the vessel—and very difficult this proves sometimes—and the other ends of the cables are taken to the surface and fixed to the other lighter.

The ship then rests in a series of slings, the number depending, of course, upon the ship and its size. These slings have to be adjusted very cleverly so that all the

weight does not fall on one part of the ship, otherwise all this work would be in vain. Suppose that only two cables were used, one being at the bow and the other at the stern, the likelihood is that when the wreck was lifted she would simply break her back and fall in two, because the center of the ship would not be adequately supported.

Assuming that the cables have been properly adjusted, the salvors wait for low tide, when they make the cables absolutely taut. As the tide rises, the lighters also rise and lift the wreck from her ocean bed. At high tide a tug tows the lighters towards the shore, with the wreck supported between them, until she grounds again. Low tide is then awaited, when the cables are again tightened and the wreck is towed still further inshore. By working in this way she is ultimately beached or brought into shallow water, where the divers can carry out temporary repairs. Pumping out and floating follow, and the salvaged ship is then towed to the nearest port to undergo a thorough overhauling in the docks.

Of course, the salvors have to judge to a nicety the weight of the wreck, so that they can attach to her lighters capable of lifting between them a much greater weight, for if the lighters were not big enough to lift her, the rising tide would sink the lighters beside the wreck they should have raised.

The case of the *Puffin* is a notable instance of a ship being so salvaged. She was a lightship moored off Daun's Rock, near Cork Harbor.

On October 8th, 1896, a gale came on to blow, and when it had abated the *Puffin* had disappeared from her station. Several days later it was found that she had sunk at her moorings with all hands. It seems the irony of fate that she, a ship placed to prevent other ships from being wrecked, should be wrecked herself.

At low tide ninety feet of water covered her, and she lay there, the sport of the ocean, for some months. Then the authorities decided to recover her, and an Irish firm undertook the task—a most

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difficult one, owing to the fearfully strong tides. Indeed, work was only possible on very few days during the summer, and then only when the tide was slack.

However, six cables were eventually placed round the *Puffin*, and as she was lifted she was towed inshore until she grounded in forty-eight feet of water. At the next lift she was carried into harbor and beached.

Altogether she was carried about six miles, and when she was beached she was a most remarkable spectacle, for the entire keel and bottom of her were ground away completely, as though she had been put in a giant grindstone. The action of the currents had kept her scraping continuously against the sea-bed, and there is no doubt that she would have worn herself away entirely if she had remained there much longer.

Sometimes, instead of using lighters or hulks, twin steamers, joined together by strong girder bridges, from which depend the ropes supporting the wreck, are called in to action. These twin steamers are even more effective than the lighters, but as there are only one or two in existence they are not so commonly used.

If a steamship sink in fairly deep water, the procedure of salving her is as follows: first of all, the divers go down to find out the extent of the damage. When they have satisfied themselves on this point, they signal for a slate to be let down to them, and on this slate they make a rough sketch of the shattered part, to facilitate the fashioning of a plate with which to repair the breach. Next comes the labor of removing the cargo bit by bit to lighten the vessel and lessen the weight to be lifted.

Then the new plate, which, meanwhile, has been forged in the floating workshop of the salvage ship, is lowered and clamped over the rent in the hull.

Now the divers go carefully over the ship and close every opening. Hatches, ports, and ventilators, all are secured and made quite airtight, and the pumps are then able to start to pump out the water in the vessel. As the water is forced out, so the ship gradually rises to the surface until she floats.

In order to assist her to rise, pontoons may be filled with water, sunk into position, and lashed to her. These pontoons are pumped out, and, being exceedingly buoyant, they naturally strain at their moorings to try to get to the surface, and in this way help to raise the wrecked ship once more. All that remains to be done is to tow the vessel to port, and there repair her.

Sometimes, when it is found to be impossible for the divers to repair the wrecked vessel, she is lifted solely by pontoons, which are securely fastened all the way round her. Each of these pontoons has to be pumped out at the same rate by the aid of compressed air, so that each exerts the same amount of lifting power as the others.

In this way the ship is raised evenly until she lies awash on the surface, the pontoons all around her supporting her dead weight.

Powerful pumps are next got to work on her to lighten her, and she is then

either beached or towed cautiously to the nearest dock. In a case like this, there is always the risk that one or more of the pontoons will give way, and if it does so the balance of the whole thing is destroyed, and the ship plunges to the bottom again.

Simple though this system seems, it is really beset with difficulties. A wrong calculation, a nasty ground-swell, a choppy sea, a broken cable just at the critical moment, and the work of weeks is all undone, and the salvors have to tackle the job afresh.

Many a ship has been raised by means of a coffer-dam. Put briefly, this method is to construct a superstructure on top of the sunken ship. From the deck of the wreck the divers start to build up the sides of the vessel toward the surface of the sea until they reach a certain height, which has previously been very carefully calculated by the engineer in charge of the work. The sides are then decked in.

This coffer-dam, as the built-up part is called, might almost be likened to an extra deck. It has to be constructed very strongly to withstand the great pressure exerted by the sea.

The divers patch up all the rents in the wreck, the coffer-dam is made watertight, and the pumps are started to work. As the pumping goes on, the buoyancy of the coffer-dam lifts the wreck until it is possible to tow her into port or beach her for repairs.

Very often it is discovered that the coffer-dam is not quite watertight; the sea pours through cracks and crevices almost as fast as it is being pumped out.

Should this happen, the salvors simply feed spun cotton and oakum into the water, which rushes through the holes and joints, carrying the spun cotton and oakum with it, thus effectually stopping the leaks.

Not so very long ago, on April 25th, 1908, to be exact, the sinking of H.M.S. *Gladiator*, which came into collision with the liner *St. Paul* during a blizzard in the Solent, created a sensation. The raising of the sunken vessel is one of the finest pieces of salvage work ever recorded. The cruiser was not completely covered by water, but was lying on her side, with a little of her grey armour showing above the surface. Upon examination by divers, it was found that a huge hole fifty feet long had been torn in her side, and several of the boiler-rooms were open to the sea. How to get her back to Portsmouth was the question. But an even more urgent matter was to prevent her slipping into deep water, but the sea-bed where she rested shelved rapidly, and the strong currents made of her nearly six thousand tons' dead weight a trifle, to be played with at will.

Accordingly, steps were taken to get her nearer the shore, and to aid this plan the divers began to dismantle the ship.

First of all the guns and their shields, weighing about fifteen tons each, were slung out of her and salvaged. Then the divers, making great use of submarine pneumatic tools, got to work cutting out various other fittings.

The great funnels were then cut off and hauled out; ventilators were treated

similarly; the boats and davits were retrieved; and so the stripping of the ship went on to completion, not without many delays, for the tides ran very strongly, and the *Gladiator* was in an exposed position, so that often the divers could not work.

Then came the stopping up of every opening in the vessel. Wooden covers were made to fit where the funnels had been, and wooden covers were made and fitted with bolts to every other opening in the ship until she was watertight—except for the gash in her side.

To this the divers now turned their attention, and it was found that some of those great, thick armour-plates had folded down as though they were but tinfoil.

To prevent any further damage to the hull, these ragged, jagged pieces were carefully blasted away with gelignite, after which two pontoons about fifty feet long, and each capable of lifting one hundred tons, were moored to the wreck to help ease her while an attempt was made to tow her inshore.

A steam-dredger now came on the scene, and began to clear away the sand which the swirling waters had deposited in front of the ship's bow, while five gunboats, each carrying powerful steam-driven pumps, moored bow-on to the *Gladiator*, and waited while the divers placed the suction ends of the pumps in position. It was recognized that tugs alone would not be able to move that vast amount of metal, so two giant steam-capstans were erected ashore, and from them two monster steel-wire ropes were stretched to the wreck, to which they were securely fastened.

The signal was given. All the pumps started to work, the cables stretched to the shore began to strain, and after a time the vessel started to slide and continued to slide—for a distance of just six feet, when she stopped, owing to a projecting part of the ship digging into the sand. So, to prevent her slipping back to deep water, the pumped-out compartments had to be refilled, and the wreck sank again!

Another and another attempt was made. On one occasion one of the great cables strained from the ship to the shore snapped with a tremendous report. It was lucky no man was in the way as it flashed, writhing like a lash, over the sea, for it would most certainly have cut him clean in two.

Tripods were raised on the side of the sunken *Gladiator*, and by attaching cables to the masts and over the tops of the tripods it was sought to pull the ship upright. Other pontoons were made, until seven, with a combined lifting-power of about one thousand tons, were fastened to the wreck. To assist the vessel still further to right herself, pigs of iron weighing 280 tons were placed on the keel.

Gradually, inch by inch, the vessel began to assume an upright position, but the upper deck was still several feet under water, and so the salvors, after consideration, determined to cover it in with a big coffer-dam.

At length, after five months of disheartening work, the day of the grand

effort dawned. The pumps were started, and water began to pour from the ship. For hour after hour the pumping went on, and at last the salvors found that the six thousand tons of dead weight lying at the bottom of the Solvent were beginning to shift and rise. Pumping went on with unabated fury. The water, from a yellow color, turned to grey, and then to black, and the salvors knew they were getting to the bottom of the waters in the *Gladiator*.

Bit by bit she rose until pontoons and pumps had conquered. The tugs fastened on to her, and very carefully, very slowly the little procession crept across the Solent and nightfall saw the crippled *Gladiator* safe in Portsmouth harbor.

Frederic Mistral

Some Accounts of the Provençal Poet and His Work

From The Outlook.

There lately died at Maillane in Provence, France, one of the most picturesque and charming figures in contemporary literature. He was born, lived and died in that part of France known as Provence, the language of which is akin to French, but so unlike it that the literature of Provence must be translated into French for the educated Frenchman.

MISTRAL was born in 1830, and as a very young man became associated with a group of young Frenchmen, who were his neighbors and friends, in studying, preserving, and reviving the Provençal language and literature.

His most distinguished literary effort is his epic poem "Mireille," which was crowned by the French Academy. Mistral wrote it first in Provençal, in which its title is "Mireio." For the general reader we think his most delightful work is his autobiography, entitled in French "Mémoires et Récits." This also was originally written in Provençal, and was "translated" by Mistral into French. As a matter of fact, Mistral wrote French with the skill and art of a literary master, but it was one of the expressions of his enthusiasm for Provençal to maintain the pleasant fiction that he wrote in the old language of Provence, and merely "translated" when he put his creations into their French form.

His story how Jarjaye got into paradise and how St. Peter, St. Yves, St. Luke, and a cloud of cherubs conspired to get him out, since he manifestly did not belong there, is one of the most delightful folk tales that we know. The legend of the Divine Horse-shoer of Limousin, which Mistral relates, shows how the devout Catholic of Provence successfully combines comedy and reverence.

The society which Mistral and his colleagues established for the revival of Provençal letters is called the Félibrige, and its members are known as Félibres.

The spring of 1913 will long be remembered in the annals of Provence. For it was in May of that year, at the Festival of Sainte-Estelle, at Aix-en-Provence, that Frederic Mistral made his last great



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appearance in the Félibrige. The society of Provençal poets fetes the spring every year, but it is only once in seven years that it publicly celebrates its boasted descent from the Troubadours. Seven is a mystic number for the Félibrige; it was a group of seven young poets who—now just fifty years ago—met at Fontségugne to pledge themselves to the Provençal renaissance.

Mistral, the greatest of the original group, had long been its sole surviving member, and Aix-en-Provence was made the seat of the 1913 festival because it was near enough to his village of Mailane for him to spend a day there without too great fatigue. Extraordinarily active and vigorous for a man of eighty-three, he had nevertheless reached his *Olivades*—his last published volume of verse (1910) takes its title from the last harvest of the Provençal year; and in the winter of 1913 he had had his first serious illness.

Aix is the university town of Provence, a place of old aristocratic and learned traditions—which date from the time of good King René, and earlier still—and there Mistral himself had studied law as a young man.

Aix is usually the sleepest corner of old Provence but her quiet streets were a gay and animated scene when the Félibres and their friends were in possession. The poets had come not only from every corner of Provence proper, but from other parts of Southern France whose dialects are closely allied to the Provençal. Aix greeted them warmly; old Provençal music was in the air; garlands decorated the fine old houses; and the least excuse was enough to start a farandole.

Sunday the first day of the fetes began with a solemn mass in the Cathedral. In the afternoon thousands of people filled every inch of space in a large public garden enjoying a series of Provençal folk dances and getting their first sight of their lovely new queen, Mlle Marguerite Priolo who was distinguished by the angel-winged coif and quaint dress of her native Limousin. About her were grouped the prettiest daughters of Aix wearing the noble high-set coifs, the kerchiefs with their stiff inner folds of muslin, the long silver earrings and crosses of Provence. Many women of all classes wore this costume all through the fetes.

Cannonades and music greeted Mistral's arrival on Monday morning, and he looked indeed a splendid and heroic figure as he drove through the streets, with a body-guard of civic authorities, students, and officers of the Félibrige walking behind and crowds shouting themselves hoarse from the sidewalks. The spontaneous sincerity of popular feeling made Mistral's years vanish away and his head in its broad-brimmed hat had all the fire and force that distinguished his early pictures. The students expressed common feeling when, unharnessing Mistral's horses, they dragged him in triumph to the Law School.

The address of the student leader and Mistral's reply were very moving. A banquet followed and then the Félibres sat down at large tables in the Roman garden. The loving cup was passed round and Mistral's splendid "Song of the Cup," which symbolizes the common union and

faith of the Félibrige was sung by the whole company with the force of a solemn hymn.

The day ended with the pretty ceremonies of the Court of Love. The crowd streamed into the garden, the late queen yielded her place to her successor who crowned her young consort, the Poet Laureate.

Songs were sung and all the list of literary prizes were awarded to the men who had sent in their works to be judged. Mistral, sitting like a glorious patriarch in the midst of the flowery band of Queens and ex-Queens, embraced each prize-winner as he came on the platform. Was he repeating to himself the insistent refrain of his poem "The Countess": "Ah if they knew how to listen to me—Ah, if they wished to follow me!"

A Comparison of Sleuths

Where English and French Methods of Crime Investigation Differ

From the Strand Magazine.

WE are all detectives to-day. No sooner does a mysterious crime take place than all the popular newspapers in the land and a very large percentage of their readers begin to look for clues.

In the mid-Victorian novel of the sensational kind the detective was always a popular character. He was generally an unobtrusive person in plain clothes, who strolled about and smoked a cigar within easy gazing distance of the suspected party.

The man from Scotland Yard, the intelligent officer who had, as all Scotland Yard officers must do, risen from the ranks, was temporarily overshadowed when Mr. Sherlock Holmes took up the art of criminal detection along the lines of scientific deduction.

Long before the coming of Sherlock Holmes several weekly papers enjoying huge circulations had provided themselves with a "crime investigator." The newspaper "investigator," while apparently conducting inquiries on his own account, was generally in very close touch with certain official detectives, who, while giving the pressman a good deal of information that there was no reason they should withhold from him, very frequently used him and his paper for quite legitimate purposes.

The journalist in this country who specializes in criminal investigation has to be far more circumspect than his Parisian confrere.

In France the journalist interviews witnesses and publishes their statements even while the case is *sub judice*. The French journalist is even permitted to interview the prisoner immediately after his arrest, and the French Press occasionally condemns the accused person long before the *juge d'instruction* has finished the preliminary inquiries.

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Trial by newspaper is not popular with the authorities in this country, and the proceedings in connection with contempt of court are so unpleasant that the editors of our English journals have to curb the zeal of their young investigators. It is largely due to the irritation caused by the curbing of journalistic zeal in the investigation of mysterious crimes that of late years there has been a disposition on the part of certain newspapermen to belittle the intelligence of the detective police, to scoff, more or less good-humoredly, at the English detective system, and to compare it unfavorably with the French system.

The French system is, it may be admitted, more scientifically expert than ours. Many men of science have taken up criminology in France and devoted themselves to its development. We have no Bertillon attached to Scotland Yard. But, apart from their possession of more scientific methods, the official criminal investigators of France have a great advantage over their English confreres.

In France every person arrested is at once challenged to prove his innocence. He has not been in custody many minutes before he is closely questioned by the police officers in charge of him.

Here a person is at once told that anything he may say will be taken down in writing and used in evidence against him. He is warned, colloquially speaking, not to "give himself away." In France every effort is made to inveigle the prisoner into a confession of his guilt.

In France the police do not hesitate to arrest half-a-dozen people one after the other, in the hope of finding the right man among them. In England the police, knowing what public opinion is in the matter, hesitate to arrest anyone without they have a certain amount of evidence to justify the arrest.

In connection with many of the crimes which so far as the public are concerned are still "mysteries," long and anxious consultations have been held by the chief authorities before it has been decided not to act on strong suspicion in making an arrest. The English police authorities have always been disinclined to charge a person against whom they are not able to bring evidence which would be likely to satisfy a jury of the prisoner's guilt.

The French police have not the same restraining influence. They can go on arresting and leave it to the investigating magistrate to interview the prisoner, badger the prisoner, examine and cross-examine the prisoner, denounce the prisoner, confront the prisoner with witnesses, inquire into his past life and his present associations, and generally to "turn him inside out" before deciding whether his case shall be submitted to a jury or not.

It is necessary to put the case for the English detective clearly, and to show the disadvantages under which he labors, before dealing with a certain number of cases in which English detectives have shown remarkable skill in solving the mystery of a crime and running the criminal to earth.

The Promise of Wheat

It is Predicted that there will be a Crop of Fall and Winter Wheat in the U.S. of about 1,000 Millions

From The Literary Digest.

Investors and financiers in Canada will be interested in the discussions going on in the American papers as to the wheat crops for this year. It is fully understood that many slips occur between the cup and the lip but these little plays with estimates and probabilities make very readable matter.

THE most recent advices as to the condition of the wheat crop this year fully bear out the earlier ones; indeed, there are grounds for believing that the Government estimates may be exceeded. Observers declare that a combined crop of spring and winter wheat, amounting to 900 million bushels, "seems almost a certainty"—that is, providing no serious devastating agencies get to work, such as drought, excessive rain in the harvesting period, and black rust. That there will be a large surplus for export seems beyond question. That some grounds exist for a still larger crop than 900 million bushels has been pointed out by a writer in the *New York Times Annalist*. He names as a possibility a round billion bushels.

"The largest spring-wheat yield ever recorded in this country was in 1912, when the farmers of the North-West harvested 330,000,000 bushels. The acreage from which that crop was gathered was not so large, by a considerable margin, as that which has been seeded this season. If 70,000,000 bushels can be added to the 1912 total this year, and the winter crop turns out as large as now indicated, the billion-bushel wheat harvest will have been achieved. A crop of that size will mark a new epoch in the history of the country's agriculture. It has been made possible by the rapid development of new farming lands, both in the South-West and the North-West, along with improved methods of agriculture. The big winter wheat yields indicated in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, experts who have been making a close study of conditions in those States declare, are in a measure the result of the efforts in recent years to teach farmers to raise crops scientifically."

"Holland," a well-known writer for *The Wall Street Journal*, declares that a harvest of this size, which is "higher than experts have ever named," is a fair possibility. He says:

"Recent information tends to confirm the belief that in the United States there is to be harvested of winter wheat more bushels than the combined average harvest of winter and spring wheat for the past five or six years. Some weeks must pass before there can be a fairly reasonable estimate of the spring-wheat harvest, but the information now at hand justifies the hope that unless there be

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serious climatic disturbances this harvest will be a very large one.

"Therefore it is within the range of possibilities, even probabilities, that there will be garnered this year between 900,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat. There does not appear to have been any attempt upon a nation-wide scale to practise highly scientific wheat cultivation. There has been steady improvement in the cultivation of wheat, but not enough fully to explain the prospect for the 1914 harvest.

"The experts, Mr. Hill among them, have been accustomed to say that in England wheat is cultivated so as to yield about thirty bushels an acre, although the soil of England has been under cultivation a thousand years or more. Fourteen bushels an acre have been the average wheat production in the United States in recent years. Mr. Hill believes that the production should be at least 100 per cent. greater. It must be greater if we are to rely upon our own soil for wheat, which is the grain food of highly civilized people.

"No one can tell at this time whether the promise of an enormous yield of wheat is due to an ephemeral spurt or whether it does not point to large increase in the wheat harvests hereafter. Of course, climatic conditions have been favorable, although this is not believed wholly to explain the promise of a great increase. This promised harvest, should the promise be realized, will be of very beneficial influence in stimulating business and in its effect upon our money markets. It should provide a greater surplus for exportation than any that we have had in recent years. It should serve considerably to increase our visible trade balance."

The influence such a crop is likely to exert on general trade and transportation interests is discussed by a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, who raises the question whether this crop is likely to supersede politics, legislation, and the Mexican situation as an influence for prosperity. He recalls past experiences with bumper crops as follows:

"In the twenty-five years before 1913 we had half a dozen wheat crops of a sensationally record-breaking sort. One was harvested in 1891, when the crop stood 200,000,000 bushels above the year before and 111,000,000 over the previous maximum. It was the year after London's 'Baring panic'; our own markets were overstrained and our currency disordered in a way that made serious trouble, two years later. Yet the great wheat crop of 1891 for nearly a year completely reversed the situation; it was a season of sharp recovery.

"In 1898 we were plunged in the Spanish War; of our great corporations, a good part had been bankrupted in 1893 and had just emerged from reorganization. Just then came the second 'bumper wheat crop' of the period. The yield ran 145,000,000 bushels beyond 1897 and 64,000,000 beyond the previous high record. Following a famine year in Europe, it started the ball of prosperity rolling, even before the Spanish War was over.

"In 1901 the huge stock-jobbing boom had been violently arrested, first by the

Northern Pacific panic in May, then by the corn-crop failure in July and August, then by McKinley's assassination in September. Many people expected an immediate financial reaction. But we raised a wheat crop 73,000,000 bushels above any previous harvest; the financial and industrial boom continued, and the reckoning did not come until 1903.

"The year 1906 was a year of prodigious strain of capital, with credit close to the breaking point; the year 1909 came in close sequence to the great panic of the decade. But in each year the twelve-month came to its end with great industrial activity, and by no means the least important reason was that the wheat crop of each year rose to heights never approached at any other season except 1901. The bumper wheat crop of 1912 repeated the story, and led the way to the undoubted trade revival of the harvest months.

"Of 1913, when all of these other wheat yields were surpassed, yet when prosperity certainly did not follow, it is not so easy to draw conclusions. The corn crop shortage was a serious offset; the condition of financial Europe perhaps a greater one. Now, however, comes the prospect of another and an even larger yield, and the precedent of 1913 must at least be measured against the precedents of 1912, 1909, 1906, 1901, 1898, and 1891."

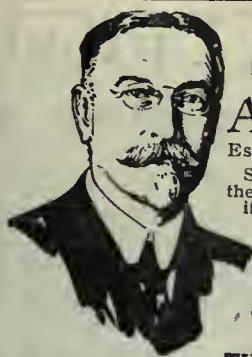
Man 150,000 Years Old

MR. HANS RECK, of the Geological Institute of Berlin University has discovered at Oldoway in the north of German East Africa, a human skeleton which he computes to be 150,000 years old. He brought the skull home with him among his linen for greater safety, while the rest of the skeleton and the animal remains found near it are still upon their way.

It is a wonderful skull and wonderfully preserved. It is long and narrow, with an unmistakable negroid jaw, and the back of the head finely developed and deep. The ribs and breast are akin to those of an ape, but the skull is unmistakably human.

There are indications that the muscles of the neck were enormously strong and that the man did not walk quite upright. His thirty-six teeth are complete and beautifully preserved. There are marks upon them as if they had been filed. The formation of the eye-sockets and the bridge of the nose is akin to that of the primitive African bushman.

The man was found lying on his back with his head turned over to the right, his hands before his face, and his legs drawn up in a crouching position. Dr. Reck is almost certain that the position is not one of burial. On the spot where the man was found there was once a lake and it is conjectured that the man was drowned. The body was gradually covered with deposits of sand and chalk which in the course of centuries turned into the volcanic tufa in which the skeleton was found.



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Building Up the Infant Character

By DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The development of the infant mind is a wonderful thing. Parents have a grave responsibility in watching and directing the budding intellect. The future of the child is often decided during the years of early childhood. Encouragement will lead to a healthy development, while coercion or harsh treatment will discourage the child and hurt beyond repair the growth of the reasoning powers. In the accompanying article Dr. Marden gives a straight talk on the duty of parents, with some sound advice.*

"I AM so full of happiness," said a child, that I could not be any happier unless I could grow."

It was N. P. Willis who added to the beatitudes, "Blessed are the joy-makers"; and if all parents understand that the child's mission is to keep joy alive in the world, children universally would be the object of our greatest tenderness and reverence.

Alas! how few parents are awake to their sacred trust! Until recently children were looked upon as chattels. They were brought up with the idea that they had no special individuality, and precious few rights which "grown-ups" felt bound to respect. A generation ago, even, they were often flogged and cruelly treated.

Many fathers seem to think that their career is the great thing in their lives, but really the most serious business they are ever given to do is the training of their children. The state is beginning to discover that children are a tremendous asset which it can not afford to allow to run to waste through neglect, bad rearing, or bad training on the part of parents or teachers; that the vast sum spent in our criminal trials and in maintaining penitentiaries, institutions for defectives and reformatories, would be largely done away with, if children were properly trained and educated. Even from a monetary standpoint, the making of useful citizens would mean untold increase of wealth, by rendering productive what are not only non-productive, but also enormously expensive encumbrances. This new emphasis on the civic value of childhood calls for improved methods in child-rearing.

Only the happiest children can make the happiest and most useful citizens. Play is to the child what sunshine is to the plant. Children cannot have too much heart sunshine, too much love. They thrive on play and fun. It is their normal food, and the home is the place above all others where they should get an abundance of it.

Most homes are far too serious. Why not let the children play and frolic to their hearts' content? They will get rubs enough, hard knocks out in the world; they will get enough of the seamy side of life. Let them at least be just as happy as parents can make them while at home, so that however unfortunate their later experiences, they can look back upon their home as the happiest spot on earth.

If children are allowed to give vent to all that is joyous and happy and spontaneous in their natures, they will be in-

initely more likely to blossom out into helpful men and women, instead of seditate, suppressed, sad-faced individuals. Children who are encouraged in self-expression through their play instinct will not only make much more normal human beings, but will make better business men, better professional men, better citizens, better men and women generally. They will succeed better and have a nobler influence in the world. Joy and fun are great developers, calling out our richest resources, educating our fuller powers.

Unattractive, cheerless homes, and harsh, unsympathetic parents, are responsible for a large part of the misery, the unhappiness, wretchedness and crime of the world, and the frightful conditions of the submerged class.

There is many a poor wretch in the failure army to-day who can trace his failure and disappointment to early discouragement. If a father wants to get the most out of his child, he can not do it by cramping him, by watching him all the time, or by criticizing him. Children become so discouraged by being constantly denounced, scolded, and perpetually reminded of their shortcomings, that they lose confidence completely in themselves, and even their self-respect.

A poor boy who had been taken from the slums to a boys' farm home, and who had been told all his life that he was good-for-nothing, said to the other boys: "I dunno nothin' and I allus did. My parents allus tole me I wuz nobody and never would be."

These denunciations so discourage a boy after a while that he does not care, and does not try to do his best. Then, of course, his standards drop and he deteriorates.

Many a parent talks to his boy in this fashion: "Now hurry up, you young good-for-nothing. What makes you so slow and stupid? Why don't you get a move on? You'll never amount to anything, anyway!"

It is a dangerous thing to destroy a child's self-faith. It is fatal to make him think that he can never make anything of himself.

Parents do not realize how easy it is to imprint indelibly upon the plastic, impressionable mind of a child a picture that will curse his whole life. How often mothers and fathers tell visitors what a "little terror," what a "good-for-nothing," or a "bad boy" John is. They little thing that this curse brand can never be entirely erased from a child's mind. Cruel cutting

emarks are like initials carved in the green young sapling, which deepen and widen with age.

Children are very easily discouraged; their progress is to a great extent dependent upon praise. Approbation is the strongest possible motive with them. They will do anything for a parent or teacher who believes in them, encourages them, and tries to help them; but disparagement lishcartens them and they succumb under continual nagging and scolding. Their little sky is easily clouded.

If a child has great weaknesses or grave faults, he should not be constantly reminded of them. Parents or teachers should see the ideal side—the best things in the children, and dwell on these. People, young or old, can best be reached by appealing to the divine in them; but human nature rebels against antagonism, denunciation, criticism, and scolding.

If one has a particularly dull child or a stupid pupil, he should not be continually reminding him of his deficiencies. Older people should not forget that many of our greatest men and women were, in the estimation of those about them, very slow, stupid children.

One should hesitate to condemn a child who is slow in developing, and even apparently dull and indolent. He may simply be struggling to find himself. The wise parent or teacher will help him to self-discovery; feel for him in his difficulties, for they are very real to him, and he may be suffering intensely when an unsympathetic person would think him merely lazy. He may be growing so fast that all his energies are exhausted in the growing processes.

Instead of constantly calling a boy's attention to what he lacks, to his unfortunate traits, teachers should encourage him by telling him that he was not made for failure, but for success and happiness; that he was made to hold up his head in the world, not to go around sneaking and apologizing, doubting his ability. He should be told what he can do, not what he can't. Parents should substitute assurance for timidity, replace doubt with confidence, and they will soon find that they have a new boy, with a new purpose, new determination. When they have blunted hope instead of discouragement, confidence in the place of doubt, courage in the place of timidity, they will have won a great victory in a boy's life.

Many parents and teachers know how boys will work like troopers under encouragement and praise. There must be no obstruction, no ill-feeling between the teacher and the pupil, if the best results are to be obtained. Pupils will do anything for a teacher who is always kind and considerate, and shows an interest in them, but a cross, fractious, nagging one arouses their antagonism that he often roves a fatal bar to their progress.

Not long ago a boy asked his mother his question: "Mother, haven't I been a good boy to-day?"

"Yes, my son, a very good boy. Why do you ask me?"

"Oh, because you told father how bad was the other day, and I thought it only fair that you should tell him how good have been to-day."



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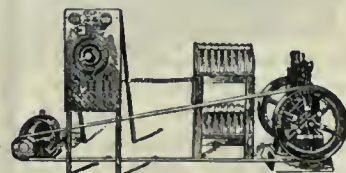
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It is all too easy to condemn what is wrong in a child and take it for granted that the good will take care of itself and needs no comment.

A certain mother has reared her children entirely upon this plan of praise. She never lets an opportunity go by for commending them for doing well, for appreciating their efforts to do right. This she says, has infinitely more influence with them than perpetual scolding.

"Don'ts" injure more children, dwarf and discourage more children than almost anything else. Through the use of harsh methods, highly organized, sensitive children have often been ruined by those who do not understand the child nature and who scold and nag and bully children into obedience. Children treated thus invariably become sullen, obstinate, irresponsible.

Very few teachers or parents know how to bring out the best in a delicate, shrinking child. Such a child, so often extremely nervous and high strung, is usually misunderstood by every member of the family, even by the mother.

There are parents, and especially mothers, who make a point of correcting children in public places or before others, because they think that the humiliation will teach them a lesson. Nobody who has not suffered the agony of such experiences can realize the terrible sense of mortification, the embarrassment, the distress, such treatment costs a sensitive child. Children suffer for days after being held up to public ridicule and shame.

A teacher once punished a small boy by making him sit in her lap before the whole school. Of course, all the pupils laughed at him. He was terribly mortified and did not get over the disgrace for months. It was a long time before he could look the other boys and girls in the face.

The fact is that most parents and teachers do not realize the difficulties of child life. Children are easily disappointed, they are easily crushed under denunciation, because they have not developed a life philosophy sufficient to fall back upon when things look dark. When they are discouraged they are completely disheartened, because they have not had the experience which comes from many disappointments born of contact with the world.

It is perfectly possible, through the power of suggestion, to develop in children faculties upon which health, success, and happiness depend. Most of us know how dependent our efficiency is upon our moods, our courage, our hope. If the cheerful faculties were brought out and largely developed in childhood, it would change our whole outlook upon life and we would not drag through years of half-heartedness, discouragement and mental anguish, our steps dogged by fear, apprehension, anxiety and disappointment.

Every kind, sympathetic mother, whether she realizes it or not, is constantly using the power of suggestion in rearing her children, in healing all their little hurts. She kisses the bumps and bruises and tells the child all is well again, and he is not only comforted but really believes that the kiss has magic to cure the injury. The mother is constantly antidoting and neutralizing the child's little

troubles and discords by giving him the opposite thought.

The parent who wants his child to be brave and strong, should hold the brave thought. What is suggested to others tends to develop corresponding qualities in them. He should think of the child as brave, courageous, strong, and self-reliant. Everybody knows how lives are molded by the pictures which are presented to the mind during the plastic years when everything makes such a vivid impression. Suggestions born of anger, criticism, or animal suggestions can never call out the godlike in a child.

Fifty years ago a boy's attention was kept upon the wrong state of things, upon the bad, upon the evil, a large part of the time. The minister was always preaching about the terrible things that would happen to people who did wrong; was constantly commenting upon the depravity of the race and the fall of man. Now the tendency is the other way. People hear a great deal more in the pulpit about the good, and less about the bad. They do not hear so much about the result of their awful mistakes; the good is magnified, the evil seldom emphasized.

The parent's mind is like a magnet, which attracts the qualities in the child similar to those which are projected into the child's mind. If the good thought, the cheerful, sympathetic, charitable, magnanimous thought, the industrious thought, the honest thought, can be held long enough and constantly enough in a child's mind, he is almost sure to grow up into a normal, successful man.

The child's self-confidence should be buttressed in every possible way; not but that he should be taught to overestimate his ability and his possibilities, but the idea that he is God's child, that he is heir to the infinite inheritance, magnificent possibilities, should be instilled into the very marrow of his being.

If parents would appeal always to the divine natures in their children, if they would think of them as the divine beings God intended them to be, instead of the burlesque creatures which our low and unworthy thought brings out, they could develop the sublime, the beautiful side of youth.

It is wonderful what a powerful influence the little courage plays, and the justice plays, the social plays, and the courtesy plays in the kindergartens have. Children in the slums who are brought up in homes of darkness and squalor and wretchedness, and who never get a glimpse of better things, go home from the kindergarten, after they have been practising the social plays, the good-manners play, and carry into their homes new ideals. They become polite and gentle. They salute everybody courteously. And their parents say that, in many cases, they entirely revolutionize their homes by their kindergarten ideals.

The greatest thing in the rearing and education of a child is to develop his natural, normal, joyous self-expression. Yet how seldom are boys and girls trained perfectly along natural lines, so that there is no repression, restraint or cramping of faculties, and self-expression is free, natural, untrammelled. Perhaps the majority of children are warped and twisted by

being forced to do things instead of being led by motives that will make them anxious to do them.

When a child does not show enthusiasm in his study, in his work, there is something wrong, for enthusiasm and bubbling buoyancy are as natural to child life as song to the bird. You must free from drudgery a child's study or work if you would have him get the most out of it.

President Eliot says: "The aim in modern education is joy and gladness in achievement. I need not say that freedom is necessary to this joy. Schools used to set children doing things they could not do well. That is the unpardonable sin in educational administration. It is not for the happiness of the children only that this new motive—to increase joy—has come to bless us. It brings new happiness to the teacher also. It is a means of happiness for everybody throughout life. As a result of the advent of this new policy we are learning not to use with children a motive that will not work when the children are grown up. To be sure, we must admit that this doctrine condemns almost all the school discipline of the past, and much of the family discipline; but the future will not mind that, if it finds the new doctrine beneficent."

Already the world is learning that it cannot force power out of any human being, that compulsion brings out the worst, attraction calls forth the best. The great achievements of the world have been spontaneous; they have been joy achievements even in the barest poverty.

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Hess, of the Vienna Radium Institute, has recently published the results of some remarkable experiments. He has investigated the penetrating radiation which occurs in the upper atmosphere by means of balloon ascents, and he arrives at the startling conclusion that at a height exceeding 2,000 meters there is a rapid increase in the intensity of the penetrating rays. At these heights the penetrating rays from the earth itself would be absolutely negligible, while that from the radium emanation in the air, which has its origin in the earth and is of limited life, must be, at any rate, less than at the surface. So that it would seem we must assume some extra-terrestrial source for these radiations. The conclusion that a great part of the penetrating radiation cannot come from the known radio-active constituents of the earth and atmosphere is one that must evoke general interest, and calls for the further radio-active exploration of the upper atmosphere.

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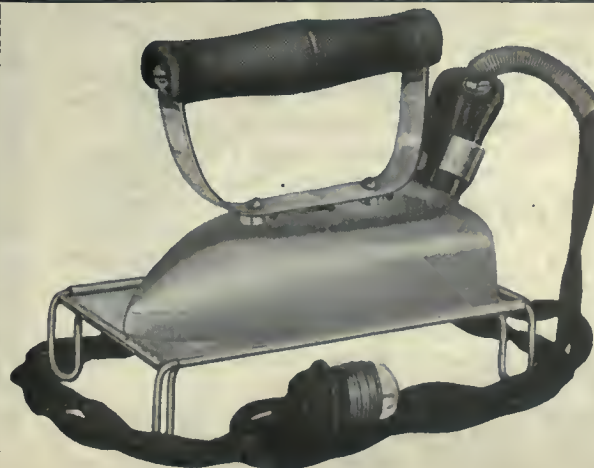


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'Tis Scarlet in the Woods

By WILFRID HUBBARD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is a story of unusual power, the recital of what happens when the veneer of civilization warps off in the heat of passion and primitive nature prevails. The writer is new to MacLean readers. He has the power of grasping

the essentials of a big situation and has presented the story with a vivid style that at times attains to the height of dramatic presentation. Read this story and you will want to read more of Wilfrid Hubbard's work.

IN the midst of the woods by a big spruce tree, the brown bear stopped short in his aimless amble and sniffed. Something was happening—or had happened.

It wasn't the staccato yelping of a company of wolves who were running around in circles, snarling and snapping; that's the way they have of palming off ten as a hundred. Bruin knew it and heeded them not. Yet whether the wolves came nearer or dashed off further, it was to the Laugh they returned; the Laugh was always the centre of their circle. He knew there was not much danger or the curs would not be there. He guessed they were trying to work their fury into courage to attack some helpless thing near at hand. So he turned from his path and headed straight into the chorus of Hell Regained. The wolves saw him and dashed away to a safe distance—for they feared the lumbering bear with a wholesome fear—and gave a superb rendering of Inferno Fortissimo.

In a small clearing a man lay, quite still. His forehead was deep in the grass; and onto the green ran scarlet.

"Blood!" sniffed Bruin. He knew what it was.

A few paces behind the silent figure in the grass was a man who sat in a queerly cramped posture and who was waving his arms about and laughing a high falsetto—a strange key for a man.

"Fighting!" grunted Bruin, as he shambled on. It was no place for such as he when men fell out.

On the next evening, he passed that way again. The wolves were still executing the devils' fandango around a decreasing circle. The central object still lay unmoved, but the red stream was turning to black; and the other still sat in the same place and in the same cramped position. This time he saw Bruin but he did not rise or run—just laughed with the cracked crescendo of the harrowing hyena.

"Fighting still," sniffed Bruin; and shambled on again.

* * *

A man sat in a log hut on an upturned box, carefully polishing the barrels of a gun so that they shone like a mirror. While holding the gun up in front of him, he suddenly stiffened and looked with fixed attention at the glistening barrel. Then quietly and carefully he put the gun down and turning, faced a stranger who stood in the doorway, covering him with a gun.

"Got yer, Steve," said the intruder.

"That's my name."

"Got yer twice then—if your name's really Steve. Look y'ere, I could have let daylight in your back and you'd never have knowed who done it."

"That's so," said Steve, coolly and easily, "and you could let it in front way's now."

"Well," said the stranger, a heavy black-avised fellow, lowering his arm, "I ain't going to now. Leastways I don't know that I am. Only you should be more careful. I might have done it for fun. Some days I should have done it if it looked like getting something, but there ain't enough here, by the look of it, to warrant the risk. 'Sides, I want someone to talk to. You *should* have ears and eyes even if you do live in the woods."

"I heard you ten minutes ago," said the man called Steve. "I could see you fix your horse up to the balsam before you crept down. I had a good look at your picture in the gun barrels, before I turned round."

"Then why didn't you get the drop first?" said the other.

"What for?" asked Steve.

"What for!" answered the man. "Why for self-protection. There's nobody within a score or more miles from here. How do you know what sort I am?"

"You ain't got any evil intentions, have you?" asked Steve. "If so, let's get on with it and get it over."

The stranger dropped the point of his revolver and regarded Steve with slack-jawed wonderment.

"You're a queer one," he said. "What are you, a bluffer, an out-and-out cool 'un or a ninny?"

"You haven't hit me off yet," answered Steve. "Guess you'll want a drink. I'll get it but don't shoot while I've got the bottle. Glass cuts."

"Well," said the other, "you're queer right enough. I'll have a drink. You don't value life much, do you?"

"Ask yourself what the value of it is," answered Steve, "when it has to be lived out here twenty miles from the nearest point with nothing but howling coyotes for companions. I can't make out how you wandered here."

"Neither can I," said the man. "I just seemed to be drawn right along. I've wandered off the trail all day and now I guess I'm clean lost."

"That's strange," mused Steve. "I've sort of been expecting you ever since sunrise. I wasn't surprised when I saw

you but I don't know you from Adam."

"My name's Jake. Somehow I think I've seen you somewhere or other. Ever been to the Peace Country? Or on to the Yukon? Well, maybe it was up in the gold country somewhere. That's where I've come from now. They don't seem to love me just at present; so I left. You're a trapper I suppose?"

"They call me one," answered Steve, "but I ain't really. I don't trap. I shoot. See those few skins? That's all I've got in six weeks. If I'd been trapping, I'd have had scores."

"Then why don't you?"

"It's cruel," said Steve, "horribly and wantonly cruel. I can't do it. It ain't fair."

Jake laughed, a course guffaw with an ugly note of derision in it.

"You're a softy!" he said. "I can see you'll never be no good so long as you're alive. Why man I've been at the trapping game too. It's funny to see the little marten roll himself up all in a ball and starve to death with one paw just caught. Do you know, a lynx will live for weeks without food or water when caught. I've tried 'em. How I've laughed at the ways dead falls catch bears. But you want a steel trap for real trouble."

"That may be what's worrying me," said Steve. "It's the only kind of trap I've got. I don't like it but I had to get it. You see I want a bear bad. There's one or two about but I can't get a decent pop at them. I believe they know I don't trap; and that's why I'm sure to get one in time."

"Hope you've got a strong chain and a heavy drag-pole," said Jake. "That's where the fun come in. Lord, what queer things they will do to get rid of it. Of course when they start off with the trap, the drag-pole soon gets up by trees or boulders and they don't get far. Not many, but some, tear through miles and get finally all tangled up in the chain and drag-pole, and lie in some shrubbery. But you can easily trace them. It is no good fastening to a stake or a tree. Their first great jump to get away when the teeth close, sometimes tears their paw off. Sometimes they'll even climb a tree, and when the pole's entangled, will throw themselves down, trusting their weight will jerk the claw out. I've found them stunned or bleeding to death on the ground, their paws still suspended in the air. I've seen them hanging by it, moaning like lost souls. It's real fun to see

live bears hanging like toys on Christmas trees."

"Real horrible," said Steve. "That's what it is. I ain't got a drag-pole. I've fixed the chain to a young sapling that an elephant couldn't uproot. Besides I've got an old gun tied so that it must explode when the trap's touched. That will be the signal for me to go and shoot the poor creature."

"Well of all the poor, chicken-hearted sucklings, you certainly do take the cake," said Jake, with a scorn that verged on incredulity. "You mustn't let sentiment interfere with business, or waste your time about who suffers or what suffers, so long as you don't. I've handled bigger game than bear—and roughly too. I told you they didn't love me around where I come from last, didn't I, Softy? I'll tell you why. A few years ago, a regular Peach lived there. You know what I mean. Her name was Mimi. Get that? It's a good name. Mimi Scott it was in full. She was a good girl too, I reckon. You ought to have seen her hair, black as a raven's plume; it would have fallen to her ankles let loose. The only one she cared for at all until I buzzed around, was a quiet, plain little chap who they say could speak of nothing, not even of himself. He was pointed out to me once, passing a saloon I was in. He didn't know me or my game, and never did, but I sent after him to come and liquor up, but he never came. They say that he was too slow for anything. But I tell you he certainly loved that girl. He didn't gush—just loved, that's all. A word from her and they say if it had been her wish he would have just gone off and died. So I hadn't much to beat, had I? In three weeks I had her over the other side of the line, and in six I was dead tired of her. I didn't let sentiment stand in the way of letting her know it. She went home. Hell, but I treated her rough, sure enough. Well, what do you think, when she came to see the other guy again she found that she loved him. He never knew but she confessed it before she died."

"Died," repeated Steve. His face had gone suddenly white.

"Yes, she died right enough. First time I ever heard tell of any one doing it of a broken heart. She just asked him to go away—and gave no reason. Sure enough he went. I went over to the old place a while back and they cut up rough, some of them. I didn't see that they had anything on me but it seemed best to light out. I suppose you wouldn't look at it in my light, would you?"

"No," said Steve.

Then he coughed and spat shakily. "Pass that bottle, Jake," he said, "and don't tell any more tales. I don't like it."

"All right, old sport," laughed Jake, who had indulged in this flood of boastful biography to shock his companion. "Hello—what's that?" A dull and echoing crash reached them from the depths of the wood.

"Beaver," said Steve. "I've seen that tree falling for two days. I thought at first it was the signal for my bear. Do you know, Jake, I've been thinking I've a mind to go down and have a look.



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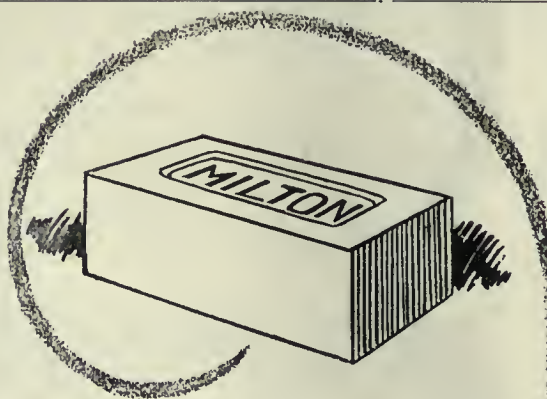
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Maybe he's there, and the gun won't work. Would you like to come and lend me a hand?"

"Sure," said Jake. "You've not my kidney, Softy, but somehow I sort of like you."

"Will you take that gun?" asked Steve.

"No," said Jake. "You're carrying one and I've got a Colt. It's good enough for any blamed trap bear."

"A Colt? Let's have a look at it," said Steve. "Um! It's a good one. Loaded in all chambers. Cost you a few dollars, I bet. Have a drink before you start?"

"Yes," said Jake. "Good luck. Here, hand me back my gun. Gee, but I wasn't thinking. Suppose you hadn't been a simpleton. Suppose you had only been kidding. I was disarmed. You could have killed me."

"What for?" asked Steve.

"Well, my horse perhaps," laughed Jake.

"When I kill anyone it won't be for a horse," said Steve.

"I know," said Jake. "Of course, I know you're alright. Come on. Which way—give us a lead." And so into the woods the two walked together.

"Through to the north-west," said Steve. "It's about two miles in; I've laid the trap well. Nothing to distinguish it from the surroundings. I left a fine bait. In about half an hour we'll be near."

"Right-O!" answered Jake. "Maybe there'll be some fun."

And half an hour later Steve pulled him up. "Go easy," he said, "We're getting near. Now I want to find three stones and then take a line through two more ahead. Cast round a bit for them."

"Here's your stones," said Jake, "I'm a better woodsman than you, I think. Where's your eyes—there's the other two this way."

And just then there was a loud detonation. "Something in the trap," said Steve.

"Hell, yes! I am, you fool, I am!" roared Jake, in a frenzy of pain and rage. "Here, come quick. The teeth are clean through my leg. You've blundered me right into it."

"I laid it well," said Steve. "Traps are terrible things."

"Let go the springs!" cried the other. "Push them back."

"Can't you reach them yourself?" asked Steve.

"You know I can't," cried Jake. "Don't stand talking, in Heaven's name! Don't stand as if you're petrified. The pain's terrible!"

"I expect," said Steve quietly, "it gets worse."

"Say," said Jake, apprehension following the pain in his eyes, "Say, do you want that horse? I give it to you."

"I wouldn't take anything of yours if I had to die for refusing," said Steve.

"Say then," groaned Jake, "Let me free. You can't let me stand here in agony, while you talk. What's the joke? There's no fun in it."

"There's no fun in watching a bear hanging by a bleeding claw, either," said Steve.

"Are you mad, or what?" said Jake, cursing. "I don't suppose I'll ever see fun in it again."

"You won't!" said Steve, confidently.

"God, man!" cried Jake, "you ain't going to let me stay here! You ain't going away to leave me! I'd slowly starve in torture. None would see me for a week or a month, here."

"They couldn't hear you at all in a month," said Steve. "You won't be making much noise then. You ain't a lynx."

"This is terrible," said Jake, his face becoming clammy. "This is terrible! I can't endure it! What are you going to do?"

"Tell me," said Steve, "Tell me that girl's name, again."

"Girl!" cried Jake. "What girl?"

"The one that died of a broken heart," said Steve.

"What does that matter? Her name was Mimi Scott. She's dead. She's not suffering. I am."

"And I," said Steve.

"You!" gasped Jake. "You! Why how? What do you mean?"

"I loved her," said Steve, fervently, "God, how I loved her!"

Jake watched him and something came to him and dazed him like a blow. Beads of sweat were on his forehead. "Stevey!" he said pleadingly. "Stevey, I didn't know it. How could I, chum?—And Steve," he said, suddenly whipping out his revolver, "Let go those blasted springs."

Steve looked right down the barrel and smiled. "There's just one bullet in that gun," he said, "I took the others out and I cleaned your cartridge case, just before you caught yourself. I've given you a sporting chance."

"Sporting chance," groaned Jake, "A nice chance, God knows!"

"Well," said Steve, "it is. You can shoot me, and remain in the trap and starve,—or you can keep your one bullet for yourself, when you can't endure it no longer. No one will pass here, Jake, not in a year. I've been here two and you are the first I've seen. I knew you were coming, Jake, I knew it all day. But when I saw you I didn't know why you'd been sent. Now I know."

"Stevey!" cried Jake. "I know you better. You couldn't live with this on your conscience!"

"I don't want to live," said Steve. "I've given you the chance to stop me. Take it if you like. I think you will," he added. "Let's see how far I get. Good-by."

"Steve!" cried Jake, breaking into tears like an overwrought child. "Stop a minute. Listen. It's the starving, Steve. Don't let me starve, Stevey!"

"You could roll yourself up like a marten," said Steve. "It'll be fun to see you. But maybe a bear will happen along and maul you about a bit. You won't quite die of starvation, Jake. When you get weak enough the wolves will take courage."

Jake sobbed and wrung his hands imploringly.

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"Go on," said Steve, his face set and grim. "You might gnaw your leg off and get free. You can't cut it off. I've got your knife here. There are some cigarettes in your pocket. Good by!"

The prospect of being left alone stirred the trapped man to action.

"Stop!" he yelled. "Stop! Three more steps and you're dead!"

"Let's see," answered Steve. "How far will that take me? One takes me to the brown stone; two takes me to the mole-hill; and three, takes me to——"

"Hell!" shouted Jake, all pleading gone in a gust of fierce hate and rage. His pistol cracked and Steve stopped dead in his stride, then crumpled up in a heap in the grass.

"I found them," remarked a man to the Sheriff's officer, "by following the trail of a horse that came in here loose. It led to a balsam tree he had broken away from. Twenty miles away at the edge of Hickory Wood, below and down a slope, I found the kit. Tracks led to where I found them."

"He must have been in the trap over a week from what the doctor can make out about how long the other had been dead," said the officer.

"He was alive when I got to him. I see him hit at a wolf that left the other man, and snapped at his arm. He only just waved it, it's true. I could swear he chuckled when I let the spring back, but he became unconscious and never spoke. There was a bear standing upright, and looking at the hullabaloo the wolves had kicked up over the one who was shot when I first got there."

"Well," said the sheriff's officer, "it's easily explained. The trapper was walking in front, and somehow failed to remember just where he set his trap. His friend was walking behind, carrying a revolver. The surprise and sudden pain, when caught, caused it to go off. The trapper was hit in the back of the head, and the other couldn't release himself. A pure accident. It's rough, but there's nothing to it."

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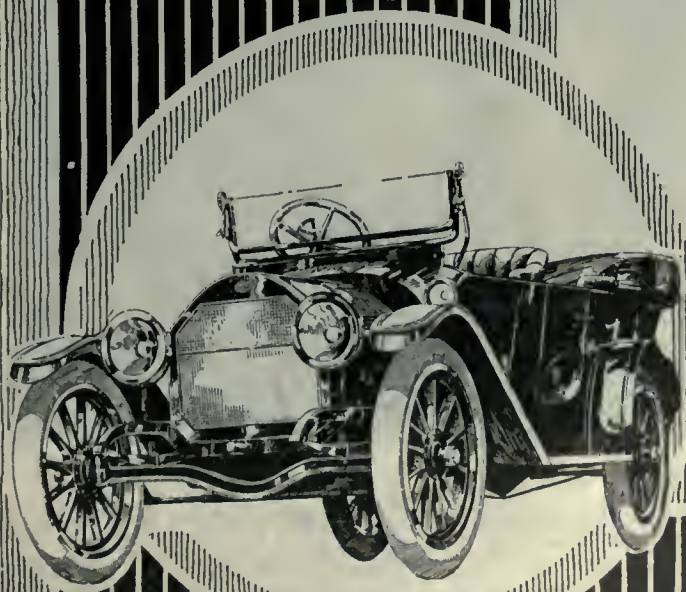
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Best Selling Book of the Month

William J. Locke's "Fortunate Youth"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor of Bookseller and Stationer

ABOUT a year ago William J. Locke, who has been called "The Apostle of Cheerfulness," was represented in the "six best sellers" with his admirable novel, "Stella Maris," and here he is again with "The Fortunate Youth," which, it will be observed, comes in as a good second to "The Inside of the Cup," the book that, dropping to second place during an interval of one month, while "Diane of the Green Van" topped the list, is back again in first place.

One writer has spoken of Locke as the "kindest spirit in English letters since Lamb." He is essentially cheerful and none who have read "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "The Beloved Vagabond," or "Pujal" will be likely ever to crowd the

Paul Kegworthy whose exact status in a domicile of unspeakably miserable attributes, is not disclosed until later for reasons involved in the working out of the story.

The household includes Mr. Button, Lancastershire bred, diminutive and dissolute, who "divided the yearnings of his spirit between strong drink and dog-fights, while Mrs. Button, a viperous Londoner, yearned for noise." There were six little Buttons and what little was forthcoming in the way of favors or consideration, left no surplus to be devoted toward ameliorating the loveless life of little Paul. "When Button came home drunk he punched his wife about the head and



William J. Locke.

delightful characters in those books, very far back from first place among their favorite friends in fiction.

In the new book this author of good cheer certainly has dealt most kindly with his hero, the lucky fellow whose ultimate success is foreshadowed by the title of the book.

We make his acquaintance amid most disheartening surroundings. He is little

kicked her about the body, while they both exhausted the vituperation of North and South to the horror and edification of the neighborhood. When Button was not drunk Mrs. Button chastised little Paul. She would have done so when Mr. Button was drunk, but she had not the time."

What wonder then, that Paul absented himself from home whenever opportunity offered?

Paul was of a type that differed from the general run of the children of Bridge street where the Buttons lived and with his "wavy black hair, dark olive complexion, great black liquid eyes and exquisitely delicate features of a young Praxitelean god," he was as conspicuous among the other urchins as would be a little Martian bundled down to earth.

To the disgust of Button, little Paul attended Sunday school and when he heard of the devil, "he pictured the Prince of darkness not as a gentleman, not even as a picturesque personage with horns and a tail, but as Mr. Button!"

Fortunately for little Paul, he found solace in reading and his "library" was a retreat all his own, an out-of-the-way spot in a deserted brickyard adjacent to Bridge street, and there he read volumes of a remarkably diversified character, including books favored by a Socialist co-worker in a factory where the boy was forced to begin work at a very early age. This was before kindly Education Acts and Factory Acts decreed that no boy under twelve years of age should work in a factory.

One Saturday afternoon in August while Paul was in his brickyard library, along came Barney Bill seated in a lumbering conveyance, which was at once his dwelling and his shop, and by which he was known on the road from Taunton to Newcastle and from Hereford to Lowestoft. It caught the fancy of Barney Bill to find the little fellow reading "Kenilworth," for he, too, proved to be a book-lover. "I do a bit of reading myself," he informed Paul, "If it wasn't for a book or two, I'd go melancholy mad and bust myself. You'll find a lot of chaps as don't hold with books. I've heard some of 'em say 'What's the good of books? Give me nature,' and then they goes and asks for it at a public-house. Most say nothing at all, but just booze."

That meeting with Barney Bill marks the first real step in Paul's fortunate progress through life, although an incident at a Sunday school picnic had resulted in giving him a vision splendid by which he was convinced that he was of noble birth, although by some mischance, inexplicable to him, he had come into the keeping of the Buttons. The woman's unnatural treatment of him strongly bore out this belief.

What had given him this inspiration was the notice taken of him, the ragamuffin at the picnic, by a beautiful young lady, who to console him in the loss of a foot-race, had given him a small cornelian heart. This charm Paul treasured for many years, up to the time of the dramatic climax of this tale of his career.

After an interesting period put in with Barney Bill in his peripatetic up and down the land in his picturesque old van, especially following a chance meeting with an artist who was sketching an inn, as they pulled up to it, ambition stirs the soul of Paul and he decides to go to London, where, through the influence of this artist, he gains lucrative occupation as an artist's model and lives bountifully and happily until certain incidents and influences bring home to him the fact that his occupation is really not a man's work. Among these influences is the sound common-sense of a little London girl, Jane,



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his companion of those early years. The fortunate youth, with the certainty of his high destiny firmly fixed in his mind, in casting about for a manly pursuit is impressed by a group of pictures of famous actors shown in a shop window. He calmly announces to Jane his intention of becoming a great actor. Jane, exhibiting her characteristic common-sense, wants to know whether he can act, but Paul has no misgivings.

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Discussing American and English humor in "Life," G. K. Chesterton finds greater consistency and continuity in the American humorist's product. "Huckleberry Finn," he says, "goes straight to its end in a way in which 'Pickwick' does not go straight to its end. . . . American laughter . . . goes ahead; it does not go astray. By this it misses much; for the adventures of Gil Blas or Pickwick are found by going astray. But it also gains something: . . . it gains its object."

May Irwin—Peeress of Stage Widows

Continued from Page 30.

It was all a great picnic, though. May Irwin loves the country. She loves fresh air and sunshine in large quantities. She has always loved out-of-doors, and each summer she spends on her island in the St. Lawrence where the winds can blow away the season's inertia and make her fit and strong when autumn comes.

It is only natural that she should love the outdoor world. She used to romp her childhood hours away, under the vigilance of a village sun. An Ontario village, moreover, situated so that the breezes from Lake Ontario can have a clean sweep over it. Whitby was the birthplace of May Irwin about half a century ago and probably no one woman has ever had such varied experience in widowhood as she. Not that she has had a wide experience in matrimony. Not at all. In fact, she is very happily married and the mother of two handsome sons.

It is on the stage that she is such a renowned widow. It is doubtful if the theatre-going world has ever known anyone who can appear to better advantage in weeds and tear drops than May Irwin. In short, she is the last word in weeping relicts of lately deceased husbands.

It was not always so. It could not be. One would never associate a sylphlike girl, of soubrette dimensions, blonde curls and all, with widowhood. That is why May Irwin did not begin her stage career that way.

She was always gifted with a laugh. Also a correct retort, when she was made the subject of a laugh. Two very good gifts, everyone must admit. Consequently, when she found herself fatherless, when but a child in her early teens, it seemed natural that she should give some slight consideration to the question of her future welfare.

When May Irwin decided to try her luck on the stage, there was a great hubbub in Whitby. Although Robert Campbell, her father, was a man of excellent standing in the community, the villagers expected that at his death, May would apprentice herself to the village milliner, or enter some trade equally as eminent. And what was the effect it all had? May Irwin—such being the name she had chosen for herself—quietly went her way and paid not the slightest attention to all the comments. Which showed how wise was the flaxen head which rested on her young shoulders.

She was only a very young thing then. Thirteen, to be exact. But she had determination far in advance of her years. And she remained singing in vaudeville for a whole season. The Adelphi in Buffalo was also one of her early remembrances.

There is one thing about early associations. They leave either of two impressions. One of pleasantness or of unpleasant memories. May Irwin always thinks back on her Adelphi days, with a smile and a sigh. When a sigh is accom-



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panied by a smile, it signifies a thought from which one does not shrink.

About that time, Tony Pastor had his famous company of players at the old Metropolitan Theatre, New York. It was an excellent opportunity for any young player who was ambitious to "get on." May Irwin has always been noted for her observation of opportunities. Her sojourn to the Metropolitan Theatre and later at Tony Pastor's own theatre on 14th street, lasted six years. It was in the latter playhouse that she appeared in her famous role in "The Pie Rats of Penn Yan."

The last role which Miss Irwin enacted in the old Pastor Theatre, was Lady Angela in "Patience." That was on the night of January 23rd, 1883. The result of this performance must have been gratifying to her. Her performance was noticed. She received a good press report. A good press report is the balm of discouraged Thespians. It does not matter if the press has been "fixed" by the press agent. The extravagant epithets are appreciated, just the same. Insincerity has a way of clothing itself to make it appear perfectly sincere.

The sincerity was genuine in the case of May Irwin's Lady Angela, however. And May Irwin was glad, but not satisfied.

Later on in the same year she joined the well-known stock company of Augustin Daly. Perhaps he did more than anyone else in America to give the stage finished actors. For three years May Irwin remained in his company. Those three years did much to round out her performances. She had already decided that hers would be the comedy field. She had felt the call of the comedy field, so to speak. Or fairy, whichever you prefer.

It is not easy to play for three successive seasons in stock. It means hard work, irregular meals, unending rehearsals. But our comedienne did not mind any of these obstacles. She rather enjoyed them. For it is a curious thing, when one is a worker one welcomes laborious tasks.

These were a few of the plays in which she appeared, during those three years: "A Recruiting Officer," "A Night Off," "Nancy and Co.," "A Woman's Won't," "The Magistrate," "After Business Hours," and many more. Such a repertoire is bound to do either of two things. Round out an actor's art, or convince her that she has chosen the wrong vocation. May Irwin realized that the stock theatre had been her best training school.

The next year, Daly took his company to Toole's Theatre, London. May Irwin remained there for four or five seasons. And London laughed with her and wept with her, just as she chose. It was mostly laughing. She was becoming internationally famous.

In the autumn of 1892, she returned to America, and the following spring, appeared as Lottie Singleton in "His Wedding Day." Managers had their eye on her. The day was not far distant when she would see her name in huge electric letters before some theatre entrance.

In September of the same year, she appeared in her last role as an ordinary individual. Which is to say that a change

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was about to take place. The change of stardom. This last role was in "The Poet and the Puppets." Her work was so excellent and won such praise from the critics that a producing firm called Rich and Harris decided it was time to enlist her as a star.

It was in the autumn of 1893 that she saw her name blazing forth the news that a new star had arrived. That was a great bit of news too. For in those days a star did not spring up overnight as they are wont to do to-day. The one requisite to stardom was ability. Nowadays,—well, why become cynical? To speak of the present method of producing theatrical, satellites must needs necessitate cynicism. How fortunate are those who were created under the old order of things!

The time had almost come for Miss Irwin to demonstrate her ability in the role of stage widow. Now, there are widows and widows. Sometimes that word implies characteristics which are not altogether complimentary. For example, there is the widow who may have become such by the clever usage of pot-ash or salts of lemon. Such a widow is not desirable. May Irwin could never appear in such a role. The widows she invariably creates are dear, good-natured ones, of the plump-and-forty-or-nearly type, who are addicted to tears and rich pastry.

Beatrice Byke, in "The Widow Jones," one of the roles she played during her first season of stardom, probably was responsible for her decision to depict the wiles and smiles of the modern widow. In 1895 she played Dottie Dimple, in a comedy called "Courtied in Court." The next season, she was a Countess. "The swell Miss Fitzswell" was the name of this play. From a Countess to a dry goods buyer seems a long jump. Yet such a jump was made in a single season. "Kate Kip, Buyer" offered her this opportunity.

In 1899 she played Alice in "Sister Mary" and the following year became an attorney in "Madge Smith, Attorney."

All these parts were only preparatory. The goal she desired to reach was marked by a gloomy-looking individual in black alpaca. The year 1904 gave her the opportunity she had been preparing for. The name of the widow in case was Mrs. Black, the name of the play "Mrs. Black is Back." And ever since then, the wiles of widows have been occupying her theatrical attention. They are almost all the same kind of widow. That is, May Irwin makes them almost all alike. She could not help making them good-natured, if she tried. And the rest of their characteristics are always according to the May Irwin standard of widows. A pleasant intermingling of tears and titters, some coquetry and a great deal of tact.

Her next theatrical name was Mrs. Wilson, in a play called "Mrs. Wilson, that's all." Most brilliant, all these choice of names. But Miss Irwin did not have the choosing of them, needless to say. The Mrs. Wilson in question first had her being in Plainfield, New Jersey. That was in September, 1906. Later on, she moved to the Bijou Theatre, New York, where she remained for a year,

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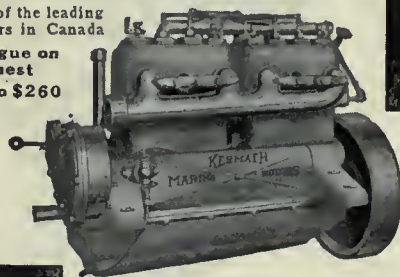
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after which time she succumbed to the second-rate malady.

Mrs. Wilson's successor sounds rather formidable, both as to name and inclinations. One hears her name, and one ceases to wonder at her state of widowhood. One hears of her pastime, and one heaves a sigh of relief that the originator of the name is communing with the worms. "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse" took place in 1907, and strange to say lasted two or three years. Small wonder that at that time people were becoming rather tired of it. Two seasons in the same Carouse are bound to produce mental nausea.

Miss Irwin's last successful venture in the wiles of widows is called "Widow by Proxy."

And she still smiles and dimples and weeps and wears her weeds, as only May Irwin, inimitable in her own parts, can smile and dimple and weep. But she owns an island on the St. Lawrence, where she hies every summer, to forget all about the sombre-hued clothes of her working world.

Gold of Cupid

Continued from Page 38.

hands on the boards and sobbing like a child.

Frenchy, studying his companion blankly, cast his own eyes toward the corpse. And he also saw. The realization was characteristic. Mouth agape, clutching his hair, he staggered backward, whispering hoarsely, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! An' he nurse me! Two mont' he nurse me"

Abruptly he pulled up. A sharper cry broke from him. "Maybe he's not dead! Maybe he's not dead!" His voice rose in a shrill scream of hope as he sprang towards the body.

The chair crashed to the floor and O'Rourke rushed after. He swept the bending Le Banc aside, and leaned over their victim.

"He is! He's alive!" O'Rourke's voice was a delirious shout. "Quick! Some water!"

Frenchy darted for the water bucket, and O'Rourke raised and bore the limp form to the nearby cot. Five minutes later, although still unconscious, McLeod was breathing more easily, and the bandaged wound in his chest had ceased bleeding.

Frenchy was almost beside himself with delight. "I will nurse heem! Mais oui, I will nurse heem two, t'ree mont'—a year!"

Then it was came the great idea. "I have eet! I have eet!" cried Le Banc. "I will go for her! To-night I will go for her!"

The cup from which O'Rourke was bathing the wounded man's face fell to the floor.

"Frenchy, you've hit it! You little devil, you've hit it! But hold on! We don't know—"

"Look at nodder lettair!"

O'Rourke hastened to the table and turned out the contents of the tin box. In the bottom was an envelope evidently

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returned to its writer unopened. He read the address, "Miss Margaret Dannan, Shubenacadie, N.S."

"Bon! Bon!" cried Frenchy. "I will go for her! To-night I will go for her! An' I will tell her eet is lies 'bout Scottee!"

"No you won't!" O'Rourke spoke decisively. "You'll hike over to Oxbone, and telegraph. That's what you'll do."

Frenchy protested. "Mais, non! I cannot tell her by wan leetle telegram! She will not come!"

"She'll come all right. You watch. I'll write it."

O'Rourke found a pencil, tore the back from a letter, copied the address, and wrote heavily, with much thinking, for some minutes. He concluded.

"What is your reg'lar name, Frenchy? I'm going to sign you to it. You're to meet her when she comes."

"Pierre Maxime Le Banc. But she will not come," wailed Frenchy. "For one so leetle message she—"

"She will. Take it, and git!"

O'Rourke had written:

"Scotty Maccloud shot. He was the whitst man in the Kooteny. He didnt do what you said. Some blame kyute must have lied. He was shot reading one of your letters. He needs you bad. Come quick."

She came five days later, a tall, fine-featured, dark-eyed girl in gray, a pallor of anxiety on her face. It was two hours' drive from Oxbone. For every mile of the way Frenchy Le Banc told some new tale of the "whiteness" of his "cher ami Scottee"; and when Margaret Dannan reached the little cabin, so pitifully lonesome up there on the mountainside, it did not need the greeting of the man she loved to make all right between them. Still unconscious, as she ran across the room toward him he raised himself on his elbow and whispered with hoarse energy, "I'll not give it up! There is no map! It's a letter! A letter from the dearest girl God ever—And it was not true! The way they told it, it was not true!"

And the dearest girl caught him in her arms.

Which is why McLeod, restored, and O'Rourke and Le Banc, unrecognizably reclaimed, call one of the richest placer mines in British Columbia, the "Cupid Mine."

THE FIRST SKYSCRAPER.

There has recently been demolished, to make way for a larger structure, a ten-storey tower building, at 60 Broadway, New York City. The building was erected in 1889 and has been in service for a quarter of a century. Naturally the condition of its framework was a matter of interest for architects and engineers. The frame consisted of cast iron columns and wrought iron floor beams. The floors were of flat-arch, terra cotta construction. The framework was found to be in excellent condition, the wrought iron beams showing a practical absence of rust, and the cast iron columns, with a three-inch cast iron shell around them for fire protection, showing only a few localized patches of rust and heavy rusting only at a few special points.

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The tires are built to withstand a definite and specified air pressure.

You can only get maximum service when you inflate them to the exact air pressure needed, and maintain that specific pressure at all times.

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WHAT YOU WANT IN A MOTORCYCLE
POWER SPEED RELIABILITY ECONOMY



THE EXCELSIOR LEADS IN ALL

POWER—Excelsior Twin Motors are rated at seven horse-power and Single at four, but every EXCELSIOR MOTOR must deliver under strict dynamometer test 50% over that rating before being passed by the inspectors.

SPEED—The EXCELSIOR AUTO CYCLE now holds World's Records one to 300 miles and has won nearly every long distance race held in the past year on track or road and won the only National Championship races held this year.

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**EXCELSIOR AUTO CYCLES ARE FOUND ON THE ROAD,
NOT IN THE REPAIR SHOPS**

The 1914 line comprises seven models, Singles and Twins, Belt, Chain and two-speed transmission, prices from... **\$240.00 to \$340.00**

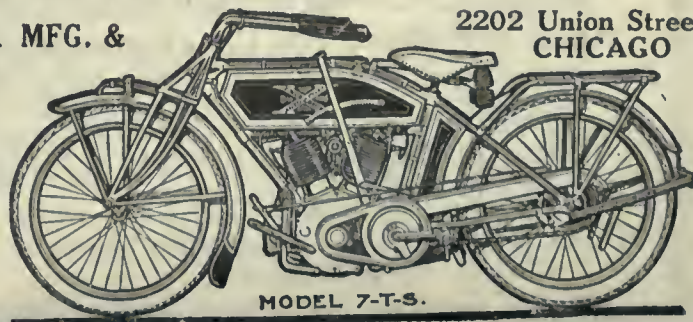
A machine for every purse and every purpose, see the dealer. If you do not know him, write us, we will send you full details. Do it now.

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**2202 Union Street
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Including Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Algonquin Provincial Park, Timagami, Georgian Bay, Etc.



15-lb. Salmon Trout Caught
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A Vista in Muskoka Lake District

Spend Your Summer Holidays in One of these Delightful Territories, Reached in Palatial Trains over the

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Ideal Canoe Trips—Good Hotel Accommodation—Splendid Fishing.

Finest summer playgrounds in America. The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment and send for free folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out-of-the-ordinary resorts. All this recreation paradise easy of access. Address C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or any Agent of the Company.

G. T. BELL, Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL

H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent
MONTREAL

Alcoholism — From the Angle of Efficiency

Continued from Page 23.

sound judgment is unsettled, and reason loses sway. Mental processes do not work consecutively. Snap judgments replace mature decisions.

Nor does drinking result in physical stimulation. A momentary access of strength, like a passing gust of passion, may sometimes be felt, but it will be of short duration, followed by a relaxation of weakness. A drunken man in a brawl is the picture of impotence, as with all his faculties replaced by a flaring rage, he endeavors to match his fevered strength against the cool prepossession of an opponent. And when the short spell of power has passed, he is left as weak and defenseless as a kitten.

TIME THE GREATEST ASSET.

But, after all, the immediate effect that liquor exercises on the mind and body is not perhaps the greatest reason why its use prevents a man from making himself a fully efficient machine.

The drinking man does not have time to become efficient.

The moderate drinker is in every case a man who drinks for the sake of conviviality. He does not take it for liking of the drink itself. He does not drink by himself. It is only when he falls in with friends that he renews his acquaintance with the "flowing bowl." Thus it follows that he is on friendly terms with a circle of "good fellows," jovial friends who are certain to take up a large share of his time—who will encroach on his spare moments as much as he will permit. He always knows where he can find some of them and thus he is supplied with a perpetual incentive to get out "for a good time." How often will he settle down for a quiet evening with a book after "Bill" has telephoned that "the boys" are arranging a quiet little game or a visit to some favorite haunt of Bacchus? Truth to tell, the business of being a "good fellow" is an all-engrossing one.

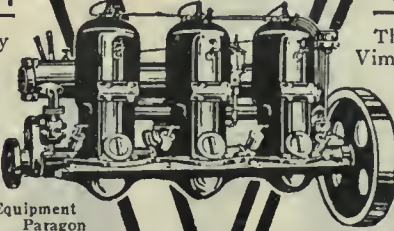
The daily routine of the man of to-day is so crammed with work, his life has become so complex in its far-reaching activities, that he has at best little time for study, for books, or restful recreation. Out of the little time that his business leaves him, can he spare any to hilarious companionship over the wine glass?

General experience shows that a man cannot very well divide his spare time. He cannot aim to make good use of a part of his leisure hours and throw the rest away. If he is going to find time to keep up with quaffing acquaintances, he must relinquish all other ideas. Few drinking men are readers.

There is so much in this life that a man many books to read, that he has no time to give to the society of "good fellows." The competition he faces in his business should do, so many studies to master, so

VIM

The Boat Builders' "Stand-By"—The Boat Owners' Pride



MOTORS

1 to 3 Cylinders, 5 to 27 H.P.

Strong, neat, simple, absolutely dependable. Gives honest, enduring service, constant satisfaction and wins your confidence. Easily accessible. Crank case can be opened from either side without disturbing cylinders. Has double ignition, positive non-backfiring device, easy starting flywheel, solid head cylinders. Equipment includes High tension magnetos, Paragon reverse gears, Rear starters, Water-proof ignition and many other features that go to make the Vim's acknowledged supremacy.

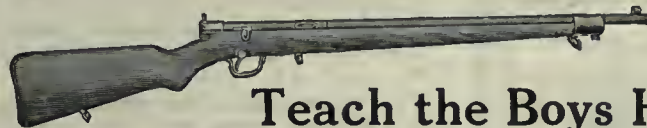
VIM MOTOR CO.

3 Kinds, Speed, Regular, Heavy Duty

The ten years that have elapsed since Vim Motors passed their experimental stage have demonstrated their ability to give reliable, dependable service. Built with the accuracy and care of the highest-priced motors, yet moderate in price. Nothing has been spared in their fittings or equipment that would make them more complete. Will use any liquid fuel. Ten year guarantee. Immediate shipment.

Write to-day for special proposition to dealers and agents.

2507 Water St., SANDUSKY, OHIO



Teach the Boys How to Shoot

There is no better sport than shooting at a mark, and general knowledge of shooting is our country's strongest protection.

THE "ROSS" CADET RIFLE

has been adopted by the Government for Cadet Corps—a sufficient endorsement of its quality, and it is now offered also for general sale. It is the best all-round gun for boys. Shoots .22 shorts or long, or .22 long rifle cartridge; is accurate and has perfected adjustable sights for which no extra charge is made. This rifle is suitable for any game except the largest, and, while a single shot, its action is remarkably quick. Price only \$12.00. For large game get the other Ross Models 303 or 280. They are recognized as the best sporting rifles in the world. Prices \$25.00 and upwards.

Send for full illustrated catalogue.

ROSS RIFLE CO. - - - QUEBEC



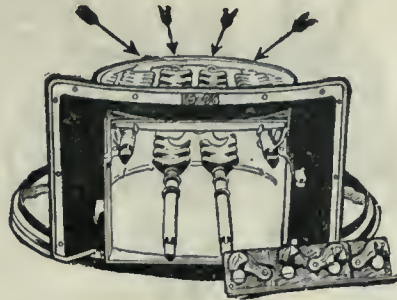
They buy it for what it does. That's why the Ford is servant of more than 530,000. It holds the world's record for all 'round dependability. And it's the lightest—the strongest—the most economical car on the market. And don't forget the service.

\$600 for the runabout; \$650 for the touring car and \$900 for the town car—f.o.b. Ford, Ontario, complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from any branch Manager or from Ford Motor Co., Limited, Ford, Ont., Canada.

You shake down the
ashes—not the coal—
in the

“Hecla” Furnace

There are
FOUR
grate bars
in the
“Hecla”



Each
one can
be
shaken
separately.

You don't have to shake the whole fire to get out the ashes around the edge of the firepot.

You don't shake down a lot of good coal with the ashes.

You don't have to use a poker at all.

The “Hecla” Triangular Bar Grate allows you to shake just the part of the fire where the ashes are, without disturbing the rest of the coals.

Naturally, one grate is easier to shake than four all geared together. That is why people find the HECLA “no trouble to look after.”

Fused Joints—a patented “Hecla” feature—keep the house free of gas, smoke and dust.

Write for free copy of our new catalogue which describes these and other special features.

Clare Bros. & Co., Limited

Preston, Ont.

A “Hampson’s” Delivery Service Increases Trade



The “HAMPSON” is a light, durable carrier that fits any bicycle. Puts the small parcel delivery system on a paying basis. Customers appreciate the quick service rendered.

Quickly attached, easy running, very durable. Made for ordinary bicycle or motorcycle. Pays for itself very quickly. Frame built of Weldless Steel Tubing, giving tightness with great strength.

We also make the “HAMPSON” TORPEDO passenger side car for motorcycles; neatly upholstered and finely finished.

Our “Hampson” Bicycles—newest Models—can't be beat for the price. We carry a complete line of bicycle and motorcycle accessories.

Get our booklet “H” and see if you cannot use a Hampson to advantage and profit. Prices will please you.

HAMPSON'S

433 Parliament Street, Toronto, Can.

HOTEL GRISWOLD

Grand River Ave. and Griswold St. - Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY.

RATES \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP.

POSTAL HOTEL COMPANY

FRED POSTAL, Pres.

CHAS. POSTAL, Sec.



life is too keen to permit him to barter his opportunities of self-improvement for unproductive hours with boon companions.

* * *

Since this article was completed the writer spent an evening with Colonel Mosby, whose exploits as a Confederate cavalry leader during the Civil war were probably never equaled in history. He was the only one of us at dinner not taking wine and he apologized, saying that he had always been an abstainer. In the discussion that followed he made the statement that the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, Robert E. Lee, General J. E. B. Stewart, and General Jackson never touched liquor. This group did the most brilliant work of any on either side during the war. Lord Wolseley has said that the three greatest soldiers in the history of the world were Cæsar, Napoleon and Lee

OUR FUTURE PAVEMENTS.

Beds of asphalt ready mixed and easy to get at lie along the Athabasca River in northern Alberta. Engineers have estimated that there is enough raw material in them to pave half the cities in America and all that is wanting is the means of getting it to market, but the railroads have not yet pierced that northern wonderland.

The banks of the Athabasca, two hundred miles north of Edmonton, show heavy outcrops of tar-sand, and for miles at a stretch tar oozes out of the cliffs as if some great cauldron were overflowing. Disintegrated limestone underlies this overflow of tar, with clay occasionally cropping out. For many years the Indians have been using this tar for making their canoes watertight, having only to boil it to get it into a workable condition; but it is now known to be of great industrial value, with a market waiting for it as soon as it can be taken out. Within the past year and a half a further outcrop has been found much nearer Edmonton, covering an area of a thousand acres at a depth below the surface of from three to twenty-five feet, and estimated to be one hundred and fifty feet in thickness.

Street paving in the Canadian West will be merely a form of civic relaxation when all these tar-sand areas are within reach. They comprise what is probably the largest supply of paving material north of the Gulf of Mexico, and are of practically the same formation as those of California, differing only in a larger percentage of oil which has to be removed by a process of slow cooking. They contain about 82 per cent. of sand. This sand may be used in its native state for roofing, and with very little refining it makes an excellent pavement, tests of it on Edmonton streets having proved satisfactory. A thousand square miles of native asphalt, it is estimated, are in the Athabasca region, the beds averaging one hundred and fifty feet in thickness.

A Breeze From the West

A Virile, Many-sided Optimist and the Place He Has Won

By ROBSON BLACK

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Of all the men who have come from the West to sit in the House of Commons at Ottawa, none has presented a more interesting personality than the subject of this sketch. Mr. Black presents Glen Campbell in a few phases of his many-sided personality, in a thoroughly understanding way. But the portrait is not complete; space would not permit of an attempt to present the whole story of this breezy Westerner.

GLEN CAMPBELL, journeyman-Westerner, stood before an animal circus just outside of Winnipeg. Above the heads of the crowds, a lion-tamer bawled forth an offer of "fifty dollars to the gent'man or laydee who will undertake to remain in this cage for sixty seconds." Back of the lion-tamer loomed a gigantic circle of steel bars and the piercing yells of the impatient beasts sent the desired shiver through the spines of onlookers.

"Fifty dollars," repeated the barker.

Glen's chum was for moving on, but Glen checked him. "Hold a minute," said he, "that sounds like awful easy money, and I'm game."

"Game for what?"

But the man was careening his way through the crowds to the door of the cage.

"Where's that fifty?" The crowd heard the challenge and cried out a hearty approval. Timidly the tamer of the jungle held up a ten and eight fives. Glen looked them over, took a familiar grip of the fifteen-foot rawhide, and stepped inside the barred door. A hush of expectant disaster crossed a thousand craning heads. Then the whip crashed like musketry, and lion after lion leaped into a circular procession, heads down, tails clinging close, whining their terror like a pack of guilty schoolboys. When Campbell had worked the rust off the repertoire that belonged to his mule-team days, he quit the cage, commandeered the fifty dollars and rejoined his friend at the rear of the crowd.

This same Campbell man stood up in the Canadian Parliament the other year, member-elect for Dauphin, Manitoba, and spoke his maiden speech. He gave the House an unpretentious soliloquy on what

Glen Campbell thought were the deserts of the West, an intelligent, balanced, queerly-individual speech, salted here and there with a few lines of Cree, a phrase of expressive French-Canadian, and a good deal of colloquial-academic "slamming" of things in general. When he got through, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister, nudged a colleague. "Who in the world," said he, "is that astute giant who just sat down? I heard him speak a little Latin, a little Greek, some French-Canadian and I think some English." Sir Wilfrid had failed to recognize the interpolated sentences of Cree as phonetically different from the Odyssey.

Some men's lives must be read like a De Balzac novel—two-hundred-thousand-words and patient arm-chair seances to work up atmosphere. Others are lived as an endless chain of incident, anecdotal staccatos, as it were, little matters of unplanned conduct that etch out the map of character with detail and great penetration. They spin along like the biograph

versions of "Monte Cristo," scene pumped on scene, smell of brimstone and creak of dungeon door; and when a piece of the film looks tiresome they scissor it out and preserve the "pace" unbroken. Glen Campbell is a human movie. That word may win me a broken pate, so I prudently lop off any intentional slur. What I mean is that through an unbidden mass of circumstances his story from first to last revolves as an endless reel of incident, the imitative and conventional parts snipped out by those

who pass his film across their tongues. For that reason the world that now and again hobnobs with Western Canada has come to know Glen Campbell by his pictorial reputation—they piece him together in little oblongs of unordinary



Glen Campbell, M.P.

"We're Having The Time of Our Lives"



"Every day we're enjoying hundreds — yes, thousands of new boating pleasures with our Caille Portable Boat Motor. We go everywhere and anywhere regardless of distance. We never have to take turns at the oars. Nobody is tired out — we're all simply 'full of the old Nick' and having the time of our lives with our



and a common row boat." It attaches to any row boat by simply turning two thumb screws. Generates 2 H.P. and drives boats 7 to 9 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. It is adjustable to any angle or depth of stern and steers with our

Patented Folding Rudder

which rises over weeds and obstructions and then drops back in place again. It also gives you complete steering control even after motor is shut off. Our weedless propeller is also protected by a substantial fin. Caille motors can be furnished with batteries or magneto ignition. Magneto is mounted on top of cylinder where it is instantly accessible. We regularly furnish our motors with a remarkably effective muffler, but if desired, we will furnish our

Underwater Exhaust Without Extra Charge

It deadens all noise and makes the motor run as silent as the "i" in Caille.

Send for Beautiful Catalog. Get the details. Write today. A postal brings it.

Sold by Leading Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers.

We Also Build

a complete line of marine motors from 2 to 30 h.p.—one to four cylinders, for all classes of boats. If interested, send for our free Marine Motor Blue Book. Write now.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.

World's Largest Builders of Two Cycle Marine Motors

1417 Callo St., Detroit, Mich.



Repairmen! Agents!

Here is a real money-maker for you. Every engine owner needs the practical

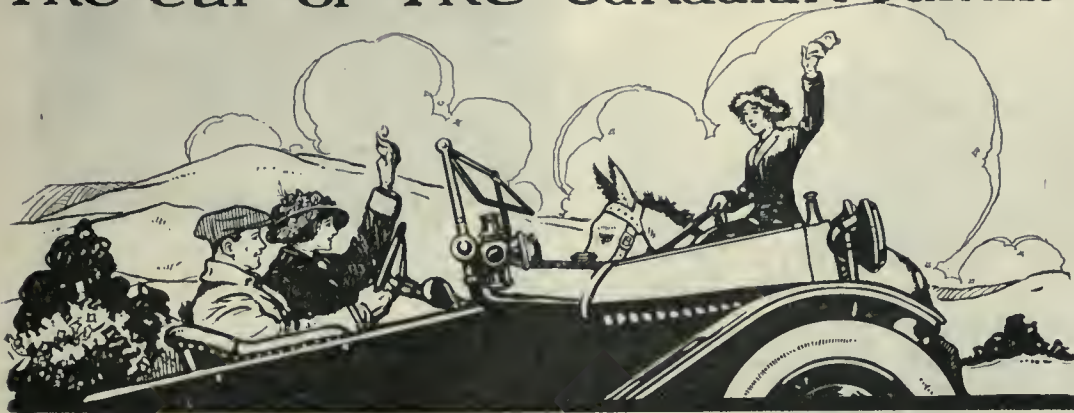
KEROSENE CARBURETOR

It fits any two-cycle engine. Burns any fuel, kerosene, distillate, or crude oil. Excellent for gasoline. Very economical. Price \$10. Our Agents' proposition is a good one. WRITE NOW. A card will bring our free booklet "A." IT SHOWS THE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES OF THIS MONEY-SAVING CARBURETOR.

ADAMS LAUNCH & ENGINE COMPANY
PENETANG, ONT.

Hupmobile

The car of The Canadian Family



Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment
With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims over-
size tires and tire carrier, \$1380. Prices, f. o. b. Windsor

\$1200

40,000 Owner-Salesmen

Wonderful stories have come to us from dealers everywhere of the number of sales made as the result of friendly interest shown by Hup owners.

Some weeks ago we instructed Hup salesmen visiting all parts of the country to make a detailed report on this point.

These reports, covering every State in the Union, are now in our hands; and they reveal an astonishing and gratifying condition.

Out of 1,500 dealers more than 90 per cent. testify that the Hup owner is by far the most important factor in making new sales.

"I will have to admit it," says one big distributor, "even if it deprives me of some of the credit for this season's splendid business."

It seems to us that nothing we might say to you about the Hup could possibly inspire you with greater confidence in the car than this attitude of Hup owners.

We do not mean to imply that other owners of other cars do not feel kindly toward those cars.

But we do believe that such wholesale and unanimous enthusiasm as this is unique.

We do believe that it is unusual for people of all sorts and conditions to go out of their way to help the Hup dealer make sales.

We are certain that they could not so commit themselves if they did not feel sure of what the Hup is and what the Hup will do.

We consider it proof positive of our repeated assertion that the root of Hup popularity is continuous service at a lesser cost.

It shows us that, almost to a man, Hup owners back us in our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world.

And we confidently refer you to the Hup owner and the Hup dealer in your home town.

Hupp Motor Car Company, Desk F, Windsor, Ontario

Talking to the Point—

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS. get right down to the point at issue. If you want something, say so in a few well-chosen words. Readers like that sort of straight-from-the-shoulder-talk, and that is the reason why condensed ads. are so productive of the best kind of results.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS. are always noticed. They are read by wide-awake, intelligent dealers, who are on the lookout for favorable opportunities to fill their requirements.

TRY A CONDENSED AD. IN THIS PAPER.

nature. It was in the wilderness of the northern Canada, at a Hudson's Bay Company post governed by his iron-sheathed Scotch father, that Glen sped through his first dozen years of life. When he had outstripped the school-teaching facilities of the Western hamlets his father packed him off to Scotland and there he remained at college until nearly twenty years of age. He arrived at Quebec a six-foot Hercules, impatient to take his part in the new activities just then stirring across the prairies. Opportunity pounced upon him from an unexpected quarter. Louis Riel started a rebellion; half-breeds and Indians swarmed to his crazy standard, and Canadian troops were sent to give him battle. Glen Campbell put himself at the head of a band of scouts. In buckskins and red bandanna, his black hair floating to his shoulders, he harassed the ranks of Riel by day and night, spying on the camps by virtue of his Indian disguises, and supplying the Government troops with strategic information of high value. Time after time, according to the evidence of prisoners, he was selected by Riel's sharpshooters for punishment and by as many miracles escaped his doom.

Twelve hundred miles he walked—twelve hundred of the stiffest winter miles in the world—from Mackenzie River to Edmonton, and the testimony of that feat lies stamped to-day in those frost-bite monograms from cheek to cheek. Once when a few friends had gathered at his ranch near Dauphin, he saddled two of the crankiest bronchos that ever kicked a heel. Four men took hold of each, and into the first saddle climbed Mrs. Campbell, a brilliant horsewoman; Glen gripped the other. "Those bronchos shot into the air like rockets," a man who witnessed the thing told me; "and for twenty minutes of mad careering, snorting, and wicked contortions in mid-air, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell fought for victory. Presently Glen had his pony well in hand and came to the assistance of his wife—for which by the by, I don't think she thanked him."

In the course of time, civilized, peaceful, intensive-business time that ached against his soul, Glen was balloted in as member of Parliament. He went down to Ottawa, and within three months had hypnotised to his Stetson-hatted person such a procession of friends, as perhaps has happened to no M.P. before his day. Newspaper men spoke to him and of him as a sort of big brother. Members in the opposing party declaimed in hotel rotundas that a Manitoba M.P. who, after once rolling in the eiderdown of a national capital, retained a preference for prairie grass was "some Westerner." They owned up, too, that a man who could aeroplane on a broncho's spine and wall across the Arctic on snowshoes, and yet turn at will into an Otho Cushing criterion in evening dress and dance on waxed floors to the envy of men and the cooing of women, was "some character"—an indolent way of getting round the idea of individuality.

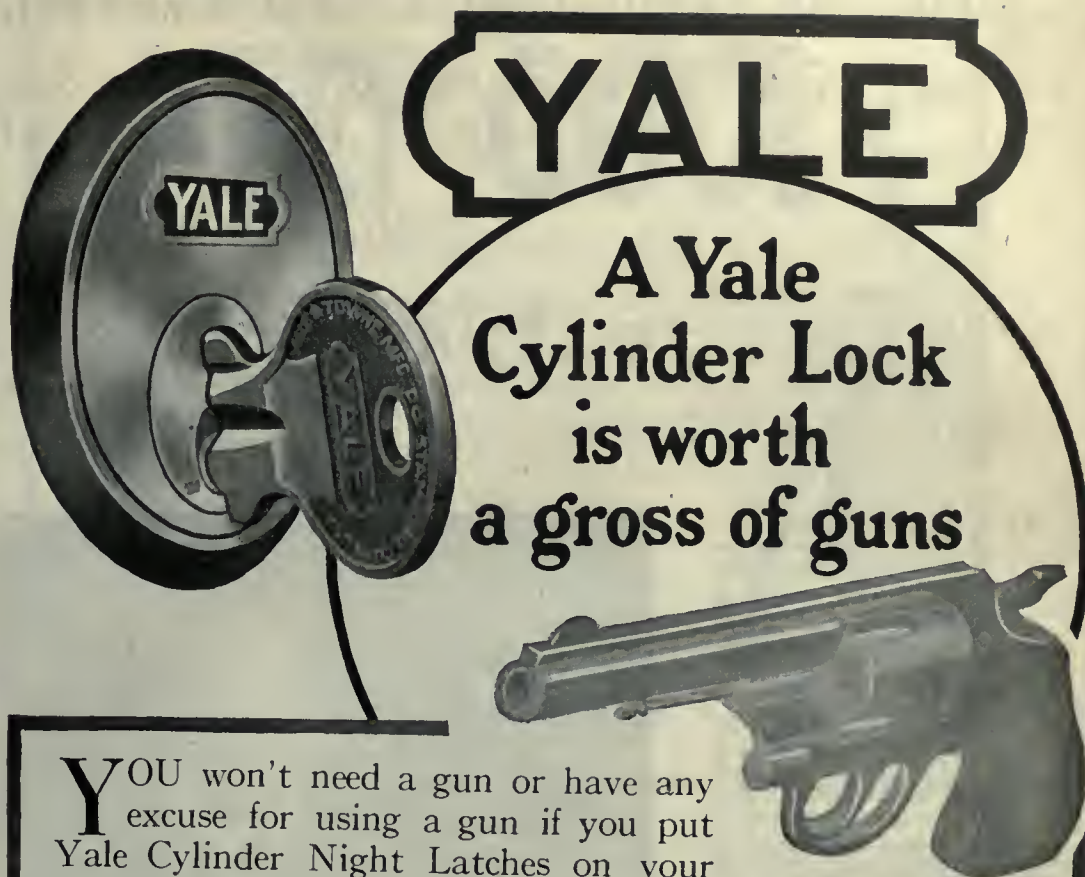
To drive home that peg about the "some character," permit me to introduce Mr. Stapells, member of Parliament, confessor to Campbell in his joys and his politics. Said Stapells one fine day in Ottawa

Glen, I'm going to have some fun at a big departmental store," and Glen said: "Count me in." When the pair had attracted the attention of the brightest male at the stationery table. Stapells broke the spell with an amiable and confiding solemnity: "I am Mr. Stapells a Western member of Parliament. This is Chief Nananimitchoomatchedash, head of the powerful tribe of Sloefoot Indians. Poor fellow, he speaks not a syllable of English. Being down to the capital on business of his tribe, he expressed the curious desire for a few bright lead pencils to carry home as souvenirs. Have you a large stock of perfectly nice bright lead pencils?" The clerk's amiability swam in Stapells' sunbeams. He looked at the six-foot-four, dark-skulled, sober-visaged Campbell and took a five-barred stepladder with alacrity. Box after box of pencils came flying to the counter, yellow pencils, white and blue, green and orange, black ones and nice curly pink ones. Chief Sneeze handled each with critical deliberation, pawed over scores and scores, muttering imprecations in the Cree language. From the many hundred on view he selected possibly one. "I am afraid," said Stapells, "your stock is incomplete. Would you mind calling the senior salesman?" So the senior salesman appeared, listened soberly to the ludicrous yarn about the Chief's mission, and in turn summoned the assistant manager to assist in selecting about fifteen cents' worth of goods. At the close of half an hour Campbell had found the five articles he desired and requested through his interpreter that they be wrapped separately in tissue paper and the whole of them enclosed in a dark blue cardboard box. When the services of the department store had been about exhausted, he signalled to Stapells in a flow of Cree and they walked from the building with linked arms.

There! I knew I would spend all my pace and miss my man. Two or three anecdotes and he is only ten per cent. seized." Still, ten per cent. is a pretty fair dividend. You can't expect much more out of a biographical smelter. (vide Bosworth v. Johnson).

COPPER WIRE.

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The Master-figure of German Industry

"King" Thyssen Has Built Up the Steel and Iron Industry of the Fatherland

By FREDERIC W. WILE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of stories of the men around the Kaiser, Frederic W. Wile has given insight into the reasons for the rapid rise in importance of the German Empire. The affairs of the Fatherland have been controlled by big men—giants of intellect and industry. Among

the greatest of them is August Thyssen who is sometimes known as the "German Carnegie" and who undoubtedly is the dominant figure of Germany's throbbing industrial life. The story of the master-builder is well told in the accompanying article.

"**I**F I rest, I rust." In these five words are encompassed the philosophy and the policy of August Thyssen, captain-general of German industry. He has formally adopted them as his watchword. If he affected a coat-of-arms, they would be its slogan. "King Thyssen" is the title his supremacy in the steel, iron and coal trade has won him. "The German Carnegie" is another of his sobriquets. By universal consent he is the dominant figure of the Fatherland's throbbing industrial life. No other man so thoroughly incorporates the aggressiveness and magnitude of the German business age. No one's life-story so typifies the New Germany's fabulous rise to power and wealth in the interval since the Franco-Prussian War.

In the twenty-five years between 1885 and 1910, to select the segment of principal growth, Germany's production of pig-iron increased from 3,688,000 to 14,794,000 tons, an advance of 301 per cent. In the same period production of coal and lignite mounted from 73,675,000 to 222,375,000 tons, an increase of 201 per cent. In the production of iron ore, and of iron and steel, Germany has come far to outstrip Great Britain, which led her by wide margins a quarter of a century ago. These were the totals for 1911:

	Germany. Tons.	England. Tons.
Iron ore	29,888,000	15,769,000
Pig iron	15,572,000	9,875,000
Steel	15,019,000	6,565,000

German mining production in general—coal, lignite, iron, potash and other salts, zinc, lead and copper—is six and one-half times its volume in 1871. In money it represents an annual value of over \$500,000,000. Barring America, which is far in the van, Germany's supremacy in steel, iron and coke is unapproached. In Europe her lead is indisputable. She is



August Thyssen

now behind the United Kingdom only in the production of coal.

Among those who have directed this Brobdignagian development, August Thyssen, of Mulheim-on-Ruhr, is the towering personality. In the coal and iron trade of Germany he has been what Rockefeller was in oil and Carnegie in steel—the master-builder. The history of all three, who may be bracketed as the commercial geniuses of their age, has been much alike. Each grew from nothing. Thyssen's career is more comparable to Rockefeller's than to Carnegie's. Like the Petroleum King, he is still at work. He has not gone in for peace, libraries and philanthropy like the American Thyssen, but, a hardy

septuagenarian, still derives his joy in life from mining coal, puddling iron and rolling steel. He intends to die in harness. The emblem of Bismarck's escutcheon—*Patriae in serviendo consumor*—would fit Thyssen precisely, if rendered to read that he is consuming himself in the cause of labor, instead of country. He is a restless workman. He has been known to tire out three secretaries in one day. Much of his time is spent traveling about the country on his own business. His home, a feudal castle, is really a branch office of his firm. Adjoining his bedroom is a workroom. He believes that neither men nor iron should grow rusty.

The pioneer of Americanism in German industry, Thyssen's career has been typically transatlantic in its origin and development. The Standard Oil Company was the outgrowth of an original investment of \$72,500 by the firm of Rockefeller & Andrews. August Thyssen inaugurated his career about the same time, in the early sixties, with a capital of \$6,000, with which he built a rolling-mill employing sixty workmen. To-day he employs 50,000. His largest property, the Deutscher

Kaiser Colliery at Hamborn, has a payroll of \$130,000 and mines over 5,000,000 tons of coal a year. His fortune is variously estimated at \$50,000,000 and \$100,000,000. It is probably more than the former and less than the latter. His interests long ago outgrew merely local dimensions. To-day, in addition to vast coal-mines, blast-furnaces, rolling-mills, by-product factories, salt and potash mines, harbors and docks at Hamborn, Duisburg, Mulheim and other points along and contiguous to the Rhine and the Ruhr, Thyssen's influence extends around the globe. From Caen, in Normandy, he imports iron ore taken from his own mines, and from Montigny half-finished products founded and cast in his own

mills. They are loaded into his own steamers from his own docks—a genuine German base on French soil. At Nikolaieff, on the Russian coast of the Black Sea, he has warehouses and docks for the storage and shipment of ore for his devouring furnaces on the far-off Rhine. In Brazil and India, the German flag flies over Thyssen wharves and harbors. His dominating ideal is to insure German industry in general, and his own properties in particular, sources of raw material supply which will render them forever independent of foreign influence. It is a little known fact that August Thyssen was the father of the idea which eventuated in Germany's ill-starred Moroccan venture. Several years ago he planned to make Sultan Abdul-Aziz a loan in exchange for a monopoly of Morocco's incalculably rich iron-ore deposits. The German Government frowned upon the enterprise, only later to threaten Europe with war in defence of mining rights meantime secured by another group of Rhenish industrialists, the Brothers Mannesmann of Dusseldorf and Remscheid.

From America Thyssen borrowed the idea of concentrating capital and amalgamating allied industries. He founded the Rhenish-Westphalian Steel Syndicate, the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, the Pig-Iron Syndicate, and practically all the important "Cartels" now existing in Germany for the control of output and regulation of prices in the industries allied to the steel, iron and coal trade. He is a firm disciple of the despised Trust idea as an effective means of preventing crises caused by over-production or price-cutting competitions. For his own purpose he improved on the transatlantic pattern by forming a Trust in which a single person should be board of directors, executive committee and shareholders all rolled into an autocratic one. The Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation and other octopuses dispose over assets which reduce Thyssen's properties to comparative insignificance, but their shareholders' meetings are not nearly so harmonious as his. The Thyssen Trust belongs to Thyssen. He is monarch of all he surveys. A brother and an eldest son are nominal partners, but the King of Mulheim wields a sway no American Trust magnate ever enjoyed. He is the only German industrialist who has no entangling alliances with Banks. "Interlocking directorates," which the United States Government is fighting, are a recognized and integral feature of German financial organization. On the boards of all great industrial corporations sit representatives of the banks, usually with all-powerful voices and votes. Representatives of the Dresdner Bank, Germany's second largest concern, are on the Boards of 200 companies with an aggregate capital of \$650,000,000. No bank has controlling fingers in King Thyssen's pies. He has no shares to list on the Berlin Bourse. Speculation is never carried on in his name. He brags that he does not understand the A. B. C. of the Stock Exchange.

Thyssen's declared income for tax purposes is a paltry \$750,000. The ac-

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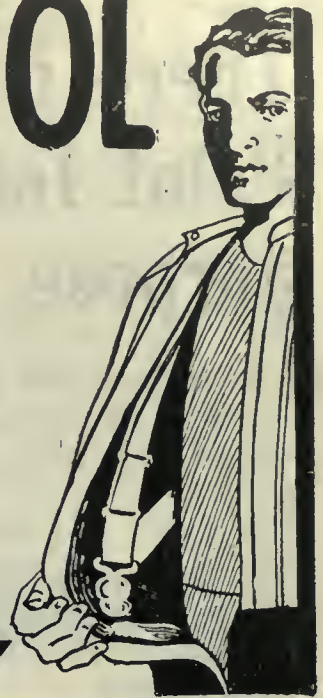
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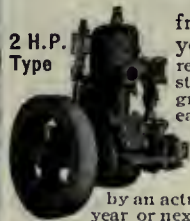
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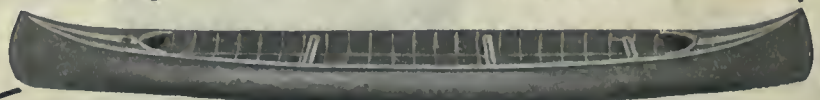


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The German Government paid an extraordinary tribute to Thyssen two or three years ago by inviting him to overhaul the business end of the Admiralty at Berlin. Dockyard scandals at Kiel had revealed a woeful lack of purely commercial acumen in the department otherwise so ably administered by Admiral von Tirpitz. Conscienceless tradesmen were pulling the wool over the Navy's eyes in lamentable and costly fashion. A master of buying and selling was needed to lick things into shape. The Admiralty did the natural thing and invoked the aid of the greatest merchant-mind in the country, August Thyssen, to put the Navy on a business basis. Recently, it came to light that the Vulcan Shipbuilding Company of Stettin and Hamburg, the biggest in Germany, delivered Dreadnoughts to the Admiralty in 1912 at a loss of \$500,000. The company had to wipe out its entire building reserve to cover the deficit. Things have changed since the days when the rag-merchants of Kiel could bamboozle the Navy. It is King Thyssen who taught Tirpitz how to drive a bargain.

Like Mr. Chamberlain, Thyssen thinks international politics in this day and age are business politics, pure and

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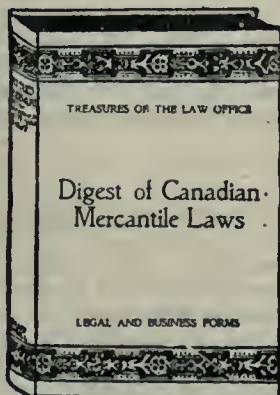
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The Men Around the Kaiser

By FREDERIC W. WILE

Berlin Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"

Tells about the German Giants of Industry.
Education and Statesmanship

The German Empire has been striding the highway of progress with seven-league shoes. Its development in industrial, financial, and educational matters during the past few decades has been almost unprecedented, nay epochal. To make such development possible, a nation needs men of broad vision, determination and genius. Germany has had many men of this stamp—mental and constructive giants who have towered above their countrymen and loomed large in world affairs. Starting with grim Blomberg and the Kaiser himself, the list of outstanding personalities extends to every branch of enterprise, and includes many names which will be written large in the history of the world.

The world prominence of the German Navy, which only yesterday was a negligible quantity in Europe's international diplomacy, fingerpoints to one man. That man is one of the subjects of this book. He it is also who recently replied to Hon. Winston Churchill's suggestion that the competing nations of Europe take a naval holiday.



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simple. He attributes the strain in Anglo-German relations to British envy of German competition—a myopic theory widely held in the Fatherland. He believes diplomacy ought to be taken out of the hands of courtiers and transferred to engineers, merchants and manufacturers. Trade relations are so internationally interwoven, Thyssen declares, that political relations ought to be adjusted on the basis of reciprocal interests. Approached from that standpoint he thinks England and Germany could soon discover the groundwork of an entente cordiale. He favors international treaties for regulating prices of world commodities like coal, and is persuaded they would do more to cement friendship than defensive and offensive alliances dependent on battleships and army corps.

Thyssen is seventy-one years old. Passion for work, rugged independence, almost sullen silence, and democratic simplicity are August Thyssen's outstanding qualities. He cares nothing for titles, society, or external honors of any kind. He is a Roman Catholic who says he is old-fashioned enough to be religious. His hobby is the welfare of his workmen, for which he provides liberally. He wears three-guinea suits. He apologizes for an incorrigible inability to over-estimate his fellow-men. Only one of three sons has inherited the sturdy traits of their father, Fritz, the eldest.

The one outward trapping of great wealth about August Thyssen is his home, the beautiful Castle Landsberg, a glorious old Gothic Schloss high up on the wooded ramparts of the Ruhr, near Dusseldorf. He acquired it in 1903 and like everything else he ever owned has "extended the plant" by reconstruction. Castle Landsberg, rich in moss and memories of the Middle Ages, is a fitting abode for a king. To-day it shelters a monarch whose proudest boast is that he is a working man, who intends to keep on laboring as long as there is life within him.

THE NOBEL PRIZES.

From 1901 to 1913, sixty Nobel prizes have been awarded. If we class the prizes by countries, comparing the populations, we see that the most favored countries are the three Scandinavian countries: Sweden, Norway and Denmark, which is significant in view of the nationality of the jury. Then come Holland; France with 14 prizes and 39 millions of people; Germany with 18 prizes and 65 millions of people. After these come Switzerland, Belgium and England. Finally the United States and Russia have each received only one prize.

In a recent lecture, Kamerlingh Onnes, who has been awarded the Nobel prize for physics, remarked that we can now obtain, experimentally, a temperature which is only removed from the absolute zero of temperature by one degree. The temperature thus obtained is lower by two or three degrees than the temperature of sidereal space, which, according to the calculations of the astrophysicists, is about four degrees above absolute zero.

To Foster Canadian Art

Continued from Page 18.

ing of teachers in drawing, modeling, painting, and design.

Concurrently with the Governmental foundation of the Ontario College of Art a valuable and extensive collection of pictures, drawings, etc., which had accumulated at the Toronto Normal School, was distributed among the other Normal Schools of the principal cities of the province. This was done under the direction of the Department of Education, with the idea that each Normal School should possess a certain number of art treasures as educational factors in the training of the children; and further, that the small collections, thus arranged, might form the beginnings of municipal art galleries for the benefit of the citizens at large.

At the end of his autobiography William Holman Hunt, "the high priest of the Pre-Raphaelites," wrote: "The purpose of Art is, in love of guileless beauty, to lead men on to distinguish between that which, being clean in spirit, is productive of virtue, and that which is flaunting and unnatural, and productive of ruin and despair. . . . The eternal test of good Art is the influence it is calculated to exert upon the world."

A "GREENWICH TIME" MONUMENT IN FRANCE.

On March 11th, 1911, standard time of the meridian of Greenwich was adopted for official and railway purposes in France, in place of standard time of the meridian of Paris. Funds are now being raised to erect a "monument de l'heure" at the point where the Greenwich meridian intersects the northern coast of France; viz., at the seaside resort of Villers-sur-Mer (department of Calvados). A model of the proposed monument, designed by the sculptor Leduc, was exhibited at the Salon of 1913: Phœbus in his car, drawn by fiery steeds, holds aloft a lance with which he points out the standard meridian, while the Gallic cock, surmounting a terrestrial globe, is in the act of crowing to announce the hour of noon. The latter feature is an allusion to the fact that the International Time Conference of last October selected the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower as the central official time-piece of the world. Writing in the *Comptes Rendus*, M. L. Lecornu calls attention to the coincidence that the location chosen for the monument is very near the port of Dives, from which William the Conqueror sailed for England, thus recalling the historical connection between Normandy and Great Britain, and is also not far from the birthplace of the great astronomer Laplace. Lastly, the date on which the new time was adopted in France was the centenary of Leverrier.



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The Barred Gate

Continued from Page 29.

"Of course, I shall write to you, but letters seem such poor things after—this. You know what my life is; so you won't perhaps hear very often. It will almost hurt to write, because it will remind me of the irony of the situation."

"You must write, dear, or I shall feel you are forgetting."

"Never think that. Nothing makes any difference, neither time nor space, nor silence. Nothing makes any difference; remember that."

The dreadful minutes were racing to bring the last one nearer. Her heart sobbed as he took her in his arms and looked deep into her eyes.

"Listen, dear,—this is not good-bye I love you—I love you. If you ever want me, I will come from the ends of the earth. I shall not forget, and sometime—sometime—" His voice broke. Then suddenly tearing himself from her, he strode away, not daring to look back. Her tears blurred his vanishing figure, and the turn of the path brought complete emptiness.

It seemed to him as he went that the gate of Paradise had closed behind him. The tall pines above swayed in the sunset breeze.

For her, all nature was singing a dirge.

III.

SIX months later Hallam received the following letter:

"I am in great trouble. There has been a panic in Wall street. My husband has lost all of his fortune. It has come like a bolt from the blue. I am so confused and stunned, I can't make any plans; but my thoughts turn to you, knowing that I shall have your love and sympathy. Oh, if I could only see you! Florence."

He longed for an aeroplane to carry him to her; a wireless, to convey the instant response of his heart; but when the letter finally reached her: "My darling, your trouble only brings us nearer together. Keep a brave heart. You never can be poor, if you are you—" its message of courage and hope came as a strong support in her crushing trouble.

Since their parting, she had refrained from writing often, because she felt that her love and his were too vital to need any written word of assurance; it was conveyed by far more subtle and electric messengers—the air, the sun, the wind—and all those spiritual forces which seemed to her ready to tell him of the loyal beat of her heart, and had he not made the phrase, "I shall not forget," the keynote of his passion? What need had they of the written word?

But in the months following her misfortune, distracted as she was by the terrible plunge from her life of ease and luxury into the unknown bleakness of an existence filled with anxious care, and with the spectre of poverty before her, she sent frequent frenzied little notes

full of pitiful calls upon his devotion. She implored him to give her courage to face a future that looked so bleak it needs must crush her; and she told him that his love was the one thing that made life worth the living.

She wrote: "I scarcely recognize myself. I am still so dazed that I feel like one but half alive. We have to give up our house, of course, and we find that after all the debts are paid there will be remaining only the barest pittance to live on. My husband is ill, as you know, and I am trained nurse, cook, and maid of all work. We have a small cottage in the country, and I, with what wits I have left, am trying frantically to discover if there is anything in this brute of a world that I can render marketable in my small collection of assets. Phil dear, can you see how the thought of your love is my one ray of light?"

"Do you remember the story of the two bishops confined in the dungeons in Loches? They carved a tiny altar in the solid wall, a Christ on the Cross, where a spot of sunshine appeared for a few minutes every day. So, dear, in the darkness of my prison of misery and trouble, I have raised an altar of thanksgiving for your love and constancy. I have to hold on with a desperate grip, to the highest moments of faith in myself and others."

Hallam received this letter, he suddenly remembered, after breaking the seal, just two years from the day he parted from her in the forest.

He had been, the night before, to a smart dinner given to him on the eve of his departure for Egypt, on a special mission, which he hoped if successful would promote him to an under-secretaryship. Among the guests were many distinguished politicians, and well-known women, who by reason of birth or wit had become leaders in the smart set of the season. His mind was full of the success and brilliance of the occasion, and especially of the hit he had made in his own short speech, and he still felt the glow of gratified vanity, and recalled with satisfied pride the parting words of his chief as he grasped his hand: "Hallam, I congratulate you; you'll be talked of."

Being in a self-congratulatory state of mind, after reading the letter, he continued to feel pleased with himself, that he had for so long expressed devotion and tenderness to her in her trouble, and had unselfishly given up his time, as he now felt, in writing letters to encourage and help her.

He thought of her as she sat under the trees in the flickering sunlight. He even remembered the color of her gown, the gleam of her pearls, and the little trick she had of suddenly sitting forward when interested, the slow, charming smile that curved her lips and shone in her eyes. "That was when I was telling her of Jack," he thought. "By Jove,

I fell in love at that moment. I remember how I felt that night. But Florence poor! a drudge! cooking! Stripped of all the luxurious setting of her life, the countless aesthetic and beautiful accessories that add their allurements to even the most beguiling of women! Impossible!"

For the first time, he realized with a cold shock the real deprivation he had suffered in her trouble. Fate had too mercilessly robbed him, by stripping his love of her rights. Almost the justification for his passion had been withdrawn, in the exposure of life's sordid and commonplace realities.

The scene of the last night whirled in vivid fragments before his eyes—the dainty feast, the women in bewitching raiment, the sparkle of jewels, the significance of fashion and rank. That was his world; he belonged to that—and so did she; but the grim powers of destiny had blotted it out for her, and she was there no longer. She was slaving to keep the breath of life in a selfish invalid, and trying to earn a pittance for daily needs.

His emotions were terrifying, and seemed brutal, even to himself, as he faced his own soul, and acknowledged that what was once an impulse of devotion was now an effort.

His self-esteem was wounded by the confession that he no longer loved her as he had. His feeling was one of pity, but of pity without passion.

He suffered in the admission, for he vaguely felt the truth of the fact that sentimentally creates a seething ferment in the shallows of the soul when an enduring love lies placid in the depths.

By the flick of his awakened conscience he was stung into a coward's refuge of blaming some one else, and the thought that she was taking inconceivable things for granted brought a kind of temporary balm.

With the weakness of an egotist who hates to wound the woman who ministers to his self-esteem, he wrote the word he felt she wanted, and then plunged into his work. She received the falsehood with joy and a lightened heart, and glorified the lie into strength to help her meet the cruel trials of her life.

But, as the months passed, and she searched the short missives that came at longer and longer intervals, for the little significant, illuminating word that was not there, she wrote: "I remember your promise to come if I needed you, and your assurance that nothing would make any difference, and find comfort."

He, resenting her faith in him, and the logical consequence of what he now called his folly, and irritated by the unchanging note of sadness that struck like a harsh discord into the happy absorption of his mind in his ever-widening sphere of work, decided to make the intervals between his letters still longer, when an event happened which decided his mode of action irrevocably. He received the notice of her husband's death.

He was then in Egypt.

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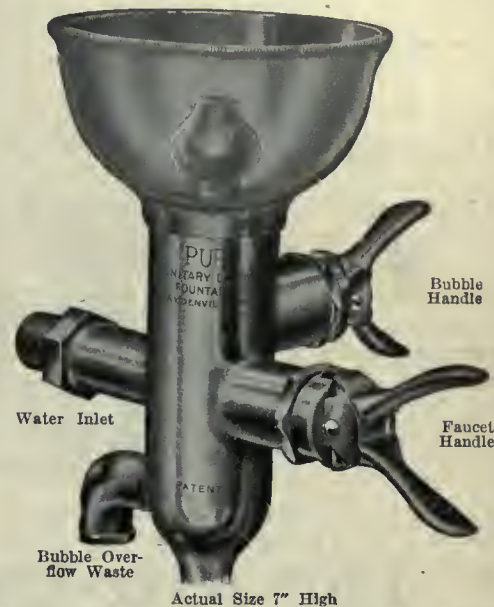
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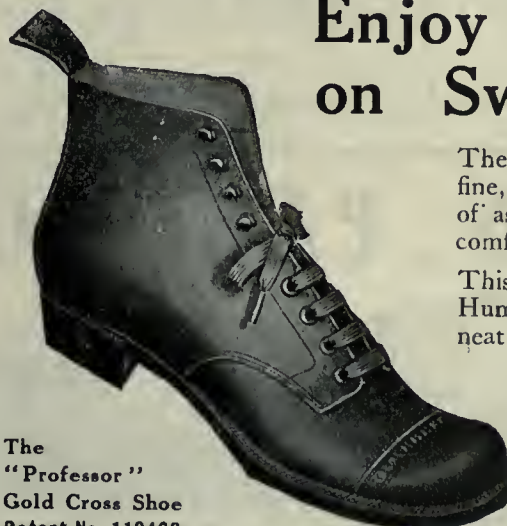
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FOR a long time she wanted to die. She mourned her lost lover, not her lost husband. She felt that the bitterest of all the cruelties fate had heaped upon her, was the fact that she had given all, and he had given nothing. There were days when she burned with shame at the remembrance of the whole-hearted rendering of the gift, which he had been willing to forget.

The phase of her suffering caused by mere privation, by the absence of beauty and comfort; of the graces of a complete existence—always, before, a matter of course, the potency of which she had never dreamed, until cut off from them, and for which she longed with a shamed longing that at times obsessed her—was as nothing compared to the misery of blankness and silence.

Up to the present, with all the strength of her nature, she had fought through the fathoms of such weakness to the surface of, at least, a negation of desire, until a fresh inspiration took possession of her spirit in the thought that her love still remained.

Now, the future faced her with the certainty that his love had failed. Her Gibraltar had sunk into the sea.

Then at times her soul was torn by a very hurricane of jealousy, imagining some one else had taken her place, and she despised herself in knowing that the keenest torture came from such a fear.

A long lassitude succeeded the storms that ravaged her, when feeling of all kind lay dormant in her heart, and she cared not whether she lived or died.

Thus, many months went by and in the interval all the little imperceptible cords that bind us to the great sources of life drew her into a clearer sphere of higher outlook, and, resolving not to be beaten, she braced herself to the burden of living.

The closed doors of her mind and soul, which had been locked for so long, began slowly to open and let in an awakened ambition that, out in that world which was all about her, that world of staring egotism of health and strength and noise and tumult, and struggle and happiness, there was a place for her, somewhere.

There are some griefs that make standing room for the soul, and sometimes we are taught, though by anguish and pain, that unselfish love is never a curse.

So, though she had tasted the dregs of the cup of bitterness and the pain could never be forgotten, she came to a second sight and a clearer vision that are not blurred by the mists of unreality.

On the day when once more the grass seemed green to her, and the skies blue, she gazed with critical intentness at her mirrored image, and found that her many tears had washed away her bloom, and etched channels in her temples. Then she remembered with a melancholy smile the remark of an old uncle, years ago, when she presented herself at the time of her debut, for his inspection:

"Gad, Florence, don't ever have an unhappy love affair; it will spoil your

beauty. But, after all, you'll have outline, you'll always have outline."

She was thankful there was any salvage from the wreck. She realized at last that she still possessed one of the best gifts of life—the power to feel intensely.

V.

ONE evening, eight years later, Hallam was seated in the Savoy Restaurant.

He had just returned to London after a long absence. As he called for his bill, and settled it, he did not notice the entrance of a party who took possession of a table near his own, until they were seated; then glancing carelessly toward them, the blood rushed to his head, and surged away, leaving him with a mad impulse of flight. Florence was seated not twelve feet away from him!

Before the successive emotions which possessed him had resolved themselves into action, the disposition of the moment was settled by a familiar voice: "Well, by all that's lucky, Hallam, old man, where did you drop from?"

"How are you, Grantham? I've only just come. It seems good to be back after all these years."

"Come and join us, do, and tell us about yourself. We have come in for a short dinner before the play. It's the first night of Dillon's latest, 'The New Moon.' You know that Mrs. Manning collaborates with him. You know the rest of us, don't you? But let me present you to Mrs. Manning."

It was like a dream; but, after the first dazed moment of meeting and of refusal to join them on the plea of fatigue after his long journey, he heard with a cleared brain her pleasant, even kindly greeting.

"I saw by the papers that you were coming to London, Mr. Hallam, and I hoped it would be before I leave. Won't you come and take tea with me to-morrow afternoon? Unless I secure you early, I am sure I shall have no chance with so popular a personage."

Then, with a phrase of explanation to her friends:

"I met Mr. Hallam years ago in Carlsbad—before he was famous. To-morrow, then, at five?"

As he walked away, Hallam wondered if he had heard aright the almost whispered comment of Grantham, following her last remark: "And before you were."

What did it mean? He had tumbled into a sequence of events widely at variance with his own plans.

His return to London had not been entirely for business reasons. Lately, he had made up his mind that it was time to reward Lady Gordon for the patient devotion of many years; for there are drawbacks to the career of a bachelor ambassador, which would be removed by an establishment graced by the presence of a clever woman of the world.

It still seemed like a dream, when he arrived the next afternoon at her apartment. Her maid told him he was expected, but Madame had suddenly been called out. She had gone in an automobile and would be back directly. Would he kindly wait?

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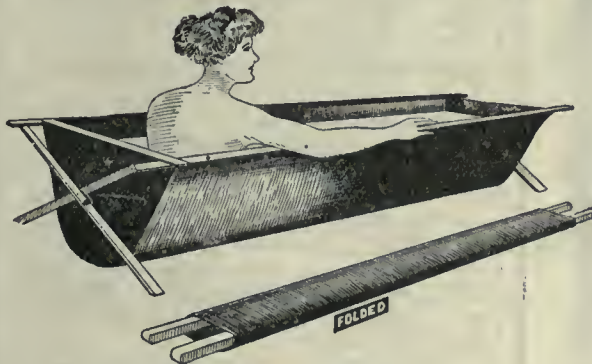
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He was not reluctant to do so, for he wanted to brace himself for the coming interview. He wondered why she wanted to see him. How could they possibly bridge the gulf that lay between them, except by ghostly hands that could never touch or meet? How futile it all was! How impossible the attitude of faithfulness with nothing but a spiritual communion! Of course, she couldn't have kept it up, any more than he could! How unlucky the meeting of last night! What imp of fate had led him to be such an ass as to go to so fashionable a place and run the risk of meeting friends, fresh from his journey? It would be so much better to bury the whole affair.

But why did she want to see him?

Was it possible—?

The maid came in with the tea-tray, and withdrew after arranging the curtains, and lighting the fire.

The charming atmosphere of the room had been unnoticed in his discontented survey of the past, until the singing of the kettle, and crackling of the fire, recalled him to the poignancy of the moment. It looked like home, this dainty room.

He discovered with puzzled recognition some photographs of his own friends, some books signed with the author's names, even some autograph pictures by well-known artists of the day, etchers, and painters. How extraordinary!

And then she came in.

"I am so sorry to be late, but perhaps you have learned that promptness is a waste of time, and have not waited long."

"You have such a charming place to wait in, that one could not—"

"What a large collection of pretty speeches an Ambassador must always have ready. I don't suppose you ever make an awkward remark."

"Oh, I assure you there are many situations that one is never prepared for. There—"

"But this isn't one." And laying aside her wrap, and drawing off her gloves—

"Come nearer the fire, and let me give you some tea." As she lifted the cup, and he waited for the usual question she said, "Oh, I remember how you like your tea—no sugar, a little cream. No! milk—I never could understand why English people like milk better than cream. You look very well."

"Thank you, I am well. You, too, look well, and are so little changed," he said, "I knew you at once."

"Not changed? I? Well, I thought I had, but, maybe, you have not noticed it."

To her it seemed as if she were looking at a man who reminded her of some one she had known very well, a clear fine cameo of youth, with its aspirations, ideals, faiths, overlaid with the follies, faults and weakness of later years. He was like some one strangely familiar, but frosted by change.

He asked some questions of last night's play, and then the conversation turned to the politics of the hour, the books of the day, and she said:

"You have not written much lately. Why not?"

"To tell the truth, my last effort was

so fatally popular that I was ashamed. Somehow, it was not so good as those that were less so."

"No—not quite. But why?"

"I suppose I wrote what I thought the public liked, and then I hated it when I found it the nurse-maid's delight."

She led him to tell of his life in the East, of his travel and missions, and sitting in the fire-light, with the stimulant of her interested intelligence, he talked of his work with a vivid brilliance that surprised even himself, and painted pictures of many dramatic incidents in far-off countries which he had never troubled to tell before. As she listened, it conveyed the impression of an effort to show her how brilliant and fascinating he still was; and she wondered, as she listened, and linked the past with the present, to how many women he had taught the bitter lesson she had learned.

The guarded note of curiosity as to why she had summoned him faded in the sense of pleasure at being able so gracefully to carry off a meeting that might have been awkward, and even to enjoy it; for, as he proceeded, he found himself recalling the old days with a new feeling. In the fire-light he thought she looked very little older than she did in Carlsbad, but that was a dream!

The dusk had come, and the maid removed the tea-tray, and they were sitting nearer the fire, and nearer together.

In a way, they both knew they had been talking for effect, and a silence fell between them.

She rose to pull the chain of an electric lamp in the corner, and he thought as he watched her: "I was justified in my folly. She is still charming, and how home-like this is!"

Then he said aloud: "Is this your home?"

"Yes, I have lived in London for five years. I should like to tell you something about myself. After my husband died, I was ill for some time. Fortunately, his life insurance was enough to keep me from the necessity of work, and I could take the rest I so much needed, after those dreadful years. My old friends—well, you know how it is with the world, when one drops out of the running."—He winced, and a deep red rose to his bronzed cheek.—"And as I had no near relatives, and only one or two of the old set ever had time to look me up, I had to begin and make my life over. I tried my hand at writing, and strange to say, my scribbles were accepted. You know I'm not one bit clever, I only wrote as I saw things, and as I thought, and a few of the things I had felt; but before I knew it I was quite absorbed, and my first book being a success, now, in a small way, I'm the vogue. Isn't it amazing?"

"Then I came here. I have always had heaps of friends here, and, voila!"

Philip made no response to this recital, and she continued:

"I think the idea of writing first came to me in Carlsbad after meeting you. I admired your first book—you remember?"

"Yes," he whispered, and his eyes told her he liked to recall the past, and

would like to take her into his future. "Philip, do you know why I asked you to come to see me? It was not a conventional thing to do. I am so glad you did come. For years I have wanted this chance. *I have thought of you every day for years.*"

A gratified smile grew upon his lips. And then she went on:

"You know for how many, with love and longing, for I told you, and then later, after my husband died—and—you—Well, I won't go over that, but I want to ask you to forgive me."

"I?—forgive you?—Why, Florence, what have I to forgive? It should be the other way round." She continued:

"When I realized that you had forgotten, I was very bitter, and very wrong. I felt that all men were faithless and heartless, and I made you the model for all the faithlessness, and heartlessness I have put in my books. That is what I want you to forgive me for. Will you? The world doesn't know it, no one knows it; but I can't forget it, and I had to tell you, for I have not been fair or just. Will you forgive me. Philip?"

He sat as one stricken and dumb. She knew then that if she had wished for a revenge, none more complete could have been devised.

"Florence, I have nothing to forgive. I only wish I had been worthier of you."

"I could even thank you," she continued, and the whimsicality of the idea pleased her, as his gesture of shame attempted to stop her, "I *must* tell you. Why, don't you see how much I owe to you? I owe you everything that has come into my life since. You were the means by which I was taught how ideal and wonderful love could be, as well as how bitter. The suffering that came through you opened my eyes to the real truths of life. It was a touch-stone by which I could tell the false from the true. I was undeveloped and asleep, and now I am alive and vital, and life is a wonder and a joy."

"Florence, don't—don't! I can't bear it."

As he looked into her eyes, he saw a radiance that must have been woven into the fibre of her daily life for many years to have produced that luminous shining.

"I wish I had been worthier of you," he repeated. She felt he was sincere in that. His gaze dwelt on her sadly, longingly, and she recognized a new note of humility, as he said:

"My life now seems to me very empty. I hope this is not the end. You will—you'll let me come and see you? Florence, tell me it isn't too late, dear."

"Philip—don't! Can't you understand?"

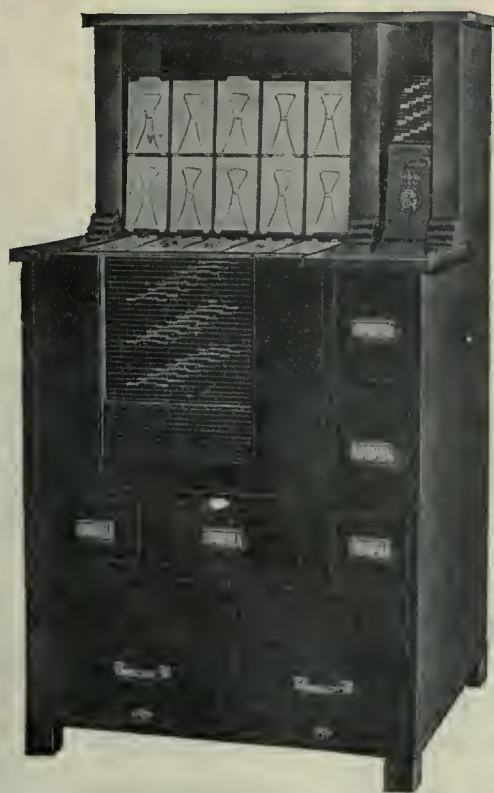
"Don't send me away. I want you—you are so wonderful—so strong. I need you," and, leaning towards her in his eagerness, "Let me come again."

"No."

"Ah, let me come to-morrow."

"No, I think not to-morrow."

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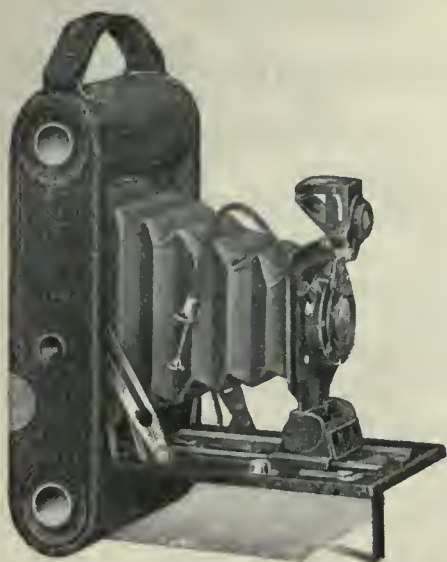
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"Next week, I am going to marry your friend Jack."

And, for the second time, Philip felt as if the gate of Paradise had closed against him.

Odd Cure for Depopulation

AMONG the remedies that have been suggested for the depopulation of France, which is becoming more and more acute, have been several affecting the disposal of property. One proposal is that every estate should be divided at least into four parts, those not going to children being confiscated by the State; another is complete exemption of large families from taxation. Another suggestion of a different kind, which though much less drastic, would probably be much more effectual, has recently been made. This is to incorporate in the scheme of electoral reform now under discussion the principle that every living French citizen should be represented, including women and children. While waiting for female suffrage every head of a family should have as many votes as he represents persons—one if he is a bachelor; two, if married, without children; three, four, five, etc., if he has one, two, three children, who do not themselves vote. This seems logical, and would give men who do not shirk their duty as citizens a plural vote, which would have to be reckoned with. Fathers of families would no longer be crushed as they now are under military burdens proportionate to the number of their children, and under taxes on food and houses which increase with the number of little mouths there are to fill. At every turn of legislation—fiscal, successional, military—the influence of big families would come into play, because they would be effectually represented and defended, and because they would count at the poll, and therefore could not be neglected by politicians out to catch votes. The force of the big family may thus become a lever which by continuous movements would adjust the balance of political power, and the result might be a gradual modification of the mentality of a people which has no longer the wish to reproduce itself, and in this way is manifestly tending to national extinction.

According to Dr. Mellus of Johns Hopkins University, no cell of the brain cortex, or outer surface of the brain, is fully developed at birth. The entire thinking apparatus is then in a merely formative or receptive condition. No one knows how many individual cells must be linked together and co-ordinated to make possible a mental process such as the memorizing of a word or the development of an idea. But we may fairly suppose that the number is large.

The question then arises as to whether there are in the brain enough cells to afford a continuous supply of new sensitized plates, so to speak, to enable an individual to go on day after day and year after year, gaining new impressions and developing new lines of thought. As to this, the computations of the micro-

scopist are most reassuring. His estimates give us an almost bewildering conception of the possibilities of mental development, even on the supposition that every new impression or idea involves a large number of cells. For the total number of cells in the cortex of an average brain is estimated by Dr. Mellus to be about 6,000 million.

A simple mathematical calculation shows that a brain containing 6,000 million cells could expose or put into action about a third of a million cells every day for a period of fifty years, using each group of cells only once, without exhausting the original supply or being obliged to call for new recruits.

When we recall that most of us confine our mental operations in the going over and over again of the same mental territory—seeing the same things and thinking the same thoughts day after day—it will be obvious that the brain of the average man of fifty must contain some billions of cells capable of receiving new impressions and developing new associations of ideas but never brought into action. It may be doubted whether a man ever lived who came anywhere near exhausting the possibilities of his mental development as suggested by a mere count of his brain cells.

The Miracle of the X-Rays

Continued from Page 32.

plate known as the target. It is from this that the X-rays are reflected.

In operation the tube is filled with a greenish phosphorescent light. One is apt to jump to the conclusion that this constitutes the mysterious rays. X-rays are invisible, however, and to even see their results one must use a fluorescent screen, i.e., a screen which the rays will cause to glow or fluoresce.

Go into a dark room where an X-ray tube is in use and hold your hand between yourself and the tube, and you will see—nothing. Hold between yourself and your hand a screen coated with, for instance, barium platino-cyanide and the picture appears. Immediately the screen glows with a curious greenish light. In its centre you see your hand; not your hand perhaps, but its ghost, its skeleton. Every bone is there in finest detail. The ring on your finger and your cuff buttons away on the other side of the screen cast shadows so distinct that you think you see through the solid cardboard; and to all intents and purpose you do.

Such are the outward and visible signs of a wonderful discovery. The deeper and somewhat controversial questions of the exact constitution of the rays and the discussion of the relation of their wavelength to that of light may be properly left out of so brief an article. The idea has been merely to depict something of their utility. Anyone who has any conception of the assistance they have rendered to physician and patient the world over must realize that this is great indeed.

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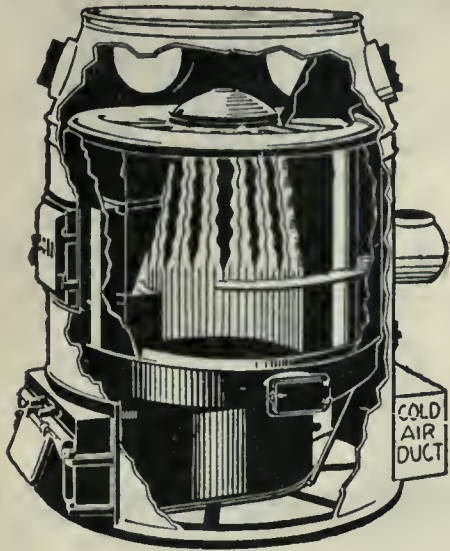
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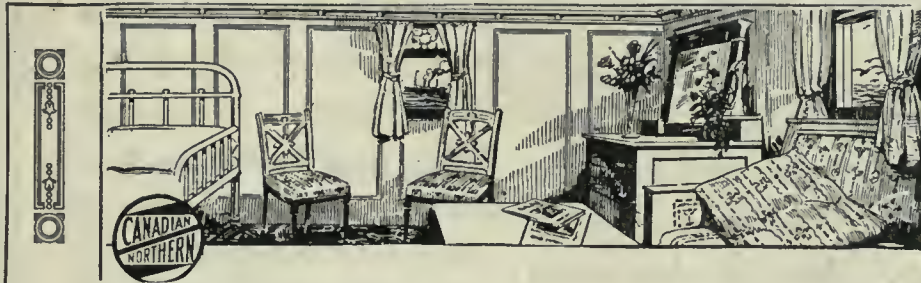
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Spanish Gold

Continued from Page 21.

one of them with the edge of the shovel and lifted the others out. A hole opened. Meldon peered into it, but could see nothing. He fumbled for his matches. O'Flaherty fetched the candle from the stone seat in the hearth. He lay flat against the wall, stretching his hand into the hole, he felt the candle down. Meldon saw piles of coins standing in neat rows. He, too, lay down on the floor, reached into the hole, and, touching them with his fingers, counted the piles. There were ninety-eight of them. He lifted one and counted the coins in it. There were twenty.

"Hold the candle here," he said.

Thomas O'Flaherty, rising to his knees, set the candle on the floor at the edge of the hole.

"They're all gold, every single one of them," said Meldon. "If those were more than just ordinary sovereigns you have pretty near two thousand pounds. But by the weight of them I'd say that they're worth two or three sovereigns each. You're a rich man, Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. There may be richer men in the Province of Connacht, but I don't believe there's one with the same commiseration of ready cash. I declare to goodness it wasn't for Gladys Muriel, I'd wait a few years on the chance of getting Mary Kate. How ever did you get all that money up out of the cave?"

"I did have a bit of rope fixed to a big stone the way it wouldn't shift on me and me going up and down. The lids of the iron boxes gave me my 'nough of work before I got them lifted, and then rusty with the damp there was in it. But with the help of God, I got them lifted at the latter end. Then I'd be putting the gold into a bit of a bag that I had on me. It was very little I could take at the one time, for it would surprise you how heavy it is, and me having to climb the rope and not one at the top to give me a hand. Maybe it wouldn't be more than once in the day and often not that much itself that I'd go down. I did be in dread that some of the boys would discover what I was after. From first to last I wasn't less than a whole year at the job."

"You would be all that," said Meldon. "It's a mortal pity I wasn't here at the time. We'd have rigged up some sort of pulley at the top of the hole, and with me filling at the bottom and you taking the stuff at the top we'd have had it out in a single day. But there's no use talking about that now. The gold's here, right enough, however you got it."

Meldon turned the coins over and over in his hand, held one to the light and then another, felt the weight of them singly and then two or three at a time.

"What put you on to it?" he said. "What made you think of looking in that hole?"

"Sure the people always had it that there was a deal of gold on the island somewhere. My father knew it and his father before him, and everybody had heard tell of it. Long ago they did be

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searching for it. There was two of the gentry once came to look after it. But people got tired, finding nothing, and at the latter end they gave it up. It's maybe a hundred years since anybody laid down his mind to look for it. But there was one place that I knew nobody ever searched, and that was the Poll-na-phuca."

"Why not?"

"They'd be in dread on account of them that do be in it."

"Them that—oh, the fairies, of course!"

"Well, I used to be turning it over and over in my mind and me no more than a gossure. And I said to myself that seeing the gold was somewhere and that there was just one place that nobody would be caring to look for it, it was there it must surely be. It came into my mind, too, that the like of them that hid it first wouldn't be in dread of who might be in the hole or who might not. I've heard them say that the gentry doesn't give much heed to them tales. Indeed, they might choose out the Poll-na-phuca just by reason of there being many another that wouldn't go next or nigh it."

"That was a fine piece of deductive reasoning," said Meldon. "I couldn't have argued the thing out better myself. I say, Tom, you won't mind my calling you Tom, will you? I'll say Pat if you like, but your whole name is too long for frequent use—the wind's rising. Did you hear that last gust? It's going to be a nasty night."

"It was long enough," said old O'Flaherty, shading the candle from the draught, "before I could get my mind laid down to go into the Poll-na-phuca. I'd be saying to myself in the daytime that I'd go and thinking maybe I'd better not when it was dark. Or it would be the storms in the winter and the noises there'd be coming out of it would make me think it would be wiser to leave that sort of people to themselves and not be meddling with them. But in the latter end, when I was getting used to living near it and no harm coming to me, I went down."

"And did ever you come across a leprachaun or anything of that sort? Tell me the truth now."

"I might, then. Believe you me there's queer things that nobody, not the clergy themselves, knows about, down in the depths of the bowels of the earth where the sun doesn't be shining. There's queer things there."

"Higginbotham says there's pliocene clay."

"There might. I wouldn't say but there is. The likes of him would surely know. But there's more."

"I wouldn't wonder," said Meldon. "I didn't come across anything of the sort myself; but then I was only there once, and besides, I'm not the sort of man that a fairy would come near. But we can't afford to spend the night in gossiping. Are you still bent on my taking the gold away with me in the yacht?"

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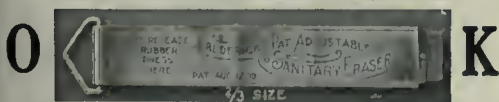
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O'Flaherty rose, climbed on his stool again, and grubbed among some dirty sails and nets which hung on a beam above the hearth. He descended with an ancient flour sack in his hand.

"That's not such a small bag as you led me to believe," said Meldon. "I wouldn't care to go off in our punt with that bag full of gold. You may have noticed that ours is one of those patent collapsible punts, and you have to be uncommonly careful what you take in them. The best thing we can do is put a few hundred of your doubloons in the bottom of the sack, ferry them off, and then come back for more. My goodness, listen to that! There must be half a gale of wind blowing this minute and that won't make the job of navigating the Major's beastly hat of a punt any easier. Still, if nothing else will do you except to get the stuff on to the Spindrift, we'll—Hallo! what on earth are you doing with the candle?"

Old O'Flaherty rose suddenly to his knees as Meldon spoke, held the light aloft, gave an inarticulate cry, and then dropped the candle. As he did so Meldon was struck on the head from behind and rolled over senseless on the floor.

"I've settled the curate," said Sir Giles Buckley. "Have you got a hold of the old man?"

Euseby Langton had not got hold of O'Flaherty. His nerve had failed him at the moment of assault and he stood helpless in the door. Thomas O'Flaherty realized his position at once. He rose from his knees and began to move silently through the hut. It was quite dark.

"No," said Langton. "I—I missed him."

"Damn it!" said Sir Giles; we must get him or he'll raise hell all over the island. I can't see a stim."

O'Flaherty guessed from the sound of his voice that Langton was in the door and that his way of escape was barred. He moved through the hut in the hope that Langton might be tempted to pursue him. Sir Giles felt after him in the dark; but the place, familiar to O'Flaherty, was strange to him.

"Stay in the door, Langton," he cried. "Don't let him pass you."

He struck a match and caught sight of O'Flaherty standing a few yards in front of him. But the old man was ready for



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the manoeuvre and had his wits about him. He struck at the match with his hand and extinguished it. Sir Giles made an effort to grapple him, failed, and dropped his match-box. O'Flaherty moved away from him, felt the shovel with his feet, stooped and picked it up. "Strike a match, Langton," said Sir Giles.

The moment the first sparkle of light shone O'Flaherty struck at Sir Giles with the shovel. He brought the flat of the blade down on the arm which Sir Giles stretched out to guard his head. Then, with a call to Langton for help, Sir Giles flung himself on the old man. O'Flaherty was feeble, but he fought desperately. Sir Giles' right arm was numbed from the blow of the shovel. He called again for help. Langton seized O'Flaherty round the neck and pulled him backwards. Between them they overpowered the old man and laid him on the floor. They had come well provided with what they were likely to want. Ropes were produced. O'Flaherty was securely bound and gagged. Sir Giles drew a candle from his pocket and lit it.

"Now for the curate," he said. "I've knocked the senses out of him anyway. It's a good job I hit hard. I wouldn't care to be scrapping in the dark with him. The old fellow gave me enough to do, and you're nothing but a damned coward, Langton. Now, we'll tie up the Rev. J. J. Meldon and gag him, so that he won't stir even if he comes to. When there's light enough we'll lower the two of them into the cave and leave them there."

"That'll be murder," said Langton, "and I told you I'd have nothing to do with murder."

"Don't be an infernal ass. There's no murder. Some fool or other will find them to-morrow or the day after, and they'll be alive all right. We must get a clear start out of this. Don't you know that the steamer would overtake us at once if she started after us? And she will if those two fellows are found and tell their story. Come and give me a hand."

Meldon's legs were tied together. His hands were lashed to his sides. A gag was forced into his mouth and secured.

"Now we have him safe," said Sir Giles, "even if he does come to. Let's get at the gold. We've no time to waste."

Meldon's head was a hard one. Very shortly after he was bound he recovered consciousness. He recognized Sir Giles and Langton and saw that they were stooping over the hole where the treasure lay. He saw them lifting out the coins and putting them into a leather hand-bag which lay beside them on the floor. He could recollect nothing of what had happened, but he grasped at once the obvious fact that old O'Flaherty was being robbed. He struggled at the ropes which bound his hands and feet, but found that he could not stir them. The gag prevented him from either speaking or crying. One form of activity alone remained possible for him. He rolled across the floor of the hut.

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body, like a biased bowl, has a tendency to turn on the hips as on an axle, and arrive ultimately somewhere near the place from which it started. But the distance which Meldon had to travel was not great. He succeeded, after convulsive efforts, in cannoning with some force against Langton. Taken completely unawares, Langton toppled forward, extinguishing the candle in his fall. A further effort upset the bag in the hole, and then Meldon followed it and fell, doubled up, on top of the treasure.

Sir Giles cursed vehemently. He stood up in order that he might curse with better emphasis. As a further relief to his feelings he kicked Langton, who still sprawled beside the hole. Then he went down on his hands and knees and felt about for the candle. The search drew from him other expressions of annoyance. Meldon, though his position in the hole was extremely uncomfortable, found a good deal of pleasure in listening to Sir Giles. At last the candle was retrieved and lit again.

"I'd better knock that infernal parson on the head again," said Sir Giles. "It's the only possible way of keeping him quiet."

"Don't; you'll most likely kill him."

"Nothing would kill that fellow. He wouldn't die if you hanged him."

"I won't have you smashing his skull anyway. Can't you take him outside the door and leave him there?"

Meldon was pulled out of the hole, dragged across the floor of the hut, and deposited on a bank of grass opposite the door. It was raining heavily.

"Cool yourself there awhile," said Sir Giles. "When it's light enough I'm going

to drop you down into the cave that the treasure came out of. You and that damned old ragman can lie at the bottom of it and look at each other till somebody comes to rescue you."

Meldon received a good many bruises and scratches, but he retained his consciousness. He knew where he was. Below him was the end of the bohreen and the door of the hut. His mind was filled with a vehement rage against Sir Giles. He was totally indifferent to anything that might happen to himself. He desired intensely to do something which would obstruct, annoy, and, if possible, injure the man whom he regarded as a personal enemy. He hit upon a plan which seemed hopeful.

He writhed to and fro until he succeeded in rolling down the bank to the bohreen. By much wriggling he arranged himself across the path. His head was on the grass at one side, his feet on the grass at the other. He lay on his side with his face towards the door of the hut. He was extremely uncomfortable. A stream of water was running down the stony track. His body dammed it, and it mounted up against him, soaking him through. The wind blew more water against the part of his clothes which the stream did not reach. A sharp-pointed stone stuck into his right shoulder. His face was cut and plastered with mud. His body seemed to be bruised all over. His head ached violently. But all this mattered nothing to him for the moment. His faculties were absorbed in watching the door of the hut.

To Be Continued.

Inside the Shell

Continued from Page 25.

tapped the precious papers reposing next his chest.

He took one last look at the man who had been *friend* to him, and, wiping a tear from his eye, Private Yorke glanced down on the veldt. The firing had ceased; he had not noticed it before, so busy had he been with his thoughts. But, over the plain, scattered in skirmishing order they were coming towards the kopje.

For a moment he stood irresolute. He hated to go. The soldier in him, his loyalty to the dead, urged him to stay and combat each step. But duty now was plain. With a sigh he turned and began clambering up the slope, behind which the remaining horse was tied. Someone saw him from below and a bullet, singing on its ill-spent errand struck him fair between the shoulders.

He stopped suddenly, keeping his feet, however, and a surprised, unbelievable expression filled his pinched, homely face. Through all the fight he had never once thought of death in connection with himself.

The blood soaked his shirt, and a feeling of weakness possessed him. Another bullet flattened against the rock behind him and with a muttered curse he grasped

his rifle and stumbled back beside the dead. With unsteady hand he pumped cartridge after cartridge into the breech and emptied it at the men below. He could see their eyes, and their long beards through the mist that enveloped him as they stumbled up the hillside, and he swore again, strange, grim, ungodly oaths.

Fate was against him and the dead, and the knowledge lent him redoubled vitality. He was going to die. He knew that, but he wished that he might have accomplished the wish of his master. "It's a shyme," he cried hoarsely, "A bloomin', blarsted shyme!"

A dozen big forms loomed up only a few yards away. They looked uncanny, like creatures of a dream, and he remembered a strange vision he had had years before on a bed of fever, where, great, uncouth giants surrounded his straw pallet and gibbered and danced and mocked him.

His rifle was empty. He drew his revolver and fired until the clicking of hammer on unresponsive shells awakened him to the fact that it, too, was exhausted. With a fury he grasped the heated barrel and flung the heavy missile with all his wounded strength at the huge goblin who

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was endeavoring to gain a foothold on the ledge, then, swinging the short carbine he stood at bay.

A heroic figure he was—despite his diminutive form; an uncanny sight, standing there over his dead; his forehead bound about with a dirty kerchief; his face blood covered; his scrawny, narrow chest and throat bare, fighting with a berserker rage; one man alone, against fifty. Suddenly, clear and sweet, music that thrilled his wounded soul and raised a hoarse cheer from his parched throat, came a bugle call, then another and yet another. It was the old baptismal hymn of his partial regeneration. Through the mist a body of lancers were spurring to his succor. The enemy melted away as if by magic. Everything was magic now—the boiling sun that swirled in mighty gyrations before his gaze, the veldt that surged and heaved and seemed to touch the sky with waves of brown and gold, carrying on their mighty crests the forms of his friends and casting them at his very feet.

The glory of the Empire of which he was a part—such a little part—forced itself on his imagination and his cracked lips faltered out the opening lines of "Rule Britannia."

A sergeant, followed by his men, scrambled up the hillside to where he stood. Arriving, he stared in dumb wonderment at the object confronting him.

The glassy, pale blue eyes shone with uncanny earnestness. The lips ceased mouthing the well-known words. With an air, almost magnificent, Yorke brought forth from his tunic the bundle of charred dispatches, drew himself to the utmost of his five-foot-seven and, bringing his hand to the salute, without a word toppled over across the body of his master.

"Ah yes, I remember him well," said the sergeant slowly. "Poor Lumley, there, tried to reform him. Quixotic fellow, Lumley—didn't have much success. Yorke was a sort of renegade—everybody's hand against him. Still, he loved Lumley and," glancing down at the poor little battle-scarred soldier, "after all, you can't tell what the meat's like till you prick the shell."

The sergeant was unconscious of coining an epigram.

They buried master and man beneath a great cairn of rocks, and with immense effort dragged the abandoned twelve-pounder from the veldt below and spiking it, left it as a monument to the twain.

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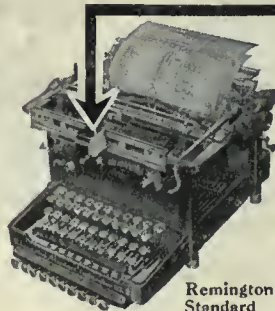
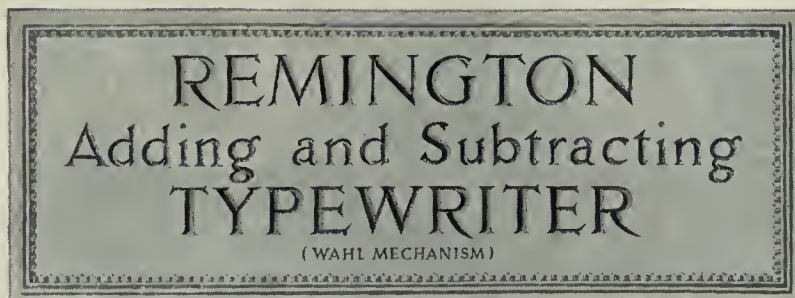
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The Business Situation

Improvement Waits Upon Crops—Changes for the Better Will Follow In the United States—Money Easier

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of Financial Post of Canada

Mr. Appleton does not look for any decided change until the season's crop is assured. He says that Canada can hope for better business following improvement already manifest in the United States. The domestic situation depends very largely upon Western Canada, where business has fallen off more acutely than in other parts of the Dominion, as shown by bank clearing returns. Mr. Appleton is of the opinion that the decline in railway earnings is due also to business declining in the West, but he has confidence in the quick recuperative powers of that territory. Parliament's delay in rounding out the railway policy of the Dominion is a deterrent to the return of confidence.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE in his recent Budget speech said that he did not look for so good a year in trade, having reference to the current period, as the United Kingdom experienced in 1913. He has earned his spurs as a prophet. Some two years ago, in the face of experts, he was optimistic. Perhaps his aggressive radicalism turned the accepted prophets against him. Trade actually exceeded his most optimistic expectations. When, therefore, he says that trade will be somewhat quieter in Great Britain during the present year, it would be as well for Canadians to take heed of his attitude. Canadian business moves in very close sympathy with that of the homeland and of the United States. If in the mother kingdom and the land of our cousins there is prosperity, we will share in it. Actually in the former trade is healthy, and in the United States there are unmistakable signs of an improvement. Crops there, as in Canada, are the basis upon which we can best judge the ups and downs of trade and what conditions of trade are likely to prevail. All reports appear to indicate that the weather for crop growth and development has been, generally speaking, favorable, so much so that the captains of industry are prophesying with confidence that in the fall there will be more active trade.

WHAT UNITED STATES LEADERS SAY.

It may interest business men to know just what the leading steel men of the Republic say with regard to the outlook. The industry they direct is a basic one and feels first the return of confidence. At the close of May they gathered together at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in New York and reviewed the outlook very fully. Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, said:

"There are some favorable things to be considered in the present situation. In the first place I would point to the crops. They are something which can't be taken away, even by politicians. The crops are growing and we are going to have an abundance. They will have a big influence on business. I believe we will see an improvement soon. The country is as big as it ever was, it is growing and I think the depression is only temporary. If we husband our resources, have patience, courage and persistency everything will come out all right."

Another opinion, from Mr. W. S. Thomas, president of the Briar Hill Steel Co., Ohio, is of particular interest, be-

cause in a very large measure it applies as much to Canadian conditions as those in the United States. Here it is:

"The condition may be summarized by the statement that depression is based in the ratio of 25 per cent. on real causes and 75 per cent. on a falsely based sentiment. The warehouses of the railroads, jobbers, manufacturers and retailers are down almost to rockbottom in stocks. They cannot continue to refrain from buying in extensive quantities on all hands within the next few months. We are in the swing now and may shortly expect a remarkable period of expansion."

"It may be true that tariff changes have seriously affected the iron and steel industry, that continuous agitation of business by anti-trust actions and legislation have also contributed to the depression, but I say that with the pendulum on the swing the leaders in all lines will soon recognize they are on the wrong track. Fundamental conditions, such as crops, monetary situation and depleted stocks are the best contradictions to the pessimistic views in the East."

Other equally authoritative opinions could be quoted, but they would be a repetition of those given. We might set against them the opinion of Mr. J. H. Plummer, the president of the Dominion Steel Corporation of Canada. He is hopeful as to the immediate future. At any rate, he does not expect business to become worse. Rather, he anticipates that with a good crop in sight, for the whole Dominion, trade in the steel business should improve. Insofar as the Canadian steel trade is concerned, one hopeful sign is the advance in the price of nails, which have during the past few years been put on the market at a price at which no profit could be made. Mr. Plummer, however, bases his hopeful opinion upon the fact that the railways are starving their roads for necessary material, and just as soon as conditions become slightly more settled, the orders for the needed material will be placed. We might add that it is quite true that many warehouse men find their stocks diminishing as a result of normal demands. By normal we mean the demand for material that is actually necessary for day-to-day consumption. This applies to certain warehouses only, as some are still in the throes of a struggle to bring down big stocks without sacrificing them.

Mr. C. R. Hosmer, who has just returned from the United Kingdom, says that trade there is excellent. He shares with Mr. Lloyd George the view that no one need look for depression. Bankers

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WINDOW LETTERS

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and manufacturers in the United States (representatives of the latter we have already quoted) are of the opinion that trade is feeling steadily improving confidence. As the third of the greater Anglo-Saxon communities whose trade relationships are growing to be more intimate, Canada can look for an improvement in business during the next few months. No pronounced movement, however, in an upward trend will be felt until the crop is fully assured, and normal confidence will not, in our opinion, be restored until the early months of 1915.

PRESENT TRADE.

It has been stated quite frequently, and we offer no excuse for reiteration in this respect, that during the past few years Canada has enjoyed more than normal activity. Tremendous sums of new capital, in proportion to her population, have been expended, and this has had a tendency to make the average manufacturer and business man mistake the abnormal for the normal. Railway building, factory erection, and public improvements were made on an extraordinary scale—a scale that it is impossible to keep up. It is now down to a more normal (now sub-normal) point, and we have not got used to it. At the present time there is as much railway construction proceeding as we can expect in a normal way. When Parliament is through wrangling over terms, and the securities forming the bone of contention are indorsed by it, there will probably be a slight increase in the amount of construction, which will bring up the mileage in course of construction to a point that might be considered normal in Canada for at least another decade. New lines are very much needed, and colonization and settlement will make new mileage imperative. There are districts into which settlement has already gone that will have to be served by railroads if the settlers are to be held on the land. These demands will be met with reasonable promptness if this year's rate of construction proceeds.

This new mileage will require to be served with rolling stock, for which there will be no urgent demand. At present there are enough idle engines and cars to keep the purchasing agents' pen from the order form. Meanwhile, however, there is nothing can keep back the natural progress of the country. For some years the West has been known as the home of real estate boosters. Its reputation in this respect is as great as that it gained for the production of wheat. However, the West is no longer guilty of devoting more than a decorous amount of attention to town lot selling, but is giving more thorough attention to the business of raising live stock as an auxiliary to wheat and other grain raising. It may be safely said that the West is now down to a basis that pays best—pays the farmer as well as the country best. Sticking to the line of business now adopted will in the course of time develop the need of more rolling stock, locomotives, and other equipment that will set to work the available plant in the Dominion.

There appears to be an awakening of agriculture in other parts of the Dominion. Quebec farmers, a week or so ago re-

ceived a compliment from the manager of the Imperial Bank, Mr. D. R. Wilkie. Possibly that eminent banker's attention was drawn to them by the fact that during the past year or so more new bank branches have been opened in that province than in the comparatively new territory—Saskatchewan. He said the farmers were prosperous. We know they were able to meet their payments on the average better than the farmers of other provinces. One eminent manufacturer who sells to the farmers articles of prime necessity said to the writer that the Quebecers met their paper to the extent of 92 per cent. as compared with 82 in Ontario and 40 in the West. After a few years, when settlers in new territories equip themselves with more capital, payments will average as well as the older Maritimes and the two premier provinces. The West is now on the way to improvement, and, given another good crop and steady prices, approximating those at present, for live stock, they will constitute a purchasing power that will bring activity back to Canadian business.

It is in the West that business has fallen off most acutely, and until it picks up, or becomes more normal, the whole of Canada will feel the effects. "There's a bread line at Winnipeg and other Western cities," said a prominent railway man, "when every able-bodied man should be at work." At other cities in Canada there are also more than the usual number of men unemployed. It is only in the manufacturing cities that this condition prevails, and in the West the unemployment is correctly attributed to the decline in the volume of railroad construction. In the agricultural districts men are wanted. It is a good sign when the chief and primary sources of wealth are calling for men and the call is being met. Seeding all over the Dominion has been effected under favorable weather conditions, and these conditions continued up to the time of writing. In the Maritime provinces there has been a little delay and in Western Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta the rainfall has not been as heavy as desired, but generally speaking, the outlook is excellent. It is the West to which all Canada looks for lifting the present depression, and these indications point to her being able to do all that is expected of her.

During the last few months Western trade has contracted very markedly. We might put it to the test by looking over the record of bank clearings. It will be noticed that at the clearing points situate west of the great lakes the decline for the first five months of the present year was 19.6 per cent. and at points in the East the decline was 2.9. Here are the monthly figures:

Bank Clearings at Canadian Points West of Great Lakes.			
Month	1914.	1913.	Changes.
January	\$ 230,699,560	\$ 281,901,549	— \$ 51,201,989
February	173,677,962	239,131,365	— 65,453,403
March	197,924,864	231,600,270	— 33,675,406
April	207,232,035	262,239,392	— 55,007,357
May	214,001,117	258,733,603	— 44,732,486
Total	\$1,023,535,478	\$1,273,506,179	— \$249,970,701
Cities in East of Great Lakes.			
Month.	1914.	1913.	Changes.
January	\$ 479,841,159	\$ 522,462,601	— \$ 42,621,422
February	432,939,202	435,771,318	— 2,832,116
March	444,765,237	442,965,093	+ 1,800,144
April	475,784,670	494,439,344	— 18,654,674
May	448,727,429	455,914,542	— 7,187,113
Total	\$2,281,057,697	\$2,351,552,898	— \$ 70,495,201
			%
			18.1
			27.3
			14.5
			20.9
			17.3
			19.6
			8.1
			0.6
			3.7
			1.6
			2.9

United States bank clearings are about at the same level as a year ago, and in no part of the Republic have they shown so great a decrease as in Western Canada.

In railroad earnings the decrease attributed to Western business has also been marked, as evidenced by the returns, of which the following is a summary:

Railway Gross Earnings.			
	C. P. R.	Gross.	Change
	1914.	1913.	%
Jan.	\$7,916,216	\$ 9,679,607	—18
Feb.	7,594,173	9,747,685	—22
March	9,447,461	11,111,892	—14
April	9,720,462	11,750,913	—17
	C. N. R.		
Jan.	\$1,570,000	\$ 1,513,400	+ 3
Feb.	1,324,000	1,398,700	— 5
March	1,533,400	1,655,900	— 9
April	1,610,000	1,745,300	— 7

For a turn in the trend which is so graphically illustrated by the figures quoted, Canada looks to the West. In the Eastern provinces commerce has moved along quietly in practically all centres, except those that come strictly under the head of industrial. Some time ago I was informed on what appeared to be very reliable authority that I was mistaken in my views that factories were very quiet. Oshawa was quoted as an active point, and so was Hamilton. To get at the facts I obtained a special report and found that at both points industries as a whole were quiet. At the former, however a piano factory and an automobile factory were busy. It would appear that some buying of luxuries is proceeding. At Winnipeg and in Saskatchewan it is understood that as many automobiles are being sold this year as in any other; but at Oshawa, as elsewhere, the industries as a whole are quiet. They will not be active until the West is again in the market with orders. It is but a few months ago that Western furniture factories paid scant attention to the smaller orders from their near-by towns, preferring to handle the car-load lots asked for by the West. Now their wheels are turning slowly, but are kept moving by orders from the more stable, but more careful-buying easterners. When the West recovers, its car-load demands will have to take their turn with the smaller orders. It is the latter that keep many factory doors open at the present time, and in future they are likely to be cultivated and treated with the same regard as the larger orders.

Undoubtedly the West, together with the holders of the money bags, share control of the key to greater trade activity. The fertile prairies are being tilled more intensively, and its meadows are being used to better purposes at the present time than hitherto. Meanwhile the money-bags are filling to the brim and the con-

tents will soon have to seek employment. Some of the leading loan companies are finding a stronger demand for their debentures in the United Kingdom and Europe, and during May rates for loans on centrally located business property eased slightly. Fundamentally, therefore, conditions are sound. The Dominion Parliament has not yet, at the close of May, given its stamp of approval to legislation that will round out Canada's railway policy. That is a big factor in business. Until the Parliamentary wrangling ceases, confidence will not take deep root. It is quite obvious, however, that the Government will eventually succeed in bringing to a successful end the work of a very trying session. When legislators cease to disturb the country, the factors in establishing confidence will be more effective.

The Education of the Camp

Continued from page 9.

this in the history of the world's warfare. At two in the morning, responding to softly spoken orders, the men formed up in long, silent ranks. Fires were left blazing and a few men were told off to make themselves conspicuous in their vicinity. Then, led by a trooper on a bicycle, with a red lamp hung from his saddle, the whole Blue army marched silently away without giving the alarm to the enemy's outposts. A side road brought them seven miles to the right flank of the Red army and daylight saw them between London and its defenders.

Here a small detachment of Red cavalry finally met them, and by agreement a battle was fought near the village of Mount Brydges, some fifteen miles from London. The engagement lasted three hours and was fought in a drizzling rain. It reproduced the actual conditions of war down to the last detail, with the single difference that blank ammunition was used.

Hospital bases had been established before the fight. Umpires designated the number of men who were supposed to be killed and wounded in the various attacks, cases of disadvantage or position, inferior numbers opposed to superior ones, and other factors, enabling this to be done with some approach to accuracy. Those who had suffered casualties were picked up by the surgeons, who graphically portrayed various injuries through the medium of outlines chalked on the men's uniforms. The "wounded" were then placed in ambulances, galloped to the hospital bases and there treated as the marks upon them indicated.

No decision was given at the conclusion of the battle, but it was generally agreed that the Red commander, though placed in a most critical position by the night march of the investing forces, had most creditably extricated himself from his predicament by the manner in which he handled his men in actual conflict.

What is the effect of it all on the recruit? It is such as to make the brevity

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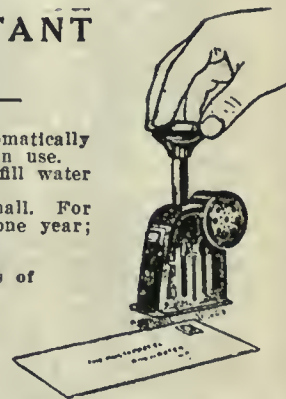
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of the training period a cause for heart-burning to any officer. The recruit comes to camp, pale from a desk in the city, raw and awkward from the farm. He goes back in a fair way to being a soldier, bronzed where he was pale, erect where he was awkward. He has found himself. His morning drills have taught him to hold his head up and his chin in and what to do with his hands. Musketry practice has sowed the seeds of accuracy, coolness and control. The orderly routine of camp—a little world in itself—has shown him

something of the correlation of the various activities necessary in all communities, large or small, and taught a lesson of co-operation not to be drawn from the larger exemplification afforded by his ordinary surroundings.

The extent to which the militiaman shares these benefits is, of course—and that unfortunately—limited by the duration of his training. Sixteen days is woefully short for the work to be done, twelve days is—shorter still, and eight days a rather hopeless allowance. A longer period

would more nearly satisfy the desires of those who have Canada's militia system in hand. The trouble, of course, is to educate the employer of labor to the point where patriotism and the desire to obtain the full amount of working time from his employees do not clash. They would clash to-day, I fear, at a longer period, but it should not be a vain hope that since in certain European countries every adult male is required to serve three years of military service, Canadian industry will not begrudge the time for military camps.

Adventures of Madelyn Mack

Continued from page 16.

it was the pipe that held my glance. Of all incongruities, a pipe in the hand of a dead man!

Maybe it was something of the same thought that brought Madelyn of a sudden across the room. She stooped, straightened the cold fingers, and rose with the pipe in her hand.

A new stem had obviously been added to it, of a substance which I judged to be jessamine. At its end, teeth-marks had bitten nearly through. The stone bowl was filled with the cold ashes of half-consumed tobacco. Madelyn balanced it musingly.

"Curious, isn't it, Sheriff, that a man engaged in a life-or-death struggle should cling to a heavy pipe?"

"Why—I suppose so. But the question, Miss Mack, is what became of that there other man? It isn't natural as how Mr. Marsh could have fought with himself."

"The other man?" Madelyn repeated mechanically. She was stirring the rim of the dead ashes.

"And how in tarnation was Mr. Marsh killed?"

Madelyn contemplated a dust-covered finger.

"Will you do me a favor, Sheriff?"

"Why, er—of course."

"Kindly find out from the butler if Mr. Marsh had cherry pie for dinner last night!"

The sheriff gulped.

"Che-cherry pie?"

Madelyn glanced up impatiently.

"I believe he was very fond of it."

The sheriff shuffled across to the door uncertainly. Madelyn's eyes flashed to me.

"You might go, too, Nora."

For a moment I was tempted to flat rebellion. But Madelyn affected not to notice the fact. She is always so aggravatingly sure of her own way!—With what I tried to make a mood of aggrieved silence, I followed the sheriff's blue-coated figure. As the door closed, I saw that Madelyn was still balancing Raleigh's pipe.

From the top of the stairs, Sheriff Peddicord glanced across at me suspiciously.

"I say, what I would like to know is what became of that there other man!"

IV.

A WISP of a black-gowned figure, peering through a dormer window at the end of the second-floor hall, turned suddenly as we reached the landing. A white, drawn face, suggesting a tired child, stared at us from under a frame of dull-gold hair, drawn low from a careless part. I knew at once it was Muriel Jansen, for the time, at least, mistress of the house of death.

"Has the coroner come yet, Sheriff?"

She spoke with one of the most liquid voices I have ever heard. Had it not been for her bronze hair, I would have fancied her at once of Latin descent. The fact of my presence she seemed scarcely to notice, not with any suggestion of aloofness, but rather as though she had been drained even of the emotion of curiosity.

"Not yet. Miss Jansen. He should be here now."

She stepped closer to the window, and then turned slightly.

"I told Peters to telegraph to New York for Dr. Dench when he summoned you. He was one of Uncle's oldest friends. I—I would like him to be here when—the coroner makes his examination."

The sheriff bowed awkwardly.

"Miss Mack is upstairs now."

The pale face was staring at us again with raised eyebrows.

"Miss Mack? I don't understand." Her eyes shifted to me.

"She had a letter from Mr. Marsh by this morning's early post," I explained. "I am Miss Noraker. Mr. Marsh wanted her to come down at once. She didn't know, of course—couldn't know—that—that he was—dead!"

"A letter from—uncle?" A puzzled line gathered in her face.

I nodded.

"A distinctly curious letter. But—Miss Mack would perhaps prefer to give you the details."

The puzzled line deepened. I could feel her eyes searching mine intently.

"I presume Miss Mack will be down soon," I volunteered. "If you wish, however, I will tell her—"

"That will hardly be necessary. But—you are quite sure—a letter?"

"Quite sure," I returned, somewhat impatiently.

And then, without warning, her hands darted to her head, and she swayed forward. I caught her in my arms with a side-view of Sheriff Peddicord staring, open-mouthed.

"Get her maid!" I gasped.

The sheriff roused into belated action. As he took a cumbersome step toward the nearest door, it opened suddenly. A gaunt, middle-aged woman, in a crisp white apron, digested the situation with cold, grey eyes. Without a word, she caught Muriel Jansen in her arms.

"She has fainted," I said rather vaguely. "Can I help you?"

The other paused with her burden.

"When I need you, I'll ask you!" she snapped, and banged the door in our faces.

In the wake of Sheriff Peddicord, I descended the stairs. A dozen question-marks were spinning through my brain. Why had Muriel Jansen fainted? Why had the mention of Wendell Marsh's letter left such an atmosphere of bewildered doubt? Why had the dragon-like maid—for such I divined her to be—faced us with such hostility? The undercurrent of hidden secrets in the dim, silent house seemed suddenly intensified.

With a vague wish for fresh air and the sun on the grass, I sought the front veranda, leaving the sheriff in the hall, mopping his face with his red handkerchief.

A carefully tended yard of generous distances stretched an inviting expanse of graded lawn before me. Evidently Wendell Marsh had provided a discreet distance between himself and his neighbors. The advance guard of a morbid crowd was already shuffling about the gate. I knew that it would not be long, too, before the press-siege would begin.

I could picture frantic city editors pitchforking their star men New Jerseyward. I smiled at the thought. The Bugle, the slave-driver that presided over my own financial destinies,—was assured of a generous "beat" in advance. The next train from New York was not due until late afternoon.

From the staring line about the gate, the figure of a well-set-up young man in

blue serge detached itself with swinging step.

"A reporter?" I breathed, incredulous.

With a glance at me, he ascended the steps, and paused at the door, awaiting an answer to his bell. My stealthy glances failed to place him among the "stars" of New York newspaperdom. Perhaps he was a local correspondent. With smug expectancy, I waited his discomfiture when Peters received his card. And then I rubbed my eyes. Peters was stepping back from the door, and the other was following him with every suggestion of assurance.

I was still gasping when a maid, broom in hand, zigzagged toward my end of the veranda. She smiled at me with a pair of friendly black eyes.

"Are you a detective?"

"Why?" I parried.

She drew her broom idly across the floor.

"I—I always thought detectives different from other people."

She sent a rivulet of dust through the railing, with a side glance still in my direction.

"Oh, you will find them human enough," I laughed, "outside of detective stories!"

She pondered my reply doubtfully.

"I thought it about time Mr. Truxton was appearing!" she ventured suddenly.

"Mr. Truxton?"

"He's the man that just came—Mr. Homer Truxton. Miss Jansen is going to marry him!"

A light broke through my fog.

"Then he is not a reporter?"

"Mr. Truxton? He's a lawyer." The broom continued its dilatory course. "Mr. Marsh didn't like him—so they say!"

I stepped back, smoothing my skirts. I have learned the cardinal rule of Madelyn never to pretend too great an interest in the gossip of a servant.

The maid was mechanically shaking out a rug.

"For my part, I always thought Mr. Truxton far and away the pick of Miss Jansen's two steadies. I never could understand what she could see in Dr. Dench! Why, he's old enough to be her—"

In the doorway, Sheriff Peddicord's bulky figure beckoned.

"Don't you reckon as how it's about time we were going back to Miss Mack?" he whispered.

"Perhaps," I assented, rather reluctantly.

From the shadows of the hall, the sheriff's sound eye fixed itself on me belligerently.

"I say, what I would like to know is what became of that there other man!"

As we paused on the second landing the well-set-up figure of Mr. Homer Truxton was bending toward a partially opened door. Beyond his shoulder, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a pale face under a border of rumpled dull-gold hair. Evidently Muriel Jansen had recovered from her faint.

The door closed abruptly, but not before I had seen that her eyes were red with weeping.

* * * * *

Madelyn was sunk into a red-backed

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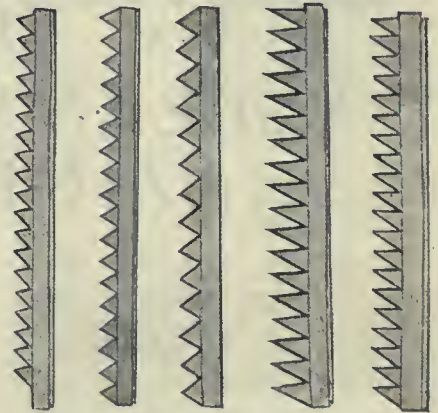
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chair before a huge, flat-top desk in the corner of the library, a stack of Wendell Marsh's red-bound books, from a wheel-cabinet at her side, bulked before her. She finished the page she was reading—a page marked with a broad blue pencil—without a hint that she had heard us enter.

Sheriff Peddicord stared across at her with a disappointment that was almost ludicrous. Evidently Madelyn was falling short of his conception of the approved attitudes for a celebrated detective!

"Are you a student of Elizabethan literature, Sheriff?" she asked suddenly. The sheriff gurgled weakly.

"If you are, I am quite sure you will be interested in Mr. Marsh's collection. It is the most thorough on the subject that I have ever seen. For instance, here is a volume on the inner court life of Elizabeth—perhaps you would like me to read you this random passage?"

The sheriff drew himself up with more dignity than I thought he possessed.

"We are investigating a crime, Miss Mack!"

Madelyn closed the book with a sigh.

"So we are! May I ask what is your report from the butler?"

"Mr. Marsh did *not* have cherry pie for dinner last night!" the sheriff snapped.

"You are quite confident?"

And then abruptly the purport of the question flashed to me.

"Why, Mr. Marsh, himself mentioned the fact in his letter!" I burst out.

Madelyn's eyes turned to me reprovingly.

"You must be mistaken, Nora."

With a lingering glance at the books on the desk, she rose. Sheriff Peddicord moved toward the door, opened it, and faced about with an abrupt clearing of his throat.

"Begging your pardon, Miss Mack, have you found any *clues* in the case?"

Madelyn had paused again at the ribbed curtains.

"Clues? The man who made Mr. Marsh's death possible, Chief, was an expert chemist, of Italian origin, living for some time in London—and he died three hundred years ago!"

From the hall we had a fleeting view of Sheriff Peddicord's face, flushed as red as his handkerchief, and then it and the handkerchief disappeared.

I whirled on Madelyn sternly.

"You are carrying your absurd joke, Miss Mack, altogether too—"

I paused, gulping in my turn. It was as though I had stumbled from the shadows into an electric glare.

Madelyn had crossed to the desk, and was gently shifting the dead ashes of Raleigh's pipe into an envelope. A moment she sniffed at its bowl, peering down at the crumpled body at her feet.

"The pipe!" I gasped. "Wendell Marsh was poisoned with the pipe!"

Madelyn sealed the envelope slowly.

"Is that fact just dawning on you, Nora?"

"But the rest of it—what you told the—"

Madelyn thrummed on the bulky volume of Elizabethan history.

"Some day, Nora, if you will remind me, I will give you the material for what you call a Sunday 'feature' on the historic side of murder as a fine art!"

V.

IN a curtain-shadowed nook of the side veranda Muriel Jansen was awaiting us, pillowed back against a bronze-draped chair, whose colors almost startlingly matched the gold of her hair. Her resemblance to a tired child was even more pronounced than when I had last seen her.

I found myself glancing furtively for signs of Homer Truxton, but he had disappeared.

Miss Jansen took the initiative in our interview with a nervous abruptness, contrasting oddly with her hesitancy at our last meeting.

"I understand, Miss Mack, that you received a letter from my uncle asking your presence here. May I see it?"

The eagerness of her tones could not be mistaken.

From her wrist-bag Madelyn extended the square envelope of the morning post, with its remarkable message. Twice Muriel Jansen's eyes swept slowly through its contents. Madelyn watched her with a little frown. A sudden tenseness had crept into the air, as though we were all keying ourselves for an unexpected climax. And then, like a thunder-clap, it came.

"A curious communication," Madelyn suggested. "I had hoped you might be able to add to it?"

The tired face in the bronze-draped chair stared across the lawn.

"I can. The most curious fact of your communication, Miss Mack, is that *Wendell Marsh did not write it!*"

Never have I admired more keenly Madelyn's remarkable poise. Save for an almost imperceptible indrawing of her breath, she gave no hint of the shock which must have stunned her as it did me. I was staring with mouth agape. But, then, I presume you have discovered by this time that I was not designed for a detective!

Strangely enough, Muriel Jansen gave no trace of wonder in her announcement. Her attitude suggested a sense of detachment from the subject as though suddenly it had lost its interest. And yet, less than an hour ago, it had prostrated her in a swoon.

"You mean the letter is a forgery?" asked Madelyn quietly.

"Quite obviously."

"And the attempts on Mr. Marsh's life to which it refers?"

"There have been none. I have been with my uncle continuously for six months. I can speak definitely."

Miss Jansen fumbled in a white crocheted bag.

"Here are several specimens of Mr. Marsh's writing. I think they should be sufficient to convince you of what I say. If you desire others—"

I was gulping like a truant school-girl as Madelyn spread on her lap the three notes extended to her. Casual

business and personal references they were, none of more than half a dozen lines. Quite enough, however, to complete the sudden chasm at our feet—quite enough to emphasize a bold, aggressive penmanship, almost perpendicular, without the slightest resemblance to the cramped, shadowy writing of the morning's astonishing communication.

Madelyn rose from her chair, smoothing her skirts thoughtfully. For a moment she stood at the railing, gazing down upon a trellis of yellow roses, her face turned from us. For the first time in our curious friendship, I was actually conscious of a feeling of pity for her! The blank wall which she faced seemed so abrupt—so final!

Muriel Jansen shifted her position slightly.

"Are you satisfied, Miss Mack?"

"Quite." Madelyn turned, and handed back the three notes. "I presume this means that you do not care for me to continue the case?"

I whirled in dismay. I had never thought of this possibility.

"On the contrary, Miss Mack, it seems to me an additional reason why you should continue!"

I breathed freely again. At least we were not to be dismissed with the abruptness that Miss Jansen's maid had shown! Madelyn bowed rather absently.

"Then if you will give me another interview, perhaps this afternoon—"

Miss Jansen fumbled with the lock of her bag. For the first time her voice lost something of its directness.

"Have—have you any explanation of this astonishing—forgery?"

Madelyn was staring out toward the increasing crowd at the gate. A sudden ripple had swept through it.

"Have you ever heard of a man by the name of Orlando Julio, Miss Jansen?"

My own eyes, following the direction of Madelyn's gaze, were brought back sharply to the veranda. For the second time, Muriel Jansen had crumpled back in a faint.

As I darted toward the servants' bell Madelyn checked me. Striding up the walk were two men with the unmistakable air of physicians. At Madelyn's motioning hand they turned toward us.

The foremost of the two quickened his pace as he caught sight of the figure in the chair. Instinctively I knew that he was Dr. Dench—and it needed no profound analysis to place his companion as the local coroner.

With a deft hand on Miss Jansen's heart-beats, Dr. Dench raised a ruddy, brown-whiskered face inquiringly toward us.

"Shock!" Madelyn explained. "Is it serious?"

The hand on the wavering breast darted toward a medicine case, and selected a vial of brownish liquid. The gaze above it continued its scrutiny of Madelyn's slender figure.

Dr. Dench was of the rugged, German type, steel-eyed, confidently sure of movement, with the physique of a splendidly muscled animal. If the servant's tattle was to be credited, Muriel Jansen could not have attracted more opposite extremes in her suitors.

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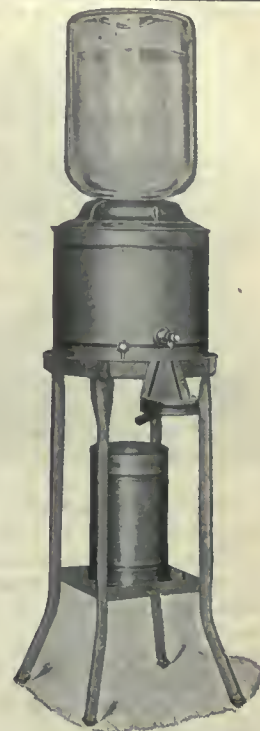
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The coroner—a rusty-suited man of middle age, in quite obvious professional awe of his companion—extended a glass of water. Miss Jansen wearily opened her eyes before it reached her lips.

Dr. Dench restrained her sudden effort to rise.

"Drink this, please!" There was nothing but professional command in his voice. If he loved the grey-palored girl in the chair, his emotions were under superb control.

Madelyn stepped to the background, motioning me quietly.

"I fancy I can leave now safely. I am going back to town."

"Town?" I echoed.

"I should be back the latter part of the afternoon. Would it inconvenience you to wait here?"

"But, why on earth—" I began.

"Will you tell the butler to send around the car? Thanks!"

When Madelyn doesn't choose to answer questions she ignores them. I subsided as gracefully as possible. As her machine whirled under the porte-cochere, however, my curiosity again overflowed my restraint.

"At least, who is Orlando Julio?" I demanded.

Madelyn carefully adjusted her veil.

"The man who provided the means for the death of Wendell Marsh!" And she was gone.

I swept another glance at the trio on the side veranda, and with what I tried to convince myself was a philosophical shrug, although I knew perfectly well it was merely a pettish fling, sought a retired corner of the rear drawing room, with my pad and pencil.

After all, I was a newspaper woman, and it needed no elastic imagination to picture the scene in the city room of the *Bugle*, if I failed to send a proper accounting of myself.

A few minutes later a tread of feet, advancing to the stairs, told me that the coroner and Dr. Dench were ascending for the belated examination of Wendell Marsh's body. Miss Jansen had evidently recovered, or been assigned to the ministrations of her maid. Once Peters, the wooden-faced butler, entered ghostily to inform me that luncheon would be served at one, but effaced himself almost before my glance returned to my writing.

I partook of the meal in the distinguished company of Sheriff Peddicord. Apparently Dr. Dench was still busied in his grewsome task upstairs, and it was not surprising that Miss Jansen preferred her own apartments.

However much the sheriff's professional poise might have been jarred by the events of the morning, his appetite had not been affected. His attention was too absorbed in the effort to do justice to the Marsh hospitality to waste time in table talk.

He finished his last spoonful of strawberry ice-cream with a heavy sigh of contentment, removed the napkin, which he had tucked under his collar, and, as though mindful of the family's laundry bills, folded it carefully and wiped his lips with his red handkerchief. It was not until then that our silence was interrupted.

Glancing cautiously about the room, and observing that the butler had been called kitchenward, to my amazement he essayed a confidential wink.

"I say," he ventured enticingly, leaning his elbow on the table, "what I would like to know is what became of that there other man!"

"Are you familiar with the Fourth Dimension, Sheriff?" I returned solemnly. I rose from my chair, and stepped toward him confidentially in my turn. "I believe that a thorough study of that subject would answer your question."

It was three o'clock when I stretched myself in my corner of the drawing-room, and stuffed the last sheets of my copy paper into a special-delivery-stamped envelope.

My story was done. And Madelyn was not there to blue-pencil Park Row adjectives! I smiled rather gleefully as I patted my hair, and leisurely addressed the envelope. The city editor would be satisfied, if Madelyn wasn't!

As I stepped into the hall, Dr. Dench, the coroner, and Sheriff Peddicord were descending the stairs. Evidently the medical examination had been completed. Under other circumstances the three expressions before me would have afforded an interesting study in contrasts—Dr. Dench trimming his nails with professional stoicism, the coroner endeavoring desperately to copy the other's *sang froid*, and the sheriff buried in an owl-like solemnity.

Dr. Dench restored his knife to his pocket.

"You are Miss Mack's assistant, I understand?"

I bowed.

"Miss Mack has been called away. She should be back, however, shortly."

I could feel the doctor's appraising glance dissecting me with much the deliberateness of a surgical operation. I raised my eyes suddenly, and returned his stare. It was a virile, masterful face—and, I had to admit, coldly handsome!

Dr. Dench snapped open his watch.

"Very well then, Miss, Miss—"

"Noraker!" I supplied crisply.

The blond beard inclined the fraction of an inch.

"We will wait."

"The autopsy?" I ventured. "Has it—"

"The result of the autopsy I will explain to—Miss Mack!"

I bit my lip, felt my face flush as I saw that Sheriff Peddicord was trying to smother a grin, and turned with a rather unsuccessful shrug.

Now, if I had been of a vindictive nature, I would have opened my envelope and inserted a retaliating paragraph that would have returned the snub of Dr. Dench with interest. I flatter myself that I consigned the envelope to the Three Forks post-office, in the rear of the Elite Dry Goods Emporium, with its contents unchanged.

As a part recompense, I paused at a corner drug store, and permitted a young man with a gorgeous pink shirt to make me a chocolate ice-cream soda. I was bent over an asthmatic straw when,

through the window, I saw Madelyn's car skirt the curb.

I rushed out to the sidewalk, while the young man stared dazedly after me. The chauffeur swerved the machine as I tossed a dime to the Adonis of the fountain.

Madelyn shifted to the end of the seat as I clambered to her side. One glance was quite enough to show that her town-mission, whatever it was, had ended in failure. Perhaps it was the consciousness of this fact that brought my eyes next to her blue turquoise locket. It was open. I glared accusingly.

"So you have fallen back on the cola stimulant again, Miss Mack?"

She nodded glumly, and perversely slipped into her mouth another of the dark, brown berries, on which I have known her to keep up for forty-eight hours without sleep, and almost without food.

For a moment I forgot even my curiosity as to her errand.

"I wish the duty would be raised so high you couldn't get those things into the country!"

She closed her locket, without deigning a response. The more volcanic my outburst, the more glacial Madelyn's coldness—particularly on the cola topic. I shrugged in resignation. I might as well have done so in the first place!

I straightened my hat, drew my handkerchief over my flushed face, and coughed questioningly. Continued silence. I turned in desperation.

"Well?" I surrendered.

"Don't you know enough, Nora Noraker, to hold your tongue?"

My pent-up emotions snapped.

"Look here, Miss Mack, I have been snubbed by Dr. Dench and the coroner, grinned at by Sheriff Peddicord, and I am not going to be crushed by you! What is your report—good, bad, or indifferent?"

Madelyn turned from her stare into the dust-yellow road.

"I have been a fool, Nora—a blind, bigoted, self-important fool!"

I drew a deep breath.

"Which means—"

From her bag Madelyn drew the envelope of dead tobacco ashes from the Marsh library, and tossed it over the side of the car. I sank back against the cushions.

"Then the tobacco after all—"

"Is nothing but tobacco—harmless tobacco!"

"But the pipe—I thought the pipe—"

"That's just it! The pipe, my dear girl, killed Wendell Marsh! But I don't know how! I don't know how!"

"Madelyn," I said severely, "you are a woman, even if you are making your living at a man's profession! What you need is a good cry!"

VI.

DR. DENCH, pacing back and forth across the veranda, knocked the ashes from an amber-stemmed meerschauum, and advanced to meet us as we alighted. The coroner and Sheriff Peddicord were craning their necks from wicker chairs in the background. It was

easy enough to surmise that Dr. Dench had parted from them abruptly in the desire for a quiet smoke to marshal his thoughts.

"Fill your pipe again if you wish," said Madelyn. "I don't mind."

Dr. Dench inclined his head, and dug the mouth of his meerschaum into a fat leather pouch. A spiral of blue smoke soon curled around his face. He was one of that type of men to whom a pipe lends a distinction of studious thoughtfulness.

With a slight gesture he beckoned in the direction of the coroner.

"It is proper, perhaps, that Dr. Williams in his official capacity should be heard first."

Through the smoke of his meerschaum, his eyes were searching Madelyn's face. It struck me that he was rather puzzled as to just how seriously to take her.

The coroner shuffled nervously. At his elbow, Sheriff Peddicord fumbled for his red handkerchief.

"We have made a thorough examination of Mr. Marsh's body, Miss Mack, a most thorough examination—"

"Of course he was not shot, nor stabbed, nor strangled, nor sand-bagged?" interrupted Madelyn crisply.

The coroner glanced at Dr. Dench uncertainly. The latter was smoking with inscrutable face.

"Nor poisoned!" finished the coroner with a quick breath.

A blue smoke curl from Dr. Dench's meerschaum vanished against the sun. The coroner jingled a handful of coins in his pocket. The sound jarred on my nerves oddly. Not poisoned! Then Madelyn's theory of the pipe—

My glance swerved in her direction. Another blank wall—the blankest in this riddle of blank walls!

But the bewilderment I had expected in her face I did not find. The black dejection I had noticed in the car had dropped like a whisked-off cloak. The tired lines had been erased as by a sponge. Her eyes shone with that tense glint which I knew came only when she saw a befogged way swept clear before her.

"You mean that you found no trace of poison?" she corrected.

The coroner drew himself up.

"Under the supervision of Dr. Dench, we have made a most complete probe of the various organs—lungs, stomach, heart—"

"And brain, I presume?"

"Brain? Certainly not!"

"And you?" Madelyn turned toward Dr. Dench. "You subscribe to Dr. Williams' opinion?"

Dr. Dench removed his meerschaum.

"From our examination of Mr. Marsh's body, I am prepared to state emphatically that there is no trace of toxic condition of any kind!"

"Am I to infer then that you will return a verdict of—natural death?"

Dr. Dench stirred his pipe-ashes.

"I was always under the impression, Miss Mack, that the verdict in a case of this kind must come from the coroner's jury."

Madelyn pinned back her veil, and removed her gloves.



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"There is no objection to my seeing the body again?"

The coroner stared.

"Why, er—the undertaker has it now. I don't see why he should object, if you wish—"

Madelyn stepped to the door. Behind her, Sheriff Peddicord stirred suddenly.

"I say, what I would like to know, gents, is what became of that there other man!"

It was not until six o'clock that I saw Madelyn again, and then I found her in Wendell Marsh's red library. She was seated at its late tenant's huge desk. Before her were a vial of whitish-grey powder, a small, rubber, inked roller, a half a dozen sheets of paper, covered with what looked like smudges of black ink, and Raleigh's pipe. I stopped short, staring.

She rose with a shrug.

"Finger-prints," she explained laconically. "This sheet belongs to Miss Jansen; the next to her maid; the third to the butler, Peters; the fourth to Dr. Dench; the fifth to Wendell Marsh, himself. It was my first experiment in taking the 'prints' of a dead man. It was—interesting."

"But what has that to do with a case of this kind?" I demanded.

Madelyn picked up the sixth sheet of smudged paper.

"We have here the finger-prints of Wendell Marsh's murderer!"

I did not even cry my amazement. I suppose the kaleidoscope of the day had dulled my normal emotions. I remember that I readjusted a loose pin in my waist before I spoke.

"The murderer of Wendell Marsh!" I repeated mechanically. "Then he was poisoned?"

Madelyn's eyes opened and closed without answer.

I reached over to the desk and picked up Mr. Marsh's letter of the morning post at Madelyn's elbow.

"You have found the man who forged this?"

"It was not forged!"

In my daze I dropped the letter to the floor.

"You have discovered then the other man in the death-struggle that wrecked the library?"

"There was no other man!"

Madelyn gathered up her possessions from the desk. From the edge of the row of books she lifted a small, red-bound volume, perhaps four inches in width, and then with a second thought laid it back.

"By the way, Nora. I wish you would come back here at eight o'clock. If this book is still where I am leaving it, please bring it to me! I think that will be all for the present."

"All?" I gasped. "Do you realize that—"

Madelyn moved toward the door.

"I think eight o'clock will be late enough for your errand," she said without turning.

The late June twilight had deepened into somber darkness when, my watch showing ten minutes past the hour of my instructions, I entered the room on the second floor that had been assigned to

Miss Mack and myself. Madelyn at the window was staring into the shadow-blanketed yard.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Your book is no longer in the library!" I said crossly.

Madelyn whirled with a smile.

"Good! And now if you will be so obliging as to tell Peters to ask Miss Jansen to meet me in the rear drawing-room, with any of the friends of the family she desires to be present, I think we can clear up our little puzzle."

VII.

I T was a curious group that the graceful Swiss clock in the bronze drawing-room of the Marsh house stared down upon as it ticked its way past the half hour after eight. With grave, rather insistent bow, Miss Mack had seated the other occupants of the room as they answered her summons. She was the only one of us that remained standing.

Before her were Sheriff Peddicord, Homer Truxton, Dr. Dench, and Muriel Jansen. Madelyn's eyes swept our faces for a moment in silence, and then she crossed the room and closed the door.

"I have called you here," she began, "to explain the mystery of Mr. Marsh's death." Again her glance swept our faces. "In many respects it has provided us with a peculiar, almost an unique problem.

"We find a man, in apparently normal health, dead. The observer argues at once foul play; and yet on his body is no hint of wound or bruise. The medical examination discovers no trace of poison. The autopsy shows no evidence of crime. Apparently we have eliminated all forms of unnatural death.

"I have called you here because the finding of the autopsy is incorrect, or rather incomplete. We are not confronted by natural death—but by a crime. And I may say at the outset that I am not the only person to know this fact. My knowledge is shared by one other in this room."

Sheriff Peddicord rose to his feet and rather ostentatiously stepped to the door and stood with his back against it. Madelyn smiled faintly at the movement.

"I scarcely think there will be an effort at escape, Sheriff," she said quietly.

Muriel Jansen was crumpled back into her chair, staring. Dr. Dench was studying Miss Mack with the professional frown he might have directed at an abnormality on the operating table. It was Truxton who spoke first in the fashion of the impulsive boy.

"If we are not dealing with natural death, how on earth then was Mr. Marsh killed?"

Madelyn whisked aside a light covering from a stand at her side, and raised to view Raleigh's red sand-stone pipe. For a moment she balanced it musingly.

"The three-hundred-year-old death tool of Orlando Julio," she explained. "It was this that killed Wendell Marsh!"

She pressed the bowl of the pipe into the palm of her hand. "As an instrument of death, it is almost beyond detection. We examined the ashes, and found nothing but harmless tobacco. The or-



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gans of the victim showed no trace of foul play."

She tapped the long stem gravely.

"But the examination of the organs did not include the brain. And it is through the brain that the pipe strikes, killing first the mind in a nightmare of insanity, and then the body. That accounts for the wreckage that we found—the evidences apparently of two men engaged in a desperate struggle. The wreckage was the work of only one man—a maniac in the moment before death. The drug with which we are dealing drives its victim into an insane fury before his body succumbs. I believe such cases are fairly common in India."

"Then Mr. Marsh was poisoned after all?" cried Truxton. He was the only one of Miss Mack's auditors to speak.

"No, not poisoned! You will understand as I proceed. The pipe, you will find, contains apparently but one bowl and one channel, and at a superficial glance is filled only with tobacco. In reality, there is a lower chamber concealed beneath the upper bowl, to which extends a second channel. This secret chamber is charged with a certain compound of Indian hemp and dhatura leaves, one of the most powerful brain stimulants known to science—and one of the most dangerous if used above a certain strength. From the lower chamber it would leave no trace, of course, in the ashes above.

"Between the two compartments of the pipe is a slight connecting opening, sufficient to allow the hemp beneath to be ignited gradually by the burning tobacco. When a small quantity of the compound is used, the smoker is stimulated as by no other drug, not even opium. Increase the quantity above the danger point, and mark the result. The victim is not poisoned in the strict sense of the word, but literally smothered to death by the fumes!"

In Miss Mack's voice was the throb of the student before the creation of the master.

"I should like this pipe, Miss Jansen, if you ever care to dispose of it!"

The girl was still staring woodenly.

"It was Orlando Julio, the medieval poisoner," she gasped, "that Uncle described—"

"In his seventeenth chapter of 'The World's Great Cynics,' finished Madelyn. "I have taken the liberty of reading the chapter in manuscript form. Julio, however, was not the discoverer of the drug. He merely introduced it to the English public. As a matter of fact, it is one of the oldest stimulants of the East. It is easy to assume that it was not as a stimulant that Julio used it, but as a baffling instrument of murder. The mechanism of the pipe was his own invention, of course. The smoker, if not in the secret, would be completely oblivious to his danger. He might even use the pipe in perfect safety—until its lower chamber was loaded!"

Sheriff Peddicord, against the door, mopped his face with his red handkerchief, like a man in a daze. Dr. Dench was still studying Miss Mack with his in-

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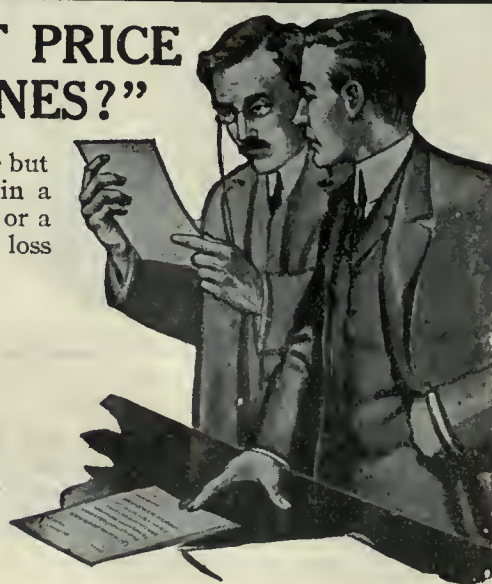
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tent frown. Madelyn swerved her angle abruptly.

"Last night was not the first time the hempchamber of Wendell Marsh's pipe had been charged. We can trace the effect of the drug on his brain for several months—hallucinations, imaginative enemies seeking his life, incipient insanity. That explains his astonishing letter to me. Wendell Marsh was not a man of nine lives, but only one. The perils which he described were merely fantastic figments of the drug. For instance, the episode of the poisoned cherry pie. There was no pie at all served at the table yesterday.

"The letter to me was not a forgery, Miss Jansen, although you were sincere enough when you pronounced it such. The complete change in your uncle's handwriting was only another effect of the drug. It was this fact, in the end, which led me to the truth. You did not perceive that the dates of your notes and mine were *six months apart*! I knew that some terrific mental shock *must* have occurred in the meantime.

"And then, too, the ravages of a drug-crazed victim were at once suggested by the curtains of the library. They were not simply torn, but fairly *chewed* to pieces!"

A sudden tension fell over the room. We shifted nervously, rather avoiding one another's eyes. Madelyn laid the pipe back on the stand. She was quite evidently in no hurry to continue. It was Truxton again who put the leading question of the moment.

"If Mr. Marsh was killed as you describe, Miss Mack, *who* killed him?"

Madelyn glanced across at Dr. Dench.

"Will you kindly let me have the red leather book that you took from Mr. Marsh's desk this evening, Doctor?"

The physician met her glance steadily.

"You think it—necessary?"

"I am afraid I must insist."

For an instant Dr. Dench hesitated. Then with a shrug, he reached into a coat-pocket and extended the red-bound volume, for which Miss Mack had dispatched me on the fruitless errand to the library. As Madelyn opened it we saw that it was not a printed volume, but filled with several hundred pages of close, cramped writing. Dr. Dench's gaze swerved to Muriel Jansen as Miss Mack spoke.

"I have here the diary of Wendell Marsh, which shows us that he had been in the habit of seeking the stimulant of Indian hemp, or 'hasheesh' for some time, possibly as a result of his retired, sedentary life and his close application to his books. Until his purchase of the Bainford relics, however, he had taken the stimulant in the comparatively harmless form of powdered leaves or 'bhang,' as it is termed in the Orient. His acquisition of Julio's drug-pipe, and an accidental discovery of its mechanism, led him to adopt the compound of hemp and dhatura, prepared for smoking—in India called 'charas.' No less an authority than Captain E. N. Windsor, bacteriologist of the Burmese Government, states that it is directly responsible for a large percentage of the lunacy of the Orient. Wendell Marsh, however, did not realize his danger, nor how much stronger the latter



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compound is than the form of the drug to which he had been accustomed.

"Dr. Dench endeavored desperately to warn him of his peril, and free him from the bondage of the habit as the diary records, but the victim was too thoroughly enslaved. In fact, the situation had reached a point just before the final climax when it could no longer be concealed. The truth was already being suspected by the older servants. I assume this was why you feared my investigations in the case, Miss Jansen."

Muriel Jansen was staring at Madelyn in a sort of dumb appeal.

"I can understand and admire Dr. Dench's efforts to conceal the fact from the public—first, in his supervision of the inquest, which might have stumbled on the truth, and then in his removal of the betraying diary, which I left purposely exposed in the hope that it might inspire such an action. Had it not been removed, I might have suspected another explanation of the case—in spite of certain evidence to the contrary!"

Dr. Dench's face had gone white.

"God! Miss Mack, do you mean that after all it was not suicide?"

"It was not suicide," said Madelyn quietly. She stepped across toward the opposite door.

"When I stated that my knowledge that we are not dealing with natural death was shared by another person in this room, I might have added that it was shared by still a third person—not in the room!"

With a sudden movement she threw open the door before her. From the adjoining ante-room lurched the figure of Peters, the butler. He stared at us with a face grey with terror, and then crumpled to his knees. Madelyn drew away sharply as he tried to catch her skirts.

"You may arrest the murderer of Wendell Marsh, Sheriff!" she said gravely. "And I think perhaps you had better take him outside."

She faced our bewildered stares as the drawing-room door closed behind Mr. Peddicord and his prisoner. From her stand she again took Raleigh's sand-stone pipe, and with it two sheets of paper, smudged with the prints of a human thumb and fingers.

"It was the pipe in the end which led me to the truth, not only as to the method but the identity of the assassin," she explained. "The hand, which placed the fatal charge in the concealed chamber, left its imprint on the surface of the bowl. The fingers, grimed with the dust of the drug, made an impression which I would have at once detected had I not been so occupied with what I might find inside that I forgot what I might find outside. I am very much afraid that I permitted myself the great blunder of the modern detective—lack of thoroughness.

"Comparison with the finger-prints of the various agents in the case, of course, made the next step a mere detail of mathematical comparison. To make my identity sure, I found that my suspect possessed not only the opportunity and the knowledge for the crime, but the motive.

"In his younger days Peters was a chemist's apprentice; a fact which he utilized in his master's behalf in obtaining the drugs which had become so necessary a part of Mr. Marsh's life. Had Wendell Marsh appeared in person for so continuous a supply, his identity would soon have made the fact a matter of common gossip. He relied on his servant for his agent, a detail which he mentions several times in his diary, promising Peters a generous bequest in his will as a reward. I fancy that it was the dream of this bequest, which would have meant a small fortune to a man in his position, that set the butler's brain to work on his treacherous plan of murder."

* * * * *

Miss Mack's dull gold hair covered the shoulders of her white *peignoir* in a great, thick braid. She was propped in a nest of pillows, with her favorite romance, "The Three Musketeers," open at the historic siege of Porthos in the wine cellar. We had elected to spend the night at the Marsh house.

Madelyn glanced up as I appeared in the door-way of our room.

"Allow me to present a problem to your analytical skill, Miss Mack," I said humbly. "Which man does your knowledge of feminine psychology say Muriel Jansen will reward—the gravely protecting physician, or the boyishly admiring Truxton?"

"If she were thirty," retorted Madelyn, yawning, "she would be wise enough to choose Dr. Dench. But as she is only twenty-two, it will be Truxton."

With a sigh, she turned again to the swashbuckling exploits of the gallant Porthos.

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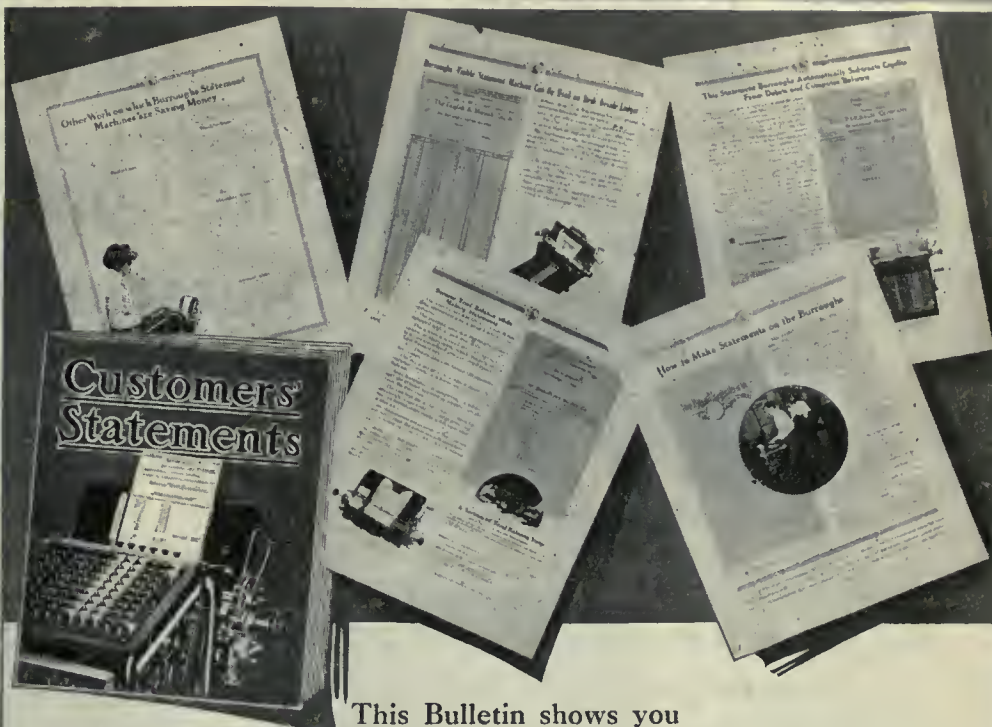
Cradled so deep in the forest,
Peaceful and calm, there it lies,
Quiet and still at the noon-day,
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Above rise the mighty hills
Nestling the lake to their bosoms,
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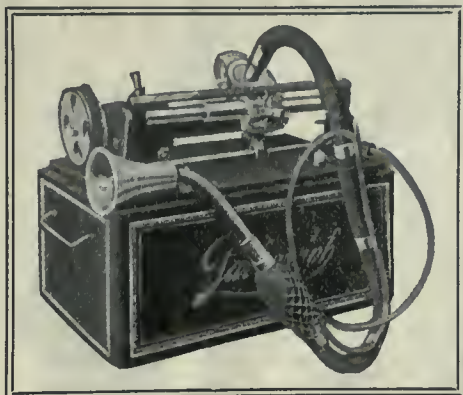
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National Affairs: The Men Around the White Plume: By Harry W. Anderson

"THERE is no gambling," quoth Disraeli, in one of his cynical outbreaks, "like politics."

Less than three years ago a decimated, disheveled and disheartened remnant of Canadian Liberalism nervously crawled out of the cyclone cellar after a disastrous electoral hurricane. The world had a cold, gray hue. All about was devastation and desolation. The Eden of power and prestige had been wiped out. Tall Ministerial oaks had been uprooted, and the smaller shrubbery was rent, and torn, and trampled. The wind sighed over a Forsaken Garden, in which even Hope seemed to lie dead.

But the darkest hour comes before the dawn. The morrow's sun broke upon a new scene—a scene of life, of throbbing activity, of strong faith, of sound healthy optimism. Liberalism awoke with the sun to find its being battered but unbroken, to feel it was good to be alive, and to realize it had a day's work to do, And it tackled the job.

It survived the supreme test. It took its licking manfully, and "came back." The public has little use for a party, which, when beaten after holding office, sulks in its tent and gives itself the mien of a dispossessed heir. Liberalism girded

its loins and came forth to its task. As it worked it learned.

So Liberalism, for the past three years, has set itself to new duties. It has not been sitting down, with its back to the engine, content to review the achievements of the past. It has rejected the sweeping character of Lord Randolph Churchill's dictum that "the business of

dead-weight has been dropped. And in the bleak shades of Opposition those who remain are growing strong. Canada, it may be unwittingly, is witnessing a renaissance of real Liberalism.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has turned to a new task. For it is "The Chief" who is primarily responsible for the new spirit which is pulsating through the ranks.



"Sir Wilfrid Laurier has turned to a new task—he is primarily responsible for the new spirit pulsating through the ranks."

an Opposition is to oppose." Its faith in itself is being renewed. And, whatever the effect of the change of seats may have meant to the politicians, its banishment from office for a time has done the Liberal party no harm. The fighting freedom of Opposition is developing the rank and file of its membership, and the removal of the material from its considerations of public policy is resulting in the reinstatement of the Idea.

Those who confound permanent progress with immediate results may be skeptical. All the world loves a winner. But adversity has its advantages. It is apt to do some sifting. It weeds out the weaklings and gets rid of the parasites. It develops fibre, and force, and fealty in those who remain to fight. The party has lost the man of little faith; it has been deserted by the Liberal-for-revenue-only. Much of the

Next month will see the completion of the third year of the Conservative administration at Ottawa. MacLean's Magazine for September will contain an article outlining what has been done in that time, with something on the program ahead of the Government. The article will be written from a strictly impartial standpoint.



Dr. Pugsley—"grave, serene and dignified—Dr. Pugsley is a man of parts—so many parts, in fact, that on a memorable occasion they turned a minority of fifty into a majority."

He is devoting himself to two equally congenial occupations—fighting the enemy, and developing a trained force of aggressive young soldiers. For fifteen years this remarkable Canadian devoted his powers to the general service of the country and its citizenship. Removal from the helm of the ship of state did not rob him of his ideals, nor has his deft constructive hand lost its cunning. Those who have been following parliamentary events for the past three years do not need to be told that the veteran leader has set himself to the upbuilding of a progressive and purposeful young Liberalism; that he is using the greater time now at his disposal to lay deep and firm the foundation for the eventful national morrow on lines broad in outlook, wide in sympathy and strong in detail. Within a few weeks he transformed a discouraged remnant into an enthusiastic fighting force, the spirit of which he characterized, in the spring of 1912, as "both confident and cocky." He is developing initiative, emphasizing ideals, and giving scope to the energy and enthusiasm of youth, tempered by the wisdom of experience.

In opposition, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been finding men for Parliament and the party. He is allotting every private in the ranks something to do. He is taking counsel with them all. He finds them ready and willing. The result is that, while there are fewer Liberals in Parliament than there have been for some years past, there seem to be more. Formerly the responsibility was with the Chief and his Ministerial colleagues. Now every man has an individual responsibility. It is a capital conception of ef-

fective working Opposition. There are no dullards. Everybody has a job—and is on the job. And the happenings are building bone, and sinew, and virility.

Yonder in the back benches have been discovered real men—big men, better men, in fact, than some of those who have in the past cluttered the counsels of the party. The day of the sleepy, stoical voting-machine is gone. No longer does he put in his time reading the papers, writing constituents and answering the division bell. He has something to do now. He has a stake in the game. And things seem worth while.

To the grave, serene and dignified man who sits at his right hand, the Opposition leader is indebted for skilled and useful co-operation in the creation of this new condition.

Canada's Parliament, like all other governing bodies in modern democratic civilizations, is subject to the excellent constitutional tenet of majority rule. Thus when, after some 250 consecutive hours of conflict, a parliamentary minority gains its point for the time being over a parliamentary majority, there must be some unusual circumstance, something out of the ordinary. There was. The Something Out of the Ordinary was William Pugsley, Doctor of Laws, and erstwhile Premier of the maritime province of New Brunswick. Dr. Pugsley is a man of parts—so many parts, in fact, that, on a memorable and historic occasion, they turned a nominal minority of fifty into a majority.

It was not till he found himself in opposition, with real fighting to be done, that Dr. Pugsley displayed those qualities which have made him the idol of his associates. His was the surpassing ability, his the courage, his the endurance,

his the indomitable spirit that maintained the long aggressive struggle against the passage of the Naval Aid bill of eighteen months ago. For seventy-two hours in one stretch he remained in, or within instant call, of the Commons chamber, guiding the Opposition attack in which many of the young back-benchers first "found" themselves. Every weapon of parliamentary usage, everything that human ingenuity could devise to block the adoption of the measure, Dr. Pugsley brought into play.

One morning about two o'clock, Premier Borden dug up a precedent from a musty volume on parliamentary procedure, and raised a point of order, which, if sustained by the Speaker, would have overcome all opposition then and there. Dismay was written plainly upon the faces of the Liberals when the Premier made the point.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier had gone home, Dr. Pugsley was not in the chamber, and no one else seemed to understand what the question really meant. A messenger was rushed for Pugsley, who was sleeping on a lounge in one of the Liberal rooms. Some one got up to "kill time" till he arrived, but in less than two minutes the member for St. John walked into the House, the personification of coolness and urbanity. Confidence was immediately restored among the young fighters who had been holding the Opposition fort.

"Will my right honorable friend be so good as to send me his authority for the extraordinary point he has raised?" asked Dr. Pugsley, in his softest tones. The big volume was sent across the floor, and for a minute or two he was lost between its pages.



William Martin, of Regina, has been called the "Lloyd-George of the Prairies." Young Martin has made the battles of the West his own.

The next moment and he was upon his feet, smiling. He had found the weakness in the Prime Minister's armor, and, with unerring aim, he pierced it. A long, legal duel ensued, but in the end Mr. Borden, great lawyer and constitutionalist that he is, realized that his attack had been repulsed. Resourceful Pugsley had saved the day again! Was it any wonder that the young Liberals in caucus next day gave him a demonstration of affection such as is rarely bestowed upon a fighter in the ranks?

"FRED" PARDEE—WHIP.

Immediately back of his leader sits the Chief Whip of the party. He links the old with the new. No one has been a more forceful factor in the change which is coming over young parliamentary Liberalism than F. F. Pardee, of West Lambton. He enjoys, in a peculiar intimate sense, the confidence of the veterans and the cordial camaraderie and fellowship of the younger members. Old and young swear by "Fred." Leaders may enunciate policies; orators may keep Hansard going; members may cheer, and supporters may counsel, but it is this young man—still in the early forties—who, in the final analysis, must be responsible for the perpetual parliamentary battle. Let him miscue, make a strategic blunder or slip a cog in his organization and temporary disaster must overtake his party. Other men may devote themselves to propa-

ganda and policy; he must likewise concern himself with the technique of the contest. Other members may fill their assignments dutifully and relinquish care with a light heart; he must follow each rumor, investigate every feature, take counsel with advisers, dominate and regulate procedure, give guidance in any situation, and assume responsibility for the whole plan of campaign.

The job is harder than it looks. On the Chief Whip rests the duty of carrying out the policy determined upon by the party. He must be an expert tactician; shrewd, resourceful, possessing a keen understanding of the situation and all its possible complications, and, withal, an intimate knowledge of mankind. In any parliamentary crisis



William Erskine Knowles, of Moose Jaw, is a radical by temperament. He has come into his own in opposition.

the strain on the two Chief Whips is tremendous. They are playing chess with one another twenty-four hours in every day, sleeping or waking. It is true that each has at his service a staff of assistant Whips, one or more from each province, but it is upon the shoulders of the Chief Whip that the main burden rests—a battle of wits between two parliamentary strategists; a contest between two men. Betting on the result of any embroglio is betting on the respective capabilities of Pardee and his Government rival, John Stanfield.

Both are popular with the membership. They have to be. They must be men of iron, but they must wear the velvet glove. They must have a cordial smile for everyone and a sympathetic ear for every grievance, real or imaginary. They must cultivate teamwork and allot each

unit his part. In the present Parliament, Pardee is the aggressor, while Stanfield is upon the defensive. They are well mated. There is a characteristic dash and daring about Pardee, and an equally typical caution about Stanfield. Pardee may pick the battle-ground. He may make a bold frontal attack, or he may unexpectedly carry out a sortie. Stanfield must always be prepared to meet an emergency. It is a game of parliamentary chess. A good move may mean big advantage; a false move an awkward situation. Fred Pardee is a lawyer and lives at Sarnia, Ontario. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall. In politics he has already made his mark, and is destined to keep a famous name to the forefront of Liberalism. With him is associated as assistant Whip from Ontario, Duncan C. Ross, son of the late Sir George W. Ross, and also Archie McCoig, of West Kent, and "Johnnie Angus" McMillan, of Glengarry. These three young Scots are turning the back benches into parliamentary forces, and developing the stuff of which future cabinet ministers will be manufactured.

THE SOUNDNESS OF GUTHRIE.

In every soundly-constructed and workable piece of locomotive mechanism there must be driving force and brake. Both are essential. It is true that the function of the latter may be less spectacular than that of the former, but it is none the less important. It is protection against a runaway. It regulates and defines progress on safe lines.

Among the rank and file of the younger Liberalism, Hugh Guthrie, of South Wel-

Continued on Page 137.

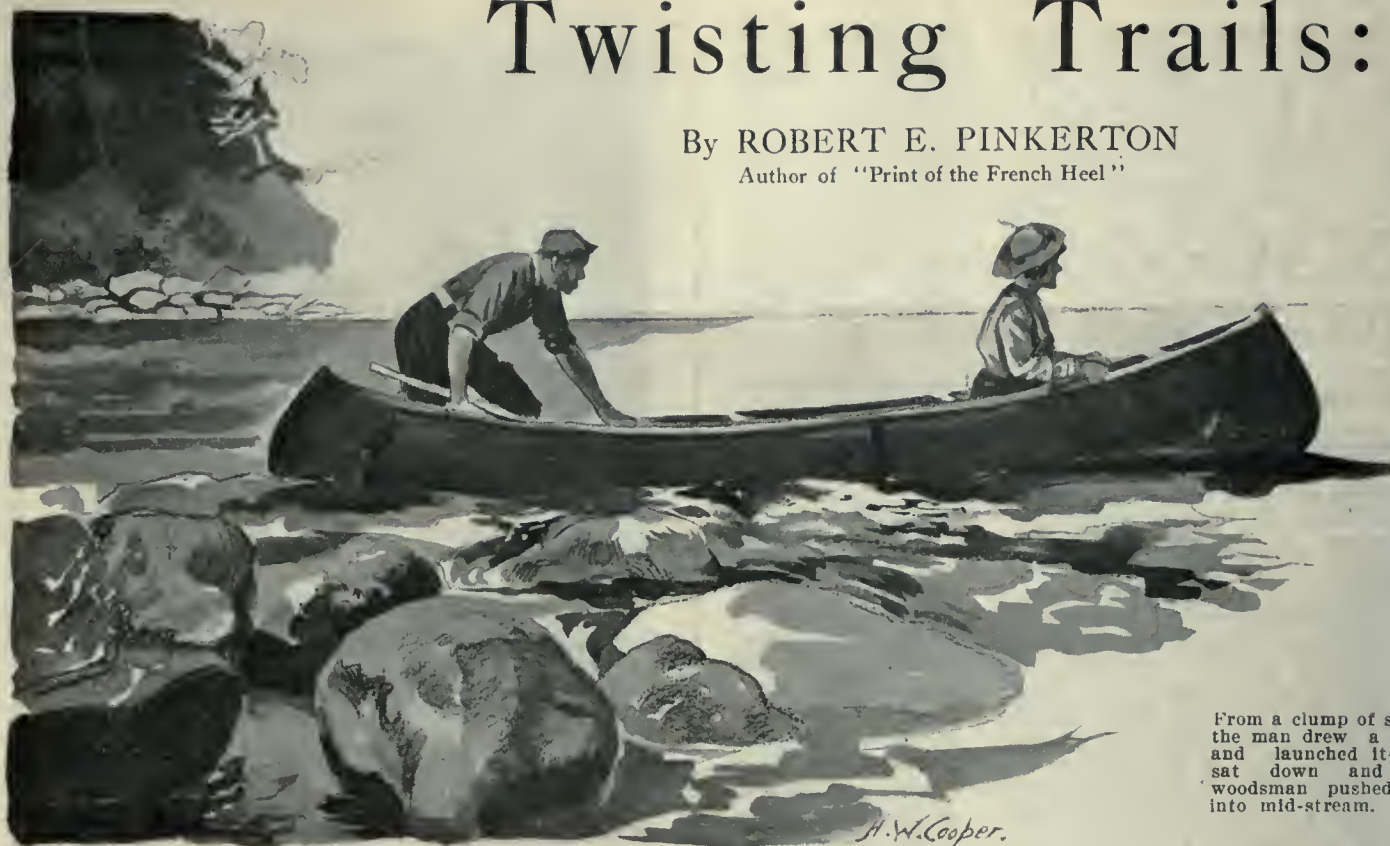


"George W. Kyte is true to his Irish ancestry. . . He is full of ideas, of originality, of humor, of energy—and of fight. . . He is always ready—and eager—to jump into the melee. . . His friends swear by him; his enemies swear at him. . . He is a great many to have—on your side."

Twisting Trails:

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Author of "Print of the French Heel"



From a clump of spruce the man drew a canoe and launched it—She sat down and the woodsman pushed out into mid-stream.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. LAWRENCE HEATLEY blamed her own plainness of feature for her husband's interest in pretty girls. And, because she was remarkably generous, broad-minded, and liked pretty girls herself, she generally managed to have some about her. Heatley was amused, she was unperturbed, and the girls always had a good time with the Heatleys.

It was not exactly of Mrs. Heatley's choosing, however, that Helen Sumner accompanied them on a trip to the Whisky Jack mine. Mrs. Heatley liked pretty girls; but she also demanded loyalty, cheerfulness, and a sense of humor, three of her own chief characteristics. Helen Sumner possessed none of these, but her father owned the Whisky Jack, and it was at Mr. Sumner's suggestion that the girl accompanied them.

"You're doing me a great favor in running out to look over that property, Heatley," the mine owner had said. "It's a bigger favor than you know, for your word when you come back means success or failure to me. One week from to-day I'll be bankrupt unless you find things out there as I have confidently believed they are."

"And Helen. The poor girl is on my mind, too. She's been hard hit by this young Forbes—you know him—and is still moping around because I can't see him as a possible son-in-law."

"What's the matter with Forbes?" Heatley had asked. "Thought he was a decent sort of young fellow."

"I dare say he is, but Helen's all I've got, you know, and I want only the best for her."

"Rot!" was the mining expert's comment. "You're only jealous. But we'll take her along. Fresh air and exercise and something entirely new can kill a lot of sorrow, especially if it's young sorrow. Good-bye, old man. I'll get a wire to you as soon as I can look over the ground and see what's there. Hope it's the right word."

The first two hundred miles west of Toronto Heatley tried to cheer up the girl who was to accompany them into the wilderness. He had seen so much of wilderness travel that he dreaded it without cheerful companions. But at the end of two hundred miles he gave it up and turned the task over to Mrs. Heatley. She tried valiantly until they reached Port Arthur, but with no better success.

As they went on westward, twisting about lake shores, rocking through muskeg, rumbling over rapid-filled streams, Heatley and his wife left Helen alone.

"Cheerful prospect," commented the engineer. "The bush is bad enough when everybody's happy."

"It is too bad," was the response. "Now, if she were only like that girl in the first section forward. Did you notice her, Lawrie? If you didn't you are getting old. There is a girl who is prettier than Helen, and I'm willing to risk most anything on her being bright, cheerful and competent. She's got that business air that the modern girls, some of them, are acquiring. I couldn't imagine her moping because her father didn't like her best man. She's the sort who would marry him anyhow."

"Haden't noticed her," said Heatley, and they both laughed.

"But I'd like to trade Helen for her," she went on. "Where's this jumping off place where we take to the pines?"

"Not more than two hours now; Vermillion, they call it. Probably a water tank, telegraph office and section house, though I think Sumner did say there was a hotel. Probably a little store, too, though I got all the provisions in Port Arthur."

It was seldom that anyone alighted from the westbound passenger at Vermillion, and not one of the nineteen inhabitants remembered ever having seen a party similar to that for which the porter set down his little step. But their surprise was not equal to that of the Heatleys, for the girl in the forward section had preceded them to the platform, and, when they had gathered their own luggage, was half way across the open space between the tiny station and the little log hotel.

"I always was lucky," Heatley laughed; "but I'll bet she's a woman traveler."

"Without sample cases," retorted his wife. "Lawrie, your blindness is suspicious."

When Heatley registered, the girl was just leaving the pine table which Ben Hogan used as a desk.

"Rea Straine, Toronto," he read as he wrote the names of his own party.

Business was too urgent to permit conjecture. He needed three guides and three canoes, and all arrangements must be completed for a start in the morning. The mine was more than twenty-five miles from the railroad, and two days would be required for the journey by so large a party.

Heatley drew the hotel man aside and asked about guides and canoemen.

"Men you want at the store, probably," was the reply. "Everyone's waiting for the mail there now."

The meager mail had been distributed

A Story of the North

Rea Straine.

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Robert E. Pinkerton is one of the most promising of the younger school of Canadian authors and in "Twisting Trails" he will be found at his best. It is a fascinating story of adventure in the open, with a thread of romance running through it and a spice of mystery. It has none of the taint of recent fiction; it is neither neurotic, sexotic nor psychologic — it is purely a story of adventure, strongly and graphically told, with characters that are natural and likable. It has been bought outright by MacLean's and can be read only through the pages of this magazine. Therefore, don't miss this opening installment.

when Heatley entered the post office and general store. There were half a dozen men lounging against the single counter, all evidently bushmen.

"How many of you men have canoes?" asked the engineer, brusquely.

But the bushmen were not accustomed to doing business with strangers without proper deliberation, and there was no reply.

"Anyone in this place got a canoe and a man to paddle it?" Heatley demanded of the storekeeper.

"I guess some of these lads have," was the answer. "Sam and Jack here have canoes, and there's an Indian camped at the river who has two good birches."

"Three's all I want, and three good men to paddle them. Want one who can cook, two to make camp. I have a party of three, two women and myself, and I want to start to-morrow morning. Four dollars a day for each man and his canoe. I have a tent for the men, but they must furnish their own blankets. I have grub and dishes. How about it, fellows?"

"How long's the trip?" asked one of the men.

"Ten days. Go to Sumner's mine first and then loaf around for a week. Don't be afraid of working too hard."

"I guess I can go," deliberated one. "How about you, Jack?"

"Nothing to keep me here, I guess, though I was going up the lakes with Toms in the morning."

"Then it's settled," exclaimed Heatley. "Sam, go down and hire the Indian and his best canoe. Jack, take these checks and go to the station for our stuff, six packages, and bring them to the hotel. I'll be there if you want to see me."

As Heatley turned toward the door, the girl who had left the train with his party entered.

"I want to employ a guide," she began at once, addressing the man behind the counter; "a guide with a canoe. The hotel man told me you could get one," and she turned to look frankly at the man behind her.

"I'm afraid this gentleman got them all," apologized the storekeeper.

"Bill Toms is in town," offered one of the men. "He might go."

"Toms won't do it," declared another. "He's hot on the trail of the biggest gold

mine ever discovered, and a thousand dollars won't keep him away from his prospect."

"But surely there is someone who can paddle a canoe, and there must be a canoe in a place like this," exclaimed the girl. "I'll pay well."

"I'm afraid payin' won't help, miss," said the storekeeper. "I know every canoe, and every man, in this district, and this gentleman here has them all."

The girl turned and looked at Heatley for the first time. Instantly the engineer was all contrition.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I had no idea, when I engaged these men, that I was cornering the labor market of Vermilion."

"I'm sure I can't hold it against you," Miss Straine replied.

"I would gladly give up one of my men, or all of them, were it possible. But I am on a hurry-up mission, and I must get away in the morning. Perhaps someone will show up this evening or to-morrow."

"Perhaps," answered the girl thoughtfully.

"Won't you come over to the hotel and meet Mrs. Heatley? We can talk it over, and there may be a way out of this."

"That is kind of you. I will."

The girl was surprised by the cordiality of Mrs. Heatley's greeting and by her ready solution of the problem.

"Come with us, of course," the engineer's wife exclaimed. "We will have room, surely, in three canoes."

"You are very good, but perhaps we are not going in the same direction," smiled Miss Straine.

"After about three days, we can go in any direction, can't we, Lawrie? We have to go and look at this mine, and then there is a week for nothing but loafing about in the wilderness."

"What mine is that?"

Miss Straine asked the question with casual interest.

"The Whisky Jack. Mr. Sumner, of Toronto, owns it, and Mr. Heatley is going to look it over and see if it is really a mine or only a hole."

"It would be interesting. I never saw a mine, a gold mine, but I can't impose my troubles upon you."



"My dear child, I never have any troubles, and I like to share other people's occasionally. Can't you tell me?"

"Oh, it isn't that bad," laughed Miss Straine.

"You see, I have a brother who has tuber-

culosis. The doctor said that he had to get out into the bush somewhere, and suggested this district. I came up to look for a site for a cabin. When it's built, we are coming up here to live until he is well."

"That's quite an undertaking for a man," exclaimed Heatley; "and you don't seem to be afraid."

"I'm accustomed to taking care of myself, and it has been my experience that it is an easier task in the woods than in the city. I've done some canoeing and fishing and shooting, you see, though never in so vast a wilderness as this."

"Well, you come with us to the Whisky Jack and, after we've looked it over, we'll look up a site for your cabin," decided Mrs. Heatley, enthusiastically. "That will be fun, Lawrie, and it will give our wanderings an object."

"I can't tell you how kind you are," said Miss Straine, "and I want to go with you. But there is this difficulty. You are going to start in the morning and I must wait until noon at least for a telegram."

"Wait a moment and I think I can fix that," called Heatley, as he hurried from the little hotel office.

In ten minutes he was back.

"It's settled," he cried. "We start in the morning and make the portage at the north end of Two Island Lake. We will camp at the other end of the portage where, the guides said, there is a good camping place. You wait for your telegram and, when it comes, a prospector named Toms, who is in town with his canoe after supplies, will take you as far as the portage. He is going near there and it will be only a mile out of his way. He'll drop you there and you have only to walk across and be in camp."

"You're a wonder, Lawrie," exclaimed Mrs. Heatley. "Now it's settled. Have you seen Helen?"

"Saw her going up to the station when I came from the store with Miss Straine. I do hope she cheers up."

The door opened and Miss Sumner came in. The doleful expression was gone and there was suppressed excitement in her eyes. Both Heatley and his wife were so astonished they forgot the necessary introduction.

"What's come over you, child?" asked Mrs. Heatley.

"Come over me? Nothing. I just got a breath of the pines and a glimpse of the river down there, and I'm impatient to be off."

As the girls were being introduced, Ben Hogan announced supper by merely opening the dining-room door and the four went in. Helen Sumner immediately assumed charge of the conversation, and the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Heatley in acquiring a new member of their party was nearly equalled by their wonder at the sudden change in the spirits of the mine owner's daughter.

The next morning Miss Straine waved good-bye to the three canoes as they turned the first bend in the river and then went back to the hotel. At noon the operator in the station brought her a message, and at one o'clock she was in a canoe with the prospector, paddling northward.

Toms, whose life had been spent searching Canada for gold, knew little of women and nothing of the type represented by Rea Straine. His first surprise came when she took a paddle and swung it effectively from her place in the bow. His surprise increased when he suddenly realized that they were talking as though they were two men, not a man and a woman, and that the girl knew vastly more about canoes and the ways of the wilderness than he thought it possible for anyone except a man to know.

It was with genuine regret that he deposited her on the sand beach at the north end of Two Island Lake.

"This is where they landed," he said, pointing with his paddle to the many footprints in the sand. "There's the portage trail, and it's only half a mile and no place to get off it. I must be mooching, as it's getting late. B'jou," and he gripped her extended hand heartily.

It was only five o'clock and the sun was still high as the girl turned into the brush along the dim portage trail. She was alone in the forest, but there was no fear for what the forest might hold. She remembered city streets where she had shivered slightly at night, but she could not imagine cause for shivers here. A white throat sang from a jack pine, a whisky jack fluttered silently to a limb above her head and a brown rabbit hurried awkwardly along the path ahead of her. Instinctively her pace quickened and she began to whistle as she strode along.

The trail dropped into a cedar swamp and she picked her way over the poles laid by early travelers. Then it lifted to a ridge and passed between two walls of rocks. Still whistling, she looked ahead

through the draw. At the other end stood a man, a man with a piece of rope in one hand and a soiled handkerchief in the other.

Miss Straine stopped and the man walked toward her. His face was covered with a heavy beard and he wore the rough garments and shoepacs of the woodsman.

"Good night," came the girl's firm greeting as she started on to pass him.

But the man stepped in her way and threw out his arms to stop her.

"You're not going any farther," he said, and he was so near she caught the odor of whisky on his breath. "Don't make any racket now and I won't hurt you none. Start yelling and I'll jam this down your throat!" And he held out soiled, red handkerchief.

CHAPTER II.

IF the old prospector had been surprised at the competency of Rea Straine, the man who now confronted her was dumbfounded by her conduct. She did not scream, she did not run, she did not faint, nor did she fall to her knees and beg for mercy. She merely looked steadily and scornfully, straight into his eyes. He found his own wavering.

"Don't make a fuss and I won't hurt you," he repeated with some confusion.

"Of course, you won't," she exclaimed. "Get out of my way and let me pass."

"You're coming with me," he replied more steadily and with a determination clearly forced. "Be quiet about it and you won't be hurt."

"Don't be ridiculous. I'm not going with you. Get out of my way immediately."

"Now, see here, Miss Sumner, I don't want to be rough; but I've got to take you and you're going with me."

"What did you call me?"

"Miss Sumner, of course."

"But I'm not Miss Sumner."

The man laughed.

"Don't try that. Maybe you think you can make me believe you're that fellow's wife. But I saw her across the portage and she's nearly old enough to be your mother."

"But I'm not Miss Sumner. You've made a mistake. Let me pass."

"I can't make a mistake. There was only one young woman in the crowd, and that is her. I watched them when they made camp, and I saw you start back across the portage alone."

"This is all nonsense. Miss Sumner is over there in camp now."

"I ain't got time to argue with you. Come along peaceful or I'll use these," and he held out the rope and handkerchief.

"Throw those things away."

"I don't want to be rough and this taking you is none of my affair. If I didn't have to do it, I never would."

"None of your affair. What do you mean?"

"It isn't me that wants you and you you out of sight a few days, may be a week, and then you can go as safe as you come."

"Who does want me?"

"I'm not a tellin' and you won't know."

"But I'm not Miss Sumner. I tell you there is a mistake."

The man stepped forward angrily.

"Come on," he said gruffly. "Don't holler or I'll slam this in your mouth," and he again held out the handkerchief.

"Wait a minute. I won't make a noise. When were you at the mine last?"

"Mine!" the man exclaimed. "What mine?"

"The Whisky Jack."

"Never was there."

"Then you don't know Fowler?" And she watched his face closely.

The man stared at her suspiciously before he replied.

"Fowler? Who's Fowler? Never heard of him. We can't wait here any more. Someone'll see us. Come on."

He grasped her arm and started through the thick brush, half dragging the girl.

"Let go and I'll come," she cried angrily.

Suspiciously the woodsman turned toward her.

"Drop those things," she commanded. "I won't make a noise if you throw them away."

He hesitated and then put the handkerchief in a pocket.

"See that you don't," he grumbled and turned again into the brush.

In ten minutes they came to a little stream. From a clump of spruce the man drew a canoe and launched it. Pointing to the bow with a paddle, he motioned to his captive to step in. She sat down with her back against the thwart, and the woodsman pushed out into the middle and paddled down stream.

For a time Miss Straine studied the man closely. He found little opportunity to look at her, as the narrow, twisting creek kept him occupied with his paddle. At last they turned a bend and emerged into what appeared to be a bay in a lake. The man paddled across this to a sand beach, where he landed.

"We'll have a bite to eat here and then go on after dark," he announced, as he stepped into the water and drew up the craft.

From a pack in the canoe he took a kettle, frying pan and a small axe, and began the preparation of the meal. Miss Straine sat on a boulder and watched him. She tried to make him talk, but the exercise and the excitement of his work had eliminated the effects of the whisky and he became sullen and wordless.

Only when she mentioned the name Fowler did he appear to hear and then he merely looked up suspiciously.

After dusk they again got into the canoe, and the man paddled out into a large lake. For two hours they traveled steadily. Far from shore, with nothing to relieve the monotony of the endless dark wall about them, the girl finally dozed.

The barking of dogs awakened her and she looked up to see dim trees beside her and then a strip of sand beach. There was a sharp command from the shore and the dogs scampered back into the brush. The man beached the canoe and Rea Straine stepped stiffly to the shore.

Silently he led the way up a trail toward a little grove of pines. Behind them she saw the dark shadow of a cabin and the next moment a light shone from the window. The man pushed open the door and the girl entered.

At a table in the center of the room an Indian woman was bending over a smoking lamp. The squaw looked up, surprise in her eyes. And, as Rea watched her, the surprise gave way to suspicion and then quicker hatred. Instinctively the girl felt that in this first woman of another race, with whom she had come in contact, she had made an enemy.

"You'll bunk here," the woodsman said, leading the way to a low door through which Rea saw a small room and a blanket-covered bunk. He gave her a lighted candle, and, feeling that she was dismissed she entered and closed the door.

Then, for the first time, she heard the Indian wospeak. Her words, in the Ojibway language, were low. The man made several short, gruff replies. These evidently angered the squaw, for her tones were raised to a higher pitch. At last the woodsman lost his temper.

"You're crazy," he shouted in English. "I'm not going to have her or any other white woman. Shut up and go to bed."

Immediately the dogs began barking again, and Rea heard the woodsman snap a lock on her door and then hurry out and down the trail toward the lake. She heard him swearing at the dogs and beating them back. Then came the sound of paddle on gunwale and another voice in greeting.

Listening intently at the small window, she did not hear her own door open. As the light streamed into the room, she turned to see the squaw in the doorway.

"Come," said the squaw in English.

There was no attempt on the part of the red woman to conceal her hatred, and Rea hesitated.

"He my man," the squaw went on in a whisper. "Me his squaw. You go quick."

She stepped back and Rea walked into the main room of the cabin. The woman hurried to a rear door and opened it.

"Go quick," she commanded. "Little trail 'cross island. Canoe there. Marchon, be-me-to."

Rea realized the suffering of the squaw, her dread of the woman of her husband's race. Then, too, a desire to have one friend in a hostile situation made her turn to the woman.

"I didn't come to take your place," she began. "I have —"

The light in the squaw's eyes stopped

her. She saw menace, danger. Slowly she walked past and out of the door.

"You get hungry," said the squaw. "You eat this," and she handed the girl a small bundle. "Little trail there. Canoe across island. Go quick."

She shut the door, leaving Rea in the darkness. For a moment the girl remained where she was, making sure that she was not watched from the rear of the house. Then she turned toward the front of the building, dropping the bundle of food at the corner as she passed.

Making her way carefully toward some brush at the edge of the beach, she soon was within twenty feet of the place where

leave any traces around the cabin. And hide her somewhere on the island if someone comes along. But you needn't be afraid. No one will ever suspect her being here."

"All right, Mr. Fowler. I'll do the rest as good as I done the first."

"And keep sober, Pete. Do you understand? You've been drinking as it is. Bungle this affair in any way and I'll have the provincial police up here in a hurry. I guess they'll be glad to have the proof in that Hanshaw killing."

"You needn't be afraid. I'll do it right," replied the woodsman, sulkily. "But this job evens us up. It's the last, and I'm to be sent west."

"I'll keep my word," promised the man called Fowler, as he passed off in the darkness. "And I'll be back Thursday night and tell you what to do with her."

Rea turned and hurried to the cabin, entering at the back door. Before the squaw could spring from her chair she had crossed the room, entered her own door and closed it. The woman rushed forward, but at that moment the woodsman came in.

Remarkably calm as the actions of the girl may have been when she met the man on the portage trail, there was no lessening in her courage when she found herself locked in the little room and listening to the shrill voice of the squaw and the occasional sharp replies of her captor. Theoretically, she should have flung herself on the rough couch, buried her head in her arms and abandoned herself to sobs and tears.

But Rea Straine didn't do any of those things. After she had listened for a moment and made sure that the conversation in the next room was being conducted exclusively in Ojibway and that she could not understand a word of it, she sat down on the bunk and stared at the log wall opposite.

That is when the tears, hopeless, helpless tears, should have come. Rea Straine smiled. It was not a quick smile of amusement, but a slow, increasing smile of pleasure, of pleasure due to triumph. At last the smile gave way to a little giggle, and then she suddenly leaned forward and began to unlace her high bush shoes. In three minutes she was between the blankets, her face to the wall. In five minutes she was asleep.

CHAPTER III.

E. G. SUMNER was too busy, too worried, to be impressed with the incongruity of his surroundings as he

Continued on Page 134.



"All I wanted to know," snapped Mr. Sumner, "Have you enough proof to cause his arrest?"

she had landed. Through the willows she could dimly see two figures at the water's edge.

"Have any trouble?" she heard a voice say, evidently that of the newcomer.

"No. It was easy. Never made any fuss at all after I told her what I'd do if she did."

"I've heard she was a little fool and I was afraid she'd have to be knocked down and tied."

"I can handle them kind easy."

"See that you continue to handle her right, Milford. You keep her here. Keep her hidden. Better have the squaw make a pair of mocassins, so her shoes won't

The Seizure of Dr. Sun Yat Sen

By FELIX NOVUS

Illustrated by W. R. PATTERSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first article of a series by a famous English journalist, writing under a nom-de-plume. The articles will be in the nature of reminiscences of the great men he has met on an intimate basis, together with facts about historical happenings that came under his notice. His experience as a journalist covered a period of unusual interest, when world's history was in the making, and the reminiscences will present information that has never yet found its way into print, as well as throwing new light on diplomatic matters, political tangles and famous criminal cases. The vivid style of the writer, combined with his authentic "inside" information and the unusual opportunities for observation that he enjoyed, should make this series one of deepest interest.

IN the year 1896 I wrote:—"Li Hung Chang, the aged Premier of China, had a more significant purpose in visiting Europe and America than pleasure-seeking. A great revolution is imminent in the wonderful empire of which he was so remarkable an ambassador. The Emperor of China has as much, if not more, to fear from his subjects who have been driven into exile than from those who surround his court; and the value of the venerable Li Hung Chang's head will be determined by the value of the information he has taken home about the doings and power of his fellow-countrymen abroad. Sun Yat Sen is the most remarkable of these exiles, and if he survives the many attempts which will yet be made to compass his death, is destined to be one of the most eminent personages in the future history of China."

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the first President of the Chinese Republic, is to-day the most illustrious man in the Celestial Empire. My prophesy has been more than fulfilled; his rise to the head of China's hundreds of millions has marked an epoch in the history of the East.

That I alone among British writers should have written so prophetically was probably due to my having met the young future Chinese President under dramatic circumstances, herein described, while the attention of the world was centered on his more picturesque fellow countryman, the veteran Li Hung Chang.

The excitement and enthusiasm over Li Hung Chang's journey through Canada that year, by C.P.R. to Vancouver, many Canadians can recall. He had ostensibly visited Europe for the purpose of representing the Chinese Emperor at the coronation of the Czar of Russia.

Nevertheless there had appeared to me at least a suggestive significance in his having loitered, apparently in holiday mood, about the cities of Russia, Germany, Belgium, France, England and America while the secret Imperial officers of China were searching in all those countries for the wealthy, resolute young reformer, Sun Yat Sen, who was at that time a nonentity to the world at large.

Sun Yat Sen first came under public notice, shortly after Li Hung Chang's return home, as "A Chinese gentleman" who had met with a romantic adventure in London while on a visit to the British capital. This adventure it was that led to my making his personal acquaintance.

A note which had been cast from an upper window of a mansion in Portland Place, in the most fashionable part of the west end of the great city, by providential fortuitousness carried its message to the person for whom it was intended, an eminent English physician, who, to his consternation, learned that one Dr. Sun Yat Sen, a physician whom he had met in Hong Kong, and whose professional and social qualities had gained his admiration, was detained against his will in an upper room in the Chinese Legation and was in danger of being assassinated.

The English physician at once appealed to the British authorities at the Foreign Office, and the Legation was visited. All knowledge of the imprisoned doctor was at first denied, but on pressure being brought to bear upon the staff and detectives being undisguisedly placed to surround and watch the building, the occupants of the Legation became alarmed. They changed their tactics, admitted the existence of Sun Yat Sen as, they stated, a political prisoner in the Legation, charged with being concerned in an attempted revolution at Canton some months previously. They expressed indignation at any British official daring to question what took place inside the doors of the Chinese Embassy and threatened to make an international affair of the interference, declaring that the space within the walls of the building was Chinese territory and that to attempt to enter without permission would be a violation of the rights and privileges of the Emperor.

Nevertheless, they became afraid to put their designs into execution and the timely and persistent action of the British physician undoubtedly saved the life of his friend. The Embassy found they had to deal with a British minister who was, of all the Premiers who ever presided



Dr. Sun Yat Sen, leader of the movement that resulted in the Chinese Republic.

over the affairs of England, the one most competent and most ready to teach them a lesson. Lord Salisbury was in office and acted with characteristic promptitude and firmness. By his instructions a police inspector, accompanied by a staff of armed officers, entered the Legation and carried Dr. Sun Yat Sen away to a place of safety. It came as a surprise to the Chinese Embassy to be sternly told that, notwithstanding the privileges the British Government granted them for the administration of their business within the walls of the Legation, they were subject to the same penalties as individual ordinary citizens if they presumed to break the laws of the land by tampering with the liberties of any individual person who was a member of the community at large, no matter what his nationality. They had the lesson driven home pretty strongly that had they murdered Sun Yat Sen, as it transpired was their intention, nothing would have saved them from the gallows.

In face of the possible treachery of the doctor's enemies, it cannot be matter of surprise that the London police spirited him away into hiding so completely as to render it a difficult task to find him. Some days elapsed after his rescue, therefore, before I located him, and as, for aught I know, he may even still adopt the same hiding place for his privacy whenever he visits England, I may be pardoned for not stating precisely where we met. Suffice it that the building in which he had rooms was an ancient picturesque and substantially erected stone house, the outer walls of which were black with age,

moss grown and worn with centuries of rainstorms. The door, a bolt-studded black oak, heavy and substantial, in keeping with the rest of the building, I reached by way of a narrow passage, the pavement of which was of Yorkshire flags that were uneven in places and here and there rimmed with dark green moss that betrayed how few persons trod the passage.

In answer to my ring, the door was heavily pulled open to the extent of a thick chain, and a sweet-faced, dark-eyed middle-aged lady, whose voice was as musical as her face was kindly, and who spoke with a French accent, satisfied herself of my *bona-fides* and harmlessness before releasing the chain and admitting me into a small square hall that was walled with old oak and hidden from the interior of the house by thick dark-colored curtains.

The lady passed through these curtains to some mysterious beyond, leaving me in the small hall. Presently she returned and smilingly told me that the doctor would see me. I was ushered up an oaken staircase and into a room that was artificially lighted with a shaded reading lamp. The windows were so closely curtained with thick green hangings as to prevent either speck of light or the slightest shadow being observable from the outside of the house. Sun Yat Sen was standing in the semi-darkness of the furthest corner of the room. He advanced with pleasant courtesy, invited me to take a seat at a round covered table which stood between us, and seated himself at the opposite side of it. Some slight movement which I cannot exactly describe told me that he had a revolver in the dark jacket he was wearing and his position in the room at the moment of my entering, the expression of his first glance at me, the placing of the table between us and the reading lamp upon it so that at first the light fell full upon me, were obvious precautions in receiving a stranger. He was quick to read me, however, and in much shorter time than it has taken me to write this, satisfied himself that I was a friendly visitor. And in a few minutes we were chatting away together with all the freedom and absence of reserve of two old acquaintances.

He was then a few years under thirty years of age, broad shouldered, wiry and below the medium height. He wore his

jet black hair cut short and smoothed to the head and had a bristly, short, scanty moustache. On the surface there was an air of modesty and good humor that might have led the casual observer to doubt that he was a man of any exceptional power. But one could not be long in his company without discovering that beneath his mildness of demeanour lay a keenly observant instinct, cool courage, despatch of danger, and an indomitable will. He dressed like a European in good taste and fed like a European, but with moderation and admitted that he avoided alcoholic drinks.

I found him an apt linguist, an insatiable student of political and historical literature and fond of writing. He carried with him everywhere an expensive, self-filling gold pen, which always stood upright in the watch fob of his vest. His command of the English language was peculiarly interesting. His pronunciation had a quite musical nicety of the vowel sounds that would astonish every Englishman whose dialect rendered him hopeless of speaking his own language with absolute purity.

A peculiarity which impressed me was that, while his eyes were bright with the enjoyment of good-humored conversation, they had a kindly fascination, yet when he talked of the cruelties inflicted on his fellow-countrymen that brightness gradually lessened into dullness and the eyes

themselves seemed to recede, giving his whole facial expression one of deep sorrow. This was particularly noticeable when he described to me the failure of the rising in Canton which he was instrumental in organizing the previous autumn and which gave the excuse for his being kidnapped in London.

It was quite true, he assured me, that his captors had intended to compass his death. They were actuated by the fact of there being a great price upon his head. As a matter of fact, they would have received a reward if they succeeded in sending only his corpse to China, where, dead or alive, his body would be beheaded. Their reward, however, would have been the greater for sending him home alive, and the hope of shipping him away by a steamer lying in readiness in the Thames, without killing him first, was the secret of their not having murdered him before his rescue took place. Delay had, too, resulted from the difficulty of devising a means of conveying him to the steamer without detection. This difficulty had given rise to the suggestion they had debated to slay him in the Embassy and convey his body to the docks packed as merchandise, but the danger of detection through the possible inquisitiveness of customs officials had caused hesitancy to carry out this plan.

His capture, as he described it, was simply yet cleverly effected by the action of a betrayer. He was walking quietly along Portland Place, not knowing he was close to the Chinese Embassy, when a fellow-countryman who was a stranger to him stopped him with an affable greeting, spoke for a while sympathetically about the misrule of their empire, and finally invited him into "his chambers" near by. Momentarily taken off his guard by the feigned enthusiasm of this "friendly patriot," he went with him into the chambers, and immediately on reaching an upper corridor he was thrust into a room and told he was in the Embassy and a prisoner, charged with complicity in the attempted seizure of Canton in the October of the previous year. He had, he told me, been pursued round the world and, while in New York a few weeks back, been shadowed night and day, but there were so many patriotic Chinamen in that city his pursuers feared the vengeance of these adherents and eventu-



Sun Yat Sen was kept imprisoned in a room at the Embassy.

ally allowed him to leave without molesting him. He had felt equally safe in London and now, when he found himself under lock and key in the Embassy, though his chance of escape was very remote, he did not lose heart.

The romantic, if not miraculous, way in which he had been rescued, the steadfast loyalty to his English medical friend, and the prompt, vigorous action of the British Foreign Minister he regarded as attributes of the English character and strengthened his hope that he would live to see something of the British nobleness enter the spirit of his own people under the constitutional system of government the whole object of his life was to establish in China.

He frankly admitted his having been one of the leaders of the conspiracy at Canton. That conspiracy had failed, but his escape, while sixteen other persons were seized and beheaded, had almost justified the belief of many of his friends that he bore a charmed life, for that escape was as remarkable as his rescue from the Embassy in London.

After the failure at Canton, he simply went on board his own steam launch and sailed down to Hong Kong. There he made his preparations for a sea trip openly, under the eyes of the Imperial officers who were commissioned at the risk of their own lives to secure him. While they were pursuing and slaughtering others, the business-like unconcern of this "Chinese gentleman" was so contrary to their conception of the conduct of a fugitive they were thrown off the scent. He remained in Hong Kong a week, making arrangements for his wife and children and his mother and servants to follow him. These arrangements completed, he walked calmly through the cordon of his would-be captors on to a steamer sailing for the Sandwich Islands. At Honolulu he waited the arrival of his family, was joined there by them, equally unsuspected by the minions of the hated mandarins who watched them embark, and a few weeks later he and his were in safety in San Francisco. There they were surrounded by friends who feted them in thanksgiving for their extraordinary escape.

The rejoicing of his friends in America was equally great over his rescue in England. He had established safe means of communication with them, and the very day I sat chatting with him his mail brought him several congratulatory letters from America. One of these he translated for me literally

In his own words, too, may I repeat the description he gave me of the ambitions and hopes of the exiles and what was then being done in America to achieve the success which has since crowned their efforts.

"Our greatest hope," he said, "is to make the Bible and education, as we have come to know them by residence in America and Europe, the means of conveying to our unhappy fellow countrymen what blessings may lie in the way of just laws, what relief from their sufferings may be found through civilization.

"In America we have a powerful or-

ganization of exiles, with a center in San Francisco and headquarters in New York. The society is called the 'Hing Chung Woey,' a phrase which may be translated into the English phrase, the Chinese Progressive Society. The American chief of the Hing Chung Woey is Walter N. Fong, the first Chinese graduate of Stanford University, and his principal colleagues are graduates of Yale, Harvard, and other universities.

"One of our chief societies in China, the Keung Hock Woey, organized among the most intelligent Mandarins in Pekin, has been suppressed by the Emperor. Yet we are filled with hope.

"We intend to try every means in our power to seize the country, and create a Government, without bloodshed. I think we shall, but if I am doomed to disappointment in this, then there is no engine of warfare we can invoke to our aid that we shall hesitate to use. Our four hundred millions must and shall be released from the cruel tyranny of barbaric misrule, and be brought to enjoy the blessings of control by the merciful, just government by the arts of civilization."

Now the revolution is an accomplished fact, the actual words of the young reformer, describing the wrongs he sought to redress, are worth recording; indeed, they form an historic document of considerable value. As we sat together in the mantled room of the old English mansion I have described, he catalogued, in brief, crisp sentences, which I then and there wrote down and preserved, the crimes of misrule of which his country was guilty, as follows:—

The ruling of the dynasty is not government.

There is no Government at all in China.

All is oppression.

Corruption is universal.

Over each province there is what the English would call a governor.

There are no laws as you know laws.

The Governor of each province makes his own laws.

The will of each officer is the law.

There is no appeal against the law created for his own purposes by the officer or Governor, no matter how unjust, no matter how cruelly carried out.

These Governors universally persecute the people, and grow wealthy by squeezing them all into poverty.

Taxes, as taxation is understood by the English, are unknown. We pay only a land tax, but the Governors and officers take money from the masses by innumerable systems of extortion.

Every time a Governor or magistrate, or chief officer, takes charge of a district, the first thing he does is to find out who are the rich, who are favorably disposed towards him, and who against him.

He selects first one of those who he has reason to believe dislike him, forces one of those on his side to make a criminal charge against the selected man, and has him arrested on the charge, which is invariably a false charge.

The Governor enriches himself by each case, the only thing he knows in the nature of a law being that the Dynasty empowers

him to take as much as he likes as his own, usually the whole, of the property of every man whom he arrests and punishes.

The arrested man has no appeal; he has no advocates; he has no hearing; only his accusers are heard.

Then he is barbarously tortured to confess the guilt he knows not.

Any man who has influence with the magistrate or chief officer, or is in any way a creature of his, can arrest at his own will any person against whom he has a grievance, choose any crime he likes to name for the purpose, drag the person before the magistrate and accuse him, and ask for him to be punished. If the accused person denies the accusation he is put under torture for three days.

If at the end of the three days he refuses to confess himself guilty, punishment is meted out to him in severity according to the influence of the accuser and the necessity the magistrate feels of appeasing him.

The punishment for every offence charged, from petty larceny upwards, is almost invariably beheading. Beheading saves prison expense and effectually silences the accused person. There is one pretence of justice. The three days' torture is stated, for the soothing of the official conscience, to be three days of grace to enable the prisoner to bring witnesses to prove his innocence. The prisoner is carefully prevented from having intercourse with his friends, if they know of his imprisonment. Hundreds of persons thus disappear daily, their friends never knowing what has become of them, but guessing shrewdly.

Should an accused person suspect his arrest is pending and he goes in hiding, he is sought among his friends. If he is not among them the commissioner who makes the search selects one of his friends, sometimes two or three. The friends are taken out and beheaded.

In the event of a charge, say of theft, against some person of whose identity the accuser is uncertain, or pretends to be, the commissioner does not hesitate to capture eight or ten innocent persons living in the locality frequented by the accused person and take them out and slay them.

One of the most successful of these commissioners, well-known in Hong Kong, seized and beheaded between 3,000 and 4,000 people in this way during the twelve months previous to my leaving China.

The torture inflicted on the accused persons during the three days allowed for them to confess is as brutal as the most horrible tortures ever known in the most barbaric ages. Every possible species of mechanical instrument for causing excruciating pain is brought into use.

A favorite form of torture is to tie a man down near a heated stove and gradually roast him. If he cries out he is innocent, he is sneered at and told: "No innocent man comes here; your being here is proof of your guilt."

The burning is continued till the point of death is reached. The sufferer is re-

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Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

By HUGH C. WEIR

2—The Missing Bridegroom

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

I.

TWO million dollars and the most beautiful girl in the county were to be Norris Endicott's in another twenty-five minutes.

He was emphatically in love with Bertha Van Sutton, but cared nothing for her millions, in spite of the remembrance of his own uncertain income as a struggling architect. The next half hour was to bring him all that a reasonable man could ask in this uncertain world.

This was his position and outlook at the Van Sutton home at seven-forty p.m. Some one has said that a moment can change the course of a battle. Also it can revolutionize a man's life—perhaps end it altogether—and pitchfork him into another. At five minutes past eight—the hour that Endicott was to have made Bertha Van Sutton his wife—he had vanished from "The Maples" as completely and mysteriously as though the balmy earth outside had opened and swallowed him. The expectant bridegroom literally had been whisked into oblivion.

At twenty minutes before eight o'clock, Williard White, glancing into his room, found Endicott pacing the floor, his tall, closely knit figure showing to excellent advantage in his evening clothes, a quiet smile, as of anticipation, on his face as he held a match to his cigarette.



As she took the arm of her father she made a picture to justify the half-audible sighs of envy from the bevy of attendants.

ous? When the best girl in the world is about to be mine—all mine? Of course I'm nervous, but it's because I am so happy I can hardly keep my feet on the ground!" (Which was a somewhat hysterical, but thoroughly human remark, you would agree, had you ever worshipped at the shrine of Bertha Van Sutton!)

At five minutes past eight the orchestra shifted the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" to their racks, the leader cleared his throat, in expectation of the signal to raise his baton, and the chattering throng of guests, scattered through the lavishly decorated house from the conservatory to the veranda, swept into the long red-and-gold drawing-room, with the bower of palms and orchids at the end drawing admiring exclamations even from the most cynical dowagers. Adolph Van Sutton's millions assuredly had set a fit stage for the most talked-of wedding of the season.

Outside, Adolph, himself, was fumbling nervously with his cuffs as the bridal party ranged itself in whispering ranks for the entry. Bertha Van Sutton had just appeared with Ethel Allison, her chief bridesmaid and chum since boarding-school days. As she took the arm of her father, she made a picture to

"Nervous, old man?" White called banteringly, holding the door a-jar. Endicott turned with a laugh. "Nerv-

justify the half-audible sighs of envy from the bevy of attendants. With the folds of her long veil reaching almost to the hem of

her gown and the sweep of her train, her figure looked almost regal in spite of her girlish slenderness. Her dark hair, piled in a great, loose coil, heightened the impression, which might have given her the suggestion of haughtiness had it not been for the magnetism of her smile.

The smile was bubbling in her eyes as she glanced around with the surprised question, "Where's Norris?"

Her father looked up quickly, but it was Ethel Allison who answered, "Willard White has just gone after him, Bert. Here he comes now!"

The best man came hurriedly through the door. As he paused, he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Where's Norris, Willard?" Miss Allison asked impatiently.

"He's gone!"

"Gone!" The bridesmaid's voice rose to a shrill falsetto.

The best man shook his head in a sort of blind bewilderment. "He's gone," he repeated, mechanically.

The bride whirled. Adolph Van Sutton strode forward and seized White by the arm.

"What, under Heaven, are you giving us, man?"

White stiffened his shoulders as though the sharp grasp had awakened him from his daze.

"Norris Endicott is not in this house, sir!" he cried, as if realizing for the first time the full import of his announcement.

In the drawing-room, the orchestra-leader, with a final look at the empty door, lowered his baton with a snort of disgust and plumped sullenly back in his chair. The jewel-studded ranks of the crowding guests elevated their eyebrows in polite wonder. In the corner, the palms that were to have sheltered the bride beckoned impatiently.

On the velvet carpet, outside, lay a white, silent figure. It was Bertha Van Sutton who had fallen, an unconscious heap in the folds of her wedding finery.

Upstairs in the groom's apartment, a circle of disheveled men were staring at one another in tongue-tied bewilderment. Norris Endicott might have vanished into thin air, evaporated. The man who was to wed the Van Sutton heiress had been blotted out, eliminated.

As the group edged uneasily toward the door, a stray breeze, fragrant with the evening odors of the flower-lined lawn below, swept through the open window. A small object, half-buried in the curtain folds, fell with a soft thud to the floor. The nearest man stooped toward it almost unconsciously. It was a silver ball, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter. With a shrug, he passed it to Adolph Van Sutton. The latter dropped it mechanically into his pocket.

II.

THE five o'clock sun was splashing its waning glow down on to the autumn-thinned trees when I pushed open the rustic gate of "The Rosary" the next afternoon to carry the somber problem that was beyond me to the wizard skill of Madelyn Mack.

I was frankly tired after the day's buffeting. And there was a soothing rest-

fulness in the velvet green of the close-cropped lawn, with its fat box hedges and the scarlet splashes of its canna beds, that brought me to an almost involuntary pause lest I break the spell. Madelyn Mack's rose garden beyond was a wreck of shriveled bushes, but my pang at the memory of its faded glories was softened by the banks of asters and cosmos marshalled before it as though to hide its emptiness. The snake-like coil of a black hose was pouring a playful spray into a circle of scarlet sage at the side of the graveled path, with the gaunt figure of Andrew Bolton crouching, hatless, near it, trimming a ragged line of grass with a pair of long shears.

With a sigh I turned toward the quaint chalet nestling ahead. I might have been miles from the rumble of the work-a-day world.

I smiled—somewhat cynically, I will confess—as I pulled the old-fashioned knocker. There were few persons yet who knew, as I did, the shadows surrounding the wedding-night vanishing of Norris Endicott. Could Madelyn solve the problem that had already taken rank as the most baffling police case of five years?

The sphinx-like face of Susan Bolton greeted me on the other side of the door. She was dressed for the street in her prim bonnet and black silk gown.

"Miss Madelyn said you would be here, Miss Noraker," she greeted me. "I thought I might meet you on my way to the Missionary Tea."

Crime and a Missionary Tea! I smiled at the incongruity as I protested, "But I never told her I was coming! How in the world—"

Susan threw up her mittened hands. "Law child, don't you know she has a way of finding out things?"

A sudden laugh and the friendly bark of a dog sounded from the end of the hall. A slight figure in black stepped toward me with her two hands extended. At her heels, Peter the Great trotted lazily.

"I am glad you came before six!" she said, as she seized and held both of my hands, a distinctively Madelyn Mack habit. "I was afraid you would be delayed. The trolley service to the Van Sutton place is abominable!"

"But why did you want me before six?" I cried. "And how did you know I was coming at all? And how—"

Madelyn released my hands with a smile. "Really, you must give me time to catch my breath! Come into the den with Peter the Great, and toast yourself while we cross-examine each other."

It was not until she was drawn up before the crackling log in the great open fireplace, with the dog curled contentedly on the jaguar skin at her feet, that she spoke again, and then it was in the rapid-fire fashion that showed me she was "hot on a winding trail," as she would express it.

"I will answer your questions first," she began, as she rested her chin on her left hand in her favorite attitude and peered across at me, her eyes glowing with the restless energy of her mood. "I telephoned the *Bugle* office this morning and was told that you had just left 'The Maples.' Of course I knew that Nora Noraker, the star reporter, would be put

on the Van Sutton case at once, and I had a shrewd idea from past experience that you would bring the problem to me before night. As I am to meet Adolph Van Sutton here at six, I was anxious to review the field with you before his arrival. I was retained in the case this afternoon, as I rather expected to be, after I had read the early editions of the papers and saw that the police would have to abandon their obvious theory."

I raised my eyebrows. "What is that?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Murder! I had not read half a dozen paragraphs before I saw that this, of course, was absurd, and that even the police would have to admit as much before night."

"But they haven't!" I cut in triumphantly. "Detective Wiley gave out an interview just before I left—said there was no doubt that Endicott had been made away with!"

"Then the more fool he!" Madelyn stirred the gnarled log in the fireplace until a shower of yellow sparks went dancing up the chimney. "I could show him his mistake in three sentences."

For a moment she sat staring at me, with her long lashes veiling a slow smile.

"Do they use gas or electricity at 'The Maples'?" she asked, abruptly.

I thought for a moment. "Both," I answered. "Why?"

"Was either burning in Endicott's room at the time of his disappearance?"

I shook my head with a helpless smile.

Madelyn rubbed her hands gently through the long, shaggy hair of Peter the Great. We both sat staring into the fire for quite five minutes. "Did Endicott dress at 'The Maples' for the ceremony?" she demanded suddenly. "Or did he dress before he appeared at the house?" I could feel her eyes studying me as I pondered the question.

I looked up finally with an expression of rueful bewilderment.

"Oh, Nora! Nora!" she cried, with a little stamp of her foot. "Where are your eyes and your ears? And you at the house all day!"

"I rather flattered myself that I had found out all there was to find." I answered somewhat petulantly.

Madelyn reached over to the divan by her elbow and selected a copy of the *Bugle* from the stack of crumpled papers that it contained. It was not until she had read slowly through the five-column report of the Van Sutton mystery—two columns of which I had contributed myself—that she looked up. "I presume you have mentioned here everything of importance?"

I nodded. "Norris Endicott was above suspicion—morally and financially. He had few friends—that is, close friends—but no enemies. There was absolutely no one who wished him ill, no one who might have a reason for doing so, unless—"

Madelyn noted my hesitation with a swift flash. "You mean his defeated rivals for Miss Van Sutton's hand?"

"You have taken the words out of my mouth. There were two of them, and both were present at the wedding—that didn't take place. Curiously enough, one



of the two was Endicott's best man, Willard White. The other, he also knew more or less intimately—Richard Bainbridge, the civil engineer." I gazed across at her as I paused. To my disappointment, she was studying the carpet, with her thoughts obviously far away. "That is all, I think," I finished rather lamely.

The log in the fireplace fell downward with a shower of fresh sparks. Peter the Great growled uneasily. Madelyn took the dog's head in her lap, and was silent so long I thought she had forgotten me.

Suddenly she leaned back in her chair and her eyes half closed.

"One more question, Nora, if you please. I believe you said in your report that, when the group of searchers were leaving Endicott's vacant room, a small, silver ball rolled from the sill to the floor. Do you happen to know whether the ball is solid or hollow?"

I smiled. "It is hollow. I examined it this afternoon. But surely such a trivial incident—"

Madelyn pushed back her chair with a quick gesture of satisfaction. "How often must I tell you that nothing is trivial—in crime? That answer atones for all of your previous failures, Nora. You may go to the head of the class! No, not another word!" she interrupted as I stared at her. "I don't want to think or talk—now. I must have some music to clear my brain if I am to scatter these cobwebs!"

I sank back with a sigh of resignation and watched her as she stepped across to the phonograph, resting on the cabinet of records in the corner. I knew from experience that she had veered into a mood in which I would have gained an instant rebuke had I attempted to press the case farther. Patiently or impatiently, I must await her pleasure to reopen our discussion.

"Bertha Van Sutton darted across the room with a cry and threw herself into his arms. . . . It was Morris Endicott."

"What shall it be?" she asked almost gaily, with her nervous alertness completely gone as she stooped over the record-case. "How would the quartet from 'Rigoletto' strike your mood? I think it would be ideal, for my part."

From Verdi we circled to Donizetti's "Lucia," and then, in an odd whim, her hand drew forth a haphazard selection from "William Tell." It was the latter part of the ballet music, and the record was perhaps half completed when the door opened—we had not heard the bell—and Susan announced Adolph Van Sutton.

Madelyn rose, but she did not stop the machine. Mr. Van Sutton plumped nerv-

ously into the seat that she extended to him, gazing with obvious embarrassment at her radiant face as she stood with her head bent forward and a faint smile on her lips, completely under the sway of Rossini's matchless music.

She stopped the machine sharply at the end of the record. When she whirled back toward us, "William Tell" had been forgotten. She was again the sharp-eyed, sharp-questioning ferret, with no thought beyond the problem of the moment. I think the transformation astonished our caller even more than the glimpse of her unexpected mood at his entrance. I could imagine that his matter-of-fact, commercial mind was floundering in the effort to understand the remarkable young woman before him.

Madelyn changed her seat to one almost directly opposite her nervous client. She was about to speak when she noted his eyes turned questioningly in my direction.

"This is my friend, Miss Noraker, Mr. Van Sutton," she announced formally. "I believe you have met before."

Mr. Van Sutton polished his glasses with his handkerchief as he responded somewhat dubiously. "Miss Noraker is a—a reporter, I believe? Don't you think, Miss Mack, that our conversation should be, er—private?"

I had already risen when Madelyn motioned to me to pause. "Miss Noraker is not here in her newspaper capacity. She is a personal friend who has accompanied me in so many of my cases that I look upon her almost as a lieutenant. You can rest assured that nothing which you or I would wish kept silent will be published!"

Mr. Van Sutton's face cleared, and he bowed to me as if in apology. "Very well, Miss Mack. I am sure I can rely upon your discretion perfectly."

Continued on Page 113.



"In appearance Lady Chapleau is still a beautiful woman."

A GOOD many people may be astonished to review even a partial list of names of the women who have survived their famous husbands. Yet, there are widows living to-day who form a link with an almost forgotten past—a past which is too far removed from the present to be part of it, and yet one which is not covered with sufficient dust of Time to have absorbed the glamor of antiquity. With the death of their husbands, these women voluntarily faded from the limelight, from the glare of publicity, and many are hardly more than echoes to the present, madly-progressive generation.

Across the water, Frau Wagner guards her husband's work with loving jealousy. If Carlotta, wife of the ill-fated Maximilian, is no longer living, her death only occurred recently. Pathetic Eugenie is a link between us and what seems to be a far-away past. She can be seen any morning—a shrunken figure in black—amid the roses of her garden, almost as much a memory to the casual passer-by, as the fragrance of her roses; and often, she is not even recognized as the one-time idol of a great nation, the mistress of a brilliant court and the most beautiful woman in Europe.

Canada can add a long list of illustrious names to the foregoing. The Baroness Macdonald has survived her famous husband nearly a quarter of a century. Much to the regret of a host of Canadian friends, she now lives in England, her Ottawa home and the picturesque background of

The Widows of Famous Canadians

By MADGE MacBETH

Editor's Note.—The first of a series of articles on prominent women of Canada is herewith presented. It tells of women who aided their husbands to fame and fortune and who in some cases made careers for themselves. Canadian statesmen seem to have been particularly fortunate in having wives as brilliant and capable as themselves. Succeeding articles, in the series will tell of Canadian women who have succeeded in the professions, in business and in the arts. Canadian women have not been active in the fight for suffrage but they have done this: they have demonstrated their ability to vote, if at any time they should desire the right.

her title, having passed into the hands of one of her intimate friends, Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss. The Baroness still exercises her forceful and vigorous personality upon all who come in contact with her; she could not do otherwise and be herself. Quoting from Parkin: "All that Lady Beaconsfield was to the Conservative Premier of England, Lady Macdonald was to the Conservative Premier of Canada, who, strangely enough, bore a strong resemblance to Disraeli." (And a fact still more striking is that Lady Macdonald is said to have borne a strong resemblance to her own husband!) "She enjoyed his fullest confidence. If any one on earth knew what was in his mind, she was that one!"

Lady Macdonald was quite a traveler. Born in Jamaica, living her childhood in England, her girlhood in Canada, she

found it no hardship to accompany Sir John on his various missions. She went with him to Washington during the time of the consideration of the Joint High Commission which resulted in the Treaty of Washington, 1871; she went with him on his trip to British Columbia when, for the first time, he passed over the C. P. R., the building of which had been one of his great interests. Lady Macdonald wrote an interesting account of this journey called, "By Car and Cow-Catcher," which by no means exhausted her literary efforts. She has contributed to many periodicals both in the United States and in England.

The Baroness always called her famous husband "John A.", as did many others who knew and loved him. She was a leader in her way just as much as he was, in his. She, naturally, set the pace for the social life of the Capital and never has it been more brilliant than in her day. Her "Drawing Rooms" resembled those highly intellectual gatherings of the early nineteenth century in England and France, before the gentle art of conversation gave way, and her dislike of the present form of entertainment is proven by the following conversation which took place last year between the Baroness and one of her most intimate Ottawa friends.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you are a party to the practice of giving functions which exclude the husbands of the ladies invited? Would you give a luncheon and invite women without their husbands?"

"I am afraid I have to," confessed the friend. "Well, I did not — when I was in Ottawa."

"No," protested the friend, "but in your day



A splendid photograph of the widow of Sir John A. Macdonald.

Earnscliffe," the picturesque home of the Baroness Macdonald while in Ottawa, and now the home of one of her friends, Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, still another of the charming daughters of Dr. Beatty.

A quaint old photograph of the Baroness Macdonald.



Few women have enjoyed a more worthily distinguished career than Lady Tilley.

there were no Golf Clubs, Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs. These, unfortunately, seem to provide more amusement to the masculine taste than a mere luncheon—with wives."

The Baroness gave an impatient toss of her head. "If I made up my mind to have them," she seemed to say, "they would come!"

There is not the slightest doubt of it!

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY THOMPSON.

Lady Thompson survived her husband twenty years. The Premier died on Dec. 12th, 1894, in England, and his widow succumbed only last year to an operation in a Toronto hospital. Her death came as a great shock, for neither she nor her friends supposed that her illness had in it anything of a serious nature.

The glamor of romance surrounds the meeting and courtship of Sir John and Lady Thompson. They both lived in Halifax and both were struggling for a living. Almost as soon as they were married, however, Fortune began to smile upon them. The young barrister rose rapidly to the front ranks, and his country offered him the highest honor it had the power to give.

Lady Thompson was a beautiful woman. "I remember her driving, of an afternoon, to her husband's office," says an old resident of Halifax, "sitting erect, her head well up, and showing to great advantage as beautiful a face and head of blonde hair as I ever hope to see. John Thompson—as he was then—could hardly wait to put away his papers, so anxious was he to take his place by the side of the wife he adored."

To the day of his death, he carried a miniature of Lady Thompson on his person. She was to him God's finest gift to man—a friend. It may be going too far to say that Lady Thompson made his career; at least, one can say without exaggeration, she helped him make it. She was his ever-ready "Critic on the Hearth."

Her criticism was valuable and unbiased. She believed in him, which in itself is a wonderful spur toward achievement; and she never allowed her admiration for his great ability to grow less visible to him.

Lady Thompson was humanly erratic. This showed particularly in her carelessness as to dress.

"Although she had magnificent costumes," says a friend and neighbor, "the very times when she should have worn them—times when, as wife of the Premier something out of the ordinary would be expected of her, Lady Thompson would appear smiling and gracious in an old gray homespun or a plain blouse and skirt. I well remember one night at Government House. We were all waiting for her arrival to go in to dinner. She was late—as usual. And finally when the bells of a hard-driven sleigh announced that she was on hand, she limped serenely into the drawing room without her slipper! She casually announced that she had lost it somehow in the fur robes of the cab and, being already late, did not take time to make a careful search!"

So great was the love and esteem of Canadians for the widow of their Prime Minister, that they raised a fund for her. Not only that but the education of her sons was undertaken by the then Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen. Lady Thompson had always been an enthusiastic co-operator with Lady Aberdeen in her charitable work—helping her organize that body of world-wide repute, the National Council of Women, whose president she was, for a time.

Another of her charities was the support she gave to the Victorian Order of Nurses.

GENTLE MRS. BLAKE.

The widow of the Hon. Edward Blake still lives quietly in Toronto. Born in London, Ont., in 1835, Miss Margaret Cronyn, eldest daughter of the Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Huron, was educated in her home and then in Toronto. Mr. Blake lived at that time in Toronto, but it is possible he met his future wife in London, as he also had relatives there. They were married in London, in 1858, and went to Toronto to live. Rather a coincidence is the fact that two daughters of his Lordship Bishop Cronyn married two Blake brothers, and that Miss Blake married Mr. Cronyn.

Mrs. Blake was the ideal complement to her decisive and vigorous husband. She was gentleness personified. One who was an intimate friend of the family for many years, describes her as "an angel with beautiful silver hair."

Although living so quietly in Toronto, Mrs. Blake's sympathy is as ready as it ever was. She is devoted to educational and charitable work and her left hand knows nothing of what her right hand does. It may be of interest to some to know that the house Mr. and Mrs. Blake occupied in Ottawa was torn down a few years ago, and the Westminster Apartments were erected on the site. In this house, too, Dr. and Mrs. Schultz made their Ottawa home.

LADY TILLEY A BRILLIANT LEADER.

Few women have enjoyed a more worthily distinguished career than Lady

Tilley. Born in St. Stephen, N.B., Miss Alice Starr Chipman early developed literary and artistic proclivities. She went to school in St. John and later traveled abroad. She married on October 27th, 1867, as his second wife, the Hon. Samuel L. Tilley, C.B., then Minister of Customs. This brilliant statesman was largely instrumental in securing the political union of British North America. He died in 1896 shortly after accepting the position of Lieutenant-Governor for New Brunswick.

While in Ottawa, where she was the beloved and intimate associate of the Baroness Macdonald, Lady Tilley was one of the most popular women in the Capital. "She was prominent in a brilliant social coterie of women led by the baroness," says one who knew them both. She was prominent in functions given during the visit of our present royal Governor-General and his sister the Princess Louise. She was presented to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, indeed, by Princess Louise and had the distinguished honor of visiting "the little Queen."

After taking possession of Government House, Fredericton, for the second time, in 1885, Lady Tilley gave herself up almost entirely to benevolent work and it is in connection with her many charities even more than her social prominence that her name is known to us. She was instrumental in giving her native province several institutions, chief among which are the Victoria Cottage Hospital, Fredericton; the Industrial School for Boys, the Nurses' Home, and the Seaman's Mission, St. John; the Chipman Memorial Hospital, developed from the Chipman estate and donated by the heirs—Lady Tilley, J. D. Chipman, Esq., Mrs. Toller, and Mrs. W. H. Howland—for this purpose.

Her principles are of the highest and she lives consistently up to them. In the thirteen years of her holding first place in New Brunswick, no wines or intoxicants of any kind were used on her table.



Lady Schultz—"a dear little gentle-voiced woman."

And it requires some courage for the wife of a lieutenant-governor to take such a stand!

A DISTINGUISHED TRAVELER.

Lady Chapleau is a flat denial of the statement that, to have enthusiastic friends, one must have enemies. Those who know her but slightly speak of her in terms of deep regard; those who have been fortunate enough to live in her company for months, can find no words in which to express their love and affection.

Since the death of her husband, Lady Chapleau has lived as much out of range of the public eye as was possible. She divides her time between Montreal and Europe. To be inconspicuous is her hobby. Sometimes at foreign hotels she will have her meals sent for days to her room rather than face the curious though friendly inspection of the traveling hordes. She loves Italy and knows it well. She can describe the works of any of the masters with an artist's knowledge and appreciation; she ferrets out sights which the casual tourist never dreams about. In other words, without "doing the Continent," with a guide book, a lunch basket and a kodak, Lady Chapleau gets all there is out of traveling in her quiet, inconspicuous way.

In appearance she is still a beautiful woman. Literally her crowning glory is her hair, which falls to the ground and is a wonderful bronze tint, very slightly gray. Her skin is fair and fine, very white and delicately pink. When she was first married, she was frequently mistaken for Sir Adolphe's daughter.

Most of us have read Mr. Kirby's interesting book, "The Golden Dog." Lady Chapleau was the inspiration for one of the chapters in it. Do you remember the princess with the beautiful hair—Louise Roi? It is quite easy to connect the fictitious princess with Lady Chapleau, whose maiden name was Louise King. She and a school friend, both of whom had known Mr. Kirby, jokingly suggested that he give them a place in his book. And that was the result.

Her intense dislike for publicity has sometimes led to the erroneous impression that she is not particularly charitable. It would hardly be possible to conceive of a single individual performing more acts of charity than those undertaken by Lady Chapleau. But she insists upon remaining incognito, herself. Her name never appears in connection with her numerous gifts.

There was a wide gap between the political convictions of Lieutenant-Governor King and Sir Adolphe Chapleau. Once, upon being asked her opinion on a very leading question, Lady Chapleau laughingly replied:

"Well, as the daughter of my father, I think one thing; as the wife of my husband, I think another!"

THE STORMY EXPERIENCES OF LADY SCHULTZ.

Lady Schultz has survived here husband many years. She has probably seen as much actual warfare as merely political difference. She lived through the trying time of the first North-West Re-

bellion, when her husband, waiting for the Hon. William Macdougall and Government assistance, was forced to flee from the wrath of the rebels and hide in the cellar of Alexander Murray, retired chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. She was forced to wait for tidings of him, when tidings were exceedingly hard to get, and she was not sure that he had escaped to Port Arthur and safety until her nerves must have been pretty tautly strung. Lady Schultz saw a period of extreme leanness in the West when the scoffers east of Manitoba cried, "I told you so," to John Schultz and others for having put their faith in the Canadian North-West. It looked as though they had sowed on barren ground. But the day came when the pioneers could fling back the doubts of the Easterners in their teeth. The means enjoyed by Lady Schultz to-day prove that statement.

Her particular hobby, one might say, is interest in the Dynevor Hospital, built on the site of the old St. Peter's Indian Reserve. The hospital was designed originally for the benefit of the Indians on the reserve, but its activities have broadened since the removal of the red men and other patients are now admitted.



"So great was the love and esteem for the widow of their Prime Minister (Sir John Thompson), that they raised a fund for her."

The house itself was the one-time residence of Archdeacon Cowley, who did pioneer missionary work amongst the Indians, following in the footsteps of Bishop Anderson—founder of that particular mission. The Cowleys and Dr. and Mrs. Schultz were old friends, the latter having been entertained many times in the gray stone house (built by Old Country workmen) of the archdeacon in the days when that same house looked a veritable palace.

At their home on the banks of the Red River, Dr. and Mrs. Schultz made a weekly fete for the girls of St. Johns. One of those girls, now the proud mother of a grown daughter, says:

"I remember getting dressed for the afternoon's party, in my best clothes and, while putting them on, trying to put on my best manners. Mrs. Schultz was so

thoroughly charming that she inspired us all to behave as well as possible. We would usually go for a drive first, then come back to tea, and caraway cakes! Our hostess—a dear little gentle-voiced woman—generally wore a black silk gown and a cap ornamented for the occasion with black rosettes. The dress was probably trimmed with narrow black velvet, although I can't be certain of that! She was always interested in our coughs and colds and would insist upon administering any doses we were supposed to take, while we were with her. For that reason we did not always consider the afternoon a perfect holiday!"

When they gave up their house at Point Douglas, the doctor and his wife moved into the last house ever erected in Manitoba (or elsewhere) for the North-West Trading Company. This was in Winnipeg, facing on Main street, about halfway between the C.P.R. Station and St. John's. It was something of a landmark, having "North-West Trading Company" painted in huge letters on the roof!

From that historic dwelling, Mrs. Schultz saw many changes; not the least of which was her own removal to Government House. Never a believer in pomp, yet she made hosts of friends as the Lieutenant-Governor's gracious wife. The last years of Sir John's life were painful, he becoming almost a helpless invalid. Lady Schultz cared for him with all the devotion of a devoted wife, and was further burdened by the desperate illness of a friend—a physician who really came to take care of Sir John. He was stricken fatally ill while in their house, and survived, under very distressing circumstances, I am told, his patient.

Mrs. Arthur Wellington Ross is the widow of one of the firmest believers in the West. As a pioneer in all sorts of business ventures, the Hon. A. W. Ross had no equal. He is well remembered too for the political services he rendered to his country.

Mrs. Ross was born in Glengarry. She was a Miss MacLean and delightfully Scotch. Of her generosity and many charities, pages could be written; of her popularity it is unnecessary to speak. That is too well known. One can easily imagine how enthusiastically she was received in Winnipeg—what an addition to the social circle she was, and what a charming mistress of that princely mansion at Fort Rouge, which her husband built in the early 80's, during the days of the boom. (This is the only boom, by the way, that Winnipeg residents will ever acknowledge; all others were legitimate land expansions!) This house was built, so rumor has it, with bricks at so much apiece. They came from St. Louis and by the time they landed in Winnipeg were about worth their weight in gold.

After many months of retirement, following the tragedy of the Titanic, when Mr. Hugo Ross, one of the most popular young men between Halifax and Vancouver, was lost, Mrs. Ross has bravely taken up the burden of her social activities again and is the centre of a brilliant circle.

The Things That Count

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by
GEO. H. FLATER



The judge looked up from the menu. "Shall we leave it to Peters?"

BISHOP WIDDIFIELD and Judge Gair were dining together at the "Wanderers." It was their weekly custom. Over them bent Peters, the chief steward, in whose immaculate and deferential person was embodied the happy compromise of service and dignity. Peters always felt that this was for him the focus in which culminated the expression of personal and official obligation. Inclined at that exact angle which bespeaks respect not only for one's employers, but also for oneself, he said: "I can recommend the broiled shad this evening, gentlemen."

The judge looked up from the menu. "Shall we leave it to Peters, Bishop?"

The bishop's eyes twinkled. "By all means," he said, briskly, "as usual."

While Peters vanishes to confer with invisible acolytes regarding the culinary sacrament shortly to appear, consider the two, nibbling olives at the table, and throwing out delicate conversational tentacles.

The judge was a huge man, with scanty grey hair, through which the pink dome of his gigantic skull glowed with the delicate hues of a spring sunset. His face was broad and square, his mouth large and firm, his eyes blue and brilliant, beaming with radiations of humor and good-will. He wore vast loose garments, which settled softly on him in smooth comforting folds, garments which seemed to have absorbed the warp and woof of rolls of fabric, and were neither designed nor made nor sold by any ordinary rule of any ordinary tailor. The judge, in short, gave one not only the evidence of amplitude, but also of a mould so framed that its large resiliency seemed immune from those assaults of life and circumstances which continually beset his fellows.

For years he had deflected the bench of the High Court. Gair's judgments, so admirable were they in their fusion of

law and equity, were recognized as pronouncements from which any appeal was costly rather than successful. Litigants somehow were not encouraged to appeal from his decisions. The bench was too eminently fair. The judge beamed like a great kindly luminary, transforming the dusty atmosphere of his court, terrible yet kindly, aloof yet human—a Jugger-naut of justice, a big brother to the oppressed.

Opposed to him, the bishop resembled a rapidly darting dragon-fly that paused in its gyrations in front of some towering plantigrade. The bishop was short and brisk, and dressed with almost meticulous care. He had a small face, a straight sharp nose, and thin lips, redeemed by benignant little lines that puckered into being as he spoke. His expression would have been that of an inquisitor, were it not that the grey eyes softened with something more than friendliness as he looked contentedly around the spacious leather-lined cube of the dining-room.

Very few had got far enough into the bishop's inner soul to see the ashes of an old fire, extinguished by an old tragedy that had left him widowed with the son of the love of his youth. From Richard came but little companionship; but deep in the episcopal soul other things were moving, questions whose dominant reiterations was known only to the man across the table.

"I read your sermon on Monday, Bishop," said the judge.

The bishop paused over his soup. "Well?"

"I've been trying to reconcile it with jurisprudence ever since. And I can't."

"Thank God for that," replied the bishop, a trifle sententiously. "Jurisprudence, as I see it, is a stumbling block in the way of the Church. We refuse to recognize divorce. You do exactly the opposite."

The judge slowly stroked the napkin across his knees—stroked it carefully and thoughtfully. He seemed to be smoothing out mental creases as well.

"Take Mary's case," he said at length. "Get into the middle distance and look at them. Mary is doing her best, without a word of protest; but does society profit by the perpetuation of such a union?"

Into the minds of both came the vision of Mary, Gair's only child. It was three years since she and Lamont had knelt to Widdifield's blessing, while the judge beamed gloriously to hide the ache in his heart. But in three years the veil had been torn

away, and there was revealed, instead of the altar of love, a metallic personality, dead to any throb of response or affection. Beneath this coldness Mary's soul had shrunk like a withered plant. Nature had invested her with a rare and delicate spirit. She had pulsed with every divine anticipation of womanhood, and held out to Lamont every exquisite promise of an intimate companionship. But, even as her soul beckoned him nearer, Lamont had retired cold and silent. He surrounded her with the product of his genius; for Lamont was a famous inventor. But more and more he shut himself up with intricate mental processes from which he emerged only to sustain life for further isolation. His name was world-known, his royalties flowed in from the ends of the earth, but he was a thinking machine, insensible to any thrill save the ecstasy of discovery and the triumph of science. And all of this the bishop knew and remembered.

"As a whole, undoubtedly," he said slowly. "As for Mary's case, it simply brings us back to the origin of most of such trouble—pure casual ignorance of what may be involved in marriage."

The judge shook his head. "You're dealing with something too big and elemental. You can't control it. You can't even modulate it. But it does seem to me, Bishop, as if the Church to-day simply ratified every ill-considered union with what it claims to be an eternal seal and the courts have the subsequent and unpleasant privilege of enfranchising."

He caught his companion's eyes and stopped abruptly. His mind went back to the days following Widdifield's entry into the Church, to the long evenings when his friend's soul was laid bare before him, to the simplicity and candor of that soul when faith and reason laid mine and counter mine in battle for its loyalty.

Widdifield was fair. He knew that. Above all things, he treasured his friendship.

The judge stood for even more to the bishop. In later years there had come to his episcopal seclusion seasons, more and more recurrent, of longing to wipe out form and office and cast his trammelled spirit on just such a broad placid humanity as that which differentiated Gair from most of the men he knew. He felt, and felt keenly, that the Church, for all his efforts, lacked something—was it “cameraderie?”—that he found in most places where men walk abroad together. He was tired of being “Bishoped.” He chafed at the differentiation that custom and society has set upon his station. He resented the implication that he was, all of him, a thing apart and not of the everyday man's world. He felt out of the things he wanted to be in. And to all this the judge brought that reasonable gentleness which is born of the knowledge of the light and shade in other people's lives. He respected the spiritual side of the bishop; he did not differentiate him; he paid him the compliment of no modulations, and this was balm to Widdifield.

There was a moment's silence, then the bishop looked up affectionately. “I suppose it's the heritage of the Church to be on what is considered the uncomfortable side of things. I for one should grow very suspicious of my office if people jumped at my advice and said: ‘How sensible!’ You suggested just now that it was the unpleasant privilege of the courts to dissolve ill-considered unions that had previously been ratified by the Church. But I feel tempted to say that courts were invented as a means of escape from reasonable duties imposed by the Church.” His eyes twinkled. “Don't forget, Judge, before you were, we are.”

Gair nodded gently. “Yes, I know. I suppose I take it deeply. It comes so near home. I'm unhappy about Mary. She looks like a lonely ghost. This is the springtime of life for her, and she was made to be loved. Heigh ho! I hope your Richard won't make any mistake.”

The bishop smiled mechanically. “I hope not, but there's not much chance of it. He doesn't seem to care for women and I rather expect he won't marry. But as a matter of fact I see very little of him now.”

“A clever fellow,” said the judge thoughtfully. “And, by the way, he pleads a case before me to-morrow. I think,” he added, “Richard should go far.”

The bishop's eyes were wistful. “He's gone too far from me already,” he answered with a shadow of dejection.

CHAPTER II.

RICHARD WIDDIFIELD counsel for the defence, closed his address, glanced keenly at the bench and sat down amidst a murmur of approval that the judge did not attempt to check. He felt that he had done something more than

his best; that he had not only exhausted every available argument, but had also woven into the fabric of his pleading such a maze of relevant, extenuating facts that the Government would forthwith abandon its prosecution. The opposing counsel came over to compliment him. His principal, the president of a great manufacturing company, shook his hand in a burst of relief, while Richard, deep in his own brain, smiled at the ease with which most men are swayed.

Later he walked slowly home, staring thoughtfully ahead with dark eyes above which heavy black brows met in a certain sinister union. His chin was strong and heavy, his mouth large and firm, the whole aspect of him dogged with relentless and almost cruel suggestions of power. He seemed a man who could herd and drive other men, inflexibly deaf to entreaty and fatigue. He was the anti-type of his father, a sudden reversion to some atavistic and primordial strain.

The applause of the court died in his ears to be replaced by a voice that he grimly acknowledged was more dominant, more ceaselessly reiterant. It seemed a strange thing to Richard Widdifield that what he craved should be, to him of all men, so unattainable. When or how Mary Lamont had entered his life he did not know. He only knew that he refused to regard her as unattainable. He wondered

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the next, and concluding instalment, the writer introduces a new and thrilling element into “The Things That Count”—something to do with a great scientific secret. It adds to the interest of a story already filled with dramatic possibilities. In this story, Alan Sullivan is seen at his best. His deep insight into human nature, backed by his undoubted genius as a story-teller, places him in the forefront of Canadian authors.

sometimes in savage self analysis if Mary Gair, free and unwedded, would have inflamed him as did Mary Lamont with her petitionary eyes. It had now reached the sharp point of hunger. But Richard, with all his fire, felt that he was assailing an impalpable wall. The driving force in the man thrust him on with the fog of desire in his eyes.

Had Richard been gentler, had he suggested instead of demanding, Mary might have made the great decision. But now, even through her constant longing for his vivifying companionship, she sensed the domineering phase in his ardent nature.

And of all this the bishop and the judge knew nothing. For his father Richard had something of the frank admiration that men of his sort yield to a position so remote from their own that it precludes any thought of rivalry. But a gulf yawned between them—there was nothing sacrificial about Richard. He believed that faith and creed were of economic rather than spiritual worth—to those who needed them. For himself he felt no need of anything that he could not hack out of life for himself. He never

guessed that he was a weaker man than his father.

But that evening, meeting Mary's eyes across the flickering hearth and noting for the hundredth time the essential grace and delicacy of her whole exquisite person, he felt that here in the very focus of his desire he had been too long baffled by some elusive, intangible influence. Had Richard been more intuitive, less calculating, he might have perceived that she waited for that which had not yet been expressed. Richard lived in a blaze of confidence. He yielded no time to the contemplation of the inevitable sequences of his heart's desire. He was not humble enough to anticipate the shadows of life and made no tender preparation to guide her through their solitary season.

She realized, nevertheless, that the thought of Richard had displaced most of her other reflections. Lamont, cold, indifferent and temperamentally bloodless, had gradually opened the gateway through which Richard entered with force and ardor and restless ambition. Mary had a sudden dread of unloved age. She had too much to give. It seemed sacrilege not to give it. And gradually she and Richard had builded a world of their own, glorified by cross currents of understanding and swift poignant revelations. From it they had excluded everything that might mar its beauty, but over it hung the necessity of a great decision.

To-night Richard pleaded as never before. Here, in this intimate court of last appeal, he flung himself into a passionate protest, that shook her very soul. Beyond his love opened that vista of life and action at whose doors she had waited in vain for years. She gazed at him with tear-stained eyes.

But, though her heart yielded to all his pleading there was some indefinite

part of herself that Mary could not yield. It was not the thought of her husband; though she had asked Lamont for bread and, from the seclusion of his remoteness, he had given her a stone. It was not that she shrank from the Divorce Court, where life and liberty awaited her. But it was rather through a fine, delicate sense, an inward prompting that she must not be the one to do this thing, however brightly the horizon gleamed. She shrank not from the anticipation of her own retrospect, but from that which, deep in their hearts, her father and the bishop must feel, however their judgment might be outwardly tempered. Her people were not those who did this sort of thing. If that other life for which she had longed had only come, there would be that with which to stifle this mordant gnawing of the spirit. Lamont deep in his laboratory had seemed a million miles from any such consummation. Month after month he raised his barricades of test tubes, chemicals and resistance coils. Month after month he emerged, his cold gray eyes haunted with the swift imaginings of a metallic brain, that yielded no whit to the humanities of life. He was possessed with

the cold Berserker fury of science, but dead to every delicate tendril of natural affection.

Ever since her mother's death, Mary had been very close to her father—so close that she shared something of that keen analysis which the judge's position brought to bear upon men and affairs—but never close enough to tell him about Richard. Now she felt suddenly weak and impotent. Lamont faded into the background of his own devising and she could see only Richard, with his burning eyes and compelling prophecies of the promised land. One by one the barriers came down, less and less distinct grew her own loneliness, till there was left only the whisper of that other self which would not be utterly silent.

"Dick," she said, unsteadily. "I don't know what is best to be done—for all of us. You must go now. Don't come again till I send for you, dear."

CHAPTER III.

WEEKS later, when the fortunate ones of the city were flying from a metropolitan June, the bishop sat in his study. His reflections were interrupted by a card laid on his table. He looked at it with a strange sentiment of apprehension. "Mrs. Lamont."

In retrospect he always remembered that interview as bringing with it the mysterious feeling of recurrence that sometimes drops into the mind with disturbing certitude. The tall figure, the pale oval of the face, the high-strung sensitiveness of mouth and eyes, seemed to be reiterating an oft-told story, a story that under alien skies and circumstances had presented itself before with just such direct simplicity. He listened patiently, anticipating revelation and penetrating indeed with priestly responsiveness into those darker shadows which Mary Lamont screened with wounded silence.

"I can't stand it any longer," she concluded with sudden passionate protest. "I was a fool. I know it. I knew it the week after we were married. He has no real regard for me—for anyone. Life is one long banishment. Bishop! Don't you see this can't go on? It's killing my soul. I've smiled for three years—and—and I can't do it any longer. I—I only want to be happy. Is that too much to ask of life?"

The bishop put his hand on her shoulder. She was trembling violently. This was the elemental thing that the girl's father had spoken of. He felt impotent in the presence of all his faith and all his creed. "Is there no compromise?" he said, after a tense moment.

"None." She spoke wearily. "How can you know what it means to be linked with a bloodless experimentalist? You can't

expect me to continue an existence the loneliness of which you can't even guess at. 'Humility,' 'patience,' 'self-sacrifice'! Bishop Widdifield, I've listened to you since I was a child, but do you know what you ask me to do? To link myself forever to a machine—not a man? To a machine that lives and breathes among dead things and not the world I love? He looks at me and thinks of his laboratory. He talks to me when he has to—and he does not give me the one thing God made me for. I was a fool—a fool!"

In a flash the bishop saw himself on the edge of that abyss, which had long yawned across the path of his spiritual progress. For forty years he had been exhorting his people to drain cups of self-immolation that he himself had never tasted. His ability, his mental poise, his faith had all combined to make the way straight and the course plain.



"You cannot do this, you must not," he said, with something of austerity in his voice.

Then, as always, the prelate flung himself confidently on the broad bosom of his Church.

He was making ground. He saw that in the straightening of the slight shoulders and the steadying of the girl's tempestuous breathing. Suddenly, as if visioning that to which he bade her return, she laid her pale face in her arms and burst into passionate sobbing.

"I can't—I can't. It's too dreadful—too lonely. One mistake shall not ruin me. I want love—love—love. I have been without it long enough—without a single caress. I did my duty—more than my duty. I won't go back to it. It isn't justice, and—" she stared wet-eyed at the bishop. "It isn't Christianity either."

His gaze searched her own. "Is

there another?" he asked slowly.

She started violently. Her cheeks burned with a quick flush and she turned to him with eyes full of apprehension. He read in them something more, something that suggested that he, of all men, must not, should not, guess her secret. "Do you know—you—" she said faintly, "and who it is?"

"No—and I would rather not know." Then, reading deep, he recognized all the strangling yearning of womanhood. That cry of isolation was the voice of the one passion of her life. He knew that. Its

poignancy was too eloquent to be misread. But he also knew that this was the moment when his own steps must not falter.

"You cannot do this. You must not," he said, with something of austerity in his voice. "The Church does not sanction it. I can take no part in it." And then, remembering that this was the daughter of the friend of his heart: "It's a heavy burden but you are strong enough to carry it. Others are doing that to-day, people you know but would never imagine. And if this other man loves you as I believe he must, if his love is honorable, he will see it too." His voice deepened. "Don't you see what you would be doing? The world laughs at it, unhappily, only too often. Don't think it's easy to say these things. It isn't. What tales of sorrow these walls might repeat. But the longer I live the plainer the way seems. There are many roads to peace that you have not tried. Now—promise me."

She stared at him. Meeting the infinite supplication in her eyes, Widdifield went confidently on. He somehow felt that on the turning of this one question hung all the law and the prophets. "Think, for a moment. You are

holding your own plaint so close to your eyes that you can see nothing else. What about this world that you love so much—do you love it only when participating in its pleasures? Is there nothing else you can do for it? My dear, if you but knew the potentiality of a woman in your position! Fifty of you could redeem a city. Have you never thought of that? People make me a bishop and then leave me—alone—to do duty for them toward the rest of humanity. Why don't you come forward and help? It's lonely work, Mary—a loneliness of the spirit as well as of the heart. Have you never guessed how lonely a bishop can be?"

Widdifield stood, a little breathless with the hope inspired by the steady gaze of her introspective eyes. He had infinite faith in her. She was Gair's daughter.

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On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

2—Gabriel Dumont and the '85 Outbreak

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, B.A.

Author of "The Making of Canadian West," etc. and formerly Lieutenant No. 1 Company, Winnipeg Light Infantry

AT the close of our first article we had reached the point where Riel, coming to take up the case of the discontented half-breeds on the South Saskatchewan in 1885, discovered in Gabriel Dumont a man well suited for the post of war-path leadership under him.

Gabriel Dumont is worthy of special notice. As nearly as the different conditions of their surroundings would allow the comparison, he was a man of the type of Cronje and had all the courage and dogged tenacity that distinguished the remarkable Boer. But Dumont was a noted man amongst his own people years before the rebellion brought him prominently before the outside world. In those days of prairie travel the place where a river was crossed was as distinctive as a railway junction point is in our time, and "Gabriel's Crossing" of the South Saskatchewan, called after the noted frontiersman, was one of the best known points on the long trail between Fort Garry and Prince Albert. And before he settled there he had a wide reputation for daring exploits in the freelance period of the old prairies days. Broad-shouldered, deep-chested and powerfully built, accustomed from childhood to the open-air life of the great plains, trained in all the love of the adventurous, possessed of prodigious muscular strength, he had extraordinary influence over the primitive people to whom these things mean much, because they are the conditions of success in their manner of life. A daring rider and a dead-sure shot, he was always in the front in the furious rush of the buffalo hunt and when in camp or by the council-fire, these qualities, with a great native shrewdness of mind, gave him acknowledged leadership amongst the native tribes and men of the half-blood.

With such a fighter at his call, Riel felt that he could commence hostilities and was keen-witted enough to see that his best chance lay in sudden action. Making his headquarters at Batoche, called after another well-known plainsman, Riel began by looting the stores of the Kerr Brothers and others on March 18th, and putting the owners thereof under arrest.

Major Crozier, a gallant officer of the Mounted Police, in command of a few men of that famous force at Fort Carlton, not many miles away, was keeping



Gabriel Dumont.

an eye on the situation, though very few thought that the malcontents under Riel would actually take up arms. But men who knew Riel's previous record should have taken no chances. Crozier saw that trouble was imminent and called for volunteers from Prince Albert, forty odd miles away. Prince Albert is now a fine city, but at that time was a long straggling town on the banks of the North Saskatchewan. No place in all Canada deserves such honorable mention in connection with the rebellion era. The town was near the heart of the disaffected districts, surrounded by Indian reserves in all directions, and mercilessly exposed to attacks therefrom if the Indians should go on the warpath. Yet Prince Albert responded to Crozier's appeal by sending forty of her best citizens and, when nine of these were killed at Duck Lake, the town sent thirty more. We do not know any other such record of unselfish devotion to the cause of flag and country.

Amongst the volunteers who went at the first call from Prince Albert was

Thomas McKay, a well-known and influential resident there, and a man who, having spent all his life in the West, knew the natives and their languages intimately. The McKay family did distinguished loyalist service in the rebellion time. James McKay, the present Government representative from Prince Albert and a fellow-student of mine at the time, went out from Winnipeg with the 90th, was at Fish Creek and Batoche and, on account of his knowledge of the country and the ways of the frontier, was specially employed by General Middleton as a courier and dispatch carrier. Still another brother, George, a canon of the Church of England, was alike chaplain and scout at that time, when his services in both capacities were highly desirable.

Crozier sent Thomas McKay and Mitchell, a Duck Lake merchant, to Batoche to meet Riel and his council and persuade them to disband.

But Riel raged like a madman and cried out: "McKay, you don't know what we want. We want blood! It is blood we are after—it is a war of extermination! There are two curses in this country—the Government and the Hudson's Bay Company, and we are going to drive them out! We want blood!"

For a time it looked as if McKay's life would be taken, but the councillors all knew him, and finally he and Mitchell were allowed to go. Next day McKay and Mitchell were sent out by Crozier again to meet two of Riel's men, Nolin and Maxine Lepine (a brother of Ambroise) for a parley. McKay told them they must disband and give up their leaders, but in reply they said that Riel demanded Crozier's surrender. McKay answered that this could not be considered at all, and so the parley ended and the flag-of-truce men returned to their respective quarters.

In connection with this parley, it is worth while to refer to a matter which indicates what a strange and erratic type of man Riel was. When McKay told Nolin that Major Crozier would not surrender and that there was no use discussing the question, Nolin said that he had a letter which he was told to hand to McKay, but that it would be of no use now if Crozier was not to surrender. This letter was afterwards found in Riel's.

council room at Batoche and is in the following extraordinary form:—

St. Antoine, 21st March, 1885.

To Major Crozier,

Commander of the Police at
Forts Carlton and Battleford.

Major—The councillors of the Provisional Government of Saskatchewan have the honor to communicate to you the following conditions of surrender: You will be required to give up completely the situation which the Canadian Government placed you in at Carlton and Battleford, together with all Government properties.

In case of acceptances, you and your men will be set free on your parole of honor to keep the peace. And those who choose to leave the country will be furnished with teams and provisions to reach Qu'Appelle.

In case of non-acceptance, we intend to attack you when to-morrow, the Lord's Day, is over and to commence without delay a war of extermination upon those who have shown themselves hostile to our rights.

Messrs. Charles Nolin and Maxine Lepine are the gentlemen with whom you will have to treat.

Major, we respect you. Let the cause of humanity be a consolation to you for the reverses which the governmental misconduct has brought upon you.

LOUIS DAVID RIEL,

Exovede.

And on the other side of the paper the following was written:

To Messrs. Charles Nolin and Maxine Lepine.

Gentlemen—If Major Crozier accedes to the condition of surrender, let him use the following formula and no other: "Because I love my neighbor as myself, for the sake of God, and to prevent bloodshed, and principally the war of extermination which threatens the country, I agree to the above conditions of surrender." If the Major writes this formula and signs it, inform

him that we

will receive

him and his

men Mon-

day. Yours,

LOUIS DAVID

RIEL,

Exovede.

The "provisional government of Saskatchewan" to which Riel refers in the letter is, of course, the rebel government he had constituted and the "councillors" meant the group of plainsmen he had called to be his advisers. Most

of them were known to me from my childhood and none of them ordinarily could be regarded as men of lawless character. Some of them were held in high personal regard by all who knew them. But they were as a group wholly illiterate and ignorant men in regard to matters of government. The letter to Crozier was certainly a cool document for a rebel to propose to send to a man of Crozier's well-known courage, even though he had only a small force of police and citizens under his command. One can well understand that he would have paid little attention to it; but it serves to illustrate what a peculiarly puzzling and remarkable character the rebel chief was. Despite the evidence of alienists on both sides, those who knew Riel best are still perplexed in regard to his mental equilibrium.

Crozier did not know then what a solemn surrender formula the rebel chief had expected him to sign, but he did know that Riel meant business and that he had evidently secured a remarkable degree of control over his following. The fact that Nolin, one of a well-known family of respected type, and Maxine Lepine, who had been a member of the Legislature in Manitoba, could bring themselves to believe that the Canadian Government could be frightened or bluffed into getting out of the country, shows how completely Riel had his followers in the hollow of his hand.

The day after this extraordinary interview, Crozier, having sent word to Col. Irvine, his superior officer, that reinforcements would be required, sent out a few men and teams to bring in certain stores that were at Duck Lake belonging to Mitchell. They were met by some half-breeds and Indians under Dumont and Beady, a Cree chief, whose reserve was nearby. An altercation arose, so that only for Thomas McKay, who had great influence on both sides, there would have been blood shed then. The men returned to Fort Carlton and reported, whereupon Crozier, again sending word to Col. Irvine, whom McKay had met near Prince Albert,

decided to take his 100 men and move out to support the teams and bring in the stores.

This move on the part of Crozier has been discussed from that day to this and is still more or less of a riddle. Why did he not wait for junction of forces with Irvine, who was only a day distant with 100 more men? Was Crozier anxious to have the soldierly distinction of nipping the rebellion in the bud without help? Did he underestimate the strength of the enemy and their equipment, as in later years was the case with Buller in the Boer War? Or did he expect that the well-known prestige of the Mounted Police, 800 of whom had patrolled half a continent for years and kept the peace amongst 30,000 Indians, would overawe the rebels? Questions like these have always been asked, but they remain unanswered by mere human ingenuity. Can we not say, as Butler says in his great biography of Gordon of Khartoum, that He who is Sovereign Director of the universe can work out His will as well by what we call the mistakes of men as by the strength of archangels? If the battle of Duck Lake had not been fought when it was, the country might have slumbered on in ignorance of the fact that danger was imminent. If the seditious work of Riel had gone on undisclosed amongst the Indians, there might have come a general simultaneous uprising that would have let loose thousands of savages on unprotected settlements, and the sequel would have dwarfed the Sioux massacres in the Western States.

In short, the battle of Duck Lake was the ringing of the fire bell which told the whole of Canada that the West was ablaze with rebellion. It was a big price to pay for our failure to understand what had been going on; but if the bell had not rung then, the fire would have smoldered and gained a headway which would have meant years of bloodshed to arrest.

And Duck Lake was on this wise. Crozier went out with the teams and 100 mounted men, taking also a seven-pounder gun. A few miles from Duck Lake the

rebel forces met them under Dumont and Chief Beady. There was some parley under a flag of truce carried by the rebels, but Crozier feared treachery, as the Indians and half-seemed to be gradually surrounding his men. Then in a scuffle between an Indian and one of Crozier's

Continued

on

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Reproduction of historic photograph of the second council of Riel, after their capture. The group includes practically all the best known lieutenants of the rebel leader.

Pat Burns, Cattle King: By W. A. CRAICK

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the West Pat Burns is a name to conjure with. One can't go anywhere West without encountering a Burns' store. His organization is one of the seven wonders of the

wonderful West. Mr. Craick's article tells how he built it up by giving a clear insight into the character of the man himself. Read this article—it contains a recipe for success.

THE Canadian West has cradled many interesting personalities, but as yet has had small chance to produce national celebrities. If one counts out the few outstanding public men like the four Western premiers and the half dozen Federal ministers, past and present, there are not many individuals left whose names are known throughout the length and breadth of Canada. This is not to say that there do not live west of the Great Lakes numerous men whose characters and achievements are not worthy of nation-wide appreciation. It is only a recognition of the fact that the fame of these men has not as yet penetrated to all parts of the Dominion.

Among the few Westerners of the present day whose names have gained some degree of national prominence one must perforce give precedence to Patrick Burns, of Calgary. About him there seems to have sprung up a certain halo of romance. He typifies, in the minds of many Easterners at least, the successful cowboy, the man who has risen to opulence in the pursuit of one of the most interesting occupations in Western experience. He is also, in the conception of others, a sort of Canadian Armour or Swift, who is repeating to-day in Western Canada, the story made familiar by the lives of the meat barons of Chicago. That he is an unusual and curiosity-arousing person goes almost without saying. At the same time one cannot but confess that the real Patrick Burns and his life-story are not subjects of general knowledge and that a good deal of uncertain and mythical information is abroad about him.

Personally the cattle king is exceedingly reticent about himself, particularly if he feels that he is being pumped for information. He is ready enough to discuss business prospects, prices of livestock and the fine points of hogs and steers, but when it comes down to divulging personal experiences, he is as close as an oyster. There is one chapter of his life-story, however, which he cannot resist turning up and exposing as a sort of sample bit of his autobiography. It is one of the early chapters in the unwritten volume of his reminiscences and it relates to the period, now alas many years back on the scroll of time, when he and another lad, called Bill Mackenzie, attended school to-



"One must perforce give precedence to Patrick Burns, of Calgary."

gether in the little village of Kirkfield, up the Haliburton line from Lindsay.

As a matter of fact, Mackenzie was eight years the senior of Burns and eight years means a lot when one lad is six or seven and the other fifteen or sixteen. Those eight years of difference contained a whole world of boyish veneration. To little Pat, big sixteen-year-old Bill was a nine-days' wonder. He was cock of the school, the leader in sport and mischief and withal a clever lad who aspired to the dignity of some day being a school-master himself. It was not Pat's way to be afraid of him. The Irish boy was a plucky little fellow and he would not hesitate to ally himself with two or three other youngsters to give the bigger chap a tussle, but it was all done in good humor and in no way interfered with the juvenile hero-worship.

It is certainly a commentary on the weakness of most human estimates that youth who bulks most prominently in the eyes of his school-fellows and is the big feature in the school-day world, so often fails in after life to justify the distinction. The hero of the class-room or the playground generally sinks into insignificance, whilst his humblest and most unconsidered worshiper shoots past him into the limelight of grown-up achievement. In the ordinary course of events, big Bill Mackenzie should have receded into the background. That he did not,

proves his abilities were exceptional. The veneration of Pat Burns was not to be interfered with and to-day the cattle king of Alberta, himself a notable success in life, continues to look up to the railway king with unabated admiration.

There must be no denying the strength of Mr. Burns' personality and no decrying of his abilities. He would doubtless have made good eventually under any circumstances. Yet the faraway boyhood friendship established in the little village school at Kirkfield, when Sir William Mackenzie was the head of the highest form and Patrick Burns a member of the last juvenile class, was destined to play an important part in the after-life of the little Irish schoolboy. The day came when in the New West the two were brought into contact again and then it was that the railroad contractor was able to give an opportunity to the cattle dealer to

show what was in him. An alliance was formed which still continues and it is common knowledge that the head of the Canadian Northern Railway holds an important interest in the big organization which Patrick Burns has built up.

SHOWED ABILITY EARLY.

Though he got his schooling in Kirkfield and lived in the neighborhood until he had grown to manhood, his native place was not this noted village, but the town of Oshawa on the lake front. His parents were Irish settlers and he was born on July 13, 1857, just escaping by one day the fate of arriving in the world on the Glorious Twelfth. While he was yet quite small the family moved inland to Kirkfield, near which his father bought a farm and started in to cultivate the soil and raise a few cattle. As Pat grew up, he took more and more interest in the farm work, at first doubtless by compulsion and afterwards out of sheer natural fondness for caring for the livestock. He early evinced an aptitude for judging the good points of cattle and is said to have made some very advantageous deals for his father in the market at Lindsay while he was still a mere lad.

Then came the call of the West. He had just reached his twenty-second birthday when the spirit seized him to try his fortune in that new land far beyond the Great Lakes, about which wonderful

stories of fertility were already being told. Land was to be had out there for the asking and besides the romantic element had not yet been snuffed out by the advent of railways and other civilizing forces. The Indians still roamed the prairies, buffalo were plentiful and traders and trappers continued to flourish in undisturbed possession of an immense territory. Perchance he might still find as absorbing adventures in real life as were to be read about in books, though for that matter young Pat neither then nor now laid much store in works of literature, good, bad or indifferent.

To make a long story short and curtail a wearisome journey into brief space, the new settler from Ontario penetrated west as far as Minnedosa, where he took up a homestead. As to the success or failure of his operations on his prairie farm, little information is available, but what is known is that he was soon engaged in a somewhat more lucrative occupation. In the early eighties population was coming into Manitoba in fairly good volume and every spring quite a number of prospective settlers would arrive in Portage la Prairie and start out from that town to take up land on the plains beyond.

PROVIDED THE FIRST TRANSPORTATION.

Young Burns conceived the notion of performing two services for the newcomers. One was to haul their belongings from the Portage to their destination and the other was to provide them with animal-power to break up the land. For this purpose he would go down into Minnesota in the winter when oxen were to be had comparatively cheap and buy as many teams as he could manage. These he would bring up to the Portage in the early spring and then await the arrival of the settlers. Whether he also furnished wagons on which to load the household goods of these people or not, is uncertain but at any rate he provided the motive power and himself convoyed the resulting caravan. When he had got the settlers to the end of their journey, he was accustomed to sell them the oxen and possibly the carts and pocket the proceeds of the transaction. Then he would return to Minnedosa and his homestead and farm for the summer, repeating the performance the following spring.

It is said, of course, that Mr. Burns began it all with a single pair of oxen, which he acquired in very poor condition from a neighboring homesteader and fattened up until they

were worth double the money. When he sold these, he made his first journey back to Minnesota simply to replace them and the hauling up of settlers' effects was just a chance incident. It proved, however, to be so remunerative in the long run that he repeated it again and again until he had built up quite a respectable capital. Of those days he often delights to speak to his friends, relating how he carried his grub and a frying pan under one of the carts and camped out each night beside the trail. He was sturdy and strong and loved the open life.

MEETS WITH "BILL" AGAIN.

Then William Mackenzie entered again into his sphere of existence. Mr. Burns had lost track of him after he had left the Kirkfield neighborhood. In the interval, as every one knows, Mr. Mackenzie had passed through the occupations of dominie, country merchant, lumber dealer and small contractor and had now become associated with Messrs. Ross, Holt and Mann in some pretty big undertakings in the way of railroad construction. The quartette had recently been awarded the contract for the building of the road from Regina to Prince Albert and were in the market to purchase meat for their construction camps. At this juncture Mackenzie came across his old school-day acquaintance and, noting his capacity, offered him the job. Mr. Burns agreed to the proposal and thus began the work that was in time destined to bring him wealth and renown—the buying and slaughtering of cattle and the sale of meat. As yet he was to confine his efforts to supplying the railroad; later on what seemed at the time an unlucky circumstance would enable him to extend his field and establish his present business.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The way in which Patrick Burns was transformed from being simply a purveyor of meat for railroad camps into a general dealer on a large scale is quite interesting and goes to prove that often what looks like a misfortune is a blessing in disguise. After Mackenzie and his partners had got through with the Prince Albert line they turned their attention to

the road that was to connect Fort Macleod, Calgary and Edmonton. Their meat supply had been so satisfactorily maintained that they took with them to headquarters in Calgary, the man who had been responsible for its continuance. This was in the year 1890 and ever since that date, Patrick Burns has made Calgary his home. He at once proceeded to attend to the requirements of his contract and according to custom bought up the requisite number of animals for spring delivery. The following year all went well. Construction was pushed forward and in the fall, the cattle dealer again made his purchase on a bigger scale than ever, buying a lot of cows on the Cypress Ranch. When the spring of 1892 came, however, and Mr. Burns was ready to take over the animals, he was dismayed to learn that, owing to financial difficulties, there would be no building done that season and the navvies would be laid off.

What was to be done? There were the cows, but where was his market? In the emergency the natural resource of Pat Burns showed itself. He would not be stuck but would boldly invade a new field. Taking the first train for Vancouver, he crossed the Rockies and sounded conditions on the coast. For a wonder all the indications were favorable. He put up his cows for sale and soon disposed of the entire herd at a most satisfactory figure. The experience opened his eyes and broadened his horizon. Thenceforward he was determined to hold the connection which had been thus unexpectedly opened for him.

From the spring of 1892 dates the establishment of the business of P. Burns & Company on its present lines and in the twenty odd years which have since elapsed, its expansion has been enormous. There are few towns of any consequence in Alberta and British Columbia which do not boast a Burns meat shop. They are as ubiquitous as the chartered banks and indeed are operated under as perfect a system. Even the new settlements along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, like Fort George and Hazelton, are blessed with his establishments, it being the policy of Mr. Burns to follow up railroad construction very closely. In the Yukon,

on Vancouver Island, in the Crow's Nest, the name of P. Burns & Company is a household word and in the cities it is no less prominent. Including his wholesale warehouses, Mr. Burns now controls eighty separate shops. These with the packing plants in Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver com-



The handsome residence of Patrick Burns, at Calgary.

price one of the biggest organizations of the kind in the world.

As his business expanded and his deals grew to larger and larger proportions, the necessity for acquiring grazing lands to accommodate his cattle made itself felt and Mr. Burns was long-headed enough to perceive that the sooner he bought and fenced in his land the better. Settlement was playing havoc with the old ranchmen and crowding them out of existence and in proportion as the homesteads were taken up, so would values of unoccupied land soar. Accordingly, from time to time during the nineties the cattle dealer bought great tracts, purchasing a choice spot here, another there, and so on, until he now owns hundreds of thousands of acres in the province of Alberta. The famous Home Ranch, twelve miles south of Calgary, is his, as is also the Mackie Ranch of 150,000 acres on the Milk River. He is the owner of the Quirk Ranch at Okotoks and the Imperial Ranch on the Red Deer River. Besides this he has made handsome profits out of the land he acquired in Calgary in the early days.

What manner of man then is this who has succeeded in making himself one of the richest citizens of Western Canada? A natural assumption would be that he was the sort of person one usually associates with power and wealth—the typical money magnate. No matter what his antecedents or earlier mode of life, it would be quite to be expected that he would be clothed about with special privilege, would live in grand style and would assume an air of superiority to those about him. That this idea of Patrick Burns is all wrong, is surely a tribute to the genuineness of the man. To all intents and purposes he is the same person who used to assist the settlers of thirty years ago to cart their belongings into the Minnedosa district. The coming of prosperity has not appreciably turned his head or made him other than the genial, open-hearted fellow he was in those days.

While the Burns residence in Calgary is a pretty palatial mansion, it does not follow that its owner lives up to the style of his house. As a matter of fact his mode of existence is remarkably simple. Strange to say, despite the rough and ready associations of many years and the contact with pretty tough specimens of mankind, he neither smokes, drinks nor plays for money. He is as clean-living as the most straight-laced Puritan and prides himself on his resistance to the

temptations that always beset a man in his position.

At the head office of his company, which adjoins the big Calgary abattoir, this unassuming millionaire moves about from department to department with a freedom and an absence of officialism that is refreshing. There is nothing of the swell about his dress nor a shade of punctiliousness about his manner. He receives and converses with a reporter from one of the city papers in just as courteous a way as he would were his visitor one of the most important men in the country. And his geniality is not assumed for the purpose, but is quite as genuine as his smile or his laugh.

He is evidently not a man gifted with any fondness for detail. The filling in he leaves to others. His forte has been quick-fire action and in moving about and dealing with men he has found greater opportunities than in attending to the minutiae of the office and counting room. Having a thorough knowledge of cattle, acquired in early life, he has devoted himself to the practical end of the business, superintending the buying, examining the animals and systematizing their handling. Doubtless in the restlessness of his nature lies one reason for his success. He has never wearied himself by too constant application to one thing, but has varied his outlook constantly.

When all is said and done, however, Pat Burns' interests are all centered in the one thing—the management of the widespread organization which he has established. He would be the last one to lay claim to any other distinction. He admits his lack of education and makes no bones about his complete ignorance of literature and art. He says he has never read a book since his school-days and hasn't any desire as yet to fill the void. If he takes pride in anything it is that his name is above reproach and stands for a big achievement in the world of business.

APPRECIATES EDUCATION.

At the same time he does not scoff at the advantages to be derived from education, but fully appreciates its value. There is a story that when he was in Toronto a few years ago, he was inveigled into attending a dinner, which the students from Western Canada enrolled at the University, had got up. President Falconer was there and Mr. Burns was naturally an honored guest. Though he rarely, if ever, speaks in public, the cattle king was called

on to make a few remarks during the evening. He began abruptly by saying, "You boys don't know what you've got here," and went on to dilate in his own way on the advantages they enjoyed. It was a telling little speech and, coming from the source it did, was doubly effective.

A short time ago he was taken by the Hon. Duncan Marshall, Alberta's Minister of Agriculture, along with some other prominent men, to inspect the new agricultural high school at Olds. After he had seen the boys and girls at work and the scholars were assembled in the big hall on the top floor, he was asked among others to speak. He did not say much but he showed his appreciation of what the school aimed to accomplish by offering a very generous scholarship for the best student. The offer came as a great surprise, but showed that he had his eyes open to the utility of the institution.

Such a man is naturally generous in his dealings. Mr. Burns is what might be regarded as an "easy mark," whenever money for any public cause has to be raised in Calgary and so far as his personal benefactions are concerned, they are very extensive. He is not easily imposed on, however, and dispenses his charity with a careful hand. Dealing squarely with others, he believes in receiving the same treatment himself.

He is not interested in politics or at least not to the extent of taking any active part in them. He gives a mild sort of support to the provincial Government, and it is said might have had a senatorship during the Liberal regime at Ottawa, had he desired it. But he has been content to stick to the one business in the management of which very few men are in a position to give him any pointers.

Gifted with a strong physique, which he has not abused by indulgence of any sort; working hard and constantly from early to late, but without excessive application to any one task; sleeping like a top all night; never dissipating his energies in a lot of different directions, he has had much in his favor from the physical standpoint. Couple with this a good deal of shrewd common sense; an ability to deal with men and to deal in animals; a habit of running no bills, always paying spot cash, and never defrauding the men from whom he bought or the people to whom he sold, and one has a few of the characteristics and practices that have made him the man he is.

A Portrayer of Mysteries

In the September number of MacLean's an article will appear dealing with the work of a Canadian artist who has struck a new note in art. His work is weird, fantastic, in many respects, wonderful. It aims to place before us in symbolic form the emotions of the soul, the vices of mankind, the secrets of the Beyond. The article will be illustrated well and should prove of interest.

Rose Stahl—Versatile Mirth Maker

By MARGARET BELL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—If there is one actress who reaches the hearts of the people more than any other through the power to call forth the two commonest manifestations of emotion—smiles and tears—and to call them forth at the most unexpected times; that one is Rose Stahl. And Rose

Stahl is a Canadian. That will be interesting to most readers for there are comparatively few who know that the Canadian constellation of foot-light stars contains this bright luminary. The story of Rose Stahl is set forth in Miss Bell's characteristic way.

THE citizens of Edmonton were much impressed. Now, it takes something quite out of the ordinary to impress Edmontonians. For that town is away beyond the swaddling clothes stage of existence now. It is quite accustomed to anything, from a broncho buster, riding helter skelter through its streets, to the jubilant return from Paris of a society leader with trunkfuls of imitation pictures.

What impressed Edmonton was this. A stranger had arrived, apparently caring less for crisp, green dollars than the most prodigal of Edmonton's spenders. And, moreover, the stranger was a woman. Now the standard woman is never an indiscriminate spender. And one must have a standard by whom to judge the world. Therefore, the sight of a feminine prodigal was an unusual sight to be sure.

Whole line-ups of people greeted her exit from a certain shop in Edmonton's shop street. Her entrance had been modest enough, being accompanied by only the usual number of stares which always accompany a stranger in a strange land. But during the time which elapsed between the entrance and exit much happened. And news being borne along on the wings of numerous news-birds, floated here and there and everywhere. Hence the line-up of on-lookers.

And this was the news: The woman who visited that particular shop, which, by the way, was a shop in which glistened diamonds and emerald and cut stones cut from the Rockies, was none other than Rose Stahl, of all comediennesses the most popular, of finished comediennesses the most artistic.

But that was not all. Rose Stahl, with no more regard for gold shekels than a cowboy has for his life, poured them into the coffers of the shop as if she enjoyed watching them disappear. In return she carried out to the waiting motor, several thousand dollars' worth of stones—the agate and goldstone, cut and uncut, in every possible design. A few hours' run to the west from Edmonton brings one into the heart of the Rockies. Rose Stahl had taken that run. And like every other traveler, who has taken the same journey, she felt the fascination of the mountains. Felt it to such an extent that her first impulse upon reaching Edmonton was to rush to the best jewelery shop and buy Rocky



"Rose Stahl could render any audience as tickle as the proverbial sex to which she belonged."

Mountain stones to her heart's content. Small wonder the Edmontonians stared! For a bit of news such as that is endowed with sufficient magnetism to attract the most indifferent, and the result of it all? Scores of letters requesting loans from the great actress who could buy precious stones by the quart. Rose Stahl was regarded as a public benefactress. There was not a shop in all of Edmonton's business thoroughfare which did not attempt to thrust its ware before her. Anyhow, when Rose Stahl drove up to the theatre that night—the little, old theatre with boxes which overhang like a Venetian balcony—she saw a long line of people already assembled in front of the box office. Curiosity is so strong an agent as to be immortal. The prodigality of the actress had aroused this mighty force which remains on the per-

petual *qui vive* for such a disturbance. It was an excellent, though quite unconscious stroke of business, that purchase of the

Rocky Mountain stones. And none the less excellent, even if it was unintentional.

And it was an enthusiastic audience which greeted her that night. Back in the East where convention sits high enthroned in every city it is considered rather bad form to display enthusiasm over anything. But in the West there seems to be something in the atmosphere which makes one forget the Grundyisms of the East. And the audience which greeted Rose Stahl that night in Edmonton proved that it is not such a dreadful crime to show that one is interested in the art of someone else. And everything went beautifully.

Rose Stahl was forever established in Edmonton! There is one thing about Edmonton loyalty which is refreshing. Once it is bestowed, it is never removed to be lavished on some new favorite. Which is also a bit of added foliage in Edmonton's bonnet.

It may be that the people who went to the theatre to see "Maggie Pepper" that night knew that their heroine was a Canadian. The bond of nationality is said to be very strong. Or it may be that many of them knew her father, when he lived in Montreal, where Rose was born. Friendship for a father has been known to excite interest in the father's daughter.

Which gives you a clue as to Rose Stahl's birthplace. She was often a sore trial to her schoolmates. One of the most painful ordeals a schoolgirl must undergo is the humiliation of being laughed at.

For some inexplicable reason, Rose Stahl was always seeing funny situations. And she would point her finger—the same finger which she uses to-day in denouncing the business methods of a certain fictitious Holbrook and Company—at some crying schoolmate, who refused to be comforted.

In spite of the adverse criticism of higher critics, it is still a fact that really clever persons are to their vocations born. So it was with Rose Stahl. The mere fact that she saw the humorous side of childish vagaries is proof positive that she was enabled, by dint of application of her talents, to purchase a painful of precious stones from an Edmonton dealer.

If she had chosen writing as a profession, who knows perhaps to-day she would be eking out a disgruntled existence on hope and domestic bologna in some metropolitan attic. Though Heaven knows, the daily press is in urgent need of a genuine sense of humor. In fact, any profession would profit by it. For it is the crying shame of trades and labors to-day that they cannot take a moment off, now and then, to smile at their own shortcomings.

Some wise fairy must have told Rose Stahl that she could turn her humor-detecting instincts to good advantage. At any rate she determined to do so. For, as a child, she was very, very wise. What's more, she was observant. Noticing the great lack of humor in the world at large, she determined to instill some into it, slightly Pharisaical, but perhaps the decision was who can blame her? Thinking people confess an overwhelming feeling of sympathy for the ancient egoist, who thanked his Omnipotent that he was not as other men. Rose Stahl has always been, over and above all else, a thinking person.

Therefore, she decided to shed the radiance of her humor over all the world. The stage seemed the most natural vantage point.

New York sounded formidable to the young Montreal girl. And, moreover, New York was filled with thousands of ambitious ones, seeking footlight fame, with no more talent than the shrieking crow on the tower of Notre Dame. So Rose Stahl decided to avoid the center of seething competition. She avoided too the schools of acting, where young girls flock

to become famous in a season, and where older girls spend their days teaching the young ones to be unnatural and posy.

Philadelphia was her goal. The stock theatre was to be her teacher. She had read of stock, of its weariness and tedious hours. And, in spite of this, she was not afraid of it. That is how the Girard Avenue Theatre became her sheltering home and the bell which rang her to duty was the rasping voice of the stage manager, with a superfluous vocabulary of ultra-Americanisms. (N.B.—Anyone who has ever had any dealings with stage managers will understand quite readily the significance of such verbosity.)

The tenderly nurtured girl from

to shreds. It is the truest sign that she is "getting on."

When the time came for Rose Stahl to go out on a road tour she had played most of the prominent parts in the repertoire of the Girard Avenue Stock Theatre Company. In 1888 the tour started. Daniel Bandman, a well-known English actor of the time, was on an American tour at that time. He noticed Miss Stahl's performances, and was anxious for her to tour with him.

A tour is not the most alluring proposition to make to a young actress who has always appeared in the same city. There are inconveniences to be met with and all sorts of responsibilities. That is why Rose Stahl hesitated a long while before giving her consent. That, and the knowledge that the stock school was giving her the training she needed.

But the plunge must needs be made. So she started out bravely to enjoy the luxuries (?) of belated trains, delayed baggage, irregular meals, disgusting dressing rooms and all the rest of the comforts offered to an actress while traveling. Rose Stahl was not yet a star and could not demand the extravagances of a star.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was the play which gave her the first taste of the joys of the road tour. And of such joys there were plenty. They continued a whole season, sometimes one-night stands, sometimes two, never more than a week. She was gaining experience with a good teacher.

The next season "Men and Woman" was her play, still with Daniel Bandmann. But she realized that her experience in these two plays was not sufficient. She had not quite found herself. They were not her plays. So she went back to stock to see which plays of a large repertory suited her the best. She had plenty of opportunity to judge. For her duties were not confined to

only one theatre. She played leads in many different stock theatres in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, including many of the Shakespearean heroines, Juliet being her favorite. Camille was another favorite stock role.

It was shortly after that time that the Janice Meredith vogue struck the continent. The Janice Meredith curls were as important a bit of feminine head decoration as the colored wigs of to-day. Only, the curls were more general, the variegated wigs being confined to the few.

Someone took it into his head to dramatize the book. Someone else bought the producing rights, another man painted the scenery, and so on. Thus is a play

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Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper," her latest and greatest success.

Montreal heard strange sounds and opened her eyes on a new world. She was quite prepared for it, however. She had not spent her days studying books on theatrical life to no purpose. Still, theoretical knowledge of stage life seems rather vague when one begins a course in practical instruction.

This course in the stock theatre lasted some years. Three or four, to be exact. And step by step the young girl with the smile gradually raised herself to a position of envy amongst the other members of her company. It is a great time for an actress when she begins to feel the claws of her co-sœurs tearing her ability



As It Was In the Beginning

By A. C. CUMMINGS

Illustrated by TERENCE C. MARTIN

The bear whirled in his tracks, raised himself to his full height—over twelve feet—and presented a magnificent spectacle of jury.



IF you have seen the dawn near the snow-line where the Peace River begins its seven-hundred-mile journey to Lake Athabaska, you know what the Great Architect saw when he fashioned the world and declared it good. When you throw open the flap of your sleeping-bag to let in the air that all night has frolicked with snow on the peaks five or six thousand feet over your head, you do not rub your eyes and yawn. No, with the smell of the dew-washed earth loading the keen air which you gulp into your lungs, your senses leap into instant alertness. Then, if you have an eye for such things, you stare at the deep-blue night-sky and wait for the first flush of light that will fling the mountains into sharp relief as a negative flashes up on a photographic plate.

The change comes quickly. The snow-peaks grow more and more sharply defined; the snow itself takes on a whiter and colder tint; then a faint glow of light reaches the summits and warms them by its touch, so that in a few moments they pass from pale lemon to rose-pink and the slumbrous blue of the granite gives way to the wakeful gray of morning. A few tawny clouds ballooning overhead break into flame, and suddenly from behind one snow-shouldered peak, the sun heaves itself up gloriously; the river in the valley flushes beneath its mist-veils; and the miracle of a new day has been wrought.

When the surveyor in charge of the Government survey party rolled out of his sleeping-bag on one such morning, he did not waste a moment on the purple-tinted peaks uprearing against the sky. For one thing, he had seen the dawn break over the Rockies many times before; and for another, he was in too great a hurry to follow up the trail of a grizzly which Jimmy Charlie, the silent Indian cook of the party, had hit upon the even-

ing before, on their way home to camp. Judging from the spoor, the grizzly was a splendid one and the surveyor was so keen to add its skin to his trophies that, when he sounded the call to breakfast, he incautiously confessed what the hour was, and had all the boots in the camp thrown at his head in consequence.

"Ye enthoasiastic Neemrod," expostulated Jock, the axeman, a muscular, red-headed, red-mustached Scotsman whose boast it was that he never got lost in any bush no matter how thick. "Ye'll be pleased tae remember that ma contrac' does nae call for sich 'arly risin'; it's nae seemly."

"If you didn't sit up so late at the fire talking predestination to Jimmy Charlie you'd be able to get up early the one morning in the week that I want to go after bear," retorted the surveyor, squinting down the barrel of his rifle between hurried bites of breakfast.

"'Tis a wark o' grace, ye ken tae redeem yon Siwash frae the errors o' his ways," said Jock, who was noted as a theological warhorse always scenting the controversial battle from afar. "For, mark me, he's fu' o' vain superstitions, forbye he's a Christian—o' sorts. The chiel told me a queer story last night—or reither I dug it oot o' him—something about how his forefeythers cam' frae the bears, or sich-like fulishness. It appears they worshiped animals in bygone times—what ye ca' fetishers, I tak' it."

"You should have been a professor of comparative theology at Aberdeen," said the surveyor, who secretly fomented re-

ligious strife in camp for the nightly amusement of "drawing Jock."

"Then I ken wha wad hae got lost in the bush last week, when he wad insist that the Peace River flowed westward," answered Jock, dryly.

The others of the party laughed. The surveyor's little slip was not likely to be soon forgotten.

"I'll remember that, Jock, when the bear steaks are being cut to-night. I know who hankers after the flesh-pots," laughed the surveyor, as he moved off into the bush with Jimmy Charlie in attendance.

Some hours later he was clambering over the gravel-drift along the river-bank where the remains of freshly-killed fish told of the recent presence of bear. Here Jimmy Charlie lost the trail and quested about for it in a manner that reminded his companion of a bloodhound. While waiting for him to give tongue, the surveyor leant against the gravel-bank in the shade from the hot sun. His shoulder dislodged a flint pebble and he picked it up and examined it idly.

Now there are flints and flints. There are those you use to pave your roads with and there are those which are rune-stones bearing a message across the ages for all who can read it.

The surveyor turned his find over and over in his hand. Then he unscrewed the concave glass of his binoculars and made another examination. Somehow his mind went back to the Toronto college classroom where the spectacled professor lectured to a secretly-derisive class on the

palaeolithic hatchets and arrow-heads of the Rocky Mountains.

"Shade of Boucher de Perthes," said the surveyor, softly.

Jimmy Charlie was startled a moment later by a vigorous shout. He arrived at the surveyor's side to find him delving in the ochreous gravel with his hunting-knife. To a panting request to dig he wonderingly complied and soon their combined efforts drove a large hole in the bank. Jimmy Charlie was very disgusted to find that all the hole produced were some bones, pieces of skull and a few flints.

But the surveyor whistled to himself as he pored over the remains and took in their meaning. "Now what would the old professor think of this lay-out?" he mused.

He had entirely forgotten about the bear. Jimmy Charlie's grip on his arm and his tense whisper, "Looky there," recalled him to actuality. He glanced up quickly and saw, staring him full from the crest of the gravel-ridge, a magnificent Silver-tip, his small wicked eyes full of an almost ridiculous curiosity.

Man and bear faced each other for a full second without moving. Then as the surveyor reached for his rifle, Silver-tip turned quietly and slipped away over the ridge. Just as he was dropping out of sight, the surveyor fired and the bear, whirling in his tracks with a scream, raised himself to his full height—over twelve feet—and presented such a magnificent spectacle of fury that the surveyor for an instant forbore to shoot.

His delay was nearly tragic for the whirlwind was sweeping down on him before he could get the rifle to his shoulder again.

An enfilading fusilade of revolver shots at close range checked the charge. Jimmy Charlie, behind a boulder and wild with excitement, was emptying an old army revolver as fast as he could pull the trigger. A couple of bullets ricocheted off the angle of the hard skull like pebbles along the surface of a pool, but two or three others caught the bear with sledge-hammer effect on the side of the head. Then the surveyor's rifle spoke and laid him out quivering on the boulders.

"Gee whiz, Jimmy," said the surveyor, mopping his face, "that little Maxim gun-play of yours, I rather think, saved me some unpleasantness in this vicinity."

The camp had not nicknamed Jimmy Charlie, "Charles the Silent" for noth-

ing. He merely grinned as he examined the kill and pointed out where the first shot had nearly broken its back.

"Indians call him the bear-that-will-not-run," he remarked at last.

After they had removed the skin, the surveyor went to cleanse himself in the



"—This is a piece of vertebrae of a cave bear, one of the very few good specimens in America."

river, leaving the Indian at work on the head. When he returned both had disappeared. Much puzzled he hailed the empty landscape and an answering call discovered Jimmy Charlie astride a branch at the top of a tall spruce, with the bear's head, grotesquely wrapped in pieces of red shirting, under his arm. He skilfully swept off the tree-top with his axe, impaled the head with the muzzle grinning to the naked sky, and rapidly descended, cutting off branch and bark as he came, until the tree was as smooth as the mast of a ship.

"Now what in thunder," exclaimed the amazed surveyor, "is that astonishing Siwash getting at?"

But Jimmy Charlie had nothing to say, neither had he any explanation to offer. He seemed rather ashamed of himself and plodded silently behind the surveyor, carrying the bear-meat back to camp.

"It will keep off bad luck," was all he would vouchsafe when Jock played the part of grand inquisitor after supper.

A few months later when the snow had stopped the survey, the surveyor called on the professor in his Toronto home and laid his discoveries before him. The professor measured and examined the flints and bones for a full hour before giving judgment.

"Interesting—most interesting," he said at last. "This is worth more than much fine gold. This—" and he held up a small piece of bone—"is a calavaria, or brain-cap of a Palaeolithic man, one of the very few good specimens in North America, and this—" and he fondled another bone—"is a piece of vertebrae of a cavebear. Singular thing, the head has evidently been taken off with a stone axe—there's a chip of flint in the vertebrae even yet."

"Now the man who killed that bear,"

added the professor, musingly, "that is, if he did kill it, must have been one of the giants of those days."

"What was the idea of cutting off the head?" asked the surveyor, deeply interested.

"Oh, it had probably some connection

with animal worship. You know Captain Vancouver in his journal tells of Indians who called themselves the 'People of the Bear,' and I suppose that gives a clew to these pre-historic people. They might have considered themselves the 'People of the Bear.' One can only guess at these things, you know, but I rather fancy their respect

for their ancestors did not prevent them from making a meal of them occasionally, if driven to it by hunger for instance. They would probably preserve the head with a view of appeasing the tribal spirits who might be offended at the choice of menu. I fancy if you could get some old Indian of the present day to talk to you about such matters you would get some interesting data on the point."

"The trouble is," replied the surveyor, "that they won't talk."

"NERVES" AND SUCCESS.

The first human line of defence is then nervous or mental, says *Popular Science Monthly*; our ancestors established themselves on the earth by means of such powers of the nervous system as speed, accuracy and co-ordination of movements; and these are of supreme importance even yet. While, nowadays, shortness of reaction-time may only occasionally contribute to the actual saving of life, yet it does assuredly contribute towards what is called "success" in life. He who most quickly grasps a situation of danger and acts accordingly, has an advantage over his neighbor with the more sluggishly reacting nervous system.

It is obviously by his development of intelligence—a power of the nervous system—that man has not only conquered nature, animate and inanimate, but has learned to use its forces, even the most hostile, in the interests of his own comfort and prosperity.

Modern Man's Latest Problem: Housing the Car

By GEO. E. PEARSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are all interested in the garage question; for if we don't own a car now we all at least look forward to the time in the near future when we will. In this article, Mr. Pearson gives a great amount of practical information

about private garages in condensed and readable form. He has done his work thoroughly, for the article covers all phases of construction, heating and safeguarding and the cost involved. Keep this article; it may come in handy.

"THAT man has not lived who has not built a house, written a book or fathered a son."

So said some sage of those legendary ante-motor days, those days lost in misty antiquity and hoary time, before a gasoline maddened public had answered the siren call of "Get Out and Get Under." If he could but have looked into the future, he would most assuredly have added a garage to his list—and possibly have been put into a cage.

But the world "do move." Your modern Alexander, instead of sighing, hies himself to paper and pencil and loses his identity in a labyrinth of hieroglyphics that spell carbides, storage tanks, and artistic facades. He rushes away from the supper table with a blue print in one hand and a plumber's catalogue in the other. From a cheerful husband and a loving father, he degenerates into, or rises to the heights of, a cross between a surly plumber's apprentice and a harried architect. It is all a matter of the individual viewpoint.

There are so many varieties of garages to choose from and the choice is so restricted by one's individual preference and the still but arbitrary voice of one's pocket, that we will confine ourselves in the limited space of this article to the class that appears most completely to fulfill the requirements and to be within the means of that interesting personage—the average man.

Even after imposing such restrictions as these, we still have considerable latitude in our choice; which may run from the primitive lean-to that one enthusiastic erected in the Northern woods last summer, to the substantial building of brick and concrete. The former was of very ingenious construction and thoroughly demonstrated that necessity is the mother of invention. The lower limbs of four trees that formed the four corners of a square were lopped off. Four smaller trees were then tied to these to support a roof that was made of small cedars that were laid side by side, after first having been closely trimmed. On top of these



Ideal combination of garage and sun parlor that was constructed by the owner and an unskilled laborer at a cost of less than \$1,000.

were laid the small limbs of the trees. Small cedars were then denuded of their tops and trimmed of their branches on one side and then stood on their ends, with square tops down to serve as walls. The result was a comparatively smooth interior of cedar posts whilst the downward sloping limbs of the reversed trees formed a waterproof wall outside.

The cheap metal garage of portable units or otherwise, comes next in the scale of evolution. The cost of this type may vary from ninety dollars to one hundred and fifty. Such a garage has the advantage of being almost indestructible, impervious to fire, cleanly, and of very neat appearance and by the aid of paint it can be made to fit in with its immediate surroundings. The amount of the latter that would be required for such a small metal surface would be infinitesimal. Two men can erect such a building in the course of a day, and if any small conveniences are required, the owner can easily put them in afterwards. If no floor is built in, it is advisable to have a large pan under the

car at all times so that the drippings may be disposed of outside. If the floor is of wood, which by the way is not at all advisable, holes should be drilled in the centre of it so as to take care of any gasoline or oil that escapes and that would otherwise tend to make of the floor a very dangerous combustible. A rough wall-shelf over the radiator of the car should prove very handy for tools and accessories. Five-gallon oil and gasoline cans may be conveniently disposed of on the walls instead of occupying floor space. The dealers furnish cheap specialties that do away with the annoyance of waste from this quarter. The gasoline may be balanced in a swinging attachment that enables one to swing the full can to any angle by the slightest movement of the hand, and so do away with all danger of spilling. The less frequently used oil-can need not be swung, but may be left in a permanent position on the wall and merely requires to be tapped for a cheap valve to render it ready for service. A layer of hollow tile set up inside the building

will do much to do away with the coldness attendant upon the metal construction and thus lessen the greatest disadvantage of such a building. It is almost imperative in the case of such a type of garage that a non-freezing compound of glycerine and wood alcohol or its counterpart, be used in the machine in winter months. The only other alternative is to draw the water off every night.

THE MORE EXPENSIVE TYPE.

The next class of garage may cost anywhere from two hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred dollars, and by a combination of a series of the ideas suggested here, a very satisfactory result may be obtained at a cost that will vary between these two extremes, the amount depending entirely upon the variety of plan used and the efficiency of the construction methods employed. What with the simplicity of the building in question and from the fact that architects as a whole cannot be said to be well informed on private garage construction, the owner him-



A more pretentious class of small garage.

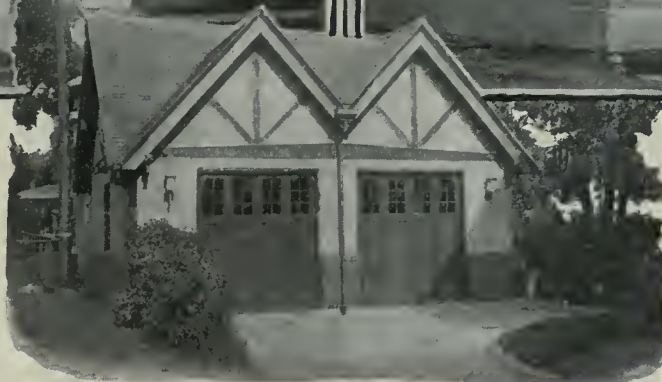


Fine type of combination garage and tool room, modern in every respect.

self may justly be considered as qualified to lay out his own general plans. By a liberal application of the laws of common sense, the desiderata of results may be obtained. These may be said to consist of economical construction, adequate fire protection and the efficiency of the results obtained, both as to fulfilling the requirements of the individual and furnishing him with the best arrangement of the indispensable utilities.

The first thing to be considered, is of course, the neighboring environment, so that the new building will blend into the landscape and becomes a part of it, an adornment to the neighborhood rather than a blemish. It should, of course, be of the same material as the house, whether the latter be of stone, concrete, or stucco-covered brick. A simple facade design, and in the course of time the addition of vines and shrubbery will add a delightful touch to its appearance. Occasionally, it may be convenient to add an upper-story to serve as the chauffeur's room or the owner's machine shop or squash court. Again, it may serve as the central part of a grouped combination of all the out-buildings.

The runway, even though it be of earth material, should be sunk to a depth of from four to six inches as a protection against any tendency to run the car over on the grass when it is covered with snow and also that it may serve the purpose of a drain. If of cement or other road material, the same result can be obtained by the erection of a low curb on both sides. The same plan is applicable to the use of two narrow tracks when they are used as a substitute for the broad-runway. To aid in draining, a gentle slope should be given the full length of it and, in addition, that part of the approach directly in front of the



Type of suburban garage built for use of two individuals. Two units in interior.

doors during the winter months. Also, it is well to give the approach a gentle grade in order to avoid the possibility of the car running ahead into the rear wall as a result of the increased power that would be necessary in surmounting a steep incline.

Electricity is, of course, the only safe lighting system to be employed and can be supplemented by such windows as are necessary although the open door is usually sufficient for any purpose other than that of repairs.

CONCRETE FLOORS ADVISABLE.

The floor should be of concrete and may be finished in cement to great advantage. Such a floor with a good slope to the central drain, answers all purposes admirably. If means allow, the addition of a pit is of great advantage. In any

case, a concrete wall or curb an inch or two in height should be added to render the floor air-tight and further to prevent the escape of gasoline or oil at the junction of floor and wall.

No garage is complete without the addition of a small door for use other than that of taking the car out. Such doors should be of metal, of however a cheap variety and as nearly air-tight as humanly possible so that in case of fire the whole contents of the garage proper might be destroyed without endangering the adjoining buildings. For the same reason, a fireproof ceiling is absolutely necessary, and preferably for appearance sake, it should be of tile, slate or some other non-combustible material. If the building is air-tight an explosion is impossible, and, in addition to the reduction of fire risk there is the added inducement of doing away with the escape of all offensive odors to be considered.

THE ACCESSORIES NEEDED.

A few convenient accessories are invaluable as an aid to the work of keeping one's house and car in order. Hot and cold water taps, with a separate hose for each, represent the largest necessary outlay in this line. The hot water does what cold cannot do—flushes out the oil and grease and so keeps the garage always sweet and clean. In addition to this a hanging and rotating cleaning brush is invaluable. The same may be said of a hanging light globe with a wire guard, which, may be easily connected up by means of an ordinary drop cord, provided some stiffer material is fastened to the globe for a handle.



Artistic and harmonious blending of moderate priced stucco garage with surroundings. Note pergola leading to house.

Continued on
Page 94.

The Orange Death:

By JEROME V. EBERTS

Illustrated by ARTHUR LISMER

"I KNOW within half a mile where the mine is."

The speaker was a heavy set man about thirty years of age. One could tell at a glance that he was a member of the legion who earned their living by working close to nature. His blue serge clothes hung oddly on his form and he stood on his feet as if the new gaudy shoes he wore were several sizes too small for him. In a word, he was a typical Canadian lumberjack, doubtless in town on one of his periodical sprees.

He followed up his remark by jabbing with his finger at a point on the map which was spread out in front of us.

By us, I mean George Arnold, Jim Langford the lumberjack, and Pete Crawford, myself. The names are not our own—just made up for the occasion, but they will serve for the yarn I am going to tell.

Arnold and I had been pals for longer than I can remember and had gone through many queer adventures together. We had split partnership last January and he had gone to Montreal to visit his people whom he had not seen for several years, while I had spent the winter nosing around the two cities at the head of Lake Superior, Fort William and Port Arthur. As neither he nor myself had developed the instinct for saving money, by the first of May I was getting down to the core of my roll and I knew from sundry letters I had received from my pal that he also was getting tired of inactivity and incidentally free from the cheerful crinkle in his trouser's pockets.

I was not surprised, therefore, when one morning early in May he pushed open the door of my room in the old Mariaggi hotel in Port Arthur and walked in. His manner was feverish and excited. He hardly did more than shake my hand when he made a dash for my table and swept it clean with a sweep of his arm and commenced to pull from his pockets a collection of maps, newspapers and other accumulations of rubbish.

"You're broke aren't you?" he asked, with a suddenness which took my breath away.



I looked at the rock between the ladder rungs opposite me.—
The rock changes to a dull orange line which every second grew in intensity.

I was slightly peeved. "What's it matter to you?" I retorted. "And what do you mean by tearing into my room and pulling things around. Are you crazy or just drunk?"

"It's radium," he cried. "Radium—worth a million plunks an ounce. There's a man downstairs who knows where it is. He's been to the mine himself."

"He's gone," I groaned to myself, "Poor old pal."

He seemed to fathom my thoughts for he said, "I'm not crazy or drunk either. Just keep still and I'll tell you my story and then I'll ask you what you think of it."

"First of all, did you read a notice in the newspapers lately, that the Canadian government offered twenty-five thousand dollars as a prize to the first person who discovered radium in Canada in commercial quantities?"

A light broke upon me. I remembered the paragraph in the newspapers distinctly. It said that twenty-five thousand dollars would be given to the first one

discovering radium and it also said that traces of radium bearing rock had been found on the north shore of Lake Superior in 1863 by a party of government surveyors, but that the plans the party had drawn of the spot had either been lost or were so vague as to be worthless.

"Go on," I said.

"Well, when I read that article in a Montreal paper, I got a hunch that there might be something in it. I bought maps of the district and started up here to you. The big part of the story, however, is that on my way up the engine of my train dropped some fire grates on the track near a town called Heron Bay and we were held up for three hours. When I found that the train could not go on for some time, I went up the track to the town and met a man who afterwards told me his name was Jim Langford. He was just back from the city where he had spent his stake and was dead broke. I bought him a good feed and a couple of drinks and in paying for one of them I accidentally dragged from my pocket the newspaper clipping about the radium. Lang-

ford picked it up and glanced at it. He became excited right away and told me that he had read about the government's offer and wanted me to grubstake him for a prospecting trip for the radium bearing rock which was said to exist somewhere in this part of the country. Probably it may sound foolish to you, but I told him that I was going to Port Arthur to see you and arrange for a prospecting trip on our own hook. Say, you should have seen him jump.

"You're going to look for that stuff?" he asked. "Say sign me up on that cruise. We'll split the prize three ways."

"Then he gave me a jolt for he said; 'I know where it is!'"

I hated to break into my pal's dreams but you will admit that his story was decidedly fishy.

"What did you do with him?" I asked, as gently as possible.

"I brought him along. He's down in the bar now. I told him that I would see

if you were in. It will take me only a minute to fetch him."

He went out and downstairs.

After he was gone, I found that he had imparted to me some of his enthusiasm and I could not help thinking that, after all, there might be something in Langford's tale. He was evidently a man of this country and had traveled around it a lot. But then, I had met men before who could spring fantastic tales when occasion arose. Langford, I thought, just wanted to get down to Port Arthur and he hadn't the price to pay his way. Poor old George had been made a member of the "Fish Club."

Heavy footsteps in the hall put an end to my thoughts and a moment later the door was flung open and Langford and my pal stepped into the room. Langford did not look like a person who would run a man for a goat despite the fact that his face and eyes wore an expression which spoke plainly of drink. He wasted no time in preliminaries.

"I guess you fellows think I'm a liar," he began, "but you're wrong. I can take you to within half a mile of a mine that's been worked at some time or other. I've never been there myself and I won't say that there's radium there but the chances are that there is."

"Two years ago I was running a log drive on the Mountain Rapids River at Rainy Lake, and I got in strong with an old Indian when I fished his squaw out of the river. He told me of an old mine up near Lac Suel which the Evil Spirit watched over. He gave me a chunk of rock which was like nothing I'd ever before seen. Little dots of metal gleamed in the dull stone and quartz but they weren't gold nor silver. They were colored a bright orange."

"After the drive I took the sample to town with me and gave it to an assayer. The next day he met me in a saloon and wanted me to tell him where I got the rock. He kept me drunk for three days, but I wouldn't say a word. At last he told me the sample contained radium and if I'd tell him where I got it, he'd furnish the money for a trip in and we'd split even on the proceeds of the mine. I agreed and two days afterwards he was found dead in his office. His body from head to foot was colored a bright orange. My sample was found on a bench by the window near him, but it no longer contained any orange-colored metal. It resembled a honeycomb as there were little holes all over it."

The man's story and its tragic ending had fired my imagination and I shuddered when he finished. Moreover, he seemed to have been speaking the truth. Little beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and his hands left damp marks on the varnish of the table.

My money supply was getting low and I had nothing in sight by which I could replenish the supply. Besides I was horribly tired of my winter's inactivity.

"We'll try the shot," I said. I have a few hundred dollars left and I suppose we can rake up a few hundred more."

To show Langford that we were in earnest I got out some paper and drew up an agreement to the effect that what-

ever we found on our trip would be divided equally among the three of us. Providing, of course, that we all did our share and stuck to the end of the trip.

"Now where is the mine?" asked Arnold.

Langford drew the map towards him and placed his finger on a point just north of Lac Suel.

"The old Indian told me it was right there," he said. "Lac Suel is formed in a bow. The mine is right in the center of the hollow of the bow, about a mile inland."

Two weeks later we pushed our canoes into the first reaches of the lake and by sundown had erected our camp on the shore at the center of the bow.

Not a person had we seen since leaving the railroad. Not even an Indian. The old buck who gave Langford the chunk of orange rock had said that the land was under the guardianship of the Evil Spirit, and it began to look as if he had spoken the truth. The Indians shunned the place like a thing accursed; not a sign of them could be seen although the lake teemed with fish and we had seen plenty of game on our way in.

It did not take us long to locate the old shaft; at least we found a shaft near where the old Indian had said there was one, about a mile inland from the lake. Never have I seen a more desolate and dreary land. The hills were gaunt and bare of vegetation. Only in scattered spots was there a patch of green to relieve the monotony of grey and brown stone and charred tree trunks. A huge fire had raged through the country a few years prior to our visit and utterly devastated the land.

We found that the mouth of the shaft was almost covered over with old tree trunks and brush. It was situated on the side of a high ragged hill and, judging by the size of the dump, it was about thirty feet deep. Away down at the bottom we caught the reflection of black, greasy-looking water which we calculated to be about eight or ten feet in depth.

The shaft had originally been sunk for gold as it was on a good-sized vein of white quartz.

As soon as we had pitched our tents we staked off our claim and the next morning Arnold set out on the back trail for the nearest registration office to file and, as our meat supply was getting low, I started up the lake in our second canoe to try to hook a few trout. Langford had volunteered to rig up a windlass over the shaft and commence bailing it out.

The fishing was slow and it was late in the afternoon when I had caught enough to justify a return to the camp. I found Langford stretched out on a rock. He had a queer look in his eyes and his face was unusually pale.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked. He did not answer for a moment and I noticed that his hands shook.

"Oh, nothing of any account," he said. "It was pretty heavy work getting out that water and I guess I'm not hardened to it yet."

His answer was reasonable enough yet for some reason I was not sure he was telling me the truth.

I walked over to the shaft and looked down. Immediately a horrible stench assailed my nostrils. I hurried back to Langford.

"What did you find in the water?" I demanded. "A red deer or a moose?"

He started at the sound of my voice.

"Yes, yes, it was a red deer. I buried it behind the hill. It must have fallen in last fall as it was in pretty bad condition."

Throughout the evening he kept morose and glum and I couldn't help thinking more and more that something had happened while I was away that he was holding back.

The next morning he looked worse. His eyes were shot with blood and it did not take an expert to see that he had spent a sleepless night. To all my questions as to his welfare he replied in a non-committal way but maintained stoutly that he was not sick. I figured that perhaps he was feeling the effects of his recent visit to town and offered him a drink. He drank the raw whisky greedily but it did not seem to better his spirits.

Towards the end of the week Arnold returned and we commenced to prospect the mine in earnest. The old timbers had long ago rotted away; so to timber up the mouth of the shaft and build a new ladder were our first considerations. Of rock, similar to the piece the old Indian had given Langford, we saw not a sign although quartz freely peppered with gold was much in evidence. We did not give a hang about the gold, however, as we hadn't the machinery to extract it from the ore, the price to buy any, nor did any of us know enough about business to "wildcat" it.

We had been at the mine about two weeks and had blasted out several tons of rock when the conviction was gradually borne in upon us that we were on a wild goose chase. We were on our last case of dynamite and I for one was ready to quit.

The lumberjack, who by this time had quite recovered his spirits, insisted that the stuff was there somewhere and he reminded us that, if we were lucky enough to strike the right spot, it would mean twenty-five thousand between the three of us with more to follow. We decided to fine-comb the entire shaft and search into every nick.

It was late in the afternoon of the day following when Langford and I were down at the bottom of the shaft, barring out some loose pieces of rock, that suddenly I felt a peculiar tightness around my throat. The air became heavy and close in a way I cannot explain, as at the bottom of the shaft it was icy cold. I turned to Langford. He stood with a blank look in his eyes and I saw his hand go slowly to his throat.

"My God!" There's something wrong here, Crawford," he gasped.

I was standing close to the ladder. I swung around and clutched the rungs and commenced the ascent with Langford close at my heels. At every step the climbing became more difficult. My arms were like lead and it seemed as if my feet were attached to the bottom of the pit. I got

Continued on Page 83.

Training the Fingers to Efficiency

How Fred Jarrett Became Champion
Stenographer of Canada

By J. W. TYSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The most intensely interesting matter that can be presented in this efficient age, is a story of success—how some man got to the top in his own particular line. The accompanying article tells how Fred Jarrett, Canadian Champion, trained mind and hand until he could operate a typewriter faster than anyone else in the broad Dominion. The same principles, applied in any other line would bring results just as certain.



Position of the hands; fingers when not in action should rest lightly on the third row of keys.

IS there any connection between steeple-jacking around on the steel superstructure of a twenty storey skyscraper and fingering the keyboard of a typewriter with a facility that means national records? I do not expect to get a reply. I cannot answer it myself, and I met Fred Jarrett, the holder of the Canadian typist record, while he was engaged in the homely ceremony of laving some of the color from his flushed countenance after climbing to the top of the steel-work of the Royal Bank building, Toronto—the climb being for the purpose of getting a few snapshots from the highest steel in the British Empire. What brought this question to my mind was that Canada's fastest finger artist set down as the foundation for typewriting speed "steadiness"—and steadiness means the kind of nerves that will take a person through an hour's test at the same speed that can be reached for one minute, as well as the nerves to climb over a yawning abyss on a slender rail.

Fred Jarrett, holder of the Canadian typewriting record from 1907 to 1910 and 1913 to the present time, is not the development of an infant prodigy; he was not born with a passion for typewriting, nor did he play with one in the nursery or anything like that. He hardly knew a typewriter from a threshing machine when he was made formally acquainted with one in a Toronto business college. Let him tell it himself.

"I was going to the high school in Huntsville when the principal of a Toronto business college got six of us to come down to take a business course. I had nothing particular as an inspiration; I wanted to come to the city. When we went to the college the principal asked

which course we wished to take—stenographic or bookkeeping. Stenographic was a word with an interesting sound to me, so I asked for further information along that line.

"The principal explained about shorthand and the typewriter; the typewriter looked mysterious to me, and so I decided to go in for that."

Nothing very romantic about the way the present champion took to the vocation of which he has made an outstanding success; but when all is said and done, there is nothing romantic about typewriting, even if you are a champion. To get to the top is like getting to the top in most things—by hard work.

For six months the youth in the business college plugged along; he was just like the others in the class, able to get up



Shifting the carriage; it should be thrown back so that the hand can return to the keys by the time the shift is completed.

something like forty words a minute on that old stand-by of the novice: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

But allow me on behalf of the champion to point out just here, as he did, that from the first he had the two great essentials for fast typewriting, steadiness in operation and facility for mastering the touch system.

With these two essentials the rest of the road for a would-be champion typist is pretty much steady, hard work—at least that is the only road that young Jarrett found. We next find him in the office of the C.P.R., and it was there that he had a chance to work up speed—the opportunity came by lots of hard, straight work.

With the drill of the daily occupation came an inspiration in the person of Rose L. Fritz, the world champion of that time. Young Jarrett was one of an audience in St. George's Hall when the young lady gave a speed exhibition. With the inspiration to write fast came some good practical hints gained as to how the speed is acquired.

Then, without any coaching Jarrett started in to drill. It was hard work, being mostly done at nights. In order to get in long periods, he bought a machine of his own and kept at it. "I made some mistakes, for I did not know anything about methods," he explains. "I went out for speed and then accuracy; in this I was wrong, for they should go hand in hand. But the main thing was that I was gaining the ability to keep up a steady showing by the hour."

In September, 1907, young Jarrett was able to do some speed stunts, but his best showing for half an hour was forty words to the minute. In November of the same year he



Fred Jarrett, Canada's fast manipulator of the keyboard sets down steadiness as the foundation for typewriting speed.

won the Canadian Championship with a net showing of 72 words per minute for the half-hour period.

The increase of 32 words to the minute in a couple of months seems phenomenal. I told the champion this, but he did not think it was so very remarkable. He argues that in the drilling he had done he had acquired command of the touch system and kept his steadiness, but the rest was—Rose L. Fritz. In other words, it was the difference between ordinary work and contest work. During that short period intervening he worked alongside of Miss Fritz; he learned from her many of the thousand and one little things that are such important factors when

is the Canadian record of to-day and it was made by a typist with a mending digit who had not been able to practice for a month preceding the event.

To me there was much in this talk with Fred Jarrett to inspire a typist (I am writing this myself by punching away on a machine with two fingers). The speed he has acquired—and that speed means punching ten keys a second for half an hour and making no mistakes—has not been the result of the training that comes from the speed schools, but from his own steady application.

"The professionals develop their speed gradually, and that is the better way," he explained. "But I have never had the

Jarrett acquired steadiness in the first place and the mastery of the touch system, and then he plugged away until he got the speed. Steady work an hour a day is better than several hours one day and none the next. With the drilling should go accuracy, not speed and then accuracy. When it comes to a test, accuracy gives confidence and then there is an opportunity to get all the speed that is possible; mistakes are ripples in the steadiness that are often disastrous.

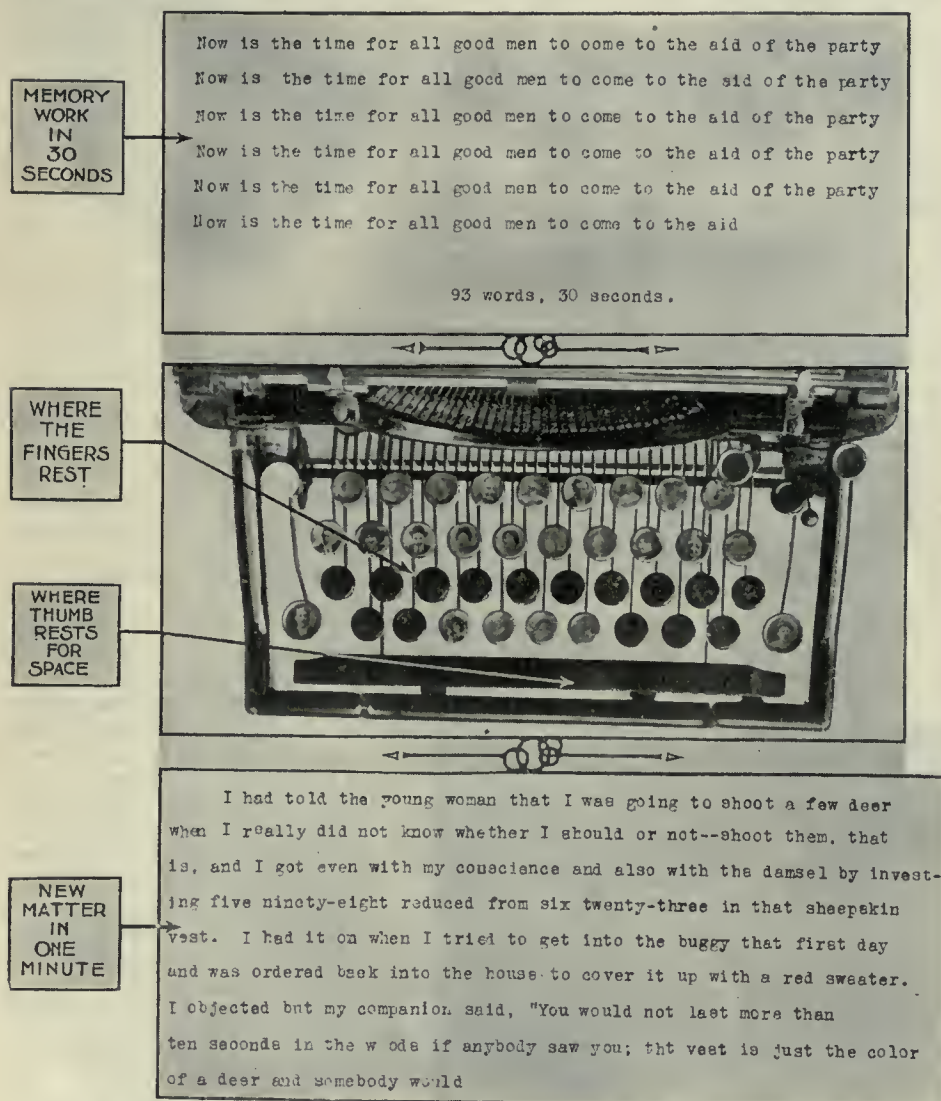
He illustrated steadiness by sitting at his machine and writing, as many stenographers do, with jerks; then wrote with about double the speed with the steady touch—every finger working at the same speed and the thumb brought down with a turn of the wrist for the spacer. The speed was maintained without the least friction and the machine made much less noise than at the slower rate.

The touch system demands the development of every finger; each must be trained to do its part, for the fast operator never sees the keys. In fact, the machine that has made records for Jarrett has the keys covered with concave tops, which are easier on the fingers, and under the majority of them are miniature photographs of record holders—showing how little the keys bother the fast operator.

For the touch system the position of the hands is very important. Jarrett sits with his fingers resting on the second row of keys from the bottom. I watched him operate, without any noticeable movement of the hands—the fingers only were used.

The champion raised the great importance of carriage shifting. He claimed there was something like twelve words a minute at high speed, in fact. The point is that the carriage should not be pushed back, but thrown back. Be careful how you practice this or you will need some repairs. He showed me that his hand left the machine when the carriage was thirty spaces from the stopping point; and that, at the same instant the carriage locked in the first position, his left hand was back and touching the keys. This is one of the big little things.

To discuss typewriting with Mr. Jarrett is to be convinced of one thing, and that is that there are no secrets. There is no reason, he says, why another should not do as he has done. But there are some fine points that the fast operator learns which may be of interest to some who may peruse this article. Acquire the faculty of returning the carriage by throwing it about half way. Master the touch system thoroughly. Keep the hands in one position, with the finger-tips upon the second row of keys from the bottom. Practice hitting all keys at the same speed and eliminate jerkiness; operate the space bar at the same speed, using the right thumb and pressing by a turn of the wrist. Fill every line; shifting the carriage takes time, and the maximum advantage should be taken. With single sheets the right hand can be used to take out the completed sheet while the left hand is bringing another into position. Use the tabular key always for paragraphs.



Keyboard of machine used by Canada's champion typist and samples of work written for MacLean's. Pictures on keys indicate how little attention is paid to them by masters of the touch system.

every word is going to count and when every fraction of a second means words.

Of all that I learned of the performance of the champion, I was most impressed with his record made in April of this year at the Toronto contests. The speed at this contest was 105 words to the minute for half an hour. To the contestant it was something of a disappointment, but when I say that this showing was made with a broken finger—the member being bound with tape and an aluminium plate to give strength—you will better appreciate what it meant. That

chance and it is always a pull for me to get into shape."

I asked him what was the incentive, quite as much for the benefit of myself as for the reader. "Did you ever play solitaire?" he asked. I have by the hour, but I did not get his drift. He claimed that it was the same kind of fascination that gave him an interest in typewriting; not the idea of beating someone else, but of getting out beyond himself. Golf players will also get this point—keeping count of a speed trial for practice is like counting the strokes on the links.

Concentration—The Real Secret of Success

By Dr. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dr. Marden gets close to the truth of things. In the accompanying article he reveals the real secret of success, showing that in concentration of energy and of interest the best results are obtained. Dr. Marden is always an in-

spiration; he stirs his readers to greater efforts, to deeper enthusiasms and to loftier ideals. Never has he been more forceful than in his treatment of the subject of this article. He has given us the real secret of real success.

“MY friends laugh at me because I have one idea,” said a learned American chemist, “but I have discovered that if I ever expect to make a breach in the wall, I must play my guns continuously upon one point.

“This one thing I know—electricity—this has been Edison’s life motto. Suppose Edison had split his ability, dabbling in all the scientific subjects which interest him so intensely—working awhile in chemistry, then awhile in physics, then experimenting in electricity. He would never have stood, as now, the leading inventive figure of the world. If he had not concentrated upon his specialty, if he had scattered his efforts, instead of focusing all his forces upon one subject and flinging the weight of his whole life into it, he, perhaps, would never have been heard from outside of his own little community.”

In this age of competition and specialties, no man can hope to succeed in any marked degree, unless he focuses all his power upon one point. There is no hope of success for the smatterer or the scatterer; concentration is genius. The power to marshal one’s forces and to focus and hold them at will upon one point is the secret of success. Before this age of specialization, in the early history of this country, it was possible for men to succeed in several different lines. But to-day it is a battle of giants who specialize. Not even a Webster’s intellect would make much of a record to-day in the general practice of law. There was a time when a physician had to do all the mending and repairing of the human body. He had to set broken bones, treat brain diseases, nervous diseases, the diseases of all the different organs. To-day there are scores of medical specialists. There was a time when it was thought doubtful whether surgery would succeed as a specialty alone, and now surgery itself is divided into a great many specialties. One of the greatest living oculists told me that he had specialized for half a century upon the eye and that he does not begin to know his subject yet.

There are plenty of men who fail in life, or plod along in mediocrity, who have done hard work enough in their lives to have achieved splendid results, had they only concentrated all their energies upon one unwavering aim. Scatteration is the modern curse. We try to do too many things.

I know a business man who has a great deal of ability, and a brilliant mind, who

is an enigma to himself because he does not get on. But he dissipates his energy upon so many things that he can’t focus in one place long enough to make a dent.

FOCUSING THE LIGHT.

He has half a dozen different enterprises which he keeps going all the time. He pushes tremendously when he does focus upon one thing in one line but he does not keep it up. His work is like holding a burning glass upon one spot until it begins to get hot, and then shifting it. The sun’s rays concentrated in a powerful burning-glass will set fire to wood; if held sufficiently long will even melt the hardest



metals; but if this glass is occasionally shifted, it will never effect any such phenomenon.

There are many men who have ability enough; the rays of their faculties analyzed separately seem all right; but they are helpless to concentrate their forces upon a single point. They lack the burning glass focusing power. Versatile men, unique geniuses, are usually weak men because they have no power to concentrate the rays of their ability, to

focalize them until they burn a hole in whatever they undertake.

The average human being has sufficient potential energy to accomplish tremendous results if he could only bring all the rays of his energy to a focus. The habit of concentration would revolutionize nearly any life, and the faculties would grow and gain in power tremendously under the concentration habit. A man was made to act as a unit. All his faculties were planned, were constructed, for focusing, for acting together.

You are playing just such a game every day, upon which depends your success, your standing in your community, and your happiness. Each day’s effort modifies and colors the result.

Life is the marble and you are the sculptor. Every thought, every act, is the chisel blow which tends to beautify or mar life’s statue.

CONCENTRATION MEANS GROWTH.

Whatever faculties we habitually concentrate upon are constantly increasing, growing larger and stronger by the law of exercise and growth. The musician develops his musical faculties, often to an enormous degree, because he is constantly focusing his mind upon this one subject. He thinks music, he talks music, lives music, and the life forces build this very mental attitude into his life structure, and we say the individual is a musician. The same thing is true in concentrating upon any other calling, as art, law, medicine, engineering.

To the determined man defeat is nothing. It is of no use to oppose him; this only doubles his determination and trebles his concentration. Dangers and hardships only increase his courage. No matter what comes to him—sickness, poverty, even imprisonment—his eye never wavers from its goal. A mighty aim does not wait for opportunities, it makes them. It has a magnetic power which draws to itself whatever is kindred, and enlists the support of all the faculties.

Every great battle has been won by concentration of the forces employed.

This one success quality, the ability to focus with intensity and power, has made all the difference between distinction and mediocrity in many great men to-day. McKinley might never have been President had it not been for his concentration upon the tariff problem. There is very little probability that Wilson would be

Continued on Page 89.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Why Shonts is Paid \$100,000

The Head of the Traction System of New York is Paid this Salary

From McClure's Magazine.

One of the greatest men in the United States is Theodore P. Shonts. His name may not be as well known as that of many politicians, but he has done infinitely greater and more enduring work. The story of his mastery of the traction problems of New York reads almost like a myth. Shonts is a constructive giant—and that, in brief, is why he is paid the princely salary of \$100,000 a year. The following article was written by Edward Mott Woolley.

NO traction problem in the world is so complex as New York's; and seven years ago it was in a hopeless muddle. The millions of people who must be daily shuttled back and forth, over the length of Manhattan Island and to and from Brooklyn, were utterly swamping the inadequate facilities of an outgrown subway, a dilapidated elevated line, and a looted and bankrupt surface system. Meanwhile, warring factions of outraged stockholders, financiers, indignant citizens, and incompetent commissions were pitted in a conflict that seemed to have no issue. Grand juries, too, were investigating, and charges and countercharges were flying, only to add to the tumult and confusion; and the service still continued to be hopelessly bad.

WANTED—AN AUTOCRAT.

A czar—an absolute autocrat, with the powers of a medieval king—was needed. A diplomat could not harmonize the factions; it required a crushing force—a man with such indomitable and fighting qualities of will that he could twist the various elements into line and compel order out of chaos.

Theodore P. Shonts was the man chosen, and the late Paul Morton, then president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, went to him in Washington as an emissary.

"They want you up in New York," said Morton.

"Who wants me?" asked Shonts.

"The men who control the New York traction interests."

"What do they want me to do?"

"There is a desperate traction problem up there," returned Morton. "It is the

biggest transportation proposition in the world. It is a man's job, and the traction owners want somebody big enough to coordinate the whole situation."

"I can't touch it now," said Shonts. "I haven't finished the work I started to do in Panama. Besides, I would not undertake the New York position unless I were given absolute authority."

"It is because you demanded autocratic power in Panama that they want you," Morton answered. "The traction people in New York have been watching the things you have done down there."

In Panama the Government paid the chairman of the commission \$30,000 a year. In New York he gets \$100,000. This is a simple story of the *why* of it. It is the story of a man who carries responsibilities beside which ordinary railroad-ing is child's play.

STUDYING THE SUBWAY PROBLEM.

The first thing the new president did was to go down in the subway, where seven hundred thousand people were fighting to ride on a railroad built for four hundred thousand. Then he rode on the elevated and surface lines, and got his investigators at work. As president of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western, Chicago & Alton, and Minneapolis & St. Louis railroads, he had faced many operating problems; but here was something stupendously different.

Months went by before New York's immediate traction problem was clearly analyzed and Shonts knew what he wanted. Meanwhile the people jammed the subway more and more, and packed the elevated trains. As to the surface lines, they were bankrupt already. "Hopelessly busted," Shonts had reported to the directors six weeks after he came to New York. Some of the newspapers were saying unhappy things:

"Shonts Gives Up in Despair." "Shonts a Traction Two-Spot."

No doubt these things were annoying, but Shonts had not given up. It is a cardinal principle with him to get at his facts and then build an organization upon

them. At last he was in a position to say to his directors:

"Gentlemen, the first move is to simplify and centralize our organization. We never will have efficient operation until we do this."

Many of the subsidiary companies under the general Interborough-Metropolitan organization had their own staffs of officials. There were several presidents; there were eleven treasurers; and so on down the line. One day Mr. Shonts called one of these officers in.

"I am going to give you a vacation for six months, with pay," he said. "The only condition is that you stay away—in Europe, or anywhere you choose to go."

Then he called in another.

"I am going to give you a vacation—without pay," he said.

A great many bombs of this kind went off, and things began to get pretty lively in the Interborough offices.

There were more fireworks when Shonts got after the lawyers. Most of the big lawyers in New York drew retainers from the traction companies. A story is told of one attorney who was retained at \$25,000 a year, and who charged \$600 a day for court work.

"I don't think I can stand for any reduction," he observed.

"I'm not going to reduce your pay," said Shonts; "I'm just going to wipe it out."

In all, about half a million dollars a year was saved to the traction companies through the organization of a legal department.

"PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE."

But all this work was merely preliminary to the great problem of getting New Yorkers downtown every morning and back home at night. Coincident with this was the other problem—the new subways. These involved, before construction work was begun, four years of continuous negotiations with the Public Service Commission, the Board of Estimate, and other public and quasi-public organizations.

Up in his office—which to-day is on the twelfth floor of the building at 165 Broad-

way—he took his place at the head of his newly organized human machine. The immediate detail of routine operation did not penetrate to his room, but the detail of the organization did. It still does. He controls the men who hold your life in their hands whenever, for instance, you enter the hooded portal of a subway station and go down the stairs for a journey up or down Manhattan. If the wrong men are working down there, or if the equipment is wrong, he takes the burden of it.

In its early years operating the subway was not the daring proposition it is to-day. When Shonts took it, for example, it was equipped with the ordinary block-signal system—the best that existed then, but not good enough.

"We must have more trains, and they must run closer together," Shonts said to his staff; "but we can't put them on until we have an automatic signal system that will take away, as far as possible, the liability of human carelessness or mistake."

There was no signal equipment of this sort in existence; but the order was issued to develop one.

One day a party of operating officials was on an express train, when it stopped very suddenly near the Fourteenth street station. A little metal arm had reached up under the first car and laid a savage hold on the air-brakes. The arm itself was annihilated, but the brakes were set in a grip of death, and it took the emergency crew an hour to release them.

Next day the newspapers made capital out of the blockade, for they hadn't discovered the story behind it. "It is high time," one editorial said, "for Shonts to do one of two things: improve the service, or quit."

It was that little arm that caused the tie-up; but it also prevented a catastrophe. And to-day, if a motorman runs past a block, one of those same steel arms jumps automatically and stops the train. A minute and a half apart, during rush hours, the express trains sweep through the subway, taking curves with seeming abandon, and descending on stations as if they had royal clearance cards. Railroad men come from all over the world to see the thing work.

SAVING TIME DURING STOPS.

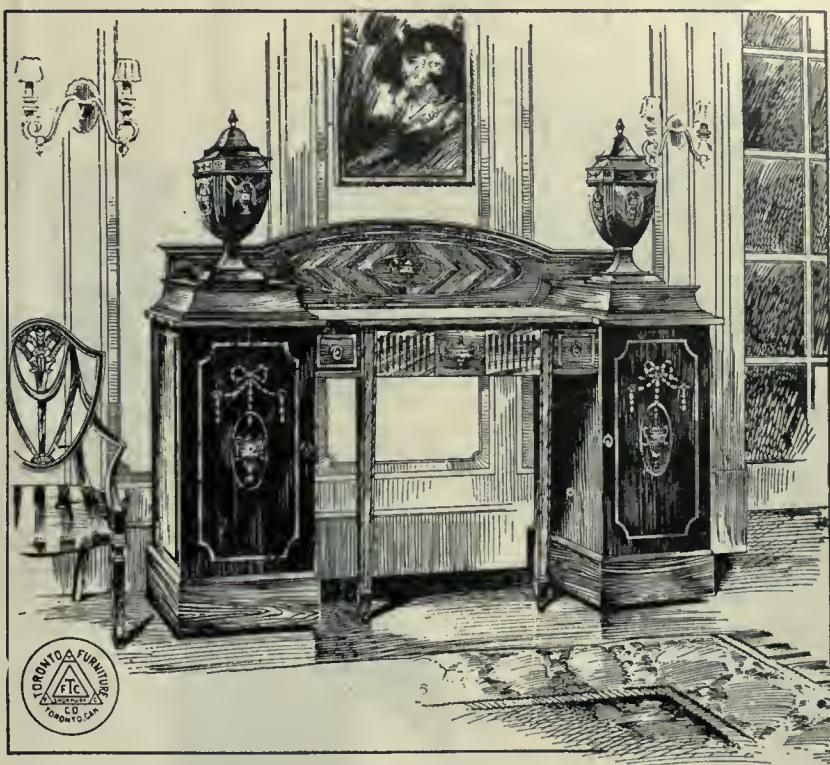
Shonts called a staff meeting one day, and said to his men:

"The subway trains lose too much time running into the station stops. We must have a better kind of brakes."

There were more of the long-winded conferences up there in the Interborough offices. To-day, when you stand on one of the underground platforms, you see a train loom suddenly out of the darkness and plunge along toward you as if it meant to go past at the speed of the Twentieth Century. But before it has gone its own length it comes to a standstill, and the guards pull the levers that open the doors. The electro-pneumatic air-brake turns the trick.

Then Shonts got the opposite angle. "We've got the deceleration of speed all right," he said; "we must have a corresponding acceleration."

To-day the subway trains leave a station three times as rapidly as the fastest



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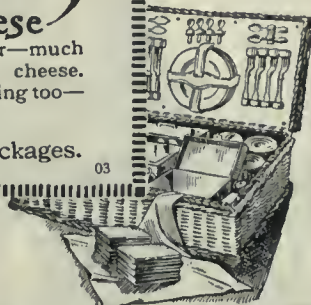
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train on the steam railroads; and, as they travel through the ground under New York, they have fifty per cent more power than any locomotive in existence.

Coaching Climbers

How Men With Social Aspirations Are Taught to Speak and Behave Correctly

From Pearson's Weekly.

It is not easy nowadays to discover an entirely new way of earning a living, but a young Cambridge graduate who here relates some of his methods and experiences has solved the problem. In the Old Country, the correct use and pronunciation of good idiomatic English, is a matter of necessity for the man with social aspiration, and the writer of the following article therefore hit on the idea of giving lessons to those who for lack of early opportunities are not quite sure of themselves in society.

MOSTLY my clients are self-made men. The reason for this, of course, is not far to seek. A man of assured position can say and do almost precisely what pleases him. A duke, for example, might say to the waiter at a dinner table, 'Bring me a bib!' and it would be put down merely to ducal eccentricity; while if an ordinary individual substituted the tabooed word 'napkin' for the socially correct 'serviette,' he would be at once branded as a rank outsider.

I am a natural mimic, and this enables me to show a man, as in a mirror, exactly how his conversational mannerisms sound to other people. For instance, a new client came to me the other day and started off to explain his requirements. He had an irritating way of drawing a deep whistling breath at the end of every sentence, and his opening remarks sounded something like this:

"You see, it's this way—s-s-h. I've been knocking about the world a lot—s-s-h."

I stopped him.

"Oh, it's like this, is it?—s-s-h! You've been knocking about the world a lot—s-s-h!"

He turned very red, started to get angry, then burst out laughing.

To cut a long story short, that particular client very soon cured himself of that little mannerism.

One thing I may say I never attempt, and that is to squash a dialect. I confine myself to correcting stereotyped mannerisms that are unpleasant or ridiculous, and, of course, I always check obvious mispronunciations, such as, for instance, "valley" for the idiomatically correct "vallet."

A man who indulges in what I may term "linguistic howlers" of this description is not necessarily a stupid or ill-bred individual. On the contrary, he is frequently that particular type of man of whom his fellow-clubmen will say "he is a most entertaining chap to talk to," and they associate freely enough with him, because, of course, in a club all men are equal. But—they don't ask him to their houses.

My method is a very simple one. Directly a new client presents himself, I

get him to sit down in my cosiest easy chair, place at his elbow a box of my choicest cigars, a decanter of my very best whisky, and a siphon of soda. Then I get him to talk. "Go ahead!" I say to him. "Rip out all you know."

Very shortly, being a man of the world, he is completely at his ease; talks in his natural manner, acts as he habitually acts, becomes in short his own natural self. Meanwhile I am visualizing, so to speak, every linguistic lapse, each offending mannerism.

Afterwards the lessons proper begin. I cover him with a verbal veneer, as it were; coax him to assimilate polish. I teach him to pronounce every word exactly aright—"every word," mind you, not "ev'ry word."

You would be surprised at the result. In a few weeks, in a few days even in some cases, he is a transformed man. He has gained confidence in himself. Then I take him out to lunch and dine at the Ritz or the Carlton, for which, of course, he pays—that is understood.

There I quietly note, and afterwards as quietly correct, any little error he may be guilty of; as, for example, tipping his plate towards him instead of away from him when spooning up the last few mouthfuls of his soup.

And after a little practical fashion, should he so desire it, I initiate him into the social code of etiquette that prevails in the ballroom, at the golf links, on the moors, and in the coverts, and at all other similar places where Society—with a capital "S"—congregate.

The Passing of the Cantinieres

The Famous Cantinieres of the French Army Recently Abolished By Law

From The Lady's Realm.

There is perhaps no rank of women more picturesque in French history and literature than that of the famous cantinieres who followed the armies in time of war and ministered to the wants of the sick and wounded. Their recent abolition renders the following extract of timely interest.

THERE are still a few cantinieres or women water-carriers living who served in the war of 1870, but in the future campaigns of the French army there will be no cantinieres doing "active service" on the battlefield.

The Minister of War, in giving his reasons for the new law, which abolishes them, explained that their services did not compensate for "their part in lessening the consumption of the food supplies, the retarding of the march, and the delays caused by extra baggage." He did not refer, however, to their history, which has been one of bravery, heroism and tireless energy in aiding the soldiers during a campaign.

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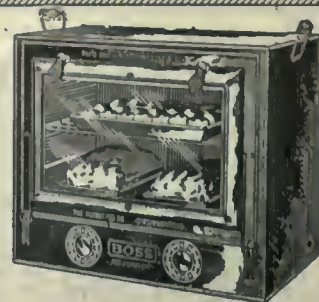
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The duty of these women who joined forces with their husbands or brothers was to serve drinking water to the men on march and they were obliged to endure all the fatigue and hardships equally with the soldiers as they tramped along by their side. Four *cantiniere*s were apportioned to a battalion. Their hodge-podge uniforms, half masculine, half feminine, consisted of a tight-fitting leather-belted basque with its double row of brass buttons, a short full skirt reaching to the knees, a small black apron and underneath a pair of trousers. A leather hat was the practical headgear that went with this queer-looking combination. To the arm of each *cantiniere*'s coat was attached a little white iron plaque with her name and that of the battalion to which she was assigned engraved on it.

The *cantiniere* in the time of peace had no legal existence, so that it was only when war was proclaimed that she figured on the army list. In a letter to the Directorate, dated March 17th, 1798, Napoleon speaks of the noble action of the *cantiniere*, Marie Dauraune, of the 51st brigade, "who on seeing a soldier fall into the river and in consequence of a swift current being swept under, jumped in without a moment's hesitation and saved him from drowning.

"I have presented to her a collar of gold from which is suspended a civic crown with the name of the soldier engraved on it who is indebted to her for his life."

Some time later Josephine Tiquart, of the 63rd regiment, received a cross for having killed a cossack and thus saved the life of her colonel in the retreat from Russia.

Marie Tete-de-Bois, whose name is probably a sobriquet as, translated, it is Marie Head of Wood, was in seventeen active campaigns. Her husband was killed on the battle grounds and she herself was wounded several times. The faithful *cantiniere* was scarcely cured of her last wound when she again took up her duties as water-carrier and followed Napoleon to Waterloo. During the battle a stray bullet struck her and lodged in her face. As she fell she shouted, "Long live France." The ball had made an ugly wound and the torn and bleeding flesh made her almost unrecognizable. A grenadier bent over her and while supporting her in his arms, in order to make light of her condition, said, "Marie, really you are not beautiful like this." "That's possible," was her response, "but I can boast of being daughter, wife and widow of a trooper," and she expired.

The records show a long list of *cantiniere*s who have been rewarded with military medals as an acknowledged recompense for exceptional deeds of bravery. There has hardly been a French writer or poet of the nineteenth century who has not been inspired to immortalize them with the pen.

The *cantiniere* now is only a name, but woman still has her role to play in an outbreak of war. The uniform of the *cantiniere* will be replaced by the hospital dress of the nurses of the Red Cross, but for devotion and self-abnegation the *cantiniere* will not be surpassed.

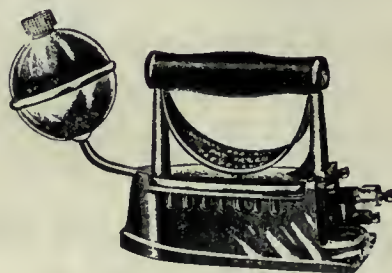


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Our New Governor General

Summary of His Career

From The Daily Mail, London, Eng.

The Duke of Connaught, the much-loved Governor-General of Canada, gives place to Prince Alexander of Teck, the youngest brother of Queen Mary. The Dominion thus exchanges the son of one queen for the brother of another. The following sketch of the latter's career is of timely interests.

IN forty years the new Viceroy has seen much of men and things. He has not led the sheltered life of a prince. He has been a soldier, a man of affairs, a favorite in all kinds of society—in the best sense, a man of the world.

There was nothing to suggest in his early days that he would ever stand near the throne. When he was born on April 14, 1874, his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, were living in Kensington Palace. They were not by any means wealthy. The children were not brought up in luxury. They had a real introduction to the realities of life. At White Lodge, in Richmond Park, the three boys and their sister were allowed to run a little wild. Prince Alexander, the youngest, was also the most active and the brightest of the boys; his sister's favorite, too. It was a black day for little Princess May (now the Queen) when he first went off to school—a "preparatory" for Eton.

At Eton he made friends all round. He was a good-tempered, jolly schoolboy, fond of games, with no hint of "side" about him. The democratic manner and outlook have never left him. At Sandhurst, when the time came for him to go there, he earned the reputation of a "thoroughly good fellow." His first regiment was the 7th Hussars. He joined them in India, where he played polo and did a lot of "pig-sticking." Then the regiment was sent to Natal, and there came Prince Alexander's first chance of active service. The Matabele War broke out in 1896. The young officer bore himself well, and better than well. He was highly commended for his handling of a party of Hussars in an attack upon one of the Matabele chieftans, which he helped to turn into a brilliant success.

Next year, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, Prince Alexander came home, and there is a touching entry in the diary of the Duchess of Teck, then ill, telling how she made an effort to get down-stairs to be first to receive her boy.

He stayed in England until the South African War broke out. His regiment did not go at the beginning, but he could not rest at home. He volunteered for immediate service, and within forty-eight hours was appointed to the Inniskilling Dragoons. He took part in the operations round Colesberg, the routing out of General Cronje, the relief of Kimberley, and the march on Bloemfontein.

Then General Mahon asked for him as his A.D.C. when the relief of Mafeking was about to be undertaken. As a staff

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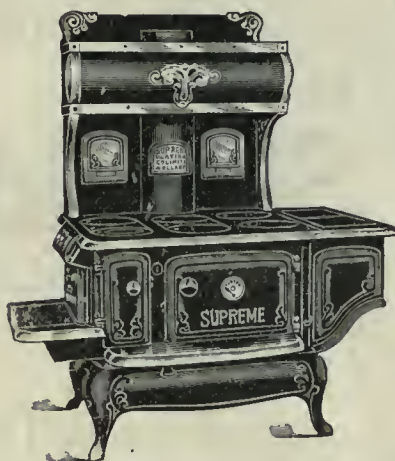
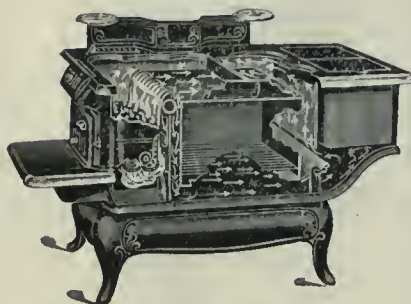
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officer he proved himself active and efficient. Indeed, he was too active for his health. During twenty weeks, he was in touch with the enemy every day. The responsibility and ever-constant watchfulness told on him, and he was ordered home by a medical board and was given the D.S.O. (Distinguished Service Order) to sweeten the pill.

In 1902 he went with the King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, on their tour round the Empire, and everywhere he made a good impression. Two years later he married Princess Alice of Albany, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and a very sweet girl. The Princess will be a great help to him in Canada. Her unassuming charm and kindly nature have won her universal affection. They have a son and a daughter living.

Since he married, Prince Alexander has been occupied with his soldierly duties (he is now in the Royal Horse Guards) and with such public duties as have come in his way. He proved at once his energy and his talent for finance by the success with which he carried on the appeal for the Middlesex Hospital begun by his brother, the late Prince Francis of Teck. He surprised those who worked with him by the fertility of his enterprise and the grasp of finance which he showed. It was in brotherly piety that he took up the efforts cut short by the Duke's untimely death, but the work served also to reveal his own capabilities.

No one who knows him can doubt of his success in Canada. Tall, debonair, and with a ready smile, he has just the appearance for the post. From his father he inherits dignity, from his mother common sense and a cheerful spirit, and, like all the royal family, his sense of duty is deep and strong. With such qualifications he is not likely to fail.

Uncle Sam's Floating Court

How Justice is Dispensed from
a Government Ship in the
Land of the Midnight Sun

From an Article by Walter Noble Burns
in The Wide World Magazine.

"There ain't no law of God nor man runs north of fifty-three," wrote Kipling, and the words were doubtless pretty true before the U.S. Government established the remarkable "Floating Court" here described, to administer justice among the Eskimos, whalers, and the scattered white population of the far northern Alaskan coast, Behring Sea, and the Arctic. Strange indeed are the cases that are brought to the judges, many and varied are the tasks they are called upon to perform. In this fascinating article Mr. Burns gives us a vivid glimpse of life in the grim Northland on "the top of the world."

UNCLE SAM'S "Floating Court" is unique among law institutions, and its work in the Far North forms an epic chapter in the story of the "white man's burden" taken up by the American nation. The Floating Court administers justice among the Eskimos of a long, bleak stretch of the Alaskan coast from

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Nome to the northernmost tip of the continent, holding to strict legal account the crews of the whaling ships and the white traders, prospectors, and adventurers scattered throughout that immense region.

It is a paternal tribunal, is this strange court. If it administers the statutes, it enforces morality and hygiene as well. Under its beneficent rule tuberculosis, that terrible scourge of the Arctic, has been abated, and immemorably insanitary Eskimo villages have been transformed into so many outdoor sanatoriums. Among a race helpless from ignorance of the disease, it has introduced the latest cures and prophylactic measures of science.

The court is held in the cabin of a revenue cutter swinging at temporary anchor in little Eskimo ports among ice-floes under the midnight sun and the crackling arcs of the Aurora. Its judge is an officer of the vessel, upon whom have been conferred the powers of a United States Commissioner, Justice of the Peace, and Probate Judge. Prisoners are arrested by a deputy United States marshal carried by the ship. Warrants are drawn up on board. Cases are prosecuted by a United States assistant district attorney. The court clerk, who keeps the records, is a ship's writer, and a blue-jacket acts as bailiff. The "bench" from which are handed down decisions effective throughout Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean, is a chair set at the head of the cabin table. The judge is an autocrat from whose decisions there is at least no immediate appeal; his word is law, and usually good law. If the justice he dispenses is not always in technical accord with the law books, it is generally sound from a strictly human point of view.

The necessity for a floating court in the Behring Sea and the Arctic first became apparent when Governor Knapp and United States District Attorney Johnson, of Alaska, undertook a voyage of inspection on the revenue cutter *Bear* among the Eskimos, Indians, and white settlers along the entire Alaskan coast in 1891. The first officer of a revenue cutter delegated with power to hold court was Captain Michael A. Healy, of the *Bear*, in 1895. Captain Healy's work was desultory, and the court fell into disuse. It was revived in 1906, when Captain O. C. Hamlet, of the revenue cutter *Thetis*, was appointed United States Commissioner. Captain Hamlet's work marked the real inauguration of the floating court, and in the chronicles of the North he is usually reckoned its first judge. He served for one year, and was succeeded as judge of the court and commander of the *Thetis* by Captain A. J. Henderson.

It may surprise those who associate "moonshine" whisky only with the Southern States mountains to learn that since the suppression of the contraband liquor traffic between whites and natives in the North the Eskimo has himself turned "moonshiner." No touch of romance clings to the business up there. There are no hidden stills sending up tell-tale columns of smoke from lonely coves or purple glens; no solitary look-out on some crag against the sky with rifle and gourd-neck horn to sound an alarm when the revenue raiders come galloping over



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the rim of the hills. Those who prefer their moonshining in this style would do better to stick to the Cumberlands and the Big Smokies. The Eskimo does his moonshining in his *igloo*, or just outside in his own front yard, as it were, under the eyes of his neighbors. His distilling plant is a small and primitive affair. He can hide it in a sleeping-bag, or carry it off in his arms to the hills if a revenue cutter shows in the offing.

The still itself is usually an old oil-can; the flake-stand, a powder-keg; the worm, a twisted gun-barrel; the receptacle to catch the liquor that drips from the worm, a tomato-can. He knows nothing of the Southern mountaineer's "mash," made from the meal of sprouted corn. His mash is a fermented mixture of flour and molasses. He boils it by placing under the still a pan of blubber-oil in which burns a wick of twisted moss. The vapor from the boiling mash passes from the still into the worm, where it is condensed by cold sea-water, with which the powder-keg is kept filled by hand, and trickles out into the tomato-can an alcoholic liquor which tastes like none of the liquors of civilization, but equals the fiercest of them in intoxicating potency. One deep swig of this moonshine of the North will make the usually timid Eskimo brave enough to face his mother-in-law or a Polar bear with equally reckless disregard of consequences.

Captain Henderson's way of dealing with perplexing questions was well illustrated in a case at Point Hope. There appeared before the court an old Eskimo and his wife, their serious faces wonderfully etched by age and exposure. They were accompanied by their pretty daughter and two stalwart young bucks, both suitors for her hand. In choicest Eskimo—the same being a series of explosions of vocal dynamite—the venerable father poured a long and voluble tale into the ears of the interpreter.

"This man, he say," began the interpreter, "these two feller want this gal for wife. One feller, he offer a rifle, ten pound whalebone, six walrus tusk, a dog-team, and sled. The other feller, he give kayak, two reindeer, a bear-skin, and six fox-skin. This gal the old man's only daughter. He old, and he want good trade. But he not know which he best take. He say maybe you tell him."

Here was a pretty case of love rather than law, to be best decided in Cupid's court. Captain Henderson is no Cupid—he stands six feet two and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds—but he determined to essay the role of Cupid's first assistant.

"You love this girl?" he asked one suitor.

"Yes," replied the interpreter, "he love her."

"And do you love her?" the captain asked the other.

"Yes, he love her too."

The captain looked at the girl. She was a pretty little thing, something over four feet high, with coal-black hair plastered down over her temples, and sloe-black, roguish eyes. Let no one doubt the vital beauty of Eskimo maids in the flush of youth and health.



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"Here," said the captain to the girl, "which one of these two men do you want?"

The interpreter put the question. The maiden's eyes grew brighter, her cheeks a deeper crimson, and a coy smile wreathed her lips. She stepped over to one of the young men unhesitatingly and touched him on the arm.

"This one," she said, and there was no need for the interpreter to translate.

"All right," said the captain, with a roar of laughter; "take him."

And he married them on the spot. Straight from the ship back to the village the newly-wedded couple paddled to set up housekeeping and to live happily, no doubt, ever afterwards. The bride's father touched off a few more explosions of vocal dynamite into the interpreter's ear.

"He say," declared the interpreter to Captain Henderson, "he satisfied."

A whaling captain, who had killed one of his crew the year before, boarded the *Thetis* at Cape Prince of Wales and complained that he feared his crew was about to mutiny. He said he had learned of a plot among the men of the forecabin to attack their officers at night, tie them hand and foot, and escape in a whaleboat. Captain Henderson had the sailors summoned before him. They told him their captain had used them brutally throughout the voyage, and they were afraid for their lives. They admitted they had plotted to escape, but denied any intention of assaulting the officers, and asked to be kept aboard the *Thetis*. Captain Henderson did not see his way clear to disable the whaler by taking the men off, and sent them back aboard their ship to take their chances. Before dismissing the skipper, however, Captain Henderson warned him that if he were guilty of any further cruelties he would be held to have committed contempt of court and punished the first time the *Thetis* fell in with him again. The whaling captain promised better behavior, and kept his word. Some months later Captain Henderson told the judge of the District Court of Alaska of his threat to the whaler. The judge, who was an able lawyer, declared the captain had exceeded his jurisdiction, and that, no matter what the whaling skipper might have done in the future, he could not legally have been held to have committed contempt of court.

Captain Henderson found a deserter in Port Clarence who had been stranded there for five years, and whose repeated and desperate efforts to get back to civilization had proved unavailing. When he ran away from a whale-ship this man had an idea that he could get back to the States on a passing vessel or make his way inland to some mining camp. Poor fool! he did not know that there were no passing ships except whalers, and that the nearest white settlements were hundreds of miles away across bleak tundra,



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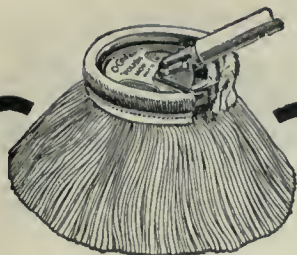
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interminable forests, and mountain ridges covered with ice and snow. He was hunted for days by petty officers from his ship armed with rifles. Several times he narrowly eluded capture, and the bullets of his pursuers sang songs of death in his ears. Finally he escaped to the interior, where he waited until the whaling fleet had sailed away. Then he ventured back to the Eskimo village on the harbor, and the natives gave him food and shelter. He passed the long night of the following winter in dreary idleness, living in an igloo on blubber and raw meat and praying for the July days when the whaling ships would come again and afford him his one annual opportunity to get back home.

July arrived at last, and the whaling fleet dropped anchor in Port Clarence again. From ship to ship the man paddled in his kayak, praying to the captains with tears in his eyes, for deliverance. Wouldn't they, for Heaven's sake, let him work his passage back to civilization? Some laughed at him, some cursed him, some drove him from their ships with kicks and blows. Take him home? No, not if he were starving to death! He was a deserter; he deserved his fate. For all they cared, he could stay and rot among the Eskimos, leaving his worthless bones to bleach upon the frozen tundra.

One by one the ships spread their white sails and went winging away over the northern rim of the world, leaving the deserter alone and broken-hearted. Year after year, hopefully, he watched the whaling fleet come; year after year, hopelessly, he watched it go. So, half-insane, with shattered health and in utter despair, he resigned himself at last to what seemed his inevitable doom.

When the deserter climbed over the rail of the *Thetis*, wild-looking, disheveled, unkempt, he fell upon his knees before Captain Henderson and begged to be taken "back home." The captain took him "back home," and when this lost man of the North—"the man that Heaven forgot"—stepped on the wharf at San Francisco, without a penny in his pocket to face the future, Captain Henderson says he was the happiest living being he ever set eyes upon.

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The Passing of the War Correspondent

How the War Reporter of the Future will Work

From The Saturday Evening Post.

The days of the old-time war correspondent are past. Such is the unanimous opinion of all members of that fraternity since the recent Balkan war. The writer of the present article here outlines the duties of the newspaperman who will supersede him.

THE leisurely and literary war correspondent is of the past. He is done, down and out. The Spanish War made him groggy. The Russian-Japanese War put him on the ropes, and he took the count in the Balkan War.

Long ago the war reporter filled his shoes. Moreover, so far as this country is concerned, the best war reporters do not go to war. When I say best, I mean best in a news sense. That is what a reporter is for—to get news. That is what people desire to have about a war—news. War news is not descriptions of scenery, or speculation on strategy, or recital of brave deeds, all excellent and interesting when they get over the wire. War news is, first, whether we won or didn't win; and, second, what it cost us in blood to win or what we lost in losing. It is well enough to detail, in such picturesque diction as may be, what was done; but this isn't the main point. The main point is—Did we whip them? And how many were killed and wounded?

Therefore, the best and quickest news will come, not from the writing men at the scene of hostilities, but will come from the writing men at the seat of government, at the national headquarters of the army and the navy. That is the way it worked in the Spanish War, and that is the way it has worked thus far in this Mexican affair. The reason is simple enough. News is no good unless it is printed. I know a man who sat for four hours at Key West with the news that the Maine had been blown up in Havana harbor bottled in him. He was the only man in the United States who had the information. Think of the splash he might have made if he had sent that news north. He didn't, however. He waited for the official dispatch from Captain Sigsbee, and after that where did the news, the information for the people, come from? It came from Washington reporters, of course.

Mind you, I am not saying that special commissioners, and sob sisters, and word painters, and persons with literary reputations, and professional war correspondents, and all such are not excellent newspaper properties when a war is going on. Not that. They are, and more power to them, on the broad general theory that it is the business of the writing people to hook the editor people whenever they get a chance. What I am saying is that the news of this war, if it is a war, will be provided by the war reporters, not by the special commissioners, or the novelists,

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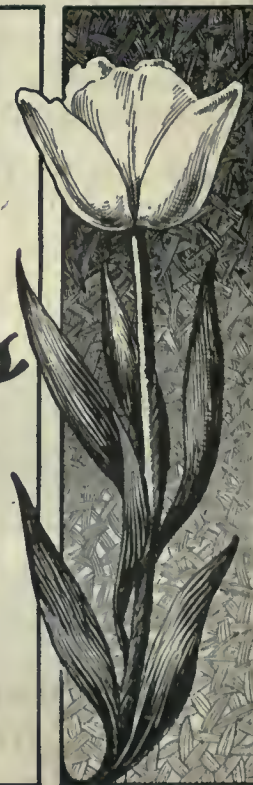
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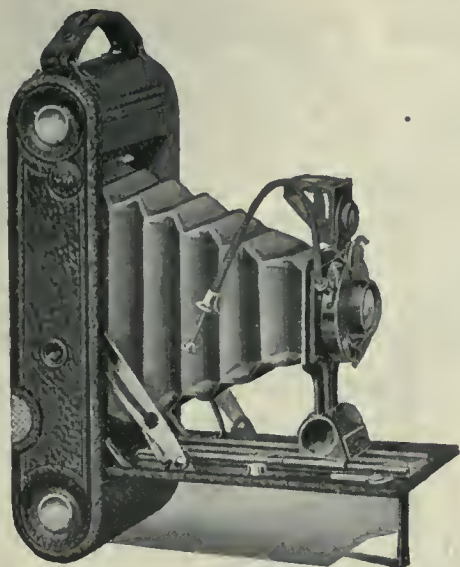
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or the poets, or the other literary men that will flock to it. The news will be sent in by the men whose trade it is to send in news.

There were not many wires at the time of our Civil War, or many quick presses, or any such development of the science of getting newspapers quickly on the streets. Hence a number of men made reputations as war correspondents, and deserved them, for they had time, and a story was a story until it appeared in print. Now a story is a story only until the moment it gets into the newsroom of some newspaper. The methods of transmission are so perfected and the competition is so keen, that the whole success of reporting a war depends on success in getting a wire, and the failure of reporting a war comes from the loss of a wire. Consequently, the men who will be most useful in this contingency will be the men who know how to get a wire and what to do with it after they get it, and not the men who have to think their thoughts before they can give them adequate expression, and who lack that reportorial faculty of thinking their thoughts and giving them expression at one and the same moment.

That was never better illustrated—this difference between the old and the new—than on a certain occasion during the Balkan War. Two Englishmen saw a big engagement. They were the only two writing men who did see it, or, to put it in another way, the only two who saw it and had a chance, or made a chance, to get in a story about it. One of these Englishmen was a war correspondent, a big, talented man with a great gift of style. The other was a reporter. They got wires simultaneously. The literary man wrote a wonderful story of the engagement. He began with some descriptive stuff that was great. He proceeded toward the battle in picturesque and vivid language, telling graphically of the events that led to the engagement and painting a fine picture of all the welter of this preliminary to the battle. Just before his story got to the battle and the news of it his paper in London was compelled to go to press.

The reporter, being a reporter, started his story with the battle. He didn't waste any time on a description of the events leading up to the engagement, but he jumped, bing! into the event the other events led up to. The result was that while the opposition paper in London had an excellent piece of descriptive writing, his paper had the story of the battle on the same morning, and the second half of the otherman's story, which was a great piece of description, was printed on the day after the regular reporter's story had thrilled London with its facts and its clear, crisp, masterly narrative.

Moreover, since the hit-or-miss days of our Spanish War, when there were as many correspondents in Cuba and adjacent thereto as there were volunteer majors and colonels—which means an enormous number—the persons in direction of warfare have tightened up, and have imposed regulations and restrictions that make war reporting most difficult, and not a game for the literary corres-

pendent. Methods of fighting have changed, too, with the introduction of high-powered and long-distance guns, and the wireless, and all that. A battle line now may be forty miles long. In the Russian-Japanese War they let the correspondents see a section of a battle here and there; but if they had given them free rein, no man could have seen more than a minute portion of any engagement. In the Balkan War most of the correspondents never saw any fighting of any kind. They were safely in the rear.

Returning, therefore, to my original proposition, let it be said that the men who have thus far told the American people what has been happening in Mexico have been, not the special commissioners and the literary lights, but the reporters, mostly the reporters in Washington, and in conjunction therewith the reporters in Mexico. That was what happened during the Spanish War, and during the Boxer troubles in China, when we had an acute interest in this country. The word painting came from the front, but most of the news came from the Washington reporters. And that will continue to be the case.

The Heat from Sun is Variable

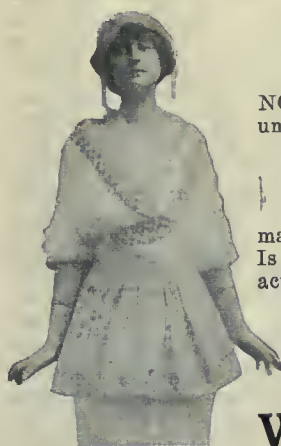
Conclusions Arrived at After Careful Tests by American Scientists

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

The accompanying extracts from an article by C. G. Abbot, director of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institute, give the grounds that science has secured for a belief that the heat supply from the sun is variable. It is expected that future investigations will lead to a thorough understanding of the nature of solar radiation with all the benefits that such a knowledge would entail.

THERE was no bolometer until 1880, and no automatic photographic registration of it until 1891. Measurements of the solar radiation accurate to one per cent. have been made only since 1902. Thus we are unfortunately debarred from knowing if the sun is more or less bright now than it was in former centuries. The only indication we have along this line is that similar crops are grown now to those that were grown thousands of years ago, in Egypt, for instance. This leads to the presumption that the temperature has not changed much in historic time. Geology goes still further, and shows that on the whole the temperature of the earth has changed only a few degrees, or tens of degrees at most, for millions of years.

But the earth's temperature is a rough and untrustworthy measure of solar radiation. Moreover, there have been from time to time periods of unusual warmth or cold during historical times, not to



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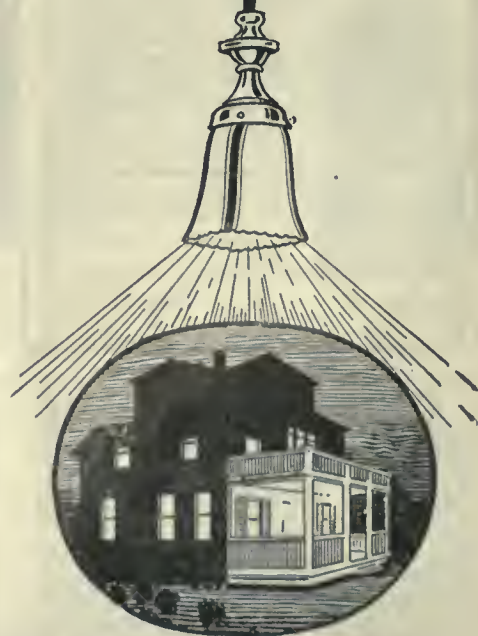
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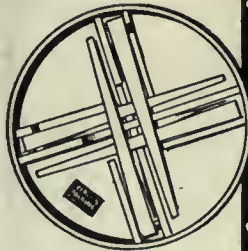


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mention the periods of glaciation accepted by geologists. Hence the field is open for the study of the intensity of the sun's rays to see if they are nearly uniform, or subject to variation from day to day and from year to year. Other stars are variable. Why should not our star, the sun, be so? Indeed, the eleven-year-period fluctuations of the numbers of sun-spots is an indication, and even a proof, of solar variation. Apart from the possibility that the study may yield an explanation of the periods of unusual warmth and cold, and aid the meteorologists in their forecasts and the farmers in their planting, it is but doing as we would like to have been done by to leave to posterity an exact record of the intensity of the sun's rays in our time. Thus the future astronomer of a few centuries, or thousands of years, hence may be able to answer the question we ask vainly: Does the sun's heat increase or diminish as time goes on?

A comparison of observations made simultaneously at Washington and at Mount Wilson in 1905 and 1906 showed that, although there are great differences between the pyrheliometer readings at the two stations, owing to the greater density of the air above Washington, yet, when allowing for the atmosphere, the results closely agree. This gave confidence in the work, for Washington is at sea-level, Mount Wilson at over one mile elevation. But it seemed best to test the work still further. Accordingly in 1908, 1909 and 1910 the writer made observations on the very summit of Mount Whitney, at 14,502 feet elevation, while his colleagues, Messrs. Fowle, Aldrich, Ingersoll, observed simultaneously at Mount Wilson. The results confirmed the soundness of the work, for though great differences existed between the pyrheliometer readings at Mount Whitney and Mount Wilson, yet when allowing for the atmosphere the results were in almost exact accord.

During all this time the Mount Wilson work had continued to furnish indications of solar variability. Let us review the evidence as it then stood. A few observations at Washington in 1903 had indicated a fall of 10 per cent. in the solar radiation, beginning about March 25th of that year. The temperatures of the north temperate zone had been investigated and seemed to have fallen correspondingly. Day by day the intensity of the solar radiation had been measured at Mount Wilson for five years beginning with 1905, and similar fluctuations, in regular intervals, but often of a week or ten days in period, and of irregular magnitudes, sometimes reaching 10 per cent., had been indicated. Three explanations were possible: either these fluctuations were accidental errors of measurement, or they were due to disturbances in our atmosphere not eliminated, or they were solar. But they could not be wholly due to accidental errors of measurement, for solar-constant values were found to march by regular steps from high to low values and return, and did not skip back and forth in disorder as they would have done generally if merely accidental. Secondly, the close accord of

solar-constant measures at sea-level, at one mile elevation, and at nearly three miles elevation, shown by observations at Washington, at Mount Wilson, and at Mount Whitney, seemed to show that in fact the influence of the atmosphere is eliminated, and therefore the fluctuations are not to be ascribed to atmospheric origin. Hence the presumption was strong in 1910 that the sun is an irregularly variable star.

A conclusion so remarkable required complete verification. But one proof seemed inadequate. A second observing-station must be established, so far from Mount Wilson that the atmospheric disturbances could not generally be the same at the two stations on the same day; and the solar constant must be measured daily from both stations for a long period, until sufficient evidence had been secured. The opinions of about twenty of the most eminent astronomers of the world were obtained on the question whether such an expedition would probably yield results justifying the expense. All were agreed that it would do so, and most of them urged it heartily. These views were submitted to Congress and led to the appropriation of \$5,000 for the expedition. A Mexican expedition was contemplated. Preparations for work in southern Mexico were almost complete, when the outbreak of insurrection, and the reported sack of the very town which it was proposed to occupy, caused the diversion of the expedition to Algeria.

In July, 1911, the writer landed at Algiers with thirty-three cases of apparatus, comprising a complete outfit of spectro-bolometer and pyrheliometer for measuring the solar constant of radiation. Great assistance was given by Vice-Consul Boisson in arranging for the station, which by advice of Director Gonnessiat of the Observatory of Algiers was located about fifty miles south of Algiers. By favor of Director de Mestral, of the Ecole Roudil, a site was obtained at Bassour, a little hamlet situated about thirty-seven hundred feet above sea-level on a rolling plateau.

Observations were begun about August 25th and continued until November 20, 1911. Owing to unexpectedly cloudy conditions at both Bassour and Mount Wilson, an insufficient number of coincident observing days were secured in this period, and the Algerian expedition was renewed from May to September, 1912.

In 1912 the work was hindered and came near being made useless by the eruption of the volcano at Katmai in Alaska, June 6 and 7, 1912. Traces of the presence of dust from this volcano appeared at Bassour on June 19th, and at Mount Wilson on June 21st. In July and August the volcanic haze became very thick, so much so that the brightness of the sun, as observed by the pyrheliometer, became reduced by about 20 per cent. Part of this loss of radiation in the direct sunbeam was compensated for by the increased brightness of skylight due to the reflection of the dust particles. But it is believed that in August, 1912, the solar heat available to warm the northern

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hemisphere of the earth* was reduced by about ten per cent. on account of the Alaskan volcanic eruption of June. Reports from many stations in America and Europe show that the volcanic dust greatly diminished the direct rays of the sun as late as January, 1913, and according to Mount Wilson observations its effect was perceptible in October, 1913. Investigations of Abbot and Fowle and of Humphreys seem to prove that other great volcanic outbreaks of former years have had similar results, and have led to the cooling of the earth by quite perceptible degrees.

We now come to sum up the results of the California-Algeria expeditions of 1911 and 1912. The intensity of the sun's radiation as it would be outside of the earth's atmosphere at mean solar distance was determined independently at both stations on seventy-five different days. Owing to the presence of clouds or excessive volcanic haze at one or both stations on twenty-three days there remained values of only fifty-two days suitable for comparison. The mean of all these values at Mount Wilson is 1.919 calories per square centimeter per minute, and the mean at Bassour 1.906 calories. Thus there is no appreciable difference due to the station. The mean of twenty values of 1911 is for Mount Wilson 1.900 and for Bassour 1.886 calories. For 1912, thirty-two values give for Mount Wilson 1.931, for Bassour 1.919 calories, so that both stations agree in showing higher values in 1912 than in 1911. When the results for the two stations for the individual days are compared, we find that the average difference between values obtained at the two places is only 1.6 per cent. Both stations unite in showing high values on certain days, low ones on others. The maximum change of solar radiation indicated by both stations exceeds 10 per cent., and changes of 7 per cent. are several times indicated.

In short, notwithstanding the obstacles made by clouds and volcanic haze, the expeditions proved successful. Observations at two stations, separated by one-third of the earth's circumference, agree in showing that on certain days the sun's radiation was above the mean and on others below it. Thus the short-period irregular fluctuation of the sun's radiation is established.

*Measurements at Arequipa, in Peru, of August, 1912, to February, 1913, do not seem to indicate the presence of the volcanic dust in the southern hemisphere.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH POLITICS.

Commencing with this number, MacLean's Magazine is starting a series of articles based on national affairs. A connection has been established with the best political writers and the articles which will appear in all issues of the magazine from the present on, will give an impartial and comprehensive insight into political and national problems. Mr. Anderson's article in this issue will whet the appetite for what is to follow.

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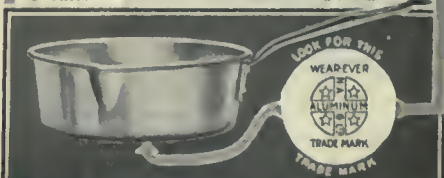
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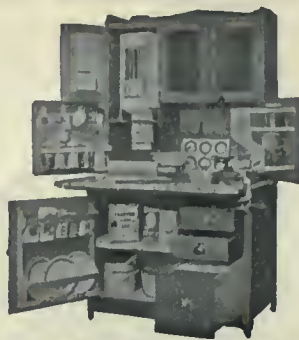


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The Real Premier

Sketch of Sir Robert Borden,
Statesman and Man

From The Toronto Star Weekly.

In the accompanying sketch the Premier of Canada is presented in the clear light of impartial discernment. Political considerations have not influenced the writer and the real Sir Robert Borden is shown. Of the many sketches which have appeared since the King raised the Premier to knighthood, none has given a fairer estimate or a truer sketch.

SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, K.C.M.G., is a Nova Scotian of United Empire Loyalist stock, and that fact is the key to his character. The Nova Scotian United Empire Loyalist is very hard-headed and very long-headed, and there is not a harder or longer head in politics than the present Prime Minister of Canada. He has a cool judgment and a faculty for foresight which make him a formidable rival and a dangerous opponent. He has no imagination and no emotion. His intellectual power is solidly massive. He is a genuine Nova Scotian and Britisher in his adherence to the prose facts of politics.

Sir Robert is not a pliable being. He does not try to please for the sake of pleasing. He has the ability to go his own way without considering the feelings of others. Nova Scotians, more or less, seem to possess this quality of self-isolation. They do not deliberately tread upon corns, but they are not easily wheedled or managed. They have a preference for going straight ahead and cutting through obstacles, rather than circumventing them. If they are confronted with insuperable difficulties, they bide their time without falling into a panic or a passion. They are an imperturbable people. They know how to wait. Sir Robert's career since his entrance into the political arena is an illustration of this Nova Scotian Loyalist patience. He knows how to wait. He knows how to control the petulance of deferred ambition. He has learned to avoid those errors which disqualify a statesman. He is no flexible opportunist, but on the other hand he is a master of non-committal tactics. He has always been too cautious to immolate his reputation upon a forlorn hope or an extreme enthusiasm. His mind instinctively drives him along a middle course. He prefers to allow other men to make rash experiments. He profits by the impetuous haste of less prudent natures. He would rather rise upon the mistakes of others, than upon the speculative daring of his own choice. He is never in a hurry, for he knows that most problems solve themselves if they are left alone. And whenever he is forced to act, he prefers to err on the side of caution, rather than on the side of temerity. He realizes that moderation in politics is a virtue, and that inaction is a pardonable sin.

It is these homespun virtues that have helped Mr. Borden to hew his way to the highest office in the gift of the Canadian people. It is a notable fact that he has

built up his prestige by appealing to the central mass of moderate men. And whatever may be said by heated partizans, it is certain that in Canada, as in other English-speaking countries, the moderate men are, after all, generally in the majority. There is never a permanent majority of extremists. They may supply the driving power for the political machine, but it is the moderate man who controls it.

Another Borden quality is taciturnity. The Conservative chieftain knows how to keep his own counsel. He is the embodiment of reserve and reticence. He never thinks aloud. This gift of silence is often the cause of irritation to his more emotional followers. Yet Mr. Borden owes a great deal of his success to his power of holding his tongue and saying nothing he is not forced to say. He is not an orator in any sense of the word. In this he is the antithesis of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Liberal leader is far his superior in all the arts that dazzle and fascinate the popular imagination. Sir Wilfrid on the platform can be irresistibly moving. He can capture the emotions of any audience, and melt the most obdurate antagonism into momentary admiration. Borden does not try to melt or to move. If he did he would be unsuccessful. He addresses his argument solely and wholly to the reason. He is a great advocate, but he never relies on rhetoric, or sentiment,

or emotion. He is practical, argumentative, logical, austere, and stern.

Everything in the new knight's career has intensified his natural characteristics. His intellect was shaped and molded by the academic tradition of the staid seats of learning of his native province, and brought up in the environment of a law office, he was taught to value clear thinking more highly than emotional exuberance, to aspire after balance rather than originality. And it was while being trained to the law that Mr. Borden developed his power of mastering facts. His mind seems to have developed into an amazingly efficient machine for the digestion of practical politics. Whatever mistakes he has made in the region of emotion, imagination, and sentiment, he has walked with sure footsteps in the region of facts. On the morning of September 22, 1911, he faced a task that would have submerged most men. But the mantle of his great predecessors had fallen upon worthy shoulders. In one session he convinced the skeptical and delighted his friends. The diverse elements in the ranks behind him were brought together, factionism routed, dangerous political shoals skilfully avoided. Three years have gone, and his power and reputation have grown. A comparatively young man, as statesmen go in this age, he has yet before him many years of political endeavor.

The Kaiser as a Business Man

A New Phase of Emperor William's Character

From Nash's Magazine.

THERE is a room in the palace at Potsdam which is far more important than glittering apartments that testify to the might and majesty of Imperial state.

As he sits at his desk, the Kaiser occasionally raises his eyes and sees on the wall facing him the rules he considers the best guidance in everyday life:

Be strong in pain.

To wish for anything that is unattainable is worthless.

Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything.

Rejoice in nature and people, take them as they are.

For a thousand bitter hours, console yourself with one that is beautiful.

Give from your heart and mind always the best, even if you do not receive thanks. He who can learn and practise this is indeed happy, free and proud; his life will always be beautiful. He who mistrusts, wrongs others and harms himself.

It is our duty to believe everyone to be good as long as we have no proof to the contrary: the world is so large and we ourselves are so small that everything cannot revolve around us.

If something damages us, or hurts us, it is perhaps necessary to the welfare of creation.

Everything in this world is governed by the all-wise will of the Creator: we little

people only lack the reason to comprehend it.

As everything is, so it has to be in this world, and however it may be, it should always seem good to our mind.

This last rule might well read, "As everything is, so it has to be in Germany, and however it may be, it should always seem good to the mind of my subjects." The welfare of his people is very dear to the heart of this man of moods, who possesses the most elusive and attractive personality of any European sovereign. The Emperor realized when quite a young man the pressing need for the commercial development of Germany, and his recognition of the fact first led to his quarrel with Prince Bismarck.

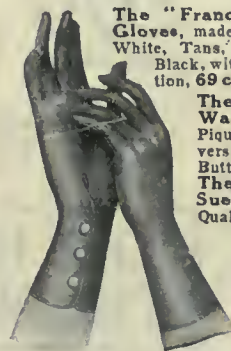
The Kaiser has studied thoroughly the commercial conditions of Germany, and, going further still, he has become the personal friend of the heads of many of the great manufacturing concerns of his country.

The Emperor is in touch with most of the organizers of the big trusts and corporations. Men like Ballin (whom the Emperor wanted to make a minister) are on intimate terms with him, and he has always extended his support and sympathy to their schemes.

This commercial development has made a new nation of Germany. In education, forethought is a word which looms large-

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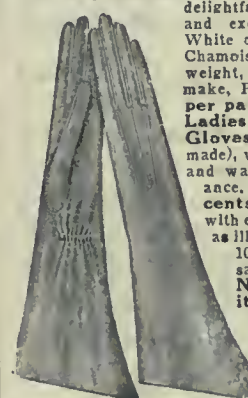
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ly; it teaches boys to map out their future, and they know exactly what they intend to make of their lives. Germany of today furnishes more work and new careers for her children: she instils into them the precepts of thrift and prudence, they learn the best methods of improving their manufactures, and the result is that Germany can now compete with, and frequently undersell, other nations.

It is common knowledge that when an Englishman or American does a round of South American towns, he has a habit of insisting that the goods he offers are the only ones worthy of serious consideration. He does not trouble himself about the buyer's protest, "We don't like these; we don't want them." He simply shrugs his shoulders, and implies that he is really very sorry for the unappreciative storekeeper. It is a case of "take it or leave it," for he knows that the stuff is good—and there's an end of it.

Not so the German commercial traveler, "I'm sorry this doesn't appeal to you," he says apologetically. "If you don't mind, just let me know exactly what you do want; and we will meet your wishes; nothing is easier than to suit our manufactures to *your ideas*." Tactfulness, enterprise, adaptability all along the line, and small wonder that trade in South America is mainly in German hands.

* * *

As I write I have a mental picture of a supper party on the Imperial yacht at Kiel. Pierpont Morgan sat on the Emperor's right hand; at his left the genial countenance of Sir Thomas Lipton beamed through wreaths of fragrant smoke; and near him were Mr. Armour, of Chicago and Mr. Todd, of New York.

It was a cheery evening; each guest tried to outdo the other in amusing his host, but the Emperor excelled them all. He was, as usual, perfectly engrossed by the subject under discussion, and as he approached the crux of the story he was relating, he emphasized his words by raising his thumb and pressing it against his nose—a sure sign, with him, that he was genuinely interested.

For years this man of many interests has been much misunderstood and misrepresented. He is always credited with being one of those to whom the scent of war is life. "How very strange it is," he once remarked to Mrs. Edmond Baylies, "that the world does not appreciate how deeply I desire peace! Why will not people believe that all the signs of war preparations in Germany are merely to form bulwarks with which to preserve the peace of the Fatherland?"

Never were words uttered with more significant feeling. The Emperor is a man of peace although historians are not likely to permit him to go down to posterity in that capacity. "I struggle all the time to preserve peace," he once said to the Grand Duke Michael's sister-in-law, Countess Adler. "I shall only yield when it becomes absolutely impossible to keep the people in check—then I must perforce give way."

On one of the many occasions when the situation between Germany, France, and England had become critical, the ani-



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mosity was as usual fanned by a certain section of the English press. Everybody talked war, and it happened that the Emperor one Sunday listened to the discourse of a bold clergyman who said bluntly that the man who caused a European War would have an awful responsibility to contemplate. "Thou art the man," was doubtless in the preacher's mind, as he surveyed the impassive countenance of the Imperial listener; but great was his astonishment when he was summoned to the Emperor's presence, after the service was over.

"I compliment you," said William II. "You have preached a wonderful sermon; all that you have said is quite true."

Have Plants an Unknown Sense?

A Mysterious Power Possessed by Tendrils and Roots of Plants

From The Scientific American.

In his pursuit of knowledge the scientist is continually coming across matters difficult to explain. A recent discovery shows that plants appear to possess a special sense. They act as if they were aware of the presence of a certain thing even though they may not be in contact with it. A few of the most startling cases which have come under notice are here described.

EVERYBODY knows that the sundew catches flies. The leaves of this plant are, of course, covered with tentacles which, being very sensitive, close in round the captive. But the foliage of the sundew has another remarkable characteristic. If a fly is fixed about half an inch from any of the leaves a most astonishing thing happens. After a short interval it is seen that the sundew leaf has moved perceptibly toward its victim. Soon the cruel tentacles have actually reached the unhappy fly and are seen to be slowly moving round their prey. There is now no chance of escape, and with every moment the fate of the insect becomes more certain. A few feeble wriggles and the fly is dead. When one comes to think of it, it is very strange that a plant should be able to go in pursuit of its prey in the manner indicated.

In much the same way the tendrils of climbing plants show quite clearly that they can feel things at a distance. A young pea plant which was used in an experiment proved to be astonishingly clever in this respect. A stick was placed near the plant at a distance of two inches, and during the few hours which followed a very strange thing happened. The tendril, which at first was held between the leaflets, where it had been developed, dropped down to a horizontal position. This was, of course, merely a matter of growth, but it was almost at once followed by a very decided movement of the tendril toward the stick. Finally, the whole of the upper shoot of the plant leaned over, meanwhile the tip of the tendril was busy making sure of its hold. One could not very well get away from

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the idea that the tendril knew, if the word is permissible, that a support was within reach.

Darwin once said that in their clever ways the root tips of plants seemed to evidence as much intelligence as was to be seen in the lower animals.

A few years ago some plants of the tropical creeper known as *monstera* were established in a greenhouse. These plants are very fond of rambling about the roofs of the structure in which they are growing, and will often send down roots to the ground. In this particular case the plants made no attempt to develop their aerial roots until they were over a large water tank. Then the roots were produced in abundance, and these traveled down through the atmosphere and finally reached their goal many feet beneath. In another case a little fern sought out some water with an intelligence that seems to be almost uncanny. The plant was growing in a pot, which was kept standing in a saucer; the latter was always well filled with water. Now one may suppose that the fern did not have a sufficient supply of water to meet its needs in the ordinary way, and it determined to get into touch with that in which the pot was standing. Accordingly, the plant sent down a special root, on the *outside* of the pot, to the water in the saucer.

In conclusion, it is interesting to call to mind a very striking case of root intelligence which was observed by that celebrated botanist, Dr. Carpenter. The instance has never been explained, and it may perhaps be a good plan to give the original description, which was published in 1860. It is as follows: "In a little hollow on the top of the shell of an old oak (the outer layers of which, however, and the branches are still vegetating) the seed of a wild service tree was accidentally sown. It grew there for some time, supported, as it would appear, in the mold formed by the decay of the trunk on which it had been sprouted; but this being insufficient, it has sent down a large bundle of roots to the ground, within the shell of the oak. These roots have now increased so much in size that, as they do not sub-divide until they nearly reach the ground, they look like so many small trunks. In the soil, however, toward which they directed themselves, there was a large stone, about a foot square, and, had their direction remained unchanged, they would have grown down upon this. But about half a yard above the ground they divide, part going to one side and part to the other, and one of them branches into a fork, of which one leg accompanies one bundle, and one the other; so that on reaching the ground, they inclose the stone between them and penetrate on the two sides of it."

King Edward VII.—George V.: a Contrast

A French Writer's Character Study of Our Late and Present King

Translated From The Revue des Deux Mondes.

EDWARD VII. had been prepared for his position of potentate in accordance with a scheme outlined for his benefit by a political philosopher. He was made to undergo a steady discipline of specialized studies, to submit to an intensive intellectual culture and an austere isolation that produced in him, in addition to a knowledge of constitutional law, of contemporary history and of living languages, an intense horror of books. George V. never had occasion to learn more than one thing—the business of a sailor. He has fifteen years of naval service to his credit. He won his commission as an officer by actual technical study and training. He has risked his life in storms at sea. The son of Queen Victoria, the victim of an education, never absorbed her passion for official reports and blue books. Her grandson, on the contrary, manifests all her fondness for method and memoranda. He wades with all the conscientiousness of his grandmother through the sheafs of dispatches and documents which the typewriter in our time renders interminable. He accumulates parliamentary papers and annotates them piously. Edward VII., thanks to the quickness of his comprehension, to his knowledge of human na-

ture and to his personal magnetism, wrote reluctantly and talked face to face gladly. George V., meditative, methodical and timid, shrinks from a general conversation and flies from what the Americans call a heart-to-heart talk. He isolates himself, shuts himself up, reflects, makes notes. The father was a delightful talker. The son is an orator heard with respect. The father found instinctively the word that charmed or evoked the happy smile. The son pronounces orations with magisterial authority, elevated in tone, solid in substance, edifying in purport.

Edward VII. had inherited from his mother her German strength of constitution. Solidly built and firm on his feet, he resisted readily the effect of long Continental sojourns and the fantastic feasts of European diplomacy. The merest accident and a want of skill at the right time combined to render brief a reign that must otherwise have been prolonged indefinitely. But neither the sea air nor devotion to sport nor the discipline of the navy nor yet the rigor of a Puritan life have given George V. the robust health of his forebears. A smile that was in former days upon the full, round face of the father may be detected now and then upon the long and serious countenance



of the son. They have anything but the same character, the same disposition, the same outlook upon life. The smile of the elder reflected a fine and almost Gallicized good nature as well as a jovial health. The smile of the younger betrays some melancholy although infinite goodness of heart and uprightness of attitude.

A politician by instinct, who came late to the scepter, Edward VII. brought to it his natural aptitudes for the part of sovereign in a constitutional country. George V. quitted the bridge of a battleship to ascend the steps of a throne by the merest accident. A sailor by training and from love of the sea, he reveals in all things the simplicity of the mariner, his awkwardness ashore, as well as a touch of superstition, much spontaneity and sincerity.

Horse-racing, as all the world knows, was a passion with Edward VII. To this feverish sport, aristocratic and elegant, George V. much prefers his solitary wanderings through wood and field with his gun on his shoulder and his faithful dog at his heels. The father rarely missed a great occasion on the turf. He was proud of his stables and sought prizes and pennants eagerly. The son was with difficulty brought by his advisers to maintain even the existence of the royal stud. George V. prefers infinitely to jockeys and trainers the society of rugby football champions and even the prowess of the boxer.

Of these two kings, again, the elder had a delight in cards which the younger has escaped. Edward VII. was a master at bridge whist, keeping count himself and regretting to the last the introduction of poker and the uncertainties of baccarat. George V. is strongly opposed to card-playing in any form. His intellectual diversion is reading. Never did a sovereign pore with such delight over the periodical literature of his time or lose himself with such ecstasy in a tale of adventure. The passion of Edward VII. was for the theater. He encouraged the adaptation of Paris plays for the London stage and he was a familiar figure behind the scenes. He tolerated the seriousness of a problem play as well as the lightness of French farce. George V. is too true a sailor not to find joy in the theater, but in his simplicity of mind he affects the most roaring melodrama and the active horse-play of old-fashioned farce.

George V. is always at home in the simple, bourgeois sense of the term. His domestic circle is quite narrow indeed, for, unlike his father, he does not make friends in all directions and in every sphere. Edward VII. had delightful intimacies with groups of friends and acquaintances whom he met at dinners and in clubs. Musicians, artists, playwrights and millionaires found him sociable and sympathetic, a man of the world, free in the exchange of ideas, a diner out. George V. is locked up within the four walls of his wife's building, with no "chums" and no social life. He distrusts the tendency of the time as irreligious. He never seeks the advice of the type of man so attractive to his father.

George V. is a being of scruples and of conscience, a man to whom the word of

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assiduity of his practices in these respects has been a source of profound edification to the clergy of England who regard his Majesty as a living example of the whole race of Britons.

Postmen of the British Empire

How Letters are Carried to Distant Lands

From The People's Friend.

ON various public occasions special prominence has been given to the soldiers of the Empire, yet there can be no doubt that a selection of the postmen of the Empire would prove an equally interesting and picturesque sight. And the novelty of the scene would be heightened if they were accompanied by some of their helpers, such as the dog from British Columbia, the elephant from India, the camel from the Cape, and the pigeon from New Zealand.

To Canada belongs the credit of having forced the hands of the home postal authorities regarding Imperial Penny Postage. The matter had been long under consideration when the Canadian Postmaster-General announced that on and from a certain date penny postage from Canada to Great Britain would be introduced. Other colonies followed suit, and the Diamond Jubilee year, 1897, saw the establishment of a scheme embracing all the colonies, which has since been extended to Egypt and the United States. This was followed by a special magazine post to Canada in 1907 and to Newfoundland in 1909.

It is to Canada that we send the largest amount of colonial correspondence, nor is this to be wondered at when we consider the emigration statistics of the last decade.

INDIAN POST RUNNERS.

Next in importance from the postal point of view comes our great Indian Empire. Here, too, the broad lines of the British postal system are followed, although many local problems have to be met in working the service over an area of 1,900,000 square miles, with a population of some 315,000,000 people, speaking over 150 separate languages or dialects, and where caste enters even into post office administration.

The typical postman of India is the "harkara," or runner. The railways are mostly trunk lines, and runners are employed for the whole network of cross-country connections, carts being only used when the mails are very heavy. For his services the "harkara" is usually paid from six to eight shillings a month, and on this modest sum, supplemented, perhaps, by the sale of a few vegetables raised on the small piece of land surrounding his mud stage hut, he contrives to live and bring up his family.

The runner's dress is a short, white cotton coat, and a dhotee tied lightly round his loins, and coming nearly to the knees. He wears a red puggaree for a headdress, and carries a spear with bells,

the bells being supposed to frighten away evil spirits and wild animals. A quaint figure surely.

In the tea districts, where the post offices are often built on piles to get above the swamp, elephants are employed as mail carriers.

In a country subject to great convulsions of nature, and where wild beasts abound, the Indian postman has often proved his fidelity with his life.

VELDT AND KARROO.

In South Africa the Post Office works under conditions somewhat similar to those in India. Here again the railways are chiefly trunk lines, and "runners" have to be employed. Like his Indian colleague, the South African "runner" does not trouble overmuch about uniform. The bag is fixed on one end of a stick, and on the other is fastened a blanket, sandals, a tin "billy" for cooking, and some mealie tied in a cloth. The stick, with its load, is then carried across the shoulder. Heavy rains and prolonged drought alike affect the service adversely; on one occasion seven camels had to be withdrawn on account of exhaustion caused by the scarcity of water. It is hardly to be wondered at that these phlegmatic mail carriers are now being replaced by motor cars!

A vast amount of business is done in Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal, and, of course, natives form only a small proportion of the staff employed. Indeed, many picked men, both from the old country and the Colonies, who volunteered for service in the Army Post Office Corps during the war, afterwards threw in their lot with the Union Post Office, and are to-day filling lucrative and important positions.

THE FAR ANTIPODES.

It is interesting to reflect that it was in Australia that Sir Henniker Heaton's ardor for cheaper postage was first aroused. In early life he emigrated to New South Wales, and soon became a landowner "up country." At his station he was much impressed by the fact that, owing to the costly postage, few of his men received letters from home. Later he returned to England and chanced to be in a village post office in Lincolnshire when a poor woman asked how much it would cost to send a letter she had in her hand to her son in Australia. She had not the sixpence required, but Mr. Heaton—as he then was—procured the stamp for her amid many protestations of gratitude, and from that time forward he de-

voted his energies to advocating a reduction in Imperial postage.

With its scanty population and great expanse of territory, Australia experiences many difficulties in carrying on her postal service. Extremes of climate have also to be reckoned with. Thus, in Sydney we may see postmen in white sun helmets, white trousers, and red coats, while in the same colony, among the Australian Alps, the journey of a letter-carrier has to be performed on skis, many places in these altitudes being never without their mantle of perpetual snow.

In the bush they have a quaint and picturesque posting system for the convenience of the squatters. A strong wooden box is set up by the side of the trail, and here ranchers come from great distances and drop in their letters. A collection is made once a week, and the

postman also leaves the letters for the neighborhood in a compartment of the box.

In 1899 a pigeon post was established in New Zealand between Auckland and the Great Barrier Island, sixty miles away. Wireless telegraphy has now superseded this interesting service, and in New Zealand, as elsewhere, modern methods are supplanting those of bygone days.

As we have already seen, colonial Post Offices have much in common with our own, with suitable modifications to suit local needs. And to the emigrant there is a subtle charm of association about the colonial postman, of whatever color he be, irrespective of the part he plays in keeping the wanderer in touch with home.

The Amazing Twins

A Sketch of the Career of Two Famous French Caricaturists

From Pearson's Magazine.

Two brilliant French cartoonists (twins) recently made their first visit to London, where special sittings were given them by many famous people. A special exhibition of their cartoons has been held at a well-known art gallery.

The career of these gifted twins has been so extraordinary that were it related in the guise of fiction it would be voted too far-fetched to be believed. This article gives an account of some of their adventures and achievements.

TWEEDLEDUM and Tweedledee, the two Dromios, and all other famous counterparts pale by comparison with the Brothers Chanteau, who are more like than any two peas could ever hope to be. I must confess that the wonderful resemblances of fiction have always left me cold; I have never been able to believe, for instance, in the substitution of Sidney Carton for Charles Darnay, and I admit that I swallowed the accounts which I had heard of Alphonse and Gabriel Chanteau with more than one grain of salt. I feel, therefore, that it is my duty to acknowledge the fact that after spending a whole fortnight almost entirely in their company I had not the smallest idea which was which, and was always under the embarrassing necessity of appealing to them for enlightenment whenever an occasion for distinguishing them arose.

Picture to yourself two figures that seem to have sprung from the pages of "La Vie de Boheme." Each wears the traditional velvet suit with baggy trousers and braided coat of the artists whom one associates with the Boul' Miché—the heart of the Quartier Latin. Each conceals beneath an identical wide-brimmed felt hat a coiffure of luxuriant black hair, artistically interspersed with just precisely the same number of gray hairs about the temples, Nose, eyes, mouths, mustaches, beards—trimmed in the selfsame fashion—are indistinguishable. And in

the buttonhole of each velvet coat twinkles the violet rosette of the Officier d'Instruction Publique. Even the voice gives no clue, for both speak in the same low tones, and there cannot be a millimeter difference as to height.

Small wonder that the Chanteaux aroused interest wherever they went during their stay in London. All those who gave them sittings were so captivated by their charm of manner that they went out of their way to show them courtesy.

The affinity of the Brothers Chanteau lies deeper than the surface only, for Nature has molded their characters on analogous lines. Thanks to their mutual affection for each other, and their similar tastes and talents, the Chanteaux present a curious problem. They are two men who paint as one, or one man in two separate identical parts.

They were born in 1874 at Nantes, in Brittany, were brought up together and have never been separated. Their remarkable resemblance only heightened as the years went on, and it was an unfailing source of amusement to them and to their companions during their school-days. One can readily imagine the result of two high-spirited boys gifted with such an invaluable opportunity for pranks of every kind. The masters were never able to tell them apart, and, in class, Alphonse was often able to supply deficiencies in Gabriel's knowledge, and vice versa, without risk of detection. There were disadvantages, too, for one brother was frequently punished for the delinquencies of the other—the masters, one may imagine, having reached a state of exasperation in which they visited their wrath on the first to hand, without entering too deeply into the brain-racking problem of whether their victim was Gabriel or Alphonse.

Their characters and tastes, as time went on, proved to be as similar as their appearance, and both soon showed re-

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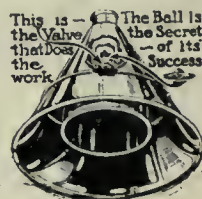
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By FREDERIC W. WILE

Berlin Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"

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The world prominence of the German Navy, which only yesterday was a negligible quantity in Europe's international diplomacy, fingerpoints to one man. That man is one of the subjects of this book. He it is also who recently replied to Hon. Winston Churchill's suggestion that the competing nations of Europe take a naval holiday.



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No. 2

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markable aptitude for drawing, manifested in the early stages by a tendency to execute caricatures of their elders and betters in moments intended to be consecrated to more serious studies. Both agreed on adopting the career of art.

In 1903 they crossed to America. It was in the United States that a wizard of the music-halls implored them to name their own terms and "do a stunt" with him. One can imagine the sensational disappearing acts that might have been accomplished with their aid, but the conjuror was doomed to disappointment. The Chanteaux smiled and passed on.

Finally they joined the staff of a New York daily and it was then that they first began seriously to turn to account their talent for caricature.

They had to keep the paper supplied with amusing sketches of New York life and New York celebrities. The work was strenuous and often none too easy. They were sent out to get a sketch of a certain person, and somehow that sketch had to be made, even though the subject of the sketch was quite determined that it shouldn't be.

Judge Jerome, much in prominence then on account of the Thaw trial, had a rooted objection to his portrait appearing in the papers. All the more reason, from the American journalists' point of view, to secure a sketch of him. The twins were told to go and do it, and not to come back until they had done it.

They made a surprise descent on the judge's house and were fortunate enough to be received. One of them politely put forward his request. The judge with equal politeness and no less firmness, refused. His interlocutor gravely protracted the conversation, taking the longest possible time in formulating the largest possible number of commonplaces, and quietly scrutinizing the judge all the while. Then, at a sign from his brother, who stood in the background the artist bowed and both withdrew. One had a clear impression of the judge graven on his mind; the other had a rough but quite recognizable sketch hurriedly executed on his shirtcuff. And the next morning that pushing American paper had its cartoon!

The next landmark in their career—and, perhaps, the most amazing landmark of them all—was planted in 1905. The Mesdemoiselles Genevieve and Suzanne Renaud were spending the summer months with their parents at Ault, a little seaside resort near Treport. They were beautiful, they were blonde—and they were twins! A mutual friend contrived that the Chanteaux should visit Ault and paint their portraits. The interview had more than a success of curiosity, for a few months later a double marriage was celebrated and the Mesdemoiselles Renaud became the Mesdames Chanteau.

The two sisters, in addition to being as alike as two dewdrops, take after their remarkable husbands in that they also share a talent. Both are gifted *diseuses*, and recite with that finished and incomparable charm of which the French alone have the secret.

To see the brothers at work is an unforgettable sight. They do not appear to

be hurried, and yet not a moment is wasted. They enter a room, exchange the usual greetings, and leisurely draw off the gloves from their left hands. The "model," not realizing that they have as a matter of fact already got to work, is his own natural self, though he is often apt to assume a photographic pose when the sketch books at last appear. But ever since they entered the room the twins have been dissecting their victim with their eyes, while apparently only murmuring the polite commonplaces that the occasion demands; and by the time they sit down they have a clear idea of what they intend to do.

These few preliminary moments of respite are utilized to the full to enable them to decide what features to accentuate, whether to sketch a profile or a full face, or a three-quarter, and to observe those little mannerisms and minor defects of countenance which a mere photograph, for instance, can never convey. Each selects his own point of view and works quite independently of the other; they never speak to each other while they are at work, but they frequently chat to their sitter, for it is easier to catch the character of a man who talks and smiles than of one who sits painfully conscious that he is being sketched.

Presently "*Ca y est*," says one.

"*Moi aussi*," responds the other—for they usually contrive to finish simultaneously. Then they gravely examine each other's sketches.

"Your nose is, perhaps, a little more characteristic than mine," admits Alphonse.

"But I find that this lock of hair is *tout a fait amusant*," chimes in Gabriel, "*and tiens!* You had not then remarked these lines about the eyes . . ."

The sketches are then carefully detached from the sketch books, and filed away in a portfolio until required. Nothing further is needed. Weeks and months may elapse, but they only have to turn to those rough drawings, and the cartoon can be executed at any time—vivid and truthful as though the finished drawing had been laboriously carried out in the presence of the sitter. And so intermingled are the ideas of the two artists that it is impossible to separate them.

Truly the twins work as one man.

A POLITICAL REVIEW.

The September MacLean's promises to more than keep up the record for steady improvement. This issue will contain a number of new features including an article on the work that has been done during the three years of the present administration at Ottawa—an impartial review of the work that has been accomplished. Following the sketchy article appearing in this issue on the "rising hopes" of the Liberal party, this review will complete the summary of the political situation as it stands in the Dominion at present.

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Travels in Cannibal Papua

An Adventurous Journey Among Treacherous Natives—Something of Geographical Features

The following is taken from an interesting article on experiences in Western Papua, by Wilfrid Beaver, a resident magistrate in that division. Papua is the modern name for New Guinea, the largest island, after Australia, in the world. The writer has been engaged in government work there for several years past.

ONE of the most interesting inland trips I have made in the west was to a district called Girara, lying between the Fly and Bamu Rivers. This proved to be very flat, and the greater part of it is under water for about nine months of the year. When the swamps are sufficiently deep it is often possible to travel across country by canoe. These canoes are very long and narrow in the beam, and I must confess that a rather solid European does not feel too comfortable in one, especially as it has no outrigger. The canoes are very artistically carved, and the prows were usually representations of pigs or alligators, sometimes holding a man's head in their mouths. Our first adventure on the inland trip was to plunge into a huge swamp nearly a mile broad and about waist deep. Matters were not much improved when one of my guides casually remarked that it was full of crocodiles; he added, however, that they did not eat man, but I don't know that that was much comfort to me. However, this was the last swamp for some distance, although the whole track was water.

By and by there were sago swamps. A sago swamp has usually a thread of a track running through it, but it is all bad. If the traveler gets off the track, down he sinks in evil-smelling mud; if he attempts to keep his balance by clutching at the sago palms, he gets his hands full of spikes. Eventually the region opened out into a vast area of swamp broken only by innumerable hillocks and ridges; these formed the village sites above high-swamp mark. Each consisted of one large communal house, surrounded by a wide courtyard planted with cocoa-nuts and betel-nuts. Leading up to the house were four roads, lined with thick hedges of crotons and bright shrubs. I was told that one of the principal objects of these hedges was to allow the roads to be lined with bowmen, so that an enemy coming up would be caught between two lines of arrows.

The men of this district all wore a tall, conical hat made of fiber and decorated at the top with plumes of the bird of paradise. Each village seemed to possess at least one very large drum about nine feet long. No one person can beat this, so it is held by one man while a second beats on it with a mallet. The people hereabouts are more hairy than the average Papuan, and I noticed that the beard was twisted into a form of corkscrew goatee. Some of the dancing head-dresses were very

fine, being made of a light pithwood painted in several colors and surmounted by a halo of white feathers.

When I first went into this district there had been several murders, and in three or four places I found the roads "blocked" or "shut" in native fashion. A sprouting cocoa-nut, a pig's skull, and some other odds and ends were laid on the track, and my men were quite nervous about disturbing them. We managed, by catching the village concerned by surprise, to arrest the murderers, who offered a desperate resistance. I then camped in the village for some time and secured a supply of carriers from the people—who became very friendly with us—to take us on to the next set of villages.

The vendetta, or "pay back," is almost the universal law of Papua, and these particular murders took place to avenge the death of a native of another village a good many years before. A favorable opportunity was awaited, and payment finally made in the shape of half-a-dozen murders. Occasionally a payment for a life is made in kind. The Chief Justice of Papua noted a case where a murderer was led off to prison protesting that he had paid a pig, a tomahawk, and a necklace for the murdered man, and that it was a great deal more than he was worth!

I do not think these Girara people are cannibals—they say they are not, although that does not go for much. There was an old chief in the Aird district who protested he did not eat man, but it turned out that he had no teeth. These Aird River tribes, popularly called Goaribari, live in the bight of the Gulf of Papua, farther to the east, and possessed—until quite recently, when they were being taken seriously in hand by the constabulary—a reputation for cannibalism and general ferocity that was not altogether undeserved. In 1909 I was lucky enough to be a member of a party visiting the district. We were dropped from the patrol steamer in a whaleboat, and we had a small launch as well. Very few of the villages had ever been visited before, and at least one of them was prepared to offer resistance to our landing. Every man was armed to the teeth with bow and arrows, and on the mud-banks in front of the village there were several hundreds of men dancing about in a frenzy of excitement. For quite a while we were in doubt as to whether we were going to get war or peace, but after the distribution of some axes and other presents we landed quietly and mixed with the people. They were in an absurd state of "jumps," and the danger was that some of them would get so nervous that they would do something desperate. The natives were an ugly, repulsive-looking lot, but finely-made men physically, and they managed their outriggerless dug-outs to perfection. They were inveterate thieves, however,

and stole everything they could lay hands on. These thefts were possible sources of hostilities, for it was quite out of the question to allow ourselves to be robbed. Among their booty were such articles as a piece of soap (which could not have been of any use to them), a pair of trousers, and a plate. I remember one man, a trader, telling me that when he went there some time later the natives cut the chain-plates off his ketch one night.

In the long "men's house" we found scores of skulls and several carved figures called *agibi*, representing a man, to which were hung skulls of people killed in battle.

It was at one of these Aird delta villages a year or so later—it was only considered possible to get into the delta during the north-west monsoon season—that I came across a rather interesting custom. I had left the whaleboat with a few men on the beach while I walked through the long *dubu daimu*, or man-house, with a couple of police. It was a very long house, and what was more, although I did not notice it at the time, it was brand new. I was talking with a couple of old men when a shout from the police-corporal, "Look out! They go fetch bow!" told me something was wrong.

The majority of the villagers were inside the house, and they were racing for their arms, while through a side door I could see the women and children making for the bush. There was a big crowd outside between us and the whaleboat, all yelling, but I could not exactly make out what was wrong. We managed to edge out of the house quietly, and after a while I succeeded in calming things down. It turned out eventually that the *daimu* was new, and that it was the custom to kill a man to dedicate a new house. Apparently we had been selected for the purpose!

This delta of the Aird is a weird, gloomy place. It is all mangrove, nipa, and mud, and seamed with innumerable creeks and streams, in which a stranger might easily get lost, as in a maze. The population is very extensive, but hidden away up creeks where one would hardly suspect the existence of a village. About twenty miles above the delta the streams converge, and there is a small hill about eight hundred feet high called Aird Hill. Above this hill the main Kiko River is entered, the source of all the waterways of the delta. Instead of low swamps, one sees high banks and more pleasing vegetation. The Kiko takes its rise far back in the ranges. A couple of years ago I went on a trip to the headwaters of this river, and the trip proved to be the roughest I ever made and over some of the worst country I have met in Papua. We went up the Kiko for some seventy miles by launch and whaleboat, and from the head of navigation struck north for some sixty miles. Then, turning west, we kept on in that direction across New Guinea.

Going north, we had to cross one range some eight thousand feet high. The crossing took about three days, and we had to spend three very cold nights on the range. Every afternoon a thick fog rolled down on us, and then a bleak wind blew away the fog, but brought with it a bitter rain. The trees and ground were thick with moss, and all the timber was sodden with wet, so that it took hours to make a fire. On these high mountains it is frequently very difficult to get water, and on at least a couple of nights the only way we were able to get enough to cook a meal of rice was by spreading a sheet to catch the rain.

Germany's Appreciation of Shakespeare

Extraordinary Popularity of
England's Greatest Poet in
the Land of the Kaiser

From The London Daily Mail.

Mr. Frederic Wille, whose articles in Maclean's Magazine on prominent men in the German Empire have aroused such widespread interest, here explains how intensely popular are the plays of the Bard of Stratford-on-Avon in Germany. Indeed, it is probable that their popularity in that country far exceeds that attained either in England or America.

THERE is in progress at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin a remarkable cycle of productions of Shakespeare's plays now in its sixth month. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Merchant of Venice" have been produced twenty-four times each; "Much Ado About Nothing," nineteen times; "King Lear," seventeen times; "Hamlet" and "Twelfth Night," fifteen times each; "Romeo and Juliet," twelve times, to say nothing of several performed a less number of times and of others still to come. These have been under the direction of Max Reinhardt and the long list of his successes records nothing equal to his Shakespeare cycle from the box-office standpoint.

English experts like Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Gordon Craig have, I believe, their own opinion as to the German method of performing Shakespeare. It is not always a flattering one. Experts, like doctors, disagree, but I imagine they are unanimous as to the land in which the poet enjoys the most honor. There are 180 first-class or semi-first-class theaters in Germany. All of them, without exception, produce Shakespeare at intervals. Some, like the royal playhouses of Berlin, Munich and Dresden, produce popular plays like "Othello," "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" many times in a season. There is not a community of 35,000 people in the Empire which does not demand and get some Shakespeare regularly. He is never a drug on the German theatrical market. For many managers, he is actually a life-saver. He always



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The Farmer's Magazine for August

A delightful dip into country-side topics through the pages of a high-class Farming Journal.

In the August issue of Farmer's Magazine there appears a variety of interesting subjects of interest to farmers and lovers of rural life.

MILKING BY MACHINERY.

Following the July article on "The Gentle Art of Milking," a writer tells of the progress being made by mechanical milking machines in Canada. It may surprise many to know how successfully many machines are doing the work.

DOUBLING FARM RETURNS.

The business side of farming, wherein dividends and returns can be increased on the farm, is told by a well-informed writer.

THE COUNTRY STORE AND THE FARM.

Uncle Phil, having retired from a lifelong business of Rural General Storekeeping, talks over the present situation and the way the farm can be made to co-operate with the store to the good of both.

REMODELLING THE OLD HOUSE.

The series of farm house-building articles is continued in this number. In this one, the making over of old farm houses is made the subject of a delightful article.

SELLING DRESSED POULTRY.

E. I. Farrington, the late editor of Suburban Life and a poultry expert, gives his ideas of preparing poultry for the market. It will materially assist anyone to make more money out of his chickens.

BEAN GROWING IN CANADA.

This article deals with making money from white beans. One man paid for his fifty-acre farm in one year.

FARM SALES FROM PICTURES.

The value of the camera in selling livestock and farm produce is told by J. C. Inman.

HOP GROWING IN B. C.

David Williams visits the Chilliwack valley and shows how \$500 per acre is being made from Hops.

FIFTY ACRES OF QUALITY FRUIT.

The story of a 50-acre apple farm where they have their own evaporators, shipping plants, telephone system, etc., is well told by the associate editor.

THE FIRELESS COOKER.

Women will be especially interested in an article by our prairie correspondent who details all about fireless cookers. Other articles of especial interest to farm women appear.

Short stories and serials, descriptive articles and general work for the month also help to make this number an especially helpful one for the midsummer reader.

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draws if others bore. During the past winter Berliners had the choice either of the Deutsches Theater's cycle or a brilliant Richard III., which ran through the season at the Theater in de Koniggratzer-strasse. Including periodical bills at the Theater Royal, there were numerous evenings when Berlin could select from three-first-class Shakespeare productions at night. On the average there are between 1,200 and 1,500 Shakespeare productions annually in the German language, including Austria and Switzerland. The total decreased temporarily a couple of years ago while the Ibsen wane swept across the country. Now the Germans have returned to their first love and 1912 and 1914 will be record-breaking Shakespearean years in Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Professor Alois Brandl, president of the Shakespeare Society of Berlin University, as quoted by the *Literary Digest* says the fact that Shakespeare enjoys a greater vogue in Germany than in England is accounted for on the score of his modernity. He is read, studied and acted in the language of Germany of 1914 and not in the obsolete idioms of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. If the Schlegel-Tieck translation had never been made Shakespeare might be as little understood and appreciated, I mean by the masses as he is in England. We, too, would have been brought up to giggle and snigger over Elizabethan English and to consider Shakespeare weird and insufferably old-fashioned. Shakespeare's popularity with us is due to another important cause—namely, that with us he is primarily acted, while in England he is read. He is a poet who meant himself to be acted. He wears well in Germany because our theater is both a literary and a political institution. Puritanism has killed the English theater in general and Shakespeare in particular.

Difference in customs and their development has had something to do, too, with our fondness for Shakespeare. Falstaff for instance, loud mouthed, and indelicate does not grievously offend our ears, for German women are more used than their English cousins to portly men who drink hard and use bold language freely in their presence. To Germans, Shakespeare is a well whose bottom will never be plumbed.

Herbert W. Casson is gaining rank among the best known "teachers" of the present day. Some of his latest epigrams are attached:

"Bite off more than you can chew—and chew it."

"System is not everything. You can go to the bad systematically."

"An advertising man is a saver built like a spender, just as an oyster is a fish built like a nut."

"The right place to cut prices is in the factory. The man who cuts prices in the shop does so because he has not the brains to sell his goods."

"The development of the motor industry is due to the skill of the salesmen, who were selling cars for seven years before the manufacturers knew how to make them."

A Train Without Wheels

Three Hundred Miles an Hour in Safety

From T. P.'s Weekly.

Is M. Emile Bachelet (the inventor of the new marvel of a train without wheels, which is here described), the Stephenson of electric traction? If his hopes are realized mails may soon be carried from Toronto to Montreal in an hour, and in twenty years' time passengers may move in safety at three hundred miles an hour.

"IF I could tell you how it is done I could tell you what life is," said M. Bachelet to the writer. All one can explain is what actually happens. The car rests upon two guide rails. By pressing a lever it raises itself clear of the track. There are no wheels, but instead brushes that maintain the current. In front, instead of an engine, are magnets. Underneath (where the "sleepers" of an ordinary track are) stand "solenoids," small tub-like contrivances, placed at intervals. These maintain the train in space. Then at intervals are short tunnels or hoops of coiled electric wire. When the current is turned on these hoops propel the train. As it passes each the current is maintained and the train is drawn swiftly on to the next. Thus the train practically flies, but flies like a bullet along an ordained track, gathering momentum as it goes.

HOW IT CAME.

Mr. Bachelet does not put on airs. He admits that he wants to make money out of this scheme. And certainly no man desiring fame and cash could have hit upon a more remarkable way of obtaining them. As long ago as 1893 he began his career as an inventor at Tacoma, in Washington State. He invented electro-magnetic contrivances. Hospitals and medical men took them up, but the results did not satisfy Mr. Bachelet. Now, it is a curious thing that inventions nearly all precede their uses. A man does not say "I will discover radium and so obtain certain results." But he discovers something and then finds out to what sort of use it can be put. He found out that magneto-electric currents repelled blood-cells. Why, then, should they not repel other things? Very soon he was able to suspend pieces of metal in the air without visible means of subsistence. And at last he was able to suspend his train in space, thus doing away with wheels, and removing the obstacle of weight. At first he thought of attaching a propeller like an airship. Then came the idea of magnets to pull it along at three hundred miles an hour.

INVENTOR'S DIFFICULTIES.

Mr. Bachelet made no drawings. Everything has been carried in his brain, and his own workshop has been employed in making the models. He tells, too, of the attempts made to crib his idea. He had to keep a revolver handy. And once



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it had to be used. But now the invention is complete. The inventor estimates the cost of carrying a pound of mails at one penny per hour so far as current is concerned, and £5,000 as the cost of track per mile. Is the world willing to pay that price?

To amuse his children, Mr. Bachelet has constructed a musical instrument composed of a number of glasses, each containing a piece of metal. By means of his "levitation" process one can play tunes on a switchboard. And to verify

his statement that the electric current does not harm living persons he transmitted it to a piece of metal through a bowl containing gold fish. And certainly the fish appeared quite happy during the process. Music halls and exhibitions have poured their offers upon the inventor. But he has declined them.

How, one asks, can a train running at three hundred miles an hour be stopped? Will it not shoot through the terminus like a bullet through brown paper? No, for the speed depends on the strength of

the magnetic hoops, which will be weaker near curves and at the approach to a terminus. So quite automatically the thing will stop. Also magnetic strength lies in the center, so that there is no danger of collision with the hoops. The train will shoot straight through the hoops and pull up gradually at the stations. And, as Mr. Bachelet explains his invention, one wonders whether indeed one has not a new Stephenson in our midst. Cast the mind back to the days before steam, and think it out.

Vacations With a Motor Car

Some Plans that will Assist the Tourist of a Day or a Month with Equipment Needed

Condensed from Camelia F. Leighton's Article in Suburban Life.

August being a vacation month for many business men, and also the new diversion of taking that rest by a motor-car tour, having come into popular fancy, these hints by a prominent writer may be of some assistance in securing more of that rest, recreation and summer idyllic abandon that overworked office physiques demand.

THERE was a time when summer vacations for most people mean traveling from home to some hotel or cottage elsewhere, and remaining there until it came time to return home. Now the humdrum of existence has become varied by the automobile. One can spend a vacation in a motor car and have the time of one's life, with no more effort than is necessary to put up as compact a supply of baggage as possible and pay the bills.

One of the charms of a motor vacation is that few costumes are needed. Changing scenes take the place of changing raiment, and no one expects the motor tourist to be a slave to clothes.

There are many ways of taking a vacation in an automobile. One can hie forth in his own car, or hire a motor with room enough for family or friends, and run it himself; or take advantage of one of the many touring-car services offered the pleasure-seeker, and set forth with no limit to the gratification of his whim for travel except, it may be, the limit of his purse.

One never realizes how many beautiful and historic places lie within easy motor reach of one's own town or city until touring guides are consulted and a goodly amount of history imbibed, together with charming views of tempting roads and picturesque towns and villages. Guides of this sort save many misadventures in the way of turning into wrong roads or highways where temporary conditions make automobile travel impossible.

The best way of all to take a vacation by way of the automobile is to have one's own car. Next best is to secure facilities for renting a car for the whole vacation as cheaply as possible and running it oneself.

When one has time for a leisurely vacation, it is great fun to carry a camping outfit and pitch one's tent wherever surroundings tempt one to linger. For automobile purposes, the small tent used by soldiers is large enough for comfortable housing at night, and can be folded into small compass and strapped to the car. There are, for \$2.50, comfortable cots that fold up like an accordion and fit into no space at all; while steamer rugs form the most serviceable form of covering, as they can be used day and night. A black rubber sheet, or piece of oil-cloth, is another useful accessory to the comforts of automobile travel. It serves many useful purposes, and is often needed to spread beneath rugs on damp ground when the pleasure party gathers for meals under shady trees

SOME THINGS TO TAKE.

The tour or individual vacation planned, the next thing is to plan the equipment, and many specialty shops cater to the wants of a motorist. There are tire trunks, for example, which fit inside the tires, and are covered with oilskin as a protection against weather. Then there are small trunks built slantwise, which fit against the back of an automobile and have the proper fastenings for attaching them. Box trunks to strap upon the step, and flat ones that fit exactly beneath the seats, are among the conveniences of travel, and hold a goodly supply of apparel; and most of the slantwise trunks hold more than does a steamer trunk, and the seat-ones quite as much. There are, too, oilskin-covered hat-boxes made in sizes that will tuck conveniently almost anywhere in an automobile, and every size and shape of hamper that a traveler could desire. Probably no wedding present is quite so acceptable to the June bride as an automobile hamper fitted up with half a dozen dainty white-and-blue agate plates, cups and saucers, with a complement of knives, forks, spoons, salt and pepper cruetts, and little boxes for holding seasonings and condiments. There are

compartments for napery, which is provided in most hampers, and for the viands, which are to be stowed compactly so that none will be crushed in transit. Very handsome hampers of leather and black oilcloth outer coverings come in a variety of square and oblong sizes, and hold from a dozen to three sets of plates. They cost from \$6.50 to \$19, and cheaper ones of the same materials can be had in small round and oblong shapes. This latter shape is high and narrow and shaped like a wash-boiler; only it is quite small; but, small as it is, quite a number of table articles are stowed away in it.

Accompanying all traveling outfits are covered bottles for keeping liquids hot or cold, at will; so that a cup of hot tea may be indulged in during the afternoon, or a glass of cold lemonade in the morning hours.

Another and less expensive form of hamper comes in basket shape, made of woven willow with leather trimmings; but the only really cheap traveling-box is the kind made of tin for the boy camper, or the imitation-leather or cloth-covered affairs planned for school children's lunches. Such boxes cost only a few cents, hold the same equipment as do more elaborate affairs, and save expense to travelers who do not have frequent use for automobile hampers. It is, also, possible to cover a tin box with a piece of black oilskin, adjust straps, and possess quite as nice-looking a hamper at a cost of two dollars, or less, as can be purchased for \$19. Ordinary hat-boxes can be covered in the same manner, and the extra hats for dress wear protected from accidents of weather and dampness.

Most tourists who go out merely for their vacations use suitcases and any small trunks they may happen to possess. If trunks to be strapped to the back of their motor are needed, it is prudent to cover these with black oilskin, of the sort used for that purpose by automobile-box-makers, and which can be purchased by the yard. It is impervious to rain, and insures the comfort of dry clothes and

an uninjured trunk. The bureau trunk is made in the same fashion as other motor trunks, only it is high and as wide as the exigences of motor space will allow.

Where camping tours are brief, most attractive lunching sets of paper, with paper plates and cups, as well as tablecloths, napkins, towels and handkerchiefs, are better to carry along than those of agate, or even tin. There are, too, very neat plates of many sizes made of wood, which are useful, and can be washed as well as china plates, and thrown away when the camping trip is over. Both paper and wood plates require scarcely any space in the impedimenta of travel, and save all trouble in washing dishes, as they may be thrown away after each meal, or saved to start fire for the next, if camp cooking is done.

COOKING CONVENIENCES.

Many persons carry spirit lamps to cook on, and these come in many sizes and shapes and cost from ten cents up, but, where real cooking is to be done and fuel for camp fires uncertain, the small oil stove or gasoline stove proves a necessity. It requires little oil, and this may be purchased along the route, so that a small bottle or can will hold all that is necessary for a run of two or three days. It is a simple matter to economize space where cooking utensils are to be carried, as a frying pan, a kettle for hot water, and two flat-sided boilers will be needed, and should be purchased with respect to the number of persons that will be included in the party. Sets of boilers for vegetables and cereals come shaped with one flat side, where two are placed over one burner; or else three boilers have a triangular side, which fits into the other triangles, so that three boilers steam lustily over the same flame, and cook as many viands at one time. Better than anything else, for long trips, is the fireless cooker, where viands are brought to a boil, packed in the cooker, and eaten hot when the party is ready for meals. One can wander afield and leave the fireless cooker to its duties, unattended, and return to an unburned and well-cooked meal. Fireless cookers are especially the rage where campers are unable to secure servant attendance readily, and where conveniences for eating along the route of travel at inns and tea-houses are not so plentiful as in the environments of cities. Excellent fireless cookers, equipped with boilers, cost from \$3 to \$9, and are large enough for any camping party.

Collapsible cups, or a supply of folding sanitary cups, are necessary to all traveling outfits. There are times when the collapsible cup is of more service than the paper affairs, and they cost only ten cents. It is a good plan to carry a pocket supply of the folding cups for use when tramping through byways that lead off from roads of travel, when some cool spring or brook tempts one to drink to the dryads of the forest.



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The Man Who Rules Mexico

A Sketch of President Huerta in Public and Private Life

From The Independent.

Huerta has won an unenviable reputation outside of Mexico. His name has become a hissing and a byword. He is held up as a monster, an unscrupulous despot, an opportunist. In the accompanying article a clearer view of the ruler of Mexico is given, with a glimpse of his strange, restless habits in public and private life.

TO secure an interview with Victoriano Huerta is the easiest thing on earth. I had not been in Mexico forty-eight hours when an obliging diplomat informed me that the president would meet me the next morning at nine o'clock at the automobile club in the Park of Chapultepec. With the speediest taxicab available thither I rushed. The obliging diplomat was there and with him a prominent compatriot of ours whom he was to introduce to the ruler of Mexico. And we waited until one o'clock. Once we sighted Huerta's long black automobile making for the gun range at breakneck speed, but never did the machine slacken its pace when it passed the club and it disappeared to the westward in a whirlwind of dust.

The obliging diplomat explained with many attenuating circumlocutions that official channels were a proper but absolutely inefficient fashion to make appointments with Huerta; he finally conceded that Huerta seldom if ever kept appointments made by or even for foreign ministers.

To a familiar of the Huerta household I confided my troubles. Oh! he would be delighted to make a date. He did. And he waited four hours with me at a restaurant in the Park of Chapultepec where every morning without fail Huerta stops for refreshment, every morning but that morning.

Several times within a month I met the president; always by accident; every time he had a smile, a cordial handshake, a hearty and insignificant greeting; once I was talking to a functionary in one of the ministries who explained to me that Huerta was in the habit of exploding under one's feet in the most unexpected place at the most incredible time, be it four in the morning or 11.50 at night . . . when behold the door burst open and in shot Huerta followed by General Corona, his trusted bodyguard. After a few minutes of useless conversation with everyone present the President entered the minister's sanctum, called for maps which were brought hurriedly by seedy, sad, meek-looking little bureaucrats; the next morning the papers announced the division of the State of Chihuahua into one state and two territories; a few hours later, Huerta once more exploded under my feet in another Government office; the next day the censorship on all telegrams and cables was established. . . .

It may be said that if you station yourself in any one of twenty definite places in

Mexico and wait long enough you will have a chance to meet Huerta and engage him in conversation. And everybody is doing it from foreign diplomats to his own ministers. Only such talks are most unsatisfactory for everybody concerned except Huerta.

One morning, then, having sworn to myself that I would have a serious conversation with the President or die in the attempt, I betook myself to his house in the San Rafael quarter and at 6.30 approached a sleepy, undignified and somewhat disheveled lieutenant who was leaning against the door post. The President, my uniformed friend volunteered; was still asleep; he had returned late in the night, about three, and therefore would not be likely to arise for an hour or so. I sat down and read a morning paper. Other persons came, some with definite appointments, some on the same wild goose chase which had brought me there.

A sudden commotion within. The master was up. We all sent in our cards. Someone was heard cranking up a motor; could it be that . . . ? Huerta, clad in a gray suit and wearing a little gray hat jumped into the black automobile. We tried to intercept him. Cordial smile, handshake, greetings.

"Wait for me: I will be back in one *momentito*" . . . and he was off.

History will probably fail to record where Huerta spent that *momentito*. For five hours only his chauffeur knew where he could be found. About five that afternoon he suddenly appeared at one of the ministries, and without any previous explanations proceeded to promulgate an edict, also to fire his Minister of Foreign Affairs. At six he was sitting in a French patisserie on San Francisco avenue which is popularly known as the second national palace, sipping something poured out of a tea pot and into which he put neither sugar nor milk. The place used to be called *El Globo* when an Italian pastry cook managed it. Now it is the *Dulceria Parisiense*, but to the crowd it will ever remain *El Globo*. There ministers seek their master between six and nine every evening; there almost any one can meet Huerta by sending his card through General Corona, and be treated to a cup of tea which turns out to be something infinitely more bracing.

I said that this was the second national palace. The real seat of the Mexican Government, however, is elsewhere. At the *Cafe Colon* Huerta transacts the really important state questions. There he does not mix so freely with the crowd; a small dining-room is reserved for his use. From ten to twelve p.m. and from one to two in the morning Huerta is generally to be found at the *Colon*. At nine in the morning one can now and then run him down at the *Lazo Mercantil*, a small cafe

frequented by French salesmen; at ten he drives to the Chapultepec restaurant, another French establishment; now and then he stops at the automobile club. He lunches at home about two o'clock; dines about eight, goes to bed between two and four, and arises between six and 6.30. . . .

One may well indulge in speculation of a melancholy turn when bearing in mind what may some day befall Huerta after years of such scanty sleeping, and of hourly pilgrimages to establishments where a bracing variety of "tea" is dispensed. With anyone not possessed of the stolidity and impassibility characteristic of the Indian race (Huerta is a full-blooded Indian with the aborigine's wiry hair and sparse mustache) such a diet and such a system of life would result in unmistakable physical disturbances.

Huerta remains invariably smiling, and in appearance perfectly composed. His supporters, however, take great pains to explain away his feverish restlessness, his ceaseless roaming, by pointing out that the President wishes to superintend everything and be fully cognizant of everything that takes place in his country. The fact that Huerta never reads a book nor a magazine nor even a report would weaken their thesis. Neither does the President ever listen. He wishes to be listened to. And his topics for conversation are few. Astronomy and the raising of cattle. He believes in astronomy as medieval sorcerers understood it. Stars are to him curious hieroglyphs which the knowing may decipher and in which they may read men's destinies, Huerta's destiny. Unread, untraveled, ignorant of every language but his own, and this in a country where the cultured are fluent in at least one European tongue, he governs as the potentates of the dark ages governed—by divine inspiration.

When a Parliament stood in his way he dissolved it and sent half of the deputies to jail; some lingered there a year and were not released until April 22, a year after, when the fear of an American intervention caused him to seek the forgiveness of his enemies. He dismisses his ministers as a fidgety woman dismisses her maids. Ministers now are mute and the Chamber of Deputies gave the onlooker, during the portentous fortnight of April 15 to 30, the sinister spectacle of a dumb assembly approving by silent nods lists of measures sent to them by the executive and read off in a monotonous, unintelligible voice by the secretary. Never did any one dare to speak up, no discussion was invited and meetings of the chamber opening at four adjourned every day at 4.25.

Every morning unexpected edicts are promulgated and in the course of the

day approved by the papers first and the chamber afterward. Trains are cancelled without notice, cable communications interrupted without explanation, the price of food fixed arbitrarily; clerks overheard criticizing the Government's attitude are sent to jail and held *incomunicado*; public land is divided up between the members of Indian tribes.

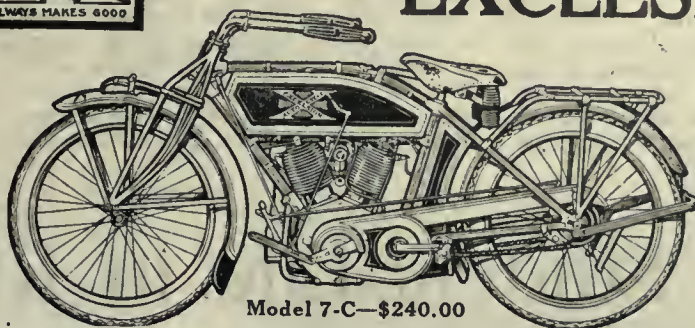
Whenever pressed for an outline of his plans, Huerta refers you to the daily papers and justly so. He has no plans. He makes decisions whenever the spirit moves him and relies upon his ministers to give his ukases the sham republican wording.

And yet this irresponsible despot somehow strikes one's fancy, appeals to one's sympathy. His magnificent disregard of appearances, his perfect cynicism, his utmost simplicity, his fearlessness stamp him as a man out of the ordinary, as a born leader. His predecessors lived at Chapultepec in regal splendor; a simple, homely one-storey house in an unfashionable district, close to the slums satisfies his wants as far as shelter is concerned, and he even shares it with one of his sons. No liveries; plain Indian maids and men servants; any one who cares to visit the gardens and stables is welcome; his daughters line up with good-natured giggles before the photographer; his wife, a very simple, unassuming woman, smiles at the visitors and his son exhibits the cows with pride. Huerta mixes with the crowd anywhere, be he listening to a band concert in the park of Chapultepec or drinking his "tea" in a humble barroom.

An Indian, the head of a nation which comprises approximately ten millions of illiterate Indians, he rules the land as Indian caciques ruled or even rule nowadays their pueblos. The ten millions are called and even call themselves *gente sin razon*, people without minds; the remaining five millions are either slavish office holders, business people scornful of politics, or absentee landlords who spend the product of their peon labor in European capitals. Huerta realizes the hopeless, intellectual darkness of the Indians, the indifference of the Mexicans proper—a small minority at best. The few professional politicians who help him or oppose the ruler cannot make any impression on him. He judges them as Diaz judged them.

And the impartial observer ends by wondering whether after all Huerta is not the very type of man Mexico needs. The events which took place in the capital after the bombardment of Vera Cruz revealed painfully from what lethargy, from what deadly apathy Mexico is suffering. For several days the population of Mexico City was kept in a state of carefully nurtured indignation which now and then led to deeds of violence, by the news of an American invasion. Cables and telegraph communication being interrupted, the truth could not be known for four days. The mob besieged the American Club, destroyed stores offering for sale American goods; thousands of enthusiasts enlisted . . .

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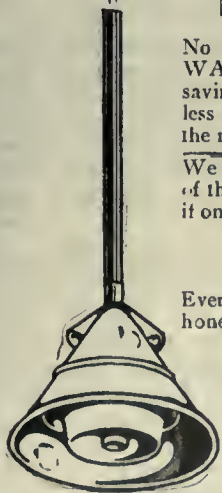
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patriots who had enlisted to fight the Yankee invaders found themselves on their way north to be butchered by the rebels. And the mob accepted the grim joke silently. No more cries of "Kill the Gringos," no more waving of flags; no one, however, ventured a remark; no one passed an audible judgment upon the manoeuvre thanks to which Huerta has secured a few thousand additional

soldiers. In the Chamber of Deputies no mention was ever made of any difficulties with the United States. The crowd relapsed into its usual indifference and apathy. Journalists with the fear of jail in their hearts explained things away awkwardly. Huerta went as usual to drink his "tea" at the *Globo*, at the *Colon*, at the *Lazo Mercantil*, at the Chapultepec restaurant. The silent crowd which sel-

dom cheers, seldom hoots, and then only under violent provocation, neither cheered him nor hooted him, just stared at him uncomprehendingly, and passed on.

It may be that the fitful, erratic, irresponsible, sleepless, guzzling Huerta is needed to disturb the mental siesta into which the Mexican nature would sink if left undisturbed for too long a period of time.

Student-Life in Russia

Poverty Prevades the Centers of Learning—The Intensity of the Russian Student

From Chambers' Journal.

The revolutionary demonstrations in Russia of recent years have been almost entirely the work of the student bodies. Sunk in the apathy of ignorance, the mass of the Russian people know little, perhaps care little, about constitutional rights. The fight for a wider democracy is waged almost entirely by the students, and the Russian college man has become an object of deep interest to the world. The conditions under which he lives are depicted in the following article.

IN Russian there are at present, including Tomsk, eight universities, with a total roll of just over thirty thousand students; not a very large proportion out of a population of one hundred and fifty millions. Of these, by far the most important, both historically and numerically, is the University of Moscow. With it are associated many of the greatest names in Russian literature; and with it, too, is connected the political agitation which has so adversely affected Russian university life in the last ten years. The buildings themselves—grimy, austere, still marked by the bullets of the soldiery in 1905, and sadly in need of repair—give some idea of the poverty under which Russian universities labor; but it is not until one sees the Russian students in their Moscow homes that one realizes the complete darkness of the gloom which has settled over intellectual Russia. The ill-fitting uniforms, the long, flowing, greasy locks, the thin, pinched, unshaven cheeks, the threadbare coats, give one the impression of an army of beggars or of some garrison that has just undergone a six months' siege. Everywhere poverty obtrudes itself in most startling fashion, and a Russian student is as like an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate as a smart Guardsman is to an Embankment loafer.

Of the ten thousand students on the Moscow rolls not more than 20 per cent. have one hundred pounds a year. More than 79 per cent. have less than forty pounds, and a student who has fifty pounds per annum is counted well-off. Education is naturally cheap, and the various charitable institutions supported by private funds make it still cheaper. But, notwithstanding, the privations

which some of the poorer students endure are very real, and life on twenty roubles a month in a town in which living is admittedly dearer than elsewhere in Europe is a hardship which cannot fail to appeal even to the poorest imagination. By sharing a room with two companions, with one free, or almost free, meal a day at the university club for indigent students; by denying himself all but the barest necessities of existence; and by trespassing on the kindness of richer friends for his books, the poor student may succeed in eking out a living on his modest budget. The desire for education is very real, and to secure the benefits the university affords no suffering is considered too severe. Some unfortunates have no money at all, but live frankly on their wits, trusting to a beneficent Providence to provide them with their daily bread. Some earn a few roubles by giving lessons, others by undertaking menial tasks such as that of nightwatchman or doorkeeper, or by doing secretarial work for illiterate merchants. The difficulties of their existence are not lessened by the severity of the climate. In winter the lack of proper clothing subjects them to all the horrors of the cold; while in summer, for those who are unable to leave Moscow the stifling heat of its dusty streets, the foul air of a room often less than ten feet square impairs the health and ruins the constitution.

In spite of the difficulties under which he labors, the Russian student succeeds in amassing a wonderful amount of information by the end of his four years of study. There is nothing of the fraternity of English or German student life in his career; and, being poor, he is forced to work. He will have a good knowledge of the masterpieces of European literature. He reads the English classics, but has a warm admiration for such writers as Jerome, Mark Twain, and, more recently, Jack London. Indeed, the average Russian's knowledge of English literature, both classic and contemporary, forms a striking contrast to the woeful ignorance of Russian literature that prevails in England. He will have a thorough grasp of the German philosophers and a wide acquaintance with the English political

economists. He studies law or higher mathematics, and his spare time will be devoted to sociology and political science. And herein perhaps lies his chief weakness. At an early age he has assimilated a great store of knowledge which he is quite incapable of applying practically. He is an idealist who can never soar beyond the depressing reality of his own sordid existence. By the time he is twenty-four he has passed through the whole gamut of human emotions. He is already discussing 'the fourth dimension' before he has mastered his multiplication table. He marries recklessly, without money and without knowledge of the responsibilities of married life. Liberty and democracy are his catchwords, and the torrent of mere words carries him away like a leaf.

On the other hand, he is capable of great self-sacrifice and sympathy for others, and what little he has he is always willing to share with his fellows. If he betrays weakness in action and in carrying out his ideals, he is quite prepared to die or suffer for them, and shows an unexpected obstinacy in upholding them. It is only by admitting this mixture of weakness and strength that one can come to grips with the Russian character. It is weakness in action which has rendered so many revolutionary movements abortive. It is a certain obstinate strength of endurance which fosters and keeps the spirit of revolt alive.

It is his zeal for progress and his thirst for liberty that cause the Russian student to devote so much of his time to the spreading of revolutionary propaganda. This is very often only a phase of student-life which passes like a calf-love, but at the time it is a real and serious cause. He has a hand in most of the strikes; and, disguised as a workman, he makes his way into the big factories to preach there his doctrine of Socialism. In his life, sociology takes the place of sport, and political agitation forms his only recreation. On all sides he finds himself at variance with the Russian Government. Sooner or later he breaks his lance against the hard facts of life with deplorable results. Misdirected enthusiasm gives way to self-analysis and morbidity, and as the realities of life are forced upon

him, he yields to a hopeless depression which as often as not ends in suicide or moral ruin.

It is, however, from his class that are drawn all the best forces that are working for the advancement and enlightenment of Russia. The doctors, the engineers, the great professors, the writers, the artists, the actors, the inventors, the educationalists, all belong to the university. A large number of Russian schools are supported by private charity, and it is the rich *intelligenza*—that is, the rich intellectual or university class—that supply the requisite funds. The *intelligenza* may have no proportionate sense of the practical in life; but in their generosity, and in their labors for the educational emancipation of Russia, they show a unity of purpose that is in the highest degree commendable.

On the Trail of Disease

How New York is Going to Treat Disease as a Crime, to Arrest, Imprison, Scourge and Annihilate It

From The Technical World Magazine.

Despite the immense sums yearly expended in fighting disease, tuberculosis and other dread maladies still breed in countless hidden places. One of the principal causes of this is the fact that many of the poorer classes neglect to take their illnesses seriously, and are careless as to how their condition may affect those with whom they come in contact. We here learn what New York city is doing to remedy this state of affairs.

THE problem of the Health Department of New York, is not only to apply remedies but to hunt out those to whom they should be applied. That is the big luminous idea of the health center. If disease hides itself away it must be sought out; it is hard to fight an enemy that skulks in hidden retreats, but this is what New York is going to do. It is going to declare war on hidden sickness.

About one-tenth of the sick people in the tenements go to hospitals and get medical treatment of one kind or another, and more than one-sixth of all the tenement folk are sick every year outside the hospitals. But nobody can tell what becomes of them. It is likely that most of them get some sort of care, but of really effective treatment, they get little or none. A probing committee from the Health Department found recently that in the East Side district there were many cases whose external characteristics plainly indicated tuberculosis, which never had had the attention of any medical person and were being treated with home remedies or neglected entirely. There were fifty who had fevers or infections who were getting no medical attention of any kind.

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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
TECHNICAL BOOK DEPT. 143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

York has made a careful calculation of sickness at home in two sections of the city. House-to-house canvasses were made among the poor of the lower East Side and also of that part of the West Side lying between the Hudson River and Sixth Avenue and between Fourteenth and Fortieth streets. This was a big job, but it was done and it was done thoroughly. Thousands of people were seen and closely questioned. Here are some of the questions:

"Have you been ill lately, or is there now any illness in your family?"

"Have you had a doctor?"

"Have you gone to the public clinic?"

"Have you gone to the hospital?"

"Has your house been fumigated or quarantined?"

Social inquiry was also made. Sexes and ages of patients were noted, the condition of the dwelling-place, the number in the family, and the number of rooms occupied by the family.

The chief complaints made by the people of this section to the field investigators were that the regular medical dispensaries were so overcrowded that patients had to wait for hours, that the examinations they received were superficial and that relief was seldom obtained. In some of the dispensaries fifteen or twenty patients would be crowded into one small room. The physician rushed from one to another, making hasty examinations and writing prescriptions. He was doing his very best, but one man can not do the work of twelve.

The first health center is planned to be located in the Bellevue Ambulance District. The building is to be selected by the Health Department and in it will be a tuberculosis clinic, a child hygienic clinic and milk depot, and a dental clinic for children. It will also have inspectors of contagious and infectious diseases, visiting nurses associated with that work, and inspectors and nurses in charge of the inspection of school children.

It has been ascertained that nearly ninety per cent. of sickness takes place in homes rather than in hospitals. Under the health center plan it is proposed to reach all cases of the needy sick wherever possible, which would cut down still further the proportion of hospital sick.

The Efficiency of Tariff Reform Leader

Why the Late Joseph Chamberlain Figured so Sensationally, also Why He Failed

By J. A. M. in Toronto Globe.

Joseph Chamberlain has passed away. His removal from the field of active politics antedated his death by a number of years and already the world is beginning to appraise his work without any suspicion of party rancor or biased opinion. In the following article he is presented in a light that will appear perhaps equally new to ardent partisan and bitter opponent.

FOR a half-dozen years or more Joseph Chamberlain has been a reminiscence, a fetish, rather than a living personality in British politics. In ancient times an obscure or unknown author sometimes used the name of his king to give currency to his own literary creations. It is probable that in these later days Chamberlain's name has been attached to the wingless political messages of feeble brains. The real Chamberlain belongs to the times either of his Red Radicalism or of his intrepid High Toryism. When he was himself he was a very Rupert, reckless of danger, heedless of results, dashing headlong in the van.

Those who knew him intimately and at close range declare that Joseph Chamberlain had large capacity for personal friendships and his fidelity to Sir Charles Dilke is cited. But his public career, alike as municipal administrator in Birmingham and as maker of issues and wrecker of parties in Parliament, reveals very little of the humanitarian. He had no moral enthusiasms. His social reform schemes were energized not by social sympathies or any passion for humanity, but by his cold, white mechanic genius for efficiency. He was an efficiency expert. He despised slovenliness not only in his own dress but also in civic business. He hated waste not only in his own factory but in the nation's trade. The human element counted for little either in his early Republicanism or in his later Imperialism. Efficiency alone mattered, the efficiency of

the administrator, the manufacturer, the trader.

SOCIAL REFORM PIONEER.

Chamberlain's program of social reform was indeed the first organized declaration which in the last seven years found expression in notable achievements of the Asquith Government. Mr. Asquith, however, is the successor of Gladstone. It is in the revolutionary program of Mr. Lloyd George that the seeds of Chamberlain's early sowing find full fruition. A. G. Gardiner, the brilliant editor of the *London Daily News*, once said to Lloyd George that the reason why the Chancellor's Limehouse speech made such a furor on both sides was that for the first time a Cabinet Minister told the naked, ugly truth about land monopoly and its oppressive evils. "No, not the first time," said the intense little Welsh reformer.

"It was done once before, by Chamberlain, and if he had not left the Liberal party there would have been little for us to do to-day."

Austen Chamberlain is his father's son after the flesh, but, after the spirit, his true successor is Lloyd George. And yet the two, united though they are in the history and leadership of a great movement, were wide asunder as the poles of the moral universe in their attitudes and inspirations.

WHY HE FAILED.

Three paragraphs from Mr. Gardiner's discriminating sketch are worth quoting: "The charge which history will make against Mr. Chamberlain is not that he broke with his party, but that he broke with his faith. He broke with it because his passion for mastery has been the governing motive of his career. He believed that he could make Toryism the instrument of his purposes. He re-created it, and

gave it its motive power, and then it used him for its own ends. It found in him the ally it needed—an ally that could give it the hands of Esau to gain the inheritance. The Toryism of the Cecils, the Toryism of privilege and class ascendancy, must always wear a Radical mask to win a free people. If it goes unveiled, it goes to defeat. Once that mask was supplied by Disraeli, once by Randolph Churchill, finally by Mr. Chamberlain. And in the case of Mr. Chamberlain it was most triumphant, because it was most sincere. For, in spite of all the tragic repudiations of himself, he has always been a democrat.

"His pride of will and his scorn of men have been the source of his power, but they are the key also to his failure. They have led him into grave miscalculations of other men and other forces. He believed he could throw Gladstone and carry the Liberal party with him. He broke the party, it is true, broke it for twenty years, but it re-emerged with his policy triumphant and with him as its chief and bitter foe. He believed, as the famous interview with Campbell-Bannerman showed, that he could bluff the Boers, and again he miscalculated the forces against him and met his Moscow. He believed that he could raze out the memory of the war and stampee the country with a new cry. He misjudged the intelligence of his countrymen and met his Waterloo. All the journey is marked by the mighty debris of pride.

THE TYRANNICAL WILL.

"There is no story of our time so full of significance—a story of broken purposes, of great powers diverted from their true end, of a tyrannical will at war with natural sympathies. It is a tale for tears. One likes to think of him in those early days when he was the great citizen fashioning a model city, and when his clear,

undazzled eye saw the vision of a new and juster England, and he set out to it. The vision faded—the way was lost. But it is by the vision we will judge him in the days of his silence and defeat."

And now that he has passed entirely away it will be remembered of him by Canada and by other overseas Dominions within the Empire, that he was first among British political leaders to see the new vision of the Larger Britain, to catch its new spirit, to understand its new language, and to give it clear-toned and Imperial voice.

The White Jews of Cochin

Interesting Story of a Little-known Race.

From Chambers' Journal.

Hidden away in the midst of a mixed population of Hindoos, Mahomedans and Christians in the old town of Cochin on the Malabar Coast, may be found one of the most interesting races of polyglot India. The following account of their centuries of struggle in the face of strenuous religious and racial opposition rivals that of other peoples of their race in other parts of the world.

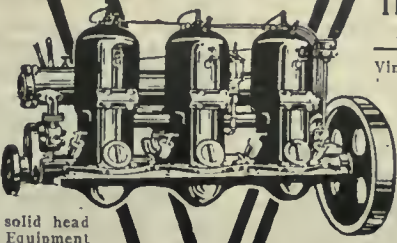
FEW people have heard of the white Jews of Cochin. Their origin is obscure, but they have stories to the effect that the original settlers came to Malabar at the time of the escape of the Jews from Babylonian captivity. There is every reason why this should be true, and there is evidence that they were a power in the land soon after the birth of Jesus Christ. In their possession at the present moment is an engraving on copper of a grant to one Joseph Rabban, made by one of the kings of Old Malabar. Its probable date is the third century A.D., and, as may be imagined, it is their most cherished possession.

These Jews do not appear to have escaped the persecutions by other races which seem to be inseparable from the history of Jewry in all parts of the globe. Successive massacres by Mohammedans and Christians have taken place amongst them, and they have repeatedly been driven from their habitations to take refuge in the distant jungles at the foot of the Malabar hills, only to return with the persistence of their race when their persecutors seem to have been satiated with their blood. During the Portuguese period of possession of Cochin, they were discovered to have helped the attacking Dutch in the year 1662, and the Portuguese consequently destroyed their synagogue, together with most of their valuable records and parchment Bibles. The Dutch, however, on defeating the Portuguese in the following year, helped the Jews to rebuild their synagogue; and there is at present in Jewtown an old Dutch clock which is still an object of great interest to the few visitors who find their way

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there. With reference to the rebuilding of the synagogue there is an interesting story. The floor of the building is tiled with the most beautiful willow pattern and rose pattern blue Canton tiles of great value, and these came into the Jews' possession in the following manner. It was the custom years ago for the Chinese to send trading-ships to Cochin, and on one occasion a ship arrived with a load of these beautiful tiles as a present from the Emperor of China to the Rajah of Cochin. The wily Israelite at once saw his chance of getting a cheap floor for his new synagogue, and so caused it to be spread about that the blood of cows had been used in the making of the tiles. Now it is well known that the Brahmins, of whom the Rajah of Cochin was one, could

not on any account have in their houses such an abomination as the blood of the sacred cow, and so the Rajah, on hearing the story, was easily persuaded to hand over the tiles to the Jews, who were known to be eaters of cows' flesh, and so had no religious scruples in the matter. An application of a little palm-oil to the hand of the Prime Minister probable accelerated matters; and so at the present moment the floor of the synagogue at Cochin is worth a Rajah's ransom!

In appearance these Jews are much like all other members of their race. They have the same Semitic cast of countenance, but have chalky-white skins and red lips. Their language is Malayalam, which is that of the country they live in; but all their ritual is in Hebrew, and that language

is taught to all their people. To a man with an imagination it is a sad spectacle to see them at their devotions crying out to God in a loud voice, and all wearing on the right hand the leather thong (the *tephilin*) to signify their bondage in a strange land. One thinks with sympathy of their great struggle for life in exile, and admires their constancy and devotion in preserving both race and religion in the face of adversity.

Their numbers are much diminished, and amount to only about one hundred and fifty members, a large number of whom are patriarchal old men who still seem to bear traces in their faces of the fierce opposition to which they have been subjected during the history of their community.

Can Ships Be Made Unsinkable?

An American Inventor Proposes to Accomplish This by Using Compressed Air

From The Engineer.

The sinking of the Empress of Ireland following upon that of the Titanic has brought this question prominently before the world of those who "go down to the sea in ships." The experiment which is here described will be watched with interest by all nations of the world.

WHEN water finds its way into a ship through a hole in the bottom, those on board naturally resort to the pumps with a view to pumping it out faster than it comes in. At the same time, attempts are made to cover the hole from the outside by passing collision-mats, or even sails, under the bows, and working them along by ropes over the sides until they reach the cause of the trouble. These were the only known means of saving the earlier vessels from sinking.

Later on, what are known as collision bulkheads were introduced in the form of watertight partitions right across the ship a certain distance back from the bows, so that when a vessel ran into another ship, or damaged her forepart on the rocks, the water was confined to a small compartment. This precaution was followed by making a watertight inside skin over the bottom and up the sides, leaving a space between the inside and outside plating, which was divided by partitions, so that damage to the outside skin only meant the flooding of one or more spaces in the double bottom. Many vessels were saved by these means; but the principle has long since been carried much farther by building a number of watertight bulkheads or partitions across the ship, with generally another bulkhead right along the middle. These arrangements do not interfere with the passengers, as the bulkheads only come up to a little above the waterline, whereas the passenger accommodation in large liners is all on the upper decks. Of course the

watertight compartments have to be used for storage and other purposes, but the doorways into them are fitted with watertight doors which can all be closed at the same time by electricity in cases of emergency.

In battleships, with their liability to punctures by projectiles and torpedoes, the number of compartments is much increased, and a Dreadnought has many hundreds of watertight partitions worked into her construction.

Now, instead of pumping water out of these compartments, it is quite possible to prevent its coming in by using compressed air; or, if the compartment has already filled, the water can be blown out again through the hole at which it entered. It is only necessary to close the watertight doors, and to pump in air until the pressure is high enough to eject the water.

This is exactly what an American inventor, Mr. Wotherspoon proposes to do, and his system is being applied to three United States warships, but with the addition of varying pressures in the different compartments according to the depth below the water.

Thus, if a compartment right at the bottom of a ship, perhaps nearly thirty feet below the waterline, is broken into, it would take about fourteen pounds to the square inch of air-pressure to blow the water out; but, to avoid straining the partitions by this high pressure, the adjoining compartments are pumped up to nine pounds pressure, so that there is only a difference of five pounds instead of fourteen pounds to the square inch tending to burst the side and top. Again, the compartments surrounding those at nine pounds are pumped up to four pounds, thus limiting the bursting pressure throughout to within five pounds. If this

were not done the lower partitions would have to be strong enough to stand fourteen pounds to the square inch, involving heavier plating—a serious disadvantage in warships, where all weights are reduced as much as possible to allow of carrying the largest guns and the thickest armor-plating.

The advantages of the compressed air system do not end with the keeping out of the water, although this is its main purpose. By means of what is known as an air-lock it is quite possible for workmen to enter a damaged compartment while the water is being kept out by compressed air, and in many cases a hole could be temporarily stopped up. An air-lock is in principle similar to a water-lock on a river or canal, the difference in water-level being represented by the difference in air-pressure. All that is needed are two air-tight doors with space enough between them for one man. The man enters this space and the door is shut behind him; then the air-pressure is gradually let in, and finally the other door into the compartment under pressure is opened. This system is being constantly employed for building foundations in rivers, large cylinders under air-pressure being sunk down as the work proceeds inside them, the pressures needed being often much higher than would suffice to empty the bottom compartments in our largest battleships and liners.

In Austria the people value their national art. A committee has been formed for the establishment of a "Home" for the cultivation of the national folklore and especially of the works of the great national composers. The "Schuberteum" (the most appropriate name for this institution) is expected to become the center of the musical movement in the Austrian Empire.

Best Selling Book of the Month

"The Price of Love," by Arnold Bennett

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

The books heading the list of best sellers this month having already been reviewed in MacLean's, the subject of this month's sketch is Arnold Bennett and his newest novel, "The Price of Love."

Bennett has scored several big successes in recent years and his latest effort is the equal of, if not superior to, the best he has done.

THE first money that Arnold Bennett's pen brought him was a prize of twenty guineas for the best humorous condensation of a sensational serial in one of the popular weeklies of England and after that he became a free lance, a period which he describes as the most humiliating in his career. "The free lance is a tramp touting for odd jobs," according to Bennett's definition, which view is explained in part by his own assertion that his earnings did not exceed three-pence an hour, writing short stories.

Before the day that brought him the twenty guineas prize, he had to some extent fed his passion for writing and the bud of promise made its first appearance when he was a boy of eleven, for he was the only successful boy in obeying the master's injunction to produce a poem on "Courage."

As a boy he turned to water-colors and specialized in house-decoration of the aesthetic style as exploited and explained by the *Girl's Own Paper* at that time.

Next he essayed fiction, writing for the local papers—but not successfully. Eventually, however, he became a regular contributor "without salary" on one of these papers.

The intellectual and artistic environment became irksome, so at twenty-one young Bennett struck out for London and in the capacity of shorthand clerk in a solicitor's office found that his irksome experiences had not been exhausted in the home town. Next he became the solicitor's clerk with the more munificent salary of £200 a year.

Following his free-lancing in literature, he became an editor of a ladies' paper and it was while holding that post that he sold his first novel—for a five per cent. royalty on a three-and-six-penny book, netting him a sum which exceeded, by one sovereign, the cost of having the story typewritten.

Next he taught journalism, wrote reviews and dramatic criticisms. But his first real pecuniary success came with the writing of "Curtain-raiser," which was purchased by a famous manager.

His success as a novelist, with "The Old Wives' Tale" and the other delightful stories he subsequently gave us, is so familiar to the read-

ing public that it need not be dwelt upon here.

Speaking of his plays, the author makes no claims as to their artistic side. "My aim in writing plays, whether alone or in collaboration, has always been strictly commercial. I wanted money in heaps and I wanted advertisement for my books. I am neither Sardou, Sudermann nor George P. Sims, but I know what I am talking about and I say that dramatic composition for the market is child's play compared to the writing of decent average fiction—provided one has an instinct for stage effect.

Arnold Bennett's latest book "The Price of Love," shows him at his best.

The scene is one of "The Five Towns," affording as a background a fine etching of commercial England.

At the outset the reader is introduced to Mrs. Maldon, seventy years old, and her youthful companion Rachel Fleckring, in Mrs. Maldon's sitting-room, of which a definite atmospheric impression is given without resort to tedious detail.

Rachel, with rapidly growing love and loyalty, has arrived at the point of feel-



A scene from "The Price of Love." The expression of his face changed in an instant to one of benevolence and artless joy.

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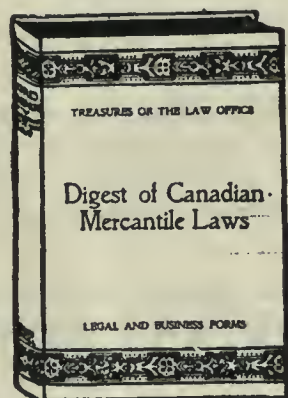
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ing glad that she, "a mature, capable, sagacious and strong woman, was there to watch over the last years of the waning and somewhat peculiar old lady," while Mrs. Maldon feels glad that she, a mature and profoundly experienced woman in full possession of all her faculties, is there to watch over the development of the lovable, affectionate and impulsive child.

Thus does the author enlist the reader's friendship for the fine old lady and the delightful young girl and with equally interesting attendant circumstances is accomplished the introduction of Councilor Thomas Batchgrew, and Mrs. Maldon's nephews, Louis Fores and Julian Maldon.

Thomas Batchgrew, is an inordinately successful business man, shrewd and forceful, not lacking certain potentialities of the scoundrel, but yet impressive, this latter element being augmented by his wealth of flying white whiskers. Everybody knew by sight those whiskers and his protruding ears and he was fully alive to the advertising value of being recognized half a mile off. Thomas Batchgrew had begun life as a small plumber and prospered until, at the time this story opens, "All his children and more than one of his grandchildren, kept motor cars. Not a month passed but that some Batchgrew, or some Batchgrew's husband, or child, bought a motor car, or sold one, or exchanged one, or was gloriously fined in some distant part of the country for illegal driving."

On this particular evening old Batchgrew, who was the trustee of Mrs. Maldon's funds, calls and leaves with her nine hundred and sixty-five pounds in bank notes, the proceeds of the sale of certain property.

It so happens that the two nephews are to come for dinner that evening to fittingly observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birthday of the elder of the two nephews, Julian Maldon. Maldon has been considerably delayed. Even Louis Fores, although having but a short distance to come, is late and the reader is let into the secret that certain irregularities in a petty cash book account for his delay. In fact it turns out that Louis has a most elastic conscience and is somewhat of a ne'er-do-well. Nevertheless he has a personality so pleasing that he is naturally liked. Rachel had quickly formed an attachment for him which was reciprocated by Louis.

Mrs. Maldon, dividing the package of bank-notes into two smaller bundles, with characteristic forgetfulness, leaves one package lying on a chair on the stair-landing. There Louis finds it and discovering that it contains bank-notes, he slips the bank-notes into his pocket telling himself that he will return them.

Julian appears and in him the reader makes the acquaintance of a young man who likes to impress people into believing him to be a man of rude power and decision.

"He was superb in enmity—a true hero. He would quarrel with a fellow and say curtly: 'I'll never speak to you again'; and he never would speak to that fellow again. Were the last trump to blow and all the British Isles be submerged save the sui-

mit of Snowdon, and he and that fellow to find themselves alone on that peak, he could still be relied upon never to speak to that fellow again. Thus would he prove that he was a man of his word and that there was no nonsense about him."

Julian had been expected to stay over night at his grand-aunt's, but upon the raising of this question well on in the evening, he suddenly gives out the announcement, sort of a bolt from the blue for Mrs. Maldon, that he must leave almost immediately because he is setting out for South Africa the next morning.

Louis volunteers to stay, Mrs. Maldon being rather nervous because of the large sum of money in the house, together with a recent epidemic of burglaries in the town.

Mrs. Maldon is suddenly taken ill and just when Louis has the bank-notes in his hands Rachel appears suddenly to ask him to go for the doctor and he gets rid of the bills by dropping them into the fireplace behind him. Later Rachel, lighting a fire, burns up a fortune. Louis manages to clear himself of the suspicion of theft but when Rachel, after her marriage learns just what did happen, she cannot forgive his contemptible conduct. The unexpected connection of Julian with the second bundle of notes which had also disappeared, only serves in the end to show Louis up in a still more despicable light, but Rachel learns to pay the price of love, taking the good with the bad, being reconciled to the worst and fighting cheerfully for the best.

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(Compiled for MacLean's Magazine by W. H. Smith & Sons.)

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2. Lost Tribes. G. A. Birmingham.
3. Quineys. H. A. Vachell.
4. Hand of Allah. W. Le Queux.
5. Sylvia. Upton Sinclair.
6. Quick Action. R. W. Chambers.

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When the late Sir Douglas Straight—one time editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, practised at the bar, says *T.P.'s Weekly*, he enjoyed some amusing experiences. One of his favorite stories related to a prisoner whom he successfully defended on a charge of stealing a pair of trousers. The trial over, he crossed the court to the accused's side, and told him he could go, presumably without a stain upon his character. The man hesitated, glanced about him furtively, and then said in a hoarse whisper: "But I've got 'em on now, guv'nor!"

The Orange Death

Continued from Page 38.

up to within twenty feet of the open air and could go no farther. I hooked my arms around a rung in the ladder and gasped: "I can go no farther Langford. I'm done."

I looked at the rock between the ladder rungs opposite me. The dull blue face of the stone began to assume a strange mottled appearance. The sun seemed to be shining directly upon it, but I knew this was impossible as I was at a spot where the sun never reached. I tried to move my head so that I could look up the shaft, but although it seemed to me that my head moved, it in reality did not. I tried to yell out but my jaws would not move. I had lost all control of my limbs.

The rock seemed to have attained a brighter appearance and, as I looked, it changed to a dull orange hue which every second grew in intensity.

My limbs had lost all sense of feeling. The perspiration stood out in great beads on my forehead and ran in streams down my face. The rock had become like a piece of molten metal. My glance rested on my hands. A great fear chilled my heart. The tips of my fingers were colored a bright orange and as I watched the color gradually climbed to my wrists. I breathed with difficulty. An icy hand seemed to be clutching at my heart and every throb threatened to tear me from the ladder. A vivid picture of the assayer that Langford had told about swept across my brain. He was found dead in his office, his body colored a bright orange. The coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of death from causes unknown. I had discovered the cause. I was dying of the orange death myself. My senses gradually gave way under the strain and I sank into unconsciousness.

It seemed but a moment afterwards that I awoke to find Arnold bending over me, a pail partly filled with water in his hand. I was lying under the blue sky and the sun was just visible over the tree-tops in the west. Beside me lay the lumberjack, breathing deeply.

"What happened, George?" I asked. "Oh, I remember, I was hanging on the ladder—Langford and I—the orange death was peering into our faces." I shuddered at the memory. "How did we get out?"

"I was working at the shack," replied Arnold, "when it struck me as peculiar that all sound in the shaft had ceased. I ran to the mouth and saw what looked like an orange sun and you staring into it. God! but I'll never forget that sight. Langford was just below you with his head thrown back on his shoulders and his eyes looking straight into mine. They looked to be ready to pop out of his head. Not a feature of his face changed. The glow from the burning rock threw his figure and yours out sharply. You looked like images carved from orange stone."

"I ran to the ladder and commenced the descent when an invisible hand seemed to clutch me by the throat. My next thought was of water and I snatched up a pail

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE Educational Directory

For Nineteen Fourteen

An Authoritative and Up-to-date Directory of Private Schools—Colleges
—Correspondence Schools—Telegraph and Railroad Schools—
Trade Colleges and Co-educational Institutions

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Bishop Bethune College, Toronto.
Glen Mawr, Spadina Ave., Toronto.
Haverall Ladies' College, 354 Jarvis Street, Toronto.
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Mont Notre Dame, Sherbrooke, Que.
Ottawa Ladies' College, Ottawa, Ont.
Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ont.
Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
Royal Victoria College, McGill University, Montreal.
Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.
St. Agnes School, Belleville, Ont.
Westbourne School for Girls, 340 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

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Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
Ridley College, St. Catharines.
Rothsday Collegiate Institute, Rothsday, N.B.
St. Andrew's College, Rosedale, Toronto.
St. Clements College, North Toronto, after Sept. 1st, Brampton, Ont.
St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.
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Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Ont.
Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ont.
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Wickfield School, Cobourg, Ont.

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Dominion School of Accountancy and Finance, Bell Block, Princess St., Winnipeg.
Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Ohio.
International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa.
L'Academie De Brisay, Ottawa, Ont.
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Shaw Correspondence School, Y.M.C.A. Bldg., Yonge St., Toronto.
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Lallme Practical Business School, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

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Art Association of Montreal, Montreal, Que.
L'Academie De Brisay, Bank St., Ottawa.
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which was near the edge of the shaft and ran to the spring. When I came back the shaft was dark. The orange glow was gone. You and Langford still clung to the ladder as I'd left you. I got a rope around you and pulled you up with the windlass. That is all except that I threw water over you."

I looked at my hands. They were just as they had always been, except for a peculiar, tingling sensation. I was stiff and sore from head to foot. Otherwise I was feeling as fit as ever.

Not so with Langford. The terror of the orange death seemed to have inoculated him through and through. He gazed at us wildly and mumbled to himself. Nor would he go near the shaft.

I was curious to know the cause of the terrible glow in the shaft which had so nearly been the cause of Langford's and my own deaths, and also what had stopped it so suddenly. I am not a believer in the supernatural, but the thing was decidedly uncanny and I knew Arnold well enough to feel, that, if the mystery were not unraveled, he would give up the whole affair as a bad job and hike back to civilization. I was much in his frame of mind so we set ourselves to the task of solving the mystery before proceeding further with the searching for the metal.

We got out a lantern and first descended the ladder to the rungs where Langford and I had clung for our lives a few hours previous. The face of the rock presented the same dull blue appearance marked with streaks of white quartz running through it as the rest of the walls of the shaft.

I brought to mind the picture of Langford and myself hanging to the ladder, staring into the burning rock again, and remembered that the sun seemed to be shining directly on the rock between the rungs of the ladder in front of me. This I knew to be impossible as the spot was too far down the shaft for the sun to reach. I wondered if the sun's rays could have been deflected in any way. And then I remembered that Arnold had picked up a tin pail near the mouth of the shaft with which to get water.

"I've got it," I said to Arnold excitedly. "Where was the sun when you first came to the shaft's mouth and saw the orange glow?"

We climbed to the open ground.

"Well it must have been about three o'clock," Arnold replied. "The sun would be just about there."

He pointed with his arm to a point in the sky a few degrees south-west of perpendicular.

"Now where is the pail you found near the shaft?"

He answered that it was in the shack so we went in and found as I had expected that it was one of the bright new tin ones which we had brought with us. Arnold was curious to know what my explanation of the orange light was, so I said: "You remember that the orange sun, as you called it, was only about six inches across, and that it was too far down the shaft for the sun to shine on." He nodded his head. "You say that you picked up the tin pail close beside the mouth of the shaft and, when you removed it and came

back with it in your hand, the orange light was gone. My opinion is that the rays of the sun were deflected from the bottom of the pail upon a spot on the rock in the shaft and that the slight heat or perhaps the bright light caused the rock to glow."

"But the rock could not glow of itself even if all the light and heat in the country were trained against it."

"That's just the point, Arnold," I said. "Don't you see? That little patch of rock in the shaft is filled with metal which almost the slightest heat or light causes to become active. It's not radium. I don't know much about radium but I do know that it doesn't throw out an orange glow and is not subject to heat or light. We're the discoverers of a new metal. The most powerful metal in the world."

We decided to place the pail back in the position beside the shaft in which Arnold had found it and see if my theory were correct.

* * *

The morning dawned bright and clear. We scanned the sky in every direction for clouds which might darken the sun and spoil our experiments.

"How is Langford this morning?" I asked Arnold.

He replied that he had not seen him since last night. Neither had I. His bunk was mussed up but of himself there was no trace. We thought that probably he had not slept well and had gotten up early and gone down to the lake. When the morning was nearly over, however, and he had not yet put in an appearance, we became worried and started down the trail to the lake to look for him. He was nowhere in sight but that he had been there recently was evidenced by fresh footprints along the portage. Our smallest canoe was missing. We were about to retrace our steps when Arnold picked a small roll of paper from a tree where it had been fastened.

"He's gone," he said. Listen."

"Dear Pals: I can't stay in this infernal country with you longer. I know you'll think I am a coward and perhaps I am. Three men have died from the orange death. It is not real. The old Indian was right, the place is under the curse of the Evil Spirit. I almost made the fourth to go out yesterday and one of you the fifth. The assayer was the first and I found two bodies when I drained out the shaft. I lied when I said the stench was from a red deer. I buried them over the hill under a pile of stones."

The letter was signed "Jim Langford."

Long after the brief note had been read we stood staring into each other's faces. Three men had met death by the mysterious orange death. I could picture those first two hanging on to the ladder as Langford and I had done, with the orange death creeping up their fingers to their arms and eventually to their hearts. They had died probably forty years ago but their bodies had been preserved by the icy cold at the bottom of the shaft and maybe by the orange death itself. I remembered that we had taken several large

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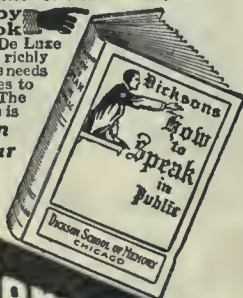
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cakes of ice from the shaft when first we came more than two weeks ago.

We tramped heavily back to camp and then over the hill to where Langford had said he had buried the two old miners. We had no difficulty in finding the spot as Langford had built a huge pile of stones over them. I could not bear to go near the grim pile, but Arnold threw back a big slab of stone from the top and then stood staring down.

"Look," he said, in a strangely muffled tone.

I walked up to the pile and looked over his shoulder and the sight which met my gaze will never be erased from my memory. Arnold had lifted a stone which had lain directly upon the face of one of the miners and there was revealed a man who must have been in the prime of life when the orange death claimed him for its own. The face was colored a bright orange.

We let the stone slab fall back into its place and went back to the camp. All the spirit of the fight seemed to have been taken out of us and if it was not for the fact that we believed we had discovered the mystery we would have wasted no time in making tracks back from the wilderness.

We waited anxiously for three o'clock and when at last the hands of our watches pointed out the time for our experiment, my courage almost failed me. I dreaded to think that I was going to run another chance of joining the two men under the stone-pile.

We burnished the bottom of the pail until it shone like a mirror and, when the sun was in the position in which it was at the same time the day before, we placed it so that the rays of the sun were deflected upon the spot in the shaft wall which yesterday had burned like another sun. The shaft of light pierced through the gloom of the mine and threw out the ladder, where Langford and I had clung, in bold relief.

We watched the bright spot between the ladder rungs intently. Slowly it brightened. The mottled effect, which I had seen yesterday, appeared and then gradually gave place to a dull orange glow which grew stronger and stronger until the whole shaft was filled with the mysterious deadly orange rays.

Our experiment had proven that my theory was correct and we felt delighted to know that we had solved the mystery and were about to give to the world a new mineral of wonderful properties. We threw the shaft of light all over the shaft but at no other spot would the orange light appear. It was evident that we had found a pocket of the mineral.

The next morning we arranged a scaffold opposite the pocket and commenced drilling holes in the rock around it and by nightfall had the satisfaction of getting the mineral-bearing rock, which weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds, to the top of the ground. Upon a close examination, the little spots of orange metal could

be seen gleaming wickedly in the dull rock. We decided that it would be best not to set to work extracting the metal until a dull cloudy day so that we would run no danger from the sun's rays bringing the orange death into activity. To keep it from the light until such a day arrived, we carried it into the shack.

The next day the sun again reigned supreme and seemed hotter than ever. I had been thinking that probably it was only intense light which had an effect on the metal and not heat and, to prove it, I broke off a small fragment and placed it upon a hot iron pan. It made no change whatever. I threw the small piece of rock out into the sunlight and immediately savage orange rays commenced to dart in every direction while the piece of rock itself glittered like a monstrous diamond. I was a good hundred feet from the piece of burning rock but began to feel its deadly gripping force on my throat. I turned and went into the cabin and slammed shut the door.

It was almost three hours later when I again went out. The orange rays were gone and the surroundings seemed as natural as they ever were. I walked over to where I had thrown the splinter of rock and found it lying in the full glare of the sun. I picked it up and examined it and found that it was like an empty honeycomb. The metal had evidently been transformed into a liquid by the action of the strong light of the sun and had either run out into the ground or had been burned up.

I told Arnold of my discovery. He laughed at the idea of the metal burning up and said that it must be in the ground somewhere. We set to work building a small platform in the full glare of the sun and erected a reflector from two of the bright tin pails. Next he placed the chunk of metal-bearing rock in a box and broke it up into small pieces. After the sun had gone down, he placed the broken rock on the platform he had constructed.

I awoke the next morning about six thirty. My head seemed like lead and my throat was parched with thirst. I glanced at the window and saw what looked like an orange flame shoot across my vision. I hastily awoke Arnold and not waiting to dress we threw open the door and ran for the lake. My breath was suddenly shut off and I could feel my limbs getting stiff so that I could hardly run.

We kept up the pace, however, and soon got beyond the range of the rays, which we could see shooting back and forth among the charred tree trunks. We were forced to remain from the vicinity of the mine until the sun sank in the west. Then we cautiously approached Arnold's unique smelting box. Almost the entire bottom was covered with a thin layer of bright orange metal which altogether weighed about three-quarters of a pound. It was soft and easily worked and but for the

peculiar color could have been taken for lead. I gathered the metal up and pounded it into a small ball. It seemed absurd to think that the small innocent-looking lump of metal in my hand could have been the cause of the death of three sturdy men, but we had seen and we believed.

The next morning we packed our outfit and set off from the shore of Lac Seul on the back trail. The wonderful metal or orange death, as Arnold and I prefer to call it, has never and probably never will become known to mankind.

Poverty — a World Problem

A Practical Suggestion for Its Cure

From The Review of Reviews.

SOME thirty-five years ago the writer found that in Great Britain he had to search for an opportunity to advance a week's work against the favor of drawing seven dollars. He emigrated to a country where the land was not all monopolized. He found there neither destitution nor luxury; neither strikers nor combinations amongst the wage-earners, and that his labor was eagerly sought. After a short time he acquired for a few dollars one small patch of land. The value of this land increased until in less than four years from the purchase it was sold for upwards of \$50,000. Its present value is \$750,000. Within the last few years little children have died in that same country for want of food and shelter, whilst some of the currently-produced wealth supports mansions in various parts of Europe.

The above is quoted to show that even in specially favored localities highly progressive communities rapidly reproduce the poverty problem.

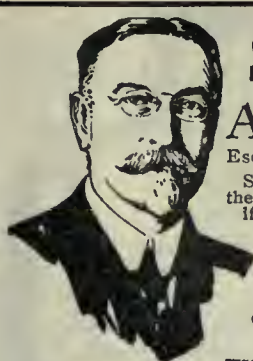
THE REMEDY.

In the neighborhood of most large towns you may find land "ripe for development" but languishing for lack of capital. The explanation usually given is that dread of increment value duty frightens investors away.

In face of this, is there any valid reason against the people instructing the Government: (1) To purchase absolutely all rights over one compact area of such land, say six miles square? (2) To pass an ordinance constituting the area of self-governing center, and defining the duties and powers of a local governing body to be elected to control the area? If this were done we could nationally and individually concentrate on the construction of an industrial city, and in competition with private landowners create site value for ourselves.

It is not Utopian: it is practicable. The Government would have security for the money invested. Leases could be arranged to give the practical advantages of private ownership.

The writer's proposal is that we, the majority of the voters, representing labor



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and capital, instruct our Government to purchase a small plot of suitable land; and that by the expenditure of money, thought and energy, we endeavor to create on it, not a garden city, but an industrial city, the increased site value to be "earmarked" for communal purposes.

That, if successful, this plan would involve the loss of fortune to many land-owners in their capacity of non-producers, and that serious inconvenience and much temporary loss would be experienced by the owners of some established industrial and trading concerns, is surely no serious objection to its adoption, if it would enable us clearly to demonstrate that the interests of all capital employed in production and distribution are identical with the interests of labor, and that the interests of capital locked up in controlling for private advantage the universally won increase in the rental value of land is antagonistic to capital productively employed, and to all workers.

Let us assume that a suitable area has been selected and expropriated, say, within twelve miles of some prosperous large town or city; that the representative board of management has been elected; that out of the national purse this area has been connected with the railway system, and also with the adjacent towns by well-graded roads; and that we are prepared to invest in our experiment rather less per annum than we expend on the maintenance of a super-Dreadnought.

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Concentration—The Real Secret of Success

Continued from Page 41.

in the White House to-day had it not been for his making a specialty, a hobby, a fad, of political economy, the science of political government.

EARLY TRAINING NEEDED.

Ex-President Eliot says that the distinctive characteristic of the college man should be that he is capable of intense, rapid, sustained thought. The great trouble is that we were not taught as children how to concentrate the mind. Too great emphasis in the school and college has been placed upon remembering things, absorbing knowledge, instead of focusing the faculties in originating, in inventing, things which call out resourcefulness and ingenuity. This is what develops the mental faculties. It is not enough to educate each faculty separately; we must know how to combine their forces, to focus them with power upon one thing continually. If the young people of to-day were only taught the art of focusing their minds, of concentrating their ability with intensity, continuity and power, society would soon be revolutionized.

It is only the concentrated mind that can create. It is the unified, concentrated force that produces, and the mind creates in proportion to the intensity and the continuity of the concentration. The mind is not a magnet until the faculties are focused; then it begins to pull in proportion to the intensity and the continuity of the concentration.

One would think that the very first object of an education should be to learn how to use one's faculties, and that an education would teach one, above everything else, just how the mind creates, how it produces. We all know that it is the man with powerful concentration, the man with a distinctive life purpose, with one unwavering aim, a purpose from which you cannot separate him, which you cannot argue him out of, laugh him out of, threaten or wheedle him out of—who is the man that does the great things in the world.

Richard Mansfield sacrificed everything for his ideal. His ambition was the one great star of his life. Everything which conflicted with his aim had to go. No price of endeavor was too great, no expense which he could command, even to extravagance (the same is true of Sarah Bernhardt), was too large, if it only contributed to his one great unwavering life purpose. He sacrificed comfort, health, everything, to the pet child of his brain.

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he can do so many things equally well." This was said of a certain college graduate some ten years ago, and so far the prediction has proved true. He has never yet accomplished anything great, in spite of his brilliancy, his college education, and his opportunities, because he has several talents so evenly balanced that his mentality is in a state of stable equilibrium. He cannot seem to force all his energy into any one of his talents, because when he makes up his mind to concentrate in one line and he begins to strike discouragements, the pleasant side of his other talents pleads its attractions and he continues to withdraw from the unpleasant to the pleasant. During the last ten years he has been oscillating like this between his various talents, and the result is that many of his class-mates, who were nowhere near him in their standing in college and whose minds were dull in comparison to his, have far outstripped him because they focused upon one thing.

Sometimes I think that the boy who is called stupid at school and who, perhaps, thinks he is, is more likely to succeed in life than the more brilliant boys, because he knows that his only chance of success is in powerfully concentrating upon one thing. The boy who has the reputation of being dull, but who yet has the real stuff in him, often makes a tremendous effort to redeem himself from ridicule, from mediocrity or possible failure, and this very concentration and persistency of effort will accomplish more than brilliant talents which are not focused.

The ten-talent man is often like the chrysanthemum. He has many blossoms, and, on first acquaintance, makes a great show, but his life lacks unity and objective force; he cannot concentrate by trying to keep all his branches and blossoms; he is unable to give sufficient nourishment to any one but to develop it to magnificent proportions. He cultivates his musical talent a little, he can speak a little in public, he knows something of real estate, dabbles a little in farming, develops his social faculties to some extent, knows a little law, writes an occasional article for a magazine, teaches a while, writes a little poetry; in other words, he dissipates his energy. If he had only been wise enough, in his youth, to sacrifice some of his tastes: to cut off all sprouts which scattered his strength and his energies, and send the sap of his life into one stalk, he might have developed superb blossoms and magnificent fruitage, something which might have attracted the attention of the world. By trying to develop all his faculties, a little here and a little there, the whole force of his life has been dissipated, and, instead of being a marked success in any line, he is little less than a failure in several.

MUSIC RUINS AN ARCHITECT.

Many a man has failed because he was too versatile. I have in mind an architect who is so absorbed in music that the very mention of it is sufficient to call his mind away from his profession. His friends know it is only necessary to invite him to sing at a woman's club or any sort of an entertainment, even in the afternoon, and Mr. Blank will leave his busi-

ness to come. They can always count on him because he so loves music. This sideline has nearly ruined this man's profession. He has very little standing among architects, for they all know that he is obsessed with music, though by no means a great musician. His buildings are neglected, and his brother architects have lost confidence in his ability ever to do great things in the profession, because his music draws off so much of his energy, his attention, and uses so much of his time, that he cannot possibly focus with sufficient power to make a success of architecture.

Another case is of a young lawyer who had the reputation in his youth of being a jack-of-all-trades. There seemed to be almost nothing this young man could not do. He could paint scenery for a stage setting for a play, or he could survey and plot land; he could teach school, and he was a good salesman. In fact, in almost anything the neighbors wanted done which required skill, they would call on Edward Brown. If the teacher in the public school or academy happened to be ill, he was always called to act as substitute. The result was that when he was graduated from law school and found, as all young lawyers do, that it was hard living for the first few years, he tried to eke out his meager income for the support of his family by doing all sorts of outside work. He was tutor to students in college or in the law schools; he would go out surveying in the summer—until finally he left the law altogether and drifted into business. Ever since he has been shifting from one thing to another and has never been a success.

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Some of our farmers are making a tremendous success just now of apples. Many of the old orchards which were almost worthless have been bought for a song by men who know the power of concentration; who know that the saps are sucked up in the tree from the soil and absorbed from the atmosphere, and they have cut the trees back so much that many of the old farmers, especially in New England, said that the orchards were ruined. But, behold, in a few years, these orchards, which perhaps, for fifty years, had not earned enough to pay the taxes even on almost worthless soil, have brought forth



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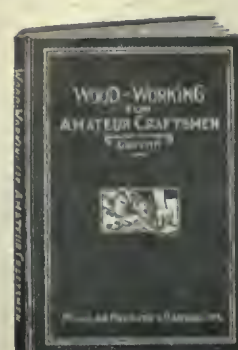
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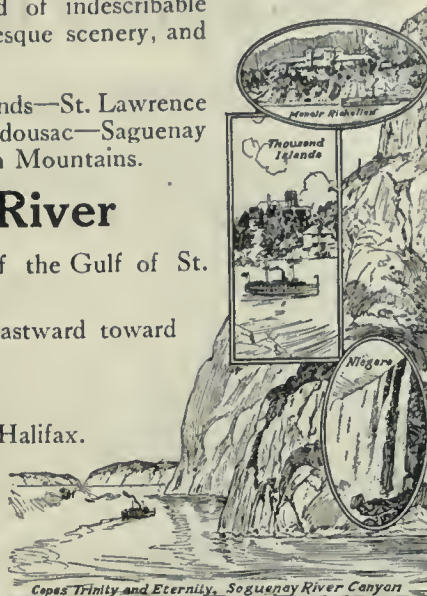
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These apple specialists not only cut off the larger part of the top of the old tree, but they pinch-back a great many of the blossoms, the whole treatment having in view the focusing, concentrating the forces that were being sucked up from the soil and absorbed from the atmosphere, into a few magnificent succulent apples instead of a great many ordinary apples for which there is no demand, excepting, perhaps, for making cider or for feeding hogs.

Not long ago I saw displayed in a New York show window some enormous chrysanthemums which had taken the prize at a fair. I inquired of the attendant how they were produced, and he said by concentrating the chemical forces in the soil into a single head instead of a dozen or two of small ones. He said that all the shoots and suckers from the one main stock were cut off so that all the sap should go to make up one magnificent flower.

The trouble with most of us is that we have too many blossoms on our life tree. We do not pinch them back, we do not prune off the suckers; there are too many things sapping our attention, sapping our energy, sapping our life forces; we were not trimmed, pruned, sufficiently in our youth. We try to get too many blossoms, too much fruit. The result is that these are so very common, so very ordinary, that they attract no attention and bring a very small price.

Now, there is always a market for a superb product, whether it is physical or mental. No man is big enough, no man can generate sufficient physical and mental energy, to fit many different talents and bring them all into any degree of distinctiveness. We must apply the pruning knife early in life, cut off the shoots, the suckers, pinch back the useless blossoms, and concentrate the life forces in one superb production.

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proportion, without plans and specifications. You cannot build a life without a life plan, upon which all the life forces can be focused, so that the laying of every stone, of every brick, of every piece of iron or steel, sees the finished building. It is the end in view that counts, the perfect structure; every bit of material that goes into it has in view the finished building. It is no use for people to go through life merely collecting material for their life building, piling it up, bricks, stones and mortar, steel and glass, in a helter-skelter mass; it will remain simply a pile of building material and never become a building if they never make a plan, never decide what kind of a building they want. Men say to themselves: "Well, I don't yet know exactly what I am going to build, but I am going to get all the bricks and stones, and all the material I can." They aggrandize knowledge material, education material, discipline material, culture material. "I am going to get all the culture I can," they say, "for every life must be cultured. I am going to get all the learning I can, for every successful life must be intelligent." And so they continue through life, getting material together, piling up building material, but never making a plan or a building—they just have a great mass of building material. I know people who have passed their fiftieth milestone and they have not yet made a plan for their life building; they have always been getting together material.

Some time ago I had a letter from a man who, thirty years ago, was by far the most brilliant scholar in his class at college. He could read Latin and Greek at sight almost as well as the rest of us could read English. He was a marvel in mathematics. All his classmates predicted marvelous success for this youth and now, thirty years after, he writes me to see if I can get him a position at eighteen dollars a week. He has been a tremendous student, he has no vicious habits, does not drink, smoke, or dissipate in any way, and yet this man, after thirty years, this prodigy in college, this class leader, a man who has always been in good health, who has not had any great reverses in life, seeks an eighteen dollar a week position!

The man of ordinary ability, with only common virtues, the one-talent man, will accomplish more in life if he focuses and sticks and hangs to his one unwavering aim than the ten-talent youth who scatters. The habit of concentration is the key of achievement.

No one is of very great value to himself or the world until he is thoroughly and systematically organized so that he can be all there whenever he tackles a job, so that he can bring the weight of his whole being to his work. "Scatteration" is a bloodsucker. Success is attained only by a oneness of purpose that fires the whole being of the youth, and by a concentration of every faculty toward its accomplishment.

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A recent editorial in the "Saturday Evening Post" gives some interesting statistics in regard to lumber waste. According to it only 35% of the original tree emerges in the finished building---65% is wasted.

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Modern Man's Latest Problem: Housing the Car

Continued from Page 36.

In the garage of restricted space, a bumper of some kind, placed in the rear of the building, so that the front car wheels will strike it on entering, will do away with any smashing of lamps as the result of careless driving. Even in the absence of the latter, the car may crawl up as a result of cranking during cold weather when things are stiff and so crash against the wall unless the bumper is present.

GARAGE ATTACHED TO HOUSE.

The construction of the garage as part of the house opens up many avenues of utility and beautification. The space overhead may be used for a variety of purposes and the convenience of such a plan cannot be over-estimated. The one item of the solving of the heat problem alone is sufficient excuse for a plan that needs no apologies. If situated in the front of the house, the upper story may be used as sun-parlor, or a balcony or a conservatory. This is particularly true when the garage was not embodied in the original building of the house and in consequence, projects out from the main building. If in the rear it may be used as a chauffeur's or maid's room. Failing the presence of either of these functionaries it may serve as a convenient tool shop or any one of a large variety of other purposes.

A case in point that illustrates the utility and beauty of such a plan is that of a Torontonion who added a garage and sunroom to the front of his house at a cost of less than a thousand dollars. Although without any training in the building line, he scored a notable success, both as an architect and a builder, with no other aid than that of an unskilled laborer. The rear of the garage abuts on the cellar, the floor of which is about two feet lower than that of the former. A door between allows of ingress directly from the house. In the same fashion the sunroom above is two feet above the level of

the adjoining sitting room. The runway is in the most approved style, as is the floor and the exterior of the whole is a delight to the eye.

The subjects of gasoline storage and heating have been scarcely mentioned thus far and offer a wide range of discussion. Undoubtedly, the self-measuring metal storage tank, buried at a depth of several feet and imbedded in concrete, is the tank par excellence and is so priced as to be within the range of the man who is putting into his building necessities only. Such tanks are made absolutely fireproof and non-evaporable by a series of trap valves that are set in the connecting pipes. The connecting pump in the garage throws a given quantity of gasoline per stroke into the tank of the car. In the case of oil, instead of pumping, a measure may be used on the infrequent occasions when oil is required. All waste is eliminated and, though the garage and contents may be destroyed by fire, the buried tanks are invulnerable to that element. Ranking next to this type of tank in safety, is the outside platform which is used to hold the gasoline tank at a level high enough to insure the aid of gravity in piping the liquid through the wall of the garage. Failing this, a storage cupboard, lined within and covered without, with tin, blind nailed and with lock joints is much to be preferred to the use of the uncovered can.

As to heating, all authorities are agreed on the superiority of steam for that purpose and, fortunately, it may frequently be obtained from the adjoining house at the minimum of cost. Hot water serves equally well, but is likely to prove more expensive, particularly in cases where the garage is at some distance from the house. Steam retains a temperature of 212 degrees, as against the 150 degrees of hot water. The freezing point of air is 32 degrees, and it is desirable to maintain a temperature of from 45 to 50 degrees;

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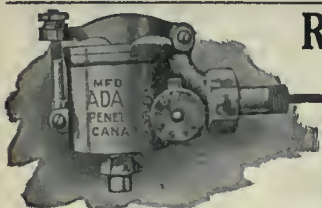
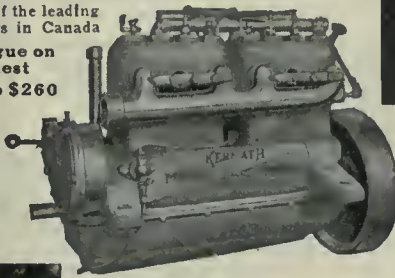
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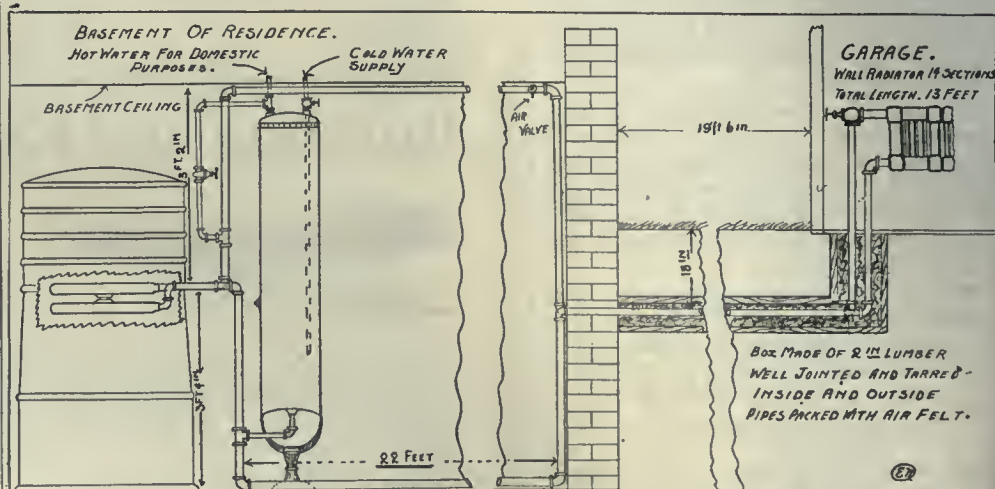
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Showing how hot water heating system was installed in a residence to heat a garage; two 12-in. Bigley heaters were connected together by a one-inch nipple and piping connected to range boiler as shown. This system gave splendid satisfaction last winter.

hence, it may readily be seen that a long passage and the consequent loss of heat in the hot air, would render the use of it as a heating agency rather inadvisable, as a very slight chilling would render it useless. Steam, on the other hand, could undergo a severe chilling process with small depreciation to its heating value. An auxiliary hot-water system of proved value may be installed in the adjoining house at a slight cost if circumstances dictate the use of it. To illustrate, a small system of coils may be placed in the fire-box of the house furnace and, after having been connected up with the domestic hot-water supply, can be relied upon to furnish the maximum amount of hot-water heat. This system may be used irrespective of the variety of heating plant used in the house. It is not an adjunct of the house hot-water heating system but is supplementary to it or to any other heating plant in use. The city pressure, as obtained from the domestic water supply, may be depended upon to overcome gravity to the degree necessary to insure a flow to the higher level of the garage. Some manufacturers of direct heaters maintain that their products, gas and otherwise, are so constructed as to avoid any possible connection with the dangerous gasoline vapors that hug the floor of a garage. A metal-clad lean-to containing such a heater, offers a safer substitute for the first plan.

The problem of ventilation, so easily disposed of by fans and blowers for one who can afford such an outlay, offers another problem to the man of modest means. A top vent, however successful in drawing off foul air, can have but small effect upon the heavy fumes that lie near the floor. One very successful plan to overcome this difficulty consists in running a stovepipe from the floor to the top vent and of allowing the upper part to become heated by contact with some part of the heating apparatus. The natural expansion of air inside the pipe will cause circulation and a resultant clearing of the atmosphere.

Remedial measures are now being inaugurated to do away with the draining of oils from garages into city sewers, by means of the construction of a series of floor traps that will separate oil from water. This has become necessary through the increasing prevalence of gas explosions in sewers, that result from the present custom.

Many of the features of the cheap portable garage may be applied to the more substantial structure and vice versa, in order to obtain the maximum degree of efficiency at the minimum of cost. In some districts, particularly in suburban ones, the builder may find it to his advantage to build a two-car garage, not only for the sake of the additional room gained, but as a very dependable source of income from the owner of some neighboring car.

In any case, however, some rules are equally applicable to any type of garage. The use of any open light should never be tolerated in any garage and the presence of a reliable fire extinguisher is absolutely necessary. A primitive and valuable aid to the latter is found in the presence of a quantity of saw-dust or dry sand, a quan-

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TORONTO, CANADA

tity of which should also be placed in the dripping pans as a further safeguard against fire. The latter, some motor sales agents to the contrary, should always be in place: cars will drip; as witness the pans invariably found in the most elaborate sales show rooms.

What is possibly the most elaborate private garage in Canada has all these necessary articles as a part of its equipment. Approached by a driveway of graceful curves amid an avenue shaded by maples and elms, it appears the last word in garage architecture. It combines all the features here enumerated as a necessary part of the garage equipment, but in many cases, here enlarged upon out of recognition; and for all its well equipped machine shop, repair pit and handsome cabinets for its gasoline and oil pumping systems; it still retains the humble dripping pan and the primitive fire extinguisher of dry sand.

The man who has constructed a garage on any one of these lines, whether through the mere supervision of details that he has already mapped out in his own mind or by actual participation in the manual labor involved, has done something that Alexander could never have boasted of: he has built instead of having destroyed.

What matter if Jones, as he passes by with a gleam of anticipation in his eye and his golf sticks under his arm, shouts "Slave" in derision; or if Robinson in the full glory of a summer afternoon and cool flannels, grins mockingly from the tennis court across the way? To safeguard him from their gibes he has the sure knowledge of accomplishment. He has taken an idea, an elusive nothing, fed it and fostered it in the soil of his brain; until it bloomed like a flower under his hands. He has reached into space and out of thin air and gross earth, created, made something that never was before.

His hand may leave a rusty smudge of oil across his nose as he rubs that member in quiet satisfaction; but he reflects: "This is mine, I made it." He has solved the ridicule of existence. He is happy.

The best matter that is to be found in all the magazines of the world, carefully selected and condensed to give only the salient portions: is not this just what you are looking for in the way of magazine reading? This is what MacLean's Magazine offers. The Review of Reviews Department contains each month about thirty articles which represent the very best that the magazines of the world have printed, covering the march of events, political, economic, financial and scientific, giving biographical sketches of people in the world's eye, summarizing and condensing the world's reading.

All this in addition to the special articles and fiction prepared by MacLean writers and contributors, dealing for the most part with Canadian affairs. Thus MacLean's is not only the national Canadian magazine, but a review of reviews of all-world events.

Spanish Gold

By GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

The Story of a Search for Treasure on the Coast of Ireland and the Amusing Situations which Arose

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The Rev. J. J. Meldon, curate of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, while visiting his friend, Major Kent, comes across an old pocket-book of the Major's grandfather, in which he finds an account of some treasure, supposed to have been hidden by the Spaniards of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, on the Island of Inishgowlan. The Major possesses an excellent yacht, *The Spindrift*, and they decide to take a trip to the island and search for the treasure, which Meldon is very confident of finding, but of the existence of which the Major is very skeptical. Meldon also owns a yacht, *The Aureole*, a worthless tub, which he lets to a Mr. Langton, who, with a friend, wishes to take a trip round the coast. On arriving at the island Meldon and the Major find Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's, engaged in surveying the island for the Government, and dividing it up into allotments. He informs them he is prevented from completing his work by the obstinacy of one old man, named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, who owns a piece of land in the very center of the island, entirely surrounded by other people's land, but with which he will not part at any price. Meldon, not wishing to divulge the real reason of his visit, tells Higginbotham the Major is a Government mineralogical expert who has been sent to examine and report on the island's mineral resources. Meldon and the Major start to explore the island and discover they are being followed everywhere by an old man, who turns out to be Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, and who declares he cannot understand a word of English. Meldon tells him they are naturalists looking for sea beetles, and manages to get rid of him; continuing their search, they find an inlet with a hole, which is only visible at low tide, and here Meldon decides the hidden treasures must lie. On returning to the yacht they notice the arrival in the harbor of the *Aureole*. The following day Meldon starts for the inlet and the cave, and on his arrival discovers a man, who is being lowered over the cliff to the entrance of the cave. This turns out to be a Sir Giles Buckley, the friend who is with Langton, on the *Aureole*, and a son of a neighbor of the Major's, who had lately died. Sir Giles would also have heard of the treasure, as his grandfather was a friend of the Major's grandfather, and had visited the island with him. After some discussion, Sir Giles calls out to Langton to haul him up, and both he and Meldon depart, as the tide has nearly covered the hole in the rocks. The following day, Meldon, having set adrift Sir Giles' boat to prevent his leaving the yacht, again visits the cave with the Major. They make their way through a long underground passage and eventually find two old iron boxes which, however, are empty. At this point Langton and Sir Giles appear on the scene through a hole in the top of the cavern which it seems is just under Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's plot of land. Disappointed, they all return to the yachts, and find that the Government yacht has arrived in the harbor with Mr. Willoughby, the Chief Secretary, on board. Willoughby lands to visit Higginbotham, and Meldon follows. Higginbotham in vain tries to dissuade Meldon from seeing Willoughby, who is much incensed at Meldon's tale of the geological survey, but Meldon insists, and we here find him in the midst of a conversation with Willoughby, who is beginning to be amused at his good-humored nonsense. Afterwards Thomas O'Flaherty Pat approaches Meldon secretly and tells him that he has found the treasure and, being afraid of the neighbors and Sir Giles, he wants the clergyman to take charge of it for him. He takes Meldon that night to his house and shows him the treasure hidden under the stones of the hearth. They have been followed by Sir Giles and Langton, who attack them in the dark and, overpowering them, tie up both O'Flaherty and Meldon. The latter is left alone and manages to roll into the next field.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

SIR GILES and Langton appeared. They carried between them the leather bag, full almost to the bursting-point. Langton held the candle in one hand, but it was almost immediately extinguished by a gust of wind. Their eyes were not yet accustomed to the darkness. They took the first few steps cautiously. Meldon turned over on his face and waited, lying quite flat. He felt a foot touch him. He drew his knees up under him and arched his back suddenly. The stratagem was entirely successful. Sir Giles pitched forward and fell, dragging the bag from Langton's hand. It burst open and the contents were scattered broadcast over the muddy lane. Meldon, highly delighted, waited for the volley of oaths which was to be expected. He was disappointed. Sir Giles rose in silence. His anger this time was too fierce for blasphemy. He stood over Meldon and kicked him savagely on arms and legs and body. He was wearing rubber-soled yachting shoes, and his vengeance was not as ferocious as it looked. Missing Meldon once or twice owing to the darkness and his rage, he kicked stones and hurt his own toes greatly. Langton, who failed to realize the feebleness of the assault, protested.

"Drop that. Drop it, I say. Do you want to let yourself and me in for being

hanged? If you leave the man in the middle of the path you've no one to blame but yourself when you trip over him. What's the use of behaving like a mad-man?"

"I didn't leave him here. He crawled here himself."

"Rot," said Langton. "He couldn't crawl."

"I'll put him somewhere this time that he won't get away from so easy."

He gripped Meldon by the feet and hauled him up the bank. He dragged him along the grass till he came to a wall. He called Langton to his assistance and between them they lifted Meldon over it and deposited him in a ditch at the far side.

"Get back over that if you can," said Sir Giles.

He kicked Meldon again. "So far," he said, "I've just had one solid piece of satisfaction this evening. I've stopped your talking with that gag. If I did right I'd cut your tongue out now I have you tied, so that you'd never be able to talk again."

Meldon listened. It annoyed him very much that he could not speak. He wanted to refer Sir Giles to the case, discussed by the historian Gibbon, of certain Christian martyrs, who spoke fluently and well after being deprived of their tongues by an executioner. He also wanted to say, that so far, working

against long odds, he had got the better of the struggle and had annoyed Sir Giles more than Sir Giles had annoyed him. He tried to give expression to his feelings by winking first with one eye and then with the other. But it was so dark that the winks could not be seen, and Sir Giles departed without knowing what Meldon thought of him.

CHAPTER XX.

SIR GILES and Langton went back to the lane and set about the task of hunting for the gold which had been scattered. They found the bag at once and in a corner of it a couple dozen coins. The rest were strewed about among the mud, the pools, the running water, and the loose stones. The wind tore across the island in violent gusts. The rain beat furiously upon them. The candle which Langton had put in his pocket was lighted and promptly extinguished. Sir Giles made a kind of shelter for it with his coat and tried to keep it burning. He succeeded for a minute or two. Then a gust of wind whirled over the coat and the candle was blown out again.

"Let's give it up," said Langton. "Let's go back and get another load."

"I will not give it up. Do you suppose I'm going to leave a small fortune lying in this lane when I might have it for the gathering? Go back to the hut

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and try if you can find any kind of a lantern."

Langton searched in vain, for old O'Flaherty owned no lantern. He returned to report his ill-success.

"I'll go down to the yacht," said Sir Giles, "and get one of her lamps. You wait for me here and pick up what you can in the meanwhile."

But Langton had no taste for crawling about on his hands and knees feeling for coins in mud and water. He was chilled and dispirited. When Sir Giles left him he stumbled back into the hut, wrung the water out of his coat, and waited in shelter. In about three-quarters of an hour Sir Giles returned with the Aureole's riding light in his hand. The search began again. After half an hour's hard work the bag was nearly filled, and, carrying it between them, the two men set out for the Aureole.

"Two more trips will be enough," said Sir Giles. "If we haven't got it all we shall have to leave the rest behind us. Thank the gods, the rain is stopping. The wind will go down now. If it doesn't, Langton, you may say your prayers. We'd never fetch Ballymoy or anywhere else in this gale."

Meldon lay in his ditch. The ropes with which he was bound began to cut into his flesh. He was more bruised than ever. But he found a real satisfaction in picturing to himself Sir Giles as he searched for the coins in the dark. He was determined to try and free himself. A few efforts convinced him that he could do nothing with the ropes on his arms and legs. The gag seemed more hopeful. It was a woollen scarf. It was forced between his teeth, pulled tight from behind so as to drag his lips out into a kind of grin and knotted firmly at the back of his neck. He tried to gnaw it through with his teeth, but only succeeded in biting the insides of his cheeks until they bled. He wriggled along the ditch and got the side of his head against a stone with a sharp edge. He worked his head up and down, rubbing the woollen gag against the stone. He hoped in this way to wear the stuff through. The work was tedious and painful. But he persevered and in the end reaped his reward. The last strands of the wool parted. His mouth was free.

He looked round him and took stock of his position. At first he could see nothing but the stone wall, the grassy side of the ditch, and the sky. He noticed that it was beginning to get light. The rain had ceased. The clouds were being blown apart. Meldon guessed that it must be nearly three o'clock. He remembered that Sir Giles intended to lower him into the Poll-na-phuca as soon as there was light enough. He had no intention of being buried alive there if he could help it. He set to work to wriggle himself out of the ditch. He found himself at last in the field below O'Flaherty's house. He had a clear view of the bay and saw Sir Giles rowing out to the Aureole. The light increased and he noticed with great satisfaction that there was a heavy sea running outside

the bay. He reflected that it would be totally impossible for the Aureole to leave her sheltered anchorage. But the wind was falling. In a couple of hours a venturesome man might attempt to run for the mainland with three or four reefs tied down in his sail.

Sir Giles and Langton left the yacht again and pulled for the pier. Meldon decided that they must still have another load of treasure to ship. They had, as he calculated, an hour and a half's work before them. He saw below him, two fields off, the house in which Mary Kate and her parents lived. He made up his mind that he must get near enough to waken somebody in it before Sir Giles came to him again. There was only one possible way of getting there. He must roll down the hill.

He made up his mind to act at once. Having the use of his mouth he shouted a word of encouragement to Thomas O'Flaherty before he started:—

"Hullo! Thomas O'Flaherty Pat! Hullo! I expect you're gagged and tied somewhere and can't answer. But I've got the beastly thing worked out of my mouth and I'm going to get the better of those two blackguards yet. It'll all depend on my being able to get hold of Mary Kate. Good-bye. I'll see that this business pans out all right in the end."

The field in which he lay sloped even more steeply than most fields in the island. At the bottom of it was a wall and in the middle of the wall a gap. Beyond the gap was another steep field and at the bottom of it was the house. Meldon aimed for the gap. He congratulated himself that Higginbotham's philanthropic plans for the bettering of the islanders' system of land tenure had not yet been carried out. In the fences that were to be erected there would not be gaps and no man could roll over a six-foot Congested Districts Board bank.

He wriggled himself into position and started rolling down the hill. He advanced rapidly for a few yards and then came to a dead stop, lying up and down the hill. He wriggled again, rolled again, and was again brought up short by the impossibility of keeping his body parallel to the slope of the hill. Still he advanced and at length actually arrived at the gap. He lay still, giddy and breathless. He saw Sir Giles and Langton go into the hut. He started, as soon as he could, to roll across the second field. There were four bullocks in it which were lying together in a group when Meldon rolled suddenly among them. They were startled, struggled to their feet and galloped off in four different directions. After a while curiosity conquered their terror. They returned cautiously and slowly, sniffing and pawing, starting now and then in fresh alarm. Convinced at last that Meldon was harmless they gathered close round him and eyed him with wonder. He lay quite still because he could see Sir Giles and Langton coming out of the hut and suspected that they would search for him. He realized that the cattle hid him effectually.

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.....

Having lowered O'Flaherty into the cave Sir Giles and Langton went to the ditch in which they had left Meldon. They were surprised to find that he had disappeared.

"Can he have got loose?" said Langton nervously.

"If he'd got so much as his tongue loose," said Sir Giles, "he'd have raised the hell of a row by this time. That fellow would no more keep quiet than a cornrake would stop making the vile row it does make in the middle of the night. He can't have gone far. We must look for him."

"No. Let's get out of this at once. The people will be awake and about soon."

"We ought to have been off two hours ago," said Sir Giles. "Only for that cursed parson we would have been. First we had to waste time dragging him out of the hut, and then his infernal practical jokes cost us another hour and a half. We'll have to leave him now and chance it. We can only hope he's lying dead somewhere."

Meldon watched them tramp down the bohieren and realized that he was safe. He understood also that he had very little time to spare. In half an hour Sir Giles would be on board the yacht again.

"He'll have to tie down three reefs," said Meldon to the nearest bullock, "if he doesn't want to be drowned. And that'll take him some time with nobody but Langton to help him."

The remark caused the bullocks to edge away a little. Meldon started rolling again towards the cottage. Now and then as he drew nearer to it he shouted. At length, when he had got within about twenty yards of it the door opened and Mary Kate peered out. Meldon shouted to her:—

"Mary Kate! I say, Mary Kate! come here as quick as you can."

The child approached him cautiously. Like the bullocks, she had never before seen anything exactly like Meldon as he lay in the field.

"Mary Kate," he said, in tones meant to be reassuring, "do you go to bed in your clothes?"

The question was reasonable. The child was dressed just as usual in her red petticoat and flannel bodice.

"I do not," said Mary Kate. "I dressed myself when I heard the shouts of you."

"Very well, then. Go and get a knife."

"A knife, is it?"

"It is," said Meldon. "A knife."

"What sort of a knife?"

"Any sort of a knife you like, from a scythe down to a lancet, will do. In fact, I dare say we could manage with your mother's scissors. But run now and get something that will cut."

Mary Kate went back into the house and returned with a sickle.

"My da will be wanting the scythe to-day," she said, "but if this will do you, you can have the loan of it."

"I don't want the loan of it. I want you to cut the rope that's round my arms, and be quick about it."

"The Lord save us and help us! Is

she stopped grinning and began sawing at the rope. The sickle was blunt, but Mary Kate worked vigorously. One strand after another parted. Meldon got his arms free.

"Give me the sickle," he said.

His hands were numb and he was obliged to rub them up and down against his legs before he could take a firm grip of it. At last he managed to hold it, and set to work at the rope that bound his ankles.

"Mary Kate," he said, "go back to your da. Is he in bed?"

"He might, then."

"Well, if he is, get him out and tell him to go up to the Poll-na-phuca with a rope and a ladder, and he'll find your grandda at the bottom of it if he isn't dead."

"The Lord save us! They've took him at the latter end."

"Don't," said Meldon, "get any rotten idea about fairies into your head. This isn't a fairy matter at all. Tell your father that if he doesn't go at once the old man will be dead, and as sure as ever he is I'll have your father hanged for murdering him. Do you understand me now?"

"I do," said Mary Kate.

Meldon found it difficult to stand, and was only able to totter down towards the pier. He saw Sir Giles and Langton reach the Aureole and board her. He quickened his pace as much as his numbed, stiff limbs would allow. He watched the mainsail being hoisted, and

noticed that the gaff was pulled little more than three-quarters way up the mast.

"Thank God!" he muttered, "they see that they must tie down some reefs. I'll do them yet."

He reached the pier. Realizing that the water was still rough, he turned from the Major's punt and went along the beach to Jamesy O'Flaherty's curragh. He launched it and took the oars. There was no need for him to row. The wind drifted him rapidly from the shore. Sir Giles and Langton were tying down reef-points in the flapping mainsail of the Aureole and did not see him. He headed the curragh for the Granuaile and climbed on to the steamer's deck. Everybody on board was asleep. As the readiest way of attracting attention Meldon began to ring the bell which hung



"Mr. Meldon, wake up! Wake up, at once!"

it tied you are? Who's after doing the like of that to you?"

"I am tied. But if you'd stop standing there staring like a stuck pig, and come over here with the sickle, I'd soon be loose."

Mary Kate approached him grinning.

"Don't grin," said Meldon. "I've said that to you before. Look here, Mary Kate, I've been cracking you up all over the island the last three days for one of the most intelligent children I ever met. It was only last night I offered your grandfather to marry you if he liked. But I'll not marry you. And I'll never say another good word for you, and what's more I'll take the half-crown and the three sixpences away from you unless you come here and cut the rope."

"You couldn't," said Mary Kate.

But the threat produced its effect on



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amidships and to shout "Fire!" at the top of his voice.

A couple of sailors ran on deck and stood staring at him. Others followed them and began to ask questions. Meldon continued shouting "Fire!" and ringing the bell. He saw that Sir Giles had stopped tying reef-points and was hoisting the sail as quickly as he could. The Chief Secretary emerged in his pyjamas. Father Mulcrone followed him in a white cotton night-shirt and a pair of trousers.

"What's on fire?" said Mr. Willoughby.

"Nothing," said Meldon. "I wanted to wake you up, that's all. Send a boat at once and stop that yacht sailing."

"Why?"

Meldon's mind worked quickly. He realized that long before he could tell the story of the treasure and reply to all the questions which would necessarily be asked, Sir Giles would have got off. Already he could see that the Aureole's jib was being hoisted.

"Never mind why," he said. "Do it."

"I can't possibly," said Mr. Willoughby, "send a boat to capture a gentleman's yacht without rhyme or reason. It would, I imagine, amount to an act of piracy on the high seas. I'd do a good deal for you, Mr. Meldon; but, after all, I have to recollect that I am Chief Secretary for Ireland. Just fancy—the House of Commons—the newspapers—"

Meldon turned without listening to the end of the apology. He appealed to the crew of the Granuaile.

"Will any of you lower a boat and come with me?"

The men hung back, some grinning, some open-mouthed in blank astonishment. One glance at them convinced Meldon of the hopelessness of his appeal. He looked round him and caught sight of Father Mulcrone.

"Come along, Father Mulcrone. You're the only man in the whole crowd. Hop into the curragh as quick as you can."

"Give me time to tuck my night-shirt into my trousers and I'm with you," said the priest.

He crossed the deck and dropped into the curragh, Meldon followed him. Mr. Willoughby peered over the bulwarks of the Granuaile.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Wait! Hold on!"

The curragh shot out from the steamer's side.

"It's no good," said Mr. Willoughby, "they're off. I have always heard that the clergy did queer things here in the West of Ireland, but—I'm hanged if the other fellows don't seem as anxious to get off as the priest and the parson are to catch them."

Sir Giles and Langton, one at each side of the winch in the bow of the Aureole, were working with frenzied vigor to get the anchor up.

"He can't cut the cable," said Meldon to the priest. "Thank God, it's chain; the only thing on board the Aureole that isn't absolutely rotten."

"Pull away," said Father Mulcrone. "She's over her anchor now. He'll have it off the bottom in a minute."

Meldon pulled hard.

"He has it," said the priest. "Now he's hauling the jib across her to get her head round. Shove the stern of the curragh in, and I'll grab her before she gets away on."

The Aureole's head paid slowly round and the mainsail began to draw. In obedience to a violent tug at the oars the curragh spun round and her stern struck the yacht amidships. Father Mulcrone gripped the weather bulwarks with both hands. The curragh swung alongside and was dragged stern first through the water as the yacht gathered way. Sir Giles left the tiller, sprang across the deck and began hammering at the priest's hands with his clenched fists.

"Let go," he yelled; "let go."

He stood up and kicked at the priest's hands. Then he trampled on them, still yelling, "Let go." Father Mulcrone held on. Sir Giles kicked at his face, holding on to the weather runner to preserve his balance.

"Let go or I'll brain you."

Father Mulcrone held on. He was not the kind of man who lets go. Mr. Willoughby had discovered this about him when dealing with the question of seed potatoes for Inishmore. Meldon scrambled on board the yacht. He came on Sir Giles from behind, seized him by the shoulders, swung him round, rushed him across the sharply sloping deck, and flung him overboard.

"Let go now," he shouted to Father Mulcrone, "and pick up the fellow I've pitched into the sea. He may be able to swim or he may not. In any case you'd better look after him. I'll manage the other man and the yacht."

Langton sat dazed and helpless in the cockpit, holding the end of the mainsheet in his hand. Meldon snatched it from him and seized the tiller.

"Loose the jib sheet," he shouted, "and let me get her sailing."

Langton did not stir. Meldon dropped the tiller, ran forward and loosened the sheet himself. Then he got the yacht under command and set her racing to windward across the bay.

"If you stir hand or foot," he said to Langton, "I'll pitch you into the sea. I don't believe you can swim, whatever Sir Giles can do. Ready about now, and mind yourself."

The yacht swung round and flew off on the new tack. The half-reefed mainsail bellied ridiculously. The water rushed green along the deck and foamed over the coaming of the cockpit. Meldon, a light of triumph on his face, stood up and looked round him.

Father Mulcrone had Sir Giles in tow behind the curragh and was pulling for the shore. It is difficult to get a swimmer into any small boat. It is totally impossible to get one into a canvas curragh. The priest had gone as near rescuing Sir Giles as was possible under the circumstances. A boat was lowered hastily from the Granuaile and the Chief Secretary, still in his pyjamas, got into her. She was pulled towards the curragh. A small group of islanders, men and women, stood on the end of the pier. Major Kent was awake and watched the

exciting scene from the deck of the Spindrift. The Aureole ran under her lee. Meldon threw his boat up into the wind and hailed the Major.

"Hullo! Everything's all right. I've got the treasure safe here. I always said I would and I have. I'll send Father Mulcrone off for you as soon as he's done rescuing Sir Giles."

The Granuaile's boat reached the curragh. Sir Giles, spluttering sea-water and curses, was hauled on board. Meldon, having got the Aureole on the third tack, flew past them and shouted—

"I say, Father Mulcrone, just put back to the Spindrift and bring Major Kent ashore. It's a pity for him to be missing all the fun."

A little group of men came down the hill towards the pier. Among them, supported by his son-in-law and a nephew, was old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. In front of him, dancing with delight and excitement, her hair blown wild with the wind, went Mary Kate.

Meldon's tacks became shorter as he neared the land. The men on the pier cheered him each time he passed them. He waved his hand in response, and, when that seemed an inadequate acknowledgment of the enthusiasm, took Langton's cap and waved it. The Granuaile's boat reached the pier and was greeted with more cheers. The people of Inishgowlan, not yet aware of what had happened, were ready to cheer anybody. The Chief Secretary, stepping daintily, for he was barefooted, went on shore. Sir Giles, dripping and dismal, followed him. Meldon made his last tack and beached the Aureole close alongside the pier. The islanders and the men from the Granuaile's boat ran to him with offers of help. Meldon gripped Langton by the collar of the coat and lifted him over the side of the yacht into the water.

"Take him," he said, "and stand him up on the pier beside the other black-guard."

He stepped over the side himself.

"I expect the boat has a hole in her," he said to three of the men who still waited. "You had better get the anchor on shore and make it fast. If she goes adrift on us now, she'll sink."

He waded ashore, went to the pier and greeted Mr. Willoughby.

"Sorry I hustled you this morning," he said. "It seemed the only thing to do at the time."

"I don't mind being hustled in the east," said Mr. Willoughby. "Living the kind of quiet, monotonous life a Chief Secretary does live, I'm sure a hustle now and then is good for me."

"It's very kind of you to say so. Sure you don't mind coming ashore in your pyjamas?"

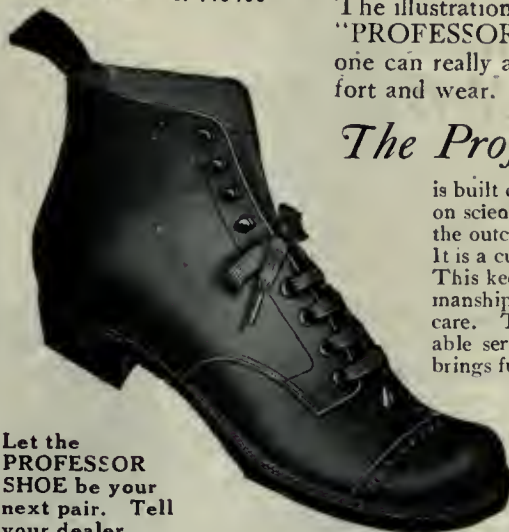
"Not a bit. I rather enjoy it for a change. But I'd greatly like to know what this is all about."

"I never," said Meldon, "saw pyjamas just that particular shade of pink before. Where do you get them?"

"They're Irish manufacture, if that's what you're driving at. I daren't wear

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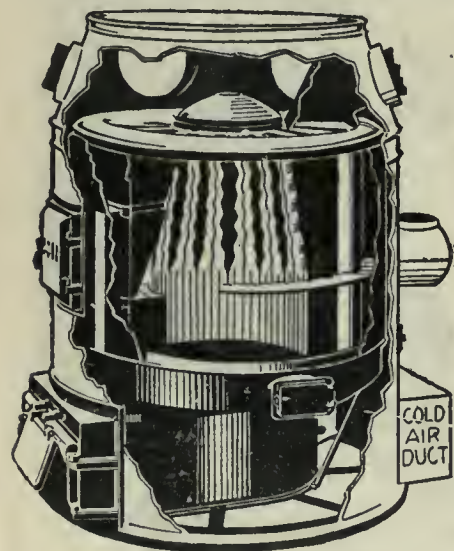
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anything else even at night. But you haven't told me yet——"

"Oh, that's a long story."

"I'm sure it must be. Perhaps you'd rather put off telling it till after breakfast?"

"Not at all," said Meldon. "It's not so long as that. Oh, here's Father Mulcrone. Didn't you get the Major?"

"He wouldn't come ashore," said Father Mulcrone. "He didn't seem to care about meeting the Chief Secretary."

"Oh, the geological survey, I suppose," said Meldon. "That's all over and done with; isn't it, Mr. Willoughby?"

"Quite," said Mr. Willoughby. "It lies buried in a remote past. Things move so rapidly on this island that the affairs of yesterday are prehistoric before we are dressed this morning. Besides, a geological survey is nothing compared to the—the pragmatist method by which you roused us from our berths. Why did you give us the idea that something was on fire?"

"Because I wanted you to prevent Sir Giles Buckley from sailing off in the Aureole."

"I gathered that from the way you spoke at the time. But please tell me why you wanted to stop him."

Meldon glanced at the dripping Sir Giles. He was most unwilling to tell the story of the gold which lay in the Aureole's cabin. He wondered whether Sir Giles could be counted on to back up a version of the morning's adventure in which no mention of the treasure appeared.

"You may not know that that boat"—he indicated the Aureole with his thumb—"is rotten. Everything in her is rotten except the anchor chain."

"Yes?" said Mr. Willoughby.

"Well," said Meldon, "that explains what you want to know, doesn't it?"

"Not quite. I'm stupid, I suppose; but as a matter of fact it doesn't explain anything to me."

"Don't you see that if Sir Giles had gone to sea in a rotten boat with the wind that's blowing to-day, he'd have been drowned to a certainty?"

"Oh," said Mr. Willoughby, "you wanted to save him from drowning?"

"Him and his friend."

"But, as well as I could make out, you flung him into the sea?"

"Quite so," said Meldon. "There wasn't anything else to do. Was there, Father Mulcrone?"

"There was not," said the priest. "The man was dancing on my knuckles and trying to kick my face."

"I suppose he must have very much wanted to be drowned," said Mr. Willoughby.

"Well, I wouldn't go as far as that," said Meldon. "But there's no use taking up these speculative questions. Where's Higginbotham?"

"He must be asleep still," said Mr. Willoughby.

"Dear me," said Meldon; "that's a pity now. Higginbotham is just the man who might have helped to clear things up."

"I don't know if it interests any of

you"—it was Sir Giles Buckley who spoke—"but you're listening to a pack of damned lies."

"I wish," said Meldon, "that you'd try and break yourself of that habit of swearing, Sir Giles. I think I've mentioned it to you before."

"Of course," said Mr. Willoughby, "it's no business of mine. Still, I should like very much to understand what all this fuss has been about. Perhaps, Father Mulcrone, you may be able to throw a little light on it."

"Not a bit," said the priest. "All I know is that the gentleman there who seems to be catching his death of cold—"

"So am I, for that matter," said Mr. Willoughby.

"I see," said the priest, "that the men have come up from your boat, Mr. Meldon. They seem rather angry about something. Old Thomas O'Flaherty is talking to them hot and strong and he's pointing this way. Perhaps we'd better go somewhere else before entering on an explanation."

"Right," said Meldon. "Higginbotham's tin house is handy. Let's go there. It would do Higginbotham good to be made to get out of bed."

"I should prefer the Granuaile myself," said Mr. Willoughby. "I'd like to get into a suit of clothes."

"Right," said Meldon. "It's all the same to me. In fact, of the two I rather prefer the Granuaile. I don't expect Higginbotham could rise to much in the way of breakfast for this party. We'd better take Sir Giles and Langton with us. Those fellows at the other end of the pier are looking rather nasty, and I happen to know that I'm not the man they want to kill."

"It can't be me," said Mr. Willoughby.

"It is not you," said Meldon. "Nor it's not Father Mulcrone. It's Sir Giles. That's the reason I said we ought to take him with us. But before we start I think you should make the men a speech, Mr. Willoughby. It might quiet them down."

"A speech! Good gracious! What about?"

"Oh, anything. The University question, or the intentions of the Government about the land, or Devolution. Yes, Devolution would be the proper thing. It would turn their minds away from Sir Giles and Langton. Try them with Devolution."

"Get into the boat," said Mr. Willoughby. "I can't stand on this pier and make a speech in my pyjamas."

"No? Perhaps not. Well, you have a go at them, Father Mulcrone. You won't? I suppose we'd better not turn on Sir Giles. He might make them more irritable. I'll have to do it myself, though I must say it's rather hard on me. I'm the one of the party who has worked hardest during the night. I can't tell you how trying it is to have to roll about in the dark with your hands and feet tied."

The Chief Secretary and Father Mulcrone remonstrated with him vigorously. He yielded to them so far as to forbear

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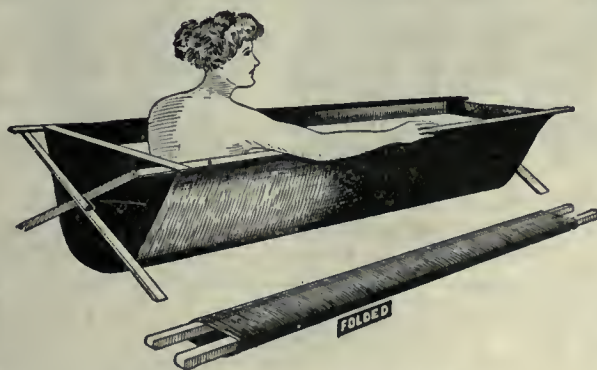
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making a speech, but he insisted on having a word in private with Mary Kate.

Taking the child out of earshot, he said to her—

"Mary Kate, go you to your grandda and tell him this from me: If there's anything that belongs to him in that yacht let him get it out of her and away with it before we come on shore again. Do you understand me now?"

Mary Kate nodded, grinning. Meldon joined Mr. Willoughby and Father Mulcrone in the Granuaile's boat. Sir Giles and Langton eyed the men who were standing in a group at the far end of the pier and then followed Meldon.

"You're right to come with us," said Meldon. "Old Thomas O'Flaherty is looking uncommon wicked, and you can't altogether blame him. He's working the rest of them up. I don't think that Inishgowlan will be exactly a safe island for you to picnic on, Sir Giles; not for a few weeks anyhow."

"I'm becoming more and more curious," said Mr. Willoughby. "I want a key to the mysteries which surround me. I'm a little anxious, too. If ever we get back to civilization we may find ourselves in a police-court. Don't mix me up in anything criminal if you can help it, Mr. Meldon. Consider my position as Chief Secretary."

"You're pledged," said Father Mulcrone with a grin, "to the preservation of law and order in Ireland."

"It's all right," said Meldon. "I'll keep your name out of the business as far as I can. Father Mulcrone and I will take whatever blame there is."

"I won't take any blame," said the priest. "I know nothing about what's going on, either good or bad."

"You'll have to," said Meldon, "whether you like it or not. It's your parish, so of course you're responsible if anything goes wrong."

CHAPTER XXI.

"I COULD do with a wash," said Meldon when the party reached the Granuaile.

"You shall have it," said Mr. Willoughby. "You shall have my bath."

"Oh, don't bother about a bath. There's no use running into extremes. I'm a moderate man in every way, politically and otherwise."

"Better have the bath."

"All right, then, I will. But if I do, somebody'll have to go over to the Spindrift and get me another suit of clothes. Father Mulcrone, perhaps you wouldn't mind—"

"I'll send a boat," said Mr. Willoughby. "Father Mulcrone wants to dress like the rest of us."

"All right," said Meldon. "I don't care who goes. But I wouldn't like to get into these things again if once I took them off. By the way, have you any sticking-plaster?"

"I think I have a bit in my dressing-case," said Mr. Willoughby.

"I'll want a good big bit—yards of it, I expect. I'm not sure till I get my

clothes off, but I fancy there are very few parts of me just this minute with the skin on."

"I'll send you what I have. And now, Sir Giles, I must get a dry suit of clothes for you."

In about half an hour the party reassembled for breakfast. Mr. Willoughby made another appeal for an explanation of the morning's events.

"I told you my story," said Meldon, "and Sir Giles contradicted me flat—not that I mind being contradicted. I'm accustomed to it. But I think it's his turn to speak now. Anyway I want to eat my breakfast."

Sir Giles was not eating heartily, but he seemed unwilling to speak.

"You hinted," said Mr. Willoughby to Sir Giles, "that the account which Mr. Meldon gave us of his actions was—er—perhaps exaggerated."

"'Damned lies' was his expression," said Meldon. "I don't know if that's your idea of a hint that I exaggerated."

"You appeared to think," said Mr. Willoughby, "that Mr. Meldon omitted from his statement some points of interest."

Meldon, whose mouth was full, got into difficulties in suppressing a laugh. Sir Giles stared sulkily at Mr. Willoughby.

"Come, now," said Father Mulcrone, "let's have your story. You'll feel easier when it's off your mind."

"I'm not in your confessional," said Sir Giles, "and I'm damned if I'll speak unless I choose."

"Come, gentlemen," said Mr. Willoughby, "we needn't any of us lose our tempers. I think, Sir Giles, that you are bound either to substantiate or withdraw the very offensive statement that you made on the pier this morning. You called Mr. Meldon a liar."

"So far as I'm concerned," said Meldon, "I don't mind that in the least. I'm quite accustomed to it. There's hardly a man on this island who hasn't called me a liar. I quite recognize that Sir Giles' temper wasn't altogether under control when he spoke. He has a hot temper. I've had to speak to him about it before."

"I suppose that you think it good fun," said Sir Giles, "to sit there bating me and setting that cursed curate on to sling insults at me. But I've stood all I'm going to stand of it. I'll stay here no longer. Come, Langton."

The whole party, with the exception of Meldon, stood up.

"Don't go away like this," said Mr. Willoughby to Sir Giles. "Sit down again and talk things over, I am sure we can come to some understanding if we can only find out what all this trouble is about."

"Make your mind easy," said Meldon, "he can't go just yet."

"Can't go!" said Sir Giles furiously. "Why not? Who's going to stop me? So far as I know, nobody has a warrant out for my arrest."

"You can't go yet," said Meldon, "be-

cause you've got on the Chief Secretary's Sunday clothes."

Father Mulcrone burst into a loud laugh.

"That's easily remedied," said Sir Giles. "I'll change."

"Please don't worry about the clothes," said Mr. Willoughby. "You're welcome to them. I wouldn't like you to put on your own things yet. They can't be dry."

"Lend him your pink pyjamas," said Meldon.

For a moment it seemed likely that Sir Giles would make a violent assault on Meldon. His hand twitched. His face was deeply flushed. But he restrained himself and went into the cabin where his own clothes lay.

"This is an extraordinary business," said Mr. Willoughby. "Surely, Mr. Meldon, you'll tell me what it all means."

"He can't go far," said Meldon. "I'm prepared to bet my best hat that there's a hole in the bottom of the Aureole and the Major won't take him in the Spindrift."

"I don't like it at all," said Mr. Willoughby plaintively. "I hate being kept in the dark."

He took Father Mulcrone aside and spoke to him.

"What do you advise?" he said. "What do you think of all this?"

"I think," said the priest, "that you and I had better go ashore with Sir Giles and the other man. I expect the people on the island know the ins and outs of the whole story by this time, and I'll be able to get it from some of them. There's been some rough work during the night. You saw the state Mr. Meldon was in when he came on board. I expect that Sir Giles, whoever he may be, has been up to some mischief. I don't like that man."

"Still, it's an awkward affair. It seems to me that we're aiding and abetting Mr. Meldon in robbery, and something like an attempt at murder. He threw Sir Giles into the sea, you know."

"I expect Mr. Meldon's all right. But we can't say anything till we get on shore and hear the whole story."

Mr. Willoughby turned to Meldon.

"Father Mulcrone and I," he said, "have decided to go—Dear me, he's fast asleep!"

Meldon had fallen forward. His head lay among the crumbs beside his plate on the breakfast-table. His arms sprawled among the cups and dishes. A half-smoked cigar burned a hole in the tablecloth. Meldon slumbered profoundly.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO hours later Mr. Willoughby and Father Mulcrone returned to the Granuaile. The Chief Secretary's face wore an expression of delight, tempered by anxiety. Father Mulcrone was jubilant and triumphant. They descended at once to the cabin where Meldon still slept on the sofa. Father Mulcrone shook him vigorously.

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Meldon opened his eyes, and saw the Chief Secretary and the priest standing over him.

"Hullo!" he said. "I believe I must have had a nap. Breakfast has been cleared away, I see. I wonder what they did with my cigar. I had a cigar, I know, and I don't believe I finished it."

"Here's the box," said Mr. Willoughby, "take another."

"Thanks, I will. Where are Sir Giles and Langton? They were here at breakfast, weren't they?"

"They're on shore," said Mr. Willoughby.

"Oh, are they? They haven't gone off in the Aureole by any chance?"

The priest smiled. "They have not," he said.

"I told you they wouldn't—couldn't in fact. Nobody but me knows how rotten that boat is and what a little bump would knock a hole in her."

"We've been on shore," said Mr. Willoughby.

"Have you? Pleasant spot that island. I wonder more people don't come here in the summer."

"We heard the whole story," said Mr. Willoughby, "and we both want to congratulate you on the way you behaved."

"Now, who did you hear it from?"

"Well, partly from Thomas O'Flaherty and—"

"I didn't think the old boy was such a fool."

"And partly," went on Mr. Willoughby, "from a little girl."

"Mary Kate O'Flaherty," said the priest.

"I thought better of Mary Kate," said Meldon. "She ought to have had a keener eye to her own interest than to tell that story. I suppose you've grabbed the treasure in the name of the Government."

"He has not, then," said Father Mulcrone grinning.

"No," said Mr. Willoughby. "There was no treasure to grab. At least we couldn't find any. To put the matter plainly, the Aureole has been looted."

"That's all right," said Meldon. "I wouldn't have liked to see poor old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat robbed by the Government any more than by Sir Giles. But how did you get the story? As far as I know Thomas O'Flaherty he's not the sort of man to talk more than he need, and I never got more than half a dozen words and grin out of Mary Kate at one time."

"The way of it was this," said Father Mulcrone. "No sooner did Sir Giles and Langton leave us to go down to the Aureole than all the children on the island, seven or eight of them, began to boo at them and throw stones. Mary Kate O'Flaherty was at the head of the crowd."

"She would," said Meldon. "I always said she was a high-spirited little thing besides being intelligent. I expect, now, she hit them with as many as three out of every four stones she threw."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the priest. "Anyhow, Sir Giles lost his temper."

"He's always doing that. I hope he

didn't hurt Mary Kate in any way or use language that a little girl oughtn't to listen to."

"The language," said Mr. Willoughby, "so far as I could hear it—I was some way off—was pretty bad. But he didn't do the children any bodily harm."

"It wasn't for want of wishing to if he didn't," said the priest. "He looked as if he'd have been glad to skin the lot of them alive and pickle them afterwards."

"They ran for their lives, I suppose?"

"No, then, they did not. But the fathers and the mothers of them came at Sir Giles with scythes and pitchforks and hayrakes and all sorts. It was then we thought we'd better interfere. Well, I'm not a coward exactly. You'll give me credit for that. But I give you my word I didn't fancy running into that crowd at all. I could have faced the men right enough, but the women—! Did ever you notice, Mr. Meldon, that a woman when she gets her blood up is twice as reckless as any man? She doesn't care who she hits or where she hits him. I tell you I thought twice about facing the women. But the Chief Secretary is a hero, a regular hero."

"It was nothing," said Mr. Willoughby modestly. "I'm accustomed to women. A Cabinet Minister must be nowadays. If he didn't get hardened to it he would be dead in a year."

"Anyway you went for them like an hero," said Father Mulcrone. "I never admired a man more."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Meldon to the priest, "you ought to let him off those seed potatoes as a token of your respect and esteem."

"I will," said the priest. "I'll do that. I wish you'd seen young Mrs. O'Flaherty brandishing a flail and looking as if she'd skelp an archbishop if he came her way."

"Had she Michael Pat with her?"

"She had not."

"Well, if nobody was left at home to mind Michael Pat I expect the old woman's dead by now. But that can't be helped. Go on with the story."

"We got them quietened down after a bit," said Father Mulcrone, "and then Mr. Willoughby made them a short speech."

"And did old O'Flaherty get his treasure back safe?"

"I didn't get any very definite information about the treasure," said Mr. Willoughby.

"If you ask me," said Father Mulcrone, "I should say that every man of the island has his own whack of that treasure by this time. If half old O'Flaherty says is true, they have money enough among them."

CHAPTER XXIII.

TWO years later Major Kent took another cruise in the Spindrift, this time with a hired man to assist him in managing the boat. He anchored for an hour in the bay at Inishgowlan, and then, not feeling inclined to go ashore alone, sailed on to Inishmore. He found Father Mulcrone in the presbytery and invited him to spend the evening in the cabin of the

Spindrift. There had been a change of government some months before, and Mr. Willoughby had left Ireland. The priest lamented his loss.

"The new man's not his equal," he said. "I don't say but what he means well. Only it's my belief that he'll never understand this country. I met him when he was round seeing the West. I told him the way the treasure was found on Inishgowlan, and what do you think he said to me?"

"I don't know," said the Major. "What was it?"

"He said, 'That's a good story, Father Mulcrone.' Now that was as much as to tell me to my face that the story wasn't one an honest man would take his oath to in a court of justice. There's unbelief for you. A fellow that starts off by thinking himself clever enough to know what's true and what isn't will do no good in Ireland. A simple-hearted, innocent kind of a man has a better chance."

"One like Higginbotham?" said the Major.

"I hear he's high up now, earning a good salary. He deserves it. How's Mr. Meldon getting along with his parish?"

"I was over there last summer," said the Major.

"I was standing godfather to the baby. She had another godfather, too, which is unusual with a girl. It was Mr. Willoughby stood along with me."

"And what did they call her?"

"Cecily May was the name the mother chose."

"But what about the parish? I heard the men in it were a rough lot and disrespectful to their clergy."

"They're cured of that now. There was a man there, a sort of leader among the colliers, who set up to be an agnostic or something of that kind, and was for ever talking to the rest of them about the folly of believing what the clergy said."

"A fellow like that would turn the milk with his blasphemies. I've heard of such."

"Well, the Rev. J. J. used to go to that man's house two evenings in the week and argue with him. The rest of the people took to coming to listen until they had to move into the schoolroom to accommodate the congregation. By the time I got over there that agnostic was singing in the choir with a surplice on him."

"He was convinced in the end, then?"

"I'm not sure that he was convinced. I was talking to him one day and he told me, privately, that he wasn't any more persuaded than ever he was. He said he'd lost his taste for arguing. My own belief is that the man was cowed, and that if J. J. had wanted him to swear publicly to the truth of all the confessions of faith of all the Churches in Christendom he'd have done it for fear of having to argue any more. And he wasn't the only man in the place that changed his way of living. There was more than one that gave up beating his wife on account of the amount of talk he got from J. J. whenever he was caught at it. The very worst of them mended their language. You'd see a man looking



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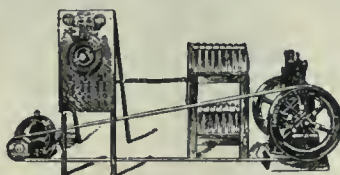


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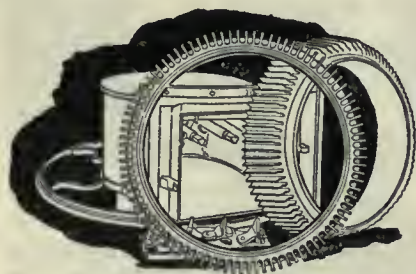
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The "Hecla" Steel Ribbed (Patented) Fire Pot is a step far in advance of any other fire pot. Instead of thick and sandy cast iron flanges of thick and sandy cast iron flanges

those in the "Hecla" are steel and are neat and clean. Being uniform, they can be set so close together that, where we formerly used 19 cast iron flanges we now use 97 steel ones without covering any more of the primary surface of the pot.

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round him and up and down the road before he'd venture on a simple 'damn.' I needn't tell you, Father Mulcrone, that the necessity for that sort of precaution takes all the pleasure out of a swear. And as for drink——"

"What did he do about the drink? I've had my own trouble over that. Since ever the people of Inishgowlan got the gold out of the yacht I've been administering the temperance pledge to them in batches of half a dozen at a time, and often to the same lot twice in six months. I'd like to hear what Mr. Meldon did about the drink."

"I don't quite know how he did it," said the Major, "but I'm told that whenever a man in that parish feels that he must have a burst he goes off somewhere else and doesn't come back till there isn't a sign left on him of what he's been doing. And even so he's generally made to feel sorry for himself."

"I'd like to have a talk with Mr. Meldon about the way he manages."

THE END.

Tracing the Parent Disease

Startling Effect of the Ultra-violet Rays on Bacilli Causing Them to Change Their Form

From Lloyds' Weekly.

MME. VICTOR HENRI, a woman bacteriologist, has made one of the most important discoveries in that branch of research for many years. She has succeeded by subjecting bacteria to the action of ultra-violet rays, in creating a new species, causing a new disease, from a species already known.

The experiment was made with an anthrax bacillus, the shape of which was changed by the effect of the rays and injected into a guinea pig. The new bacillus caused a slowly-developing disease, differing in every respect from anthrax.

Mme. Henri deduces from her discovery that the law of evolution applies to bacteria as to other living organisms, and she thinks that the multitudes of existing species may have come from a few primitive forms which, under the action of light, underwent numerous transformations and engendered a multitude of varieties responsible for diseases known to science.

Particulars of the discovery were on Monday communicated to the Academy of Sciences by Dr. Roux, the director of the Pasteur Institute.

The members of the Academy are unanimous regarding the capital importance of the discovery, not only from a practical standpoint, as showing the way to the efficacious treatment of a malignant disease, but also as opening up an entirely new field of investigation in the history and evolution of the many species of bacteria and the diseases due to them.

Mme. Henri is the young and handsome wife of the assistant director of the

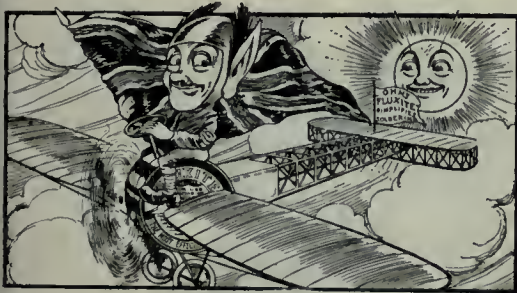
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laboratory at the Sorbonne, and has studied a good deal with her husband. She is one of the workers in the laboratory of cancer research at the Pasteur Institute. Some five months ago she noticed something very peculiar as she was turning the glass tubes containing myriads of microbes under an ultra-violet arc-lamp. It was a fact that had escaped the notice of all observers before her, and it seemed to her therefore only the more interesting.

Whilst she was watching the behavior of the microbes under the light they seemed to undergo certain transformations, and, to her astonishment, they finally evolutionized into quite new varieties, so much so that she had doubt at first whether she had not mistaken the tube of one set of microbes for another.

She tried several times, the same experiment, and each time hundreds of millions of microbes of one variety which she had in the tube before her became transformed into microbes of quite a different appearance. There was no doubt, as the glass tubes could not have been mixed up.

The subject became intensely interesting, and she called the attention of the chief of the laboratory, Dr. Borel, who also realized that here was something which he had never observed before. The microbes transformed themselves while under observation.

The discovery warranted further research, and the particular microbes which had attracted Mme. Henri's attention being those of anthrax, she subjected them to a prolonged exposure to the ultra-violet rays, and under the influence of these rays the microbes became transformed into microbes conveying an infection which has more analogy to diphtheria than to anthrax.

To test their virulence they were inoculated into guinea pigs, and it was immediately observed that they communicated a disease that did not come under any particular classification.

An extraordinary and new field was opened to speculation. If different microbes, as they become transformed into new and strange varieties, cause new and strange diseases, may it not be that originally all microbes were of one species, and that in millions of ages they became transformed into an infinite variety, causing at the same time an endless variety of diseases? Carrying the speculation further, one might have arrived at the hypothesis that in the beginning there was only one species of microbe and only one mortal disease.

Some of these speculations were hinted at by Dr. Roux in his communication to the Academy.

Mme. Henri says that the diseases produced by the transformed microbes were in all instances slightly less virulent than the diseases with which they had an analogy. There seems to be some hope, therefore, that as the microbes of the various diseases continue to become transformed the diseases themselves will become less virulent.

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Adventures of Madelyn Mack

Continued from Page 19.

I resumed my chair at a sign from Madelyn, and our visitor stared out into the grey dusk, with the lines of his clean-shaven face showing the uneasiness and worry of the past twenty-four hours.

Madelyn was the first to speak. "Will you tell me candidly, Mr. Van Sutton, why you objected so persistently to your daughter's marriage?"

Our caller swung around in his chair as though a shot had been fired at his elbow. "What do you mean, young woman?"

Madelyn dropped her chin on to her hand and the fleeting twinkle I know so well flashed into her eyes. "Six months ago, you positively refused to consider Norris Endicott as your daughter's suitor. Three months ago he approached you again and you refused him a second time. It was only four weeks ago, that you gave your consent—a somewhat grudging one, if I must be plain—and the date of the wedding was fixed almost immediately."

Adolph Van Sutton stared across at Madelyn with widening eyes. The flush faded from his cheeks, leaving them a dull white.

"I employed you, Miss Mack, to trace Norris Endicott, not to burrow into my personal affairs!"

Madelyn stepped toward the door. "I will send in the bill for my services within the week, Mr. Van Sutton. Did you leave your hat in the hall?"

"Am I to understand that you are throwing up the case?"

"Yes, sir."

Adolph Van Sutton thrust his hands restlessly into his pockets. "I—I beg your pardon, Miss Mack! Please sit down, and overlook a nervous man's excitability. You can hardly understand the strain I am under. You were asking me—what was it you were asking me? Ah, you were inquiring into my relations with young Endicott!"

Mr. Van Sutton rolled his handkerchief into a ball between his hands as Madelyn coldly resumed her chair. "There is really nothing to tell you. You are a woman of the world, Miss Mack. I objected to Mr. Endicott as a husband for my daughter because, frankly, he was a poor man—and Bertha has hardly been raised in a manner that would teach her economy. Have I made myself clear?" He dropped his handkerchief into his pocket and his lips tightened. "Bertha had her own way in the end—as she generally does—and I gave in. Is there anything more?"

"I believe that personally you preferred Willard White as a son-in-law. Am I right?"

"What of it?"

Madelyn gave a little sigh. "Nothing—nothing! You have been very patient, Mr. Van Sutton. I am going to ask you just one question, more—before we leave for 'The Maples.' Does the second story veranda under Mr. Endicott's window extend along the entire side of the house?"

I think that we both stared at her.

"The second story veranda?" repeated Mr. Van Sutton. "I thought you told me that you had never been to my home!"

Madelyn snapped her fingers with a suggestion of impatience. "I know there must be such a veranda! There could be no other way—" She bit her sentence through as though checking an unspoken thought. "Unless I am mistaken, it extends from the front entirely to the rear. Am I correct?"

"You are, but—"

Madelyn pressed the bell at her elbow. "I see you have brought your automobile. I will take the liberty of asking you to share our dinner here. Then we can start for 'The Maples' immediately afterward. With luck we should reach there shortly after eight. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Really, Miss Mack—"

But Madelyn waved her hand, and the matter was settled.

III.

THE clock was exactly on the stroke of eight when our machine whirled through the broad gate of "The Maples," after an invigorating dash through the New Jersey shadows. At the end of the driveway we saw the colonial mansion, whose wedding night festivities had been so abruptly shattered.

If we had expected a house buried in the gloom of mystery we were disappointed. "The Maples" was a blaze of light from cellar to attic. It was not until the automobile stopped at the front veranda, and the solemn face of the butler presented itself with its mutely questioning glance, that we found our first hint of crime or tragedy.

Mr. Van Sutton conducted us at once to the library—a long, high, massively furnished room toward the end of the central hall extending entirely through the house. At the door, he turned with a short bow.

"It is needless to say, of course, that the house and its inmates are at your service. I am completely ignorant of your methods, Miss Mack. If you will let me know—"

He stopped, for Madelyn had walked over to one of the long dormer windows and stood staring out into the darkness, with her hands beating a low tattoo on the glass.

"Is Mr. Endicott's room on this side?" she asked without turning.

"Almost directly overhead."

"And the drawing-room—where the ceremony was to have been performed—I take it, is on the other side?"

There was a faraway note in her voice, which told me that she hardly heard Mr. Van Sutton's formal assent.

For perhaps three minutes she remained peering out into the shadowy lawn, as oblivious to our presence as though she had been alone. Our host was pacing back and forth over the polished floor when she whirled.



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"Will you take me up to Mr. Endicott's room now, please?"

Mr. Van Sutton strode to the door with an air of relief. "I, myself, will escort you."

Madelyn did not speak during the ascent to the upper floor. Once Mr. Van Sutton ventured a remark, but she made no effort to reply, and he desisted with a shrug. She did not even break her silence when he threw open the door of a chamber at the end of the corridor, and we realized that we were in the room of the missing bridegroom.

For a moment we paused at the threshold, as our guide found the switch and turned on the electric lights. It was a large, airy apartment, with a small alcove at one end containing a bed, and a door at the other end opening into a marble-tiled bathroom. An effort had been made to preserve the contents exactly as they had been found on the previous evening. The dressing table was still strewn with a varied assortment of toilet articles, as though they had just been dropped. The curtain of one window was jerked to the top, while its companion hung decorously to the sill.

Madelyn darted merely a cursory glance at the room. Stepping across to the writing table, she seized the waste paper basket leaning against its side. It was empty. In spite of this fact, she lifted it to the table and whipped out a small magnifying glass from her handbag. For fully five minutes she bent over it, studying the woven straw with as much eagerness as a miner searching for gold dust.

When she straightened, her eyes flashed uncertainly around the walls. Directly opposite was an asbestos grate of gas logs. She sank on to her knees before it, the magnifying glass again to her eyes.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Mack?" Mr. Van Sutton asked impatiently.

She did not even glance in our direction. Rising to her feet, she stepped back to the writing-table where two ash trays were resting. "Were these Mr. Endicott's?"

"I—I suppose so. Why?"

Madelyn carried the trays nearer to the light. One held a litter of ashes; the second tray both ashes and crumbling cigarette stubs. I caught a curious flicker of satisfaction in her eyes.

"Mr. Endicott must have been something of a smoker, wasn't he?" she asked, as though mentioning a self-evident fact.

"On the contrary, he was not!" retorted Mr. Van Sutton.

"Good!" she cried so heartily that we both stared at her. As she returned the trays, her abstraction vanished. I even caught the fragment of a tune under her breath when she threw open the door of the roomy closet at the other side of the room. It was Schumann's "Traumerei."

A man's light grey street suit was hanging from the row of clothes hooks on the wall. On the floor, a pair of shoes had been tossed. It did not need our host's terse comment to tell us that they belonged to Norris Endicott.

"You will find nothing there, Miss Mack," he volunteered. "The police have

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had the pockets inside out half a dozen times!"

A cry from Madelyn interrupted him. She had passed the suit with a shrug and had seized the discarded shoes.

"What is it?" Mr. Van Sutton demanded, pressing forward.

Madelyn tossed the shoes back to the floor. Closing the door, she stood tapping her jade bracelet. Again I thought that I heard the strains of "Traumerei." "I was once asked to name a detective's first rule of guidance," she said irrelevantly. "I answered to remember always that nothing is trivial—in crime." She paused. "Every day I find something new to prove the correctness of my rule!"

"But surely you have discovered nothing—"

Madelyn gazed at the owner of "The Maples" with her peculiar twinkle. "There are two persons in this house with whom I would like a few moments' conversation. They are the butler and Miss Van Sutton's maid. Could you have them sent to the library?"

"Certainly. Is there anything else?"

Madelyn reached absently across to the ash trays again. There seemed a peculiar fascination for her in their prosaic litter.

"Could I also have the honor of a short interview with your daughter?"

Mr. Van Sutton inclined his head and stepped into the hall. As I followed him, the door was closed sharply behind us. I whirled around and heard the key turn. Madelyn had locked herself in.

Mr. Van Sutton straightened with a frown. Then, without a word, he spun about on his heels and strode toward his daughter's boudoir. I descended the stairs alone.

It was almost a quarter of an hour later that Madelyn rejoined me. She nodded briefly to the butler, who was sitting on the edge of a chair as stiffly erect as a ramrod. But she did not pause. Hardly deigning a glance at me, she stepped over to the long shelves of books, built higher than her arms could reach, and her hand zigzagged along the rich leather bindings and gilt letters. Selecting a massive morocco volume from one of the central rows, she dropped into the nearest seat. The book was an encyclopedia, extending from the letter "H" to the letter "N."

As she spread it open in her lap, apparently for the first time she recalled the butler. She glanced up.

"You will excuse me?"

"Yes, madam!"

"I will be through in a moment!"

"Yes, madam!"

Jenkins' face resumed its stolidness, and Madelyn's gaze dropped to her book. She could not have read a dozen lines, however, when she closed it and sprang to her feet. She paced across the library, her hands behind her back.

"I have only one question to ask, Jenkins."

"Yes, madam!"

"I wish to know whether Mr. Endicott ordered a tray of ashes brought up to his room last night?"

Jenkins' eyes widened and his hands dropped to his sides. "A tray of ashes?" he stammered.

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"I believe that is what I said?"

With a visible effort Jenkins recovered his composure. His twenty years' training had not been in vain. "No, madam!" he answered in a rather dubious tone.

"Are you absolutely sure? I may tell you that a great deal depends upon your answer!"

Jenkins' voice recovered its steadiness. "I am quite sure!"

"Is it possible that you would not know?"

"I am confident that I would know!"

Madelyn sank into the leather rocker by her side, with an expression of the most genuine disappointment that I have ever seen her exhibit. In the silence that followed, the ticking of the colonial clock in the corner sounded with harsh distinctness. Outside in the hall I fancied I heard a repressed cough. Miss Van Sutton's maid evidently was awaiting her turn. Madelyn's slight, black-garbed figure had fallen back in her chair, and her right hand was pressed over her eyes.

"Would you mind leaving the room for a few moments, Nora? No, Jenkins, I wish that you would stay. I find that I have another question for you."

Annette, the maid, was walking back and forth in the hall as I opened the door. She glanced toward me, but did not speak. I had hardly noted the details of her figure, however, when the door of the library opened again and the butler followed me. Dull wonder was written on his face as he nodded shortly to the girl to take his place.

My thoughts were broken by the swish of skirts on the stairs. The next moment I faced Adolph Van Sutton and his daughter. This was the first time during the day that I had seen the latter. She had remained locked in her room since morning, denying all interviewers, and only giving Detective Wiley a scant five minutes after his third request. I had expected to find evidences of a pronounced strain after her prostration of the previous evening, but I was startled by her pallor as her father took her arm and led her down the hall.

Of all the heart-broken women, whether of cottage or mansion, with whom my newspaper career has brought me in contact, there was no figure more pathetic than that of the heiress of the Van Sutton millions as she swayed toward me on that eventful night.

Bertha Van Sutton crossed wearily into the library as the maid emerged. "I have one favor to request, Miss Mack, and if you have ever suffered in your life-time, you will grant it. Please be as brief as possible!"

"Do you want me here?" her father asked.

Madelyn had walked over to the book shelves, and was again delving into the pages of the morocco encyclopedia. "I would prefer not!" she answered without looking up.

It was well toward half-past nine (I had glanced at my watch a dozen times) when the two women in the library emerged. The form of Bertha Van Sutton was bent even more than before, and it was evident at a glance that the strain



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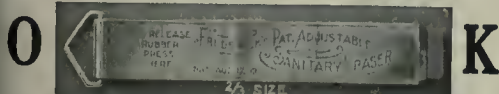
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of the interview had brought her almost to the point of a collapse.

As I started forward, the light flashed for an instant on a round gleaming object in Madelyn Mack's hand. It was the small silver ball that had been found in Norris Endicott's room.

At that moment, the front bell tinkled through the house. There was a short conversation in the vestibule, and then Jenkins ushered a tall, loosely jointed figure into the hall. It was Detective Wiley of the Newark headquarters. (Of course the affair at "The Maples" had come under the jurisdiction of the New Jersey police.)

The detective's ruddy face, with its stubble of beard, was flushed with an unusual excitement, and his stiff, sandy moustache stood out in two bristling lines from his mouth. He received Madelyn's bow with a short, half contemptuous nod, as he snapped out, "I'm right after all, Mr. Van Sutton! It's murder—nothing more nor less!"

"Murder!" The gasp came from Bertha Van Sutton. For an instant I thought she was about to faint.

Wiley glanced around the group with a suggestion of conscious importance which did not leave him, even in the tension of the moment.

"We have found Mr. Endicott's clothes in Thompson's Creek—and the coat is covered with blood!"

Madelyn Mack gently led Bertha Van Sutton to the chair I had vacated. One hand was stroking the girl's temples as she turned.

"You are wrong, Mr. Wiley!" she said quietly. "For the peace of mind of this household, I am willing to stake my reputation that you are wrong."

Detective Wiley whirled with a sneer. "Really, you astound me, my lady policeman! May I humbly inquire how your pink tea wisdom deduces so much?"

Madelyn smoothed the folds of her coat as she straightened. "I have promised Miss Van Sutton that if she and her father will call at 'The Rosary' tomorrow afternoon at four, I will give them a complete explanation of this unfortunate affair! You may call also if you are interested, Mr. Wiley—and don't arrest the murderer in the meantime! Will you kindly loan us your motor for the trip back to town, Mr. Van Sutton?"

IV.

I CONFESS that I approached Madelyn Mack's chalet the next day with pronounced skepticism. The morning papers of both New York and Newark had been crammed with the discovery of Norris Endicott's blood-stained garments, and were full of hysterical praise for the "masterly work" of Detective Joseph Wiley.

Some one had found that Madelyn Mack had also been retained in the case, and the reporters had tried in vain to obtain an interview. In the face of her silence, the applause for the police had become even more emphasized.

She was alone when I entered; but, as I pointed to the clock just on the verge of four, she held up her hand. The bell



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sounded through the house, and the next moment Susan conducted Adolph Van Sutton and his daughter into the room.

In the confusion of the greeting, the signs of nervous strain on Madelyn's face struck me sharply. It did not need her weary admission to tell me that she had spent a racking day, nor that she had had frequent recourse to the stimulant of her cola berries. Even her hair, about whose arrangement she generally was precise to the point of nervousness, was dishevelled, and once, when Peter the Great thrust his nose in her lap, she ordered him impatiently away.

The Van Suttons had hardly seated themselves when there was a step in the hall and the last guest of the afternoon made his appearance. There was not the slightest hint of ill humor in Madelyn's greeting as Detective Wiley somewhat awkwardly took the hand that she extended to him.

"Have you traced the murderer yet, Mr. Wiley?"

"No, but I expect to have him in custody within the next twenty-four hours!" Detective Wiley dropped heavily into his chair and crossed his knees.

"May I ask if you have found the body?"

"I can't say that we have, but we have certain information which—"

Madelyn walked over to the end of the room where she could face the entire group. She was the only one of us who was standing.

"Then I am more fortunate than you are!"

The detective bounded from his seat, his sandy moustache—the barometer of his emotions—bristling. "I am not a man to trifle with, Miss Mack. Do you mean to tell me—"

"That I have discovered the body of Norris Endicott? You have caught my meaning exactly!"

Wiley stood staring at her in a sort of tongue-tied amazement. A gasp recalled me to the other occupants of the room. Bertha Van Sutton was devouring Madelyn's face as though pleading with her to end her suspense. Her father was stroking her hand.

Madelyn stepped to the door and threw it open. On the threshold stood a young man in a brown tweed suit, with a purple lump showing just at the edge of his hair. He stared at us as though he were dazed by a sudden light.

Bertha Van Sutton darted across the room, with a cry, and threw herself into his arms.

It was Norris Endicott.

Madelyn sprang to her side, with a query intensely practical—and intensely feminine. "Has she fainted?"

"I—think so." Norris Endicott stood gazing down at his burden helplessly.

"We must carry her into the next room then—take hold of her shoulders, please! No, the rest of you stand back! It needs a woman to take care of a woman!"

Detective Wiley strode over to the desk telephone and called police headquarters. He had just turned from the instrument when the door opened and Madelyn returned.

"She is all right, I assure you!" she cried hastily, as Adolph Van Sutton

started from his chair. "I have left her with Mr. Endicott. On the whole, he is the best nurse we could find. Sit down, Mr. Wiley. You will find that rocker more comfortable, Mr. Van Sutton. It is not a long story that I have to tell, but it contains its tragedy—and we have to thank Providence that it isn't a double one!"

She paused, as though marshalling her thoughts. Detective Wiley surveyed her uneasily.

"I am sorry to inform you, Mr. Van Sutton, that your daughter is a widow! Or perhaps—as I wish to be entirely frank—I should say that I am glad to convey this announcement to you!" Her slight, black figure bent forward. "Your daughter's husband was one of the greatest scamps that ever went unpunished!"

"But my daughter never had a husband, Miss Mack! You forget—"

"I forget nothing! Has it ever occurred to you that there might be a chapter in Miss Van Sutton's life unknown to you? Pray keep your seat, my dear sir! You are a man of the world and a father. You have the knowledge of the one and the heart of the other. When I tell you that during your daughter's college days—Nora, will you kindly pour Mr. Van Sutton a little of that brandy? Thank you!"

Madelyn did not change her position as the owner of "The Maples" gulped down the liquor. She waited until he had finished, chin still on her hand, her eyes never shifting.

"Let me give you the explanation of our mystery in a few words, Mr. Van Sutton. The wedding ceremony of Wednesday night was not performed—because your daughter was already a wife! Norris Endicott disappeared from 'The Maples'—eliminated himself—to save her from one of the most agonizing alternatives that ever confronted a woman!"

Behind me, I heard Detective Wiley give a cry of sudden comprehension.

"Incredible, impossible as it may seem, Miss Van Sutton did not know of the barrier to her marriage until the ceremony was less than an hour distant. What she would have done under other circumstances I don't know. It was the man, who was waiting to lead her to the altar, who came to her rescue!"

Madelyn spoke in as emotionless a tone as though she were discussing the weather. There was even a bored note in her voice as though the glamor of the problem had left her—with its solution.

"To understand the situation, we must go back quite five years. When Miss Van Sutton was a senior at Vassar she fell in love with the matinee idol of a New York stock company. Reginald Winters was a man with a character as shallow as his heart. Bluntly, he knew of your wealth, and schemed to gain a part of it. You don't find the situation unusual, do you? In the end, he persuaded Miss Bertha to elope with him. But he made a slight error. He did not investigate your disposition until after the marriage.

"He was too shrewd to risk an open avowal and a paternal storm. Rather a canny villain, as a matter of fact! He set on foot a series of inquiries which showed him, too late, that, rather than accept him

in your house, you would lose your daughter.

"A disinherited heiress did not appeal to him. Less than a week after the elopement, your daughter awoke to the fact that she was deserted. Mr. Van Sutton, you must calm yourself! I warn you I will not relate the sequel unless you do!"

"Fate plays us queer pranks. Or is it Fate? I come now to the first suggestion of the fantastic. A year later, Miss Van Sutton read in a report of a wreck—somewhere in the West, I believe—that Reginald Winters had been killed. I don't know what her emotions were. I imagine she was like the prisoner who inhales his first breath of freedom.

"I think you can guess the next chapter? Am I verging too much on the lines of the woman novelist? It was not until the evening which was to have made her the bride of Norris Endicott, that she discovered her ghastly mistake—which another hour would have made still more ghastly.

"Reginald Winters not only was living, but he had followed her to her father's door. To make our melodrama complete, in a characteristic note he reminded her of the disagreeable fact that she was his wife."

Madelyn's eyes closed wearily. When she opened them, the lines of strain on her face seemed more intense than ever—in contrast to her light tone.

"In a novel, the bride driven to desperation, would have killed her Nemesis. But women of real life seldom have the desperation of those of romance. Bertha Van Sutton turned to the last refuge in the world that the woman in the novel would have sought. She carried her burden and her problem to the man who was waiting to place his wedding ring on her finger.

"She dismissed her maid, bolted the door of her room, and stepped out on the veranda below, with a dark cloak thrown over her white dress. Once at Norris Endicott's apartment, it was a matter of only an instant to bring him to the window.

"He comprehended the situation in a flash. Of course, it was obvious enough—after the first shock. The marriage could not take place. But how could it be prevented? The girl could have told the truth, of course. Was there no other way? And then Endicott made his decision. He must disappear—until he could find and reckon with the man who was threatening her. A Don Quixotic plan? Could you have made a better one? He sent Miss Van Sutton back to her room, and made his preparations for flight.

"It was not until the clock struck eight, however, that he nerved himself to the crucial step, and swung out from the veranda to the lawn below. It was a drop of perhaps twelve feet, and he made it without accident. While Willard White was calling his name through the room, he was watching him from the shadows of the yard.

"Now we come again to the unkindness of Fate. He was threading his way through the shrubbery adjoining Thompson's Creek when his foot caught in a vine and he was thrown to the ground. His head struck on a stone and for nearly

an hour he lay unconscious. When he struggled to his feet, his coat and collar were matted with blood.

"Without a thought of possible consequences, he dropped them into the water. I believe that is where you found them, Mr. Wiley. It was nearly daylight when he reached his rooms, almost exhausted.

"He had but one coherent thought. He must find Reginald Winters—without delay and without publicity. The note, which the actor had written to Miss Van Sutton, contained the address of his hotel—an obscure Fourth Avenue boarding-house in New York. It was easy enough to find the hotel—but the man was out.

"All of that day and night he watched the building, like a hungry dog watches a bone. It was not until this morning that Winters returned. Then he reappeared in the street so quickly that Endicott had no time to follow him up to his room.

"The actor swung off toward Broadway, with Endicott stubbornly following him. At Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, there was a tie-up of the surface cars, and the crossing was jammed. I see you are anticipating what followed. Winters plunged into the swarm of vehicles, absorbed in his thoughts. Just before he reached the curb, a dray swayed before him. He dodged—too late. The bearing team crushed him to the pavement.

"When they picked him up he was quite dead.

"It was over his body that Norris Endicott and I met for the first time—with the realization that Bertha Van Sutton was free.

"As a matter of fact, I had been shadowing Mr. Endicott, as you would express it, Mr. Wiley, for several hours." Madelyn pushed back her chair and walked across the room, drawing long, deep breaths.

"Have I made myself quite clear?"

"Are you a woman or a wizard?" asked Adolph Van Sutton.

Detective Wiley sprang to his feet. "I'm doing what I never thought I would have to do, Miss Mack." He held out his hand. "Apologizing to a petticoat detective! But I don't see how on earth you did it!"

Madelyn shrugged. "Now we are depending to the commonplace." She leaned against the mantel with a yawn. Adolph Van Sutton thrust an unlighted cigar into his mouth.

"Have you done me the honor to remember a certain maxim of mine—that nothing is trivial in crime? But—this is not a lecture on deduction!

"Miss Van Sutton's connection with the fair really was plain after that first newspaper report. By the way, Nora, did you write the description of the bride's wedding dress? I thought I recognized your style. May I congratulate you? From the viewpoint—"

"Aren't we veering from the subject, Miss Mack?" Detective Wiley broke in impatiently.

"Do you think so?" Madelyn's eyes rested on his florid face. "I was particularly interested, Nora, in your account of the bride's coiffure. I agree with you at it was decidedly becoming. I remember that you mentioned that her point

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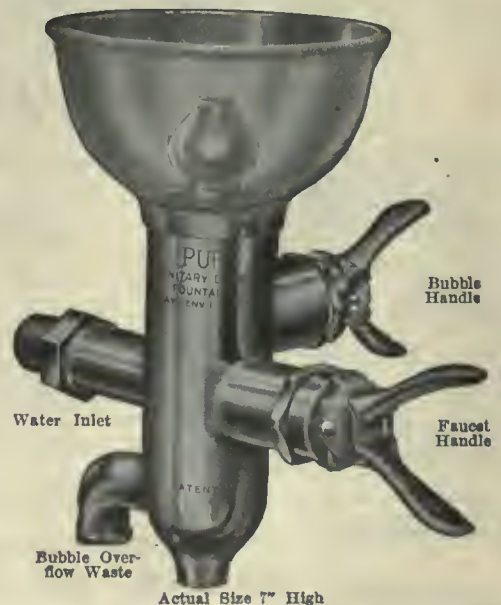
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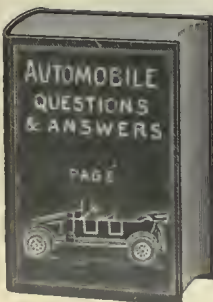
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d'esprit veil was fastened by two long pins, each with a sterling silver ball as head."

A sudden light broke over me. "And the silver ball that was found in Norris Endicott's room was one of those, of course!"

Madelyn smiled. "Your penetration amazes me! It was your own report of the case that gave me my first and most important clue before we left this house."

"I think you will agree that my inference was plain enough. Miss Van Sutton had visited Norris Endicott's room after she was dressed for the ceremony—consequently just before his disappearance. She had kept the fact secret—and she was so agitated that she did not miss the loss of a valuable hair ornament. Why?"

"There was another question that I put to myself. How had she reached the room? The discovery of the silver ball on the sill suggested, of course, the window. What was under the window? Here I found that a second-storey veranda extended along the entire side of the house. Miss Van Sutton then had only to step out of her own window to find a channel of communication ready for her. You see, I had a fairly good working foundation before we entered 'The Maples.'"

"You may recall that I found much interest in Endicott's ash trays. Have you ever studied the relation of tobacco to human emotions. Mr. Wiley? You will find it a singularly suggestive field of thought, I assure you."

"The number of cigarette-ends impressed you, perhaps, as it did me. I don't know whether you noticed that, in nearly every case, the cigarette had only been half consumed—and was so torn and crushed as to suggest that it had been thrown aside in disgust. What was the natural conclusion? Obviously, that a man in an extreme state of nervous excitement had been smoking. Now, what could agitate Norris Endicott so remarkably? Not his approaching wedding, surely! Then what? How about the sudden necessity of eliminating himself from the wedding?"

"In the closet, you may remember, I found a pair of the bridegroom's shoes. In their way, their presence was exceedingly remarkable. On the hooks, above the street suit which Endicott had taken off in preparing for the ceremony. The shoes, however, were the thin-soled expensive foot-wear that a man would use only on dress occasions. What had become of the street shoes that you would expect to find in the closet? My course of reasoning was simple. After Endicott had dressed for the wedding, something had occurred which forced him to change back to his heavier boots. What? To knowledge, of course, that he was about to leave the house on a rough trip. You now have the conclusion that he vanished of his own volition, that he knew where and why he was going, and that he made certain plans for leaving."

"It was the next point which I found the most baffling—and which led me to my first error." Madelyn came to a pause by the rug of Peter the Great. The dog rose, yawning, to his feet and thrust its nose into her hand.

"Perhaps you are wondering, Mr. V."

Sutton, why I locked myself into the room after you and Miss Noraker had left? Frankly, I was not satisfied with my investigation—and I wanted to be alone. For instance, there was an object on Mr. Endicott's dressing table that puzzled me greatly. Under ordinary circumstances I might not have noticed it. It was the second tray of ashes.

"They were not tobacco ashes. It didn't need a second glance to tell me that they had come from a wood fire. Certainly there had not been a wood fire in that room—and, if there had been, why the necessity of preserving so small a part of the ashes?

"I will admit frankly that I was about to give up the problem in disgust when I remembered my examination of the waste paper basket and the grate. I had reasoned that Mr. Endicott's flight had been made necessary after he entered the house. By what? What more likely than a message, perhaps a note, perhaps a telegram? In nine cases out of ten, a nervous man would have burned or destroyed such a message; but, in spite of my closest search, I found no traces of it. It was not until I was moving away from my saucer of ashes that my search was rewarded. In the tray was a single torn fragment of white paper.

"There were no others. Either the shreds had been carefully gathered up after the message was destroyed—which was hardly likely—or the fragment before me had been torn from a corner in a moment of agitation. But why had I found it in the ashes?"

Madelyn glanced up at Mr. Van Sutton with an abrupt turning of the subject. "Do you ever read 'Ovid'?"

The owner of "The Maples" gazed at her with a frown of bewilderment.

"Really, you are missing a decided treat, Mr. Van Sutton. There is a quaint charm about those early Greek poets for which I have looked in vain in our modern literature. Ovid's verses on love, for instance, and his whimsical letters to maidens who have fallen early victims to the divine passion—"

"Are you joking or torturing me, Miss Mack?"

Madelyn's face grew suddenly grave. "I am sorry. Believe me, I beg your pardon! But—it was Ovid who showed me the purpose of the tray of ashes! In one of his most famous verses there is a recipe for sympathetic ink, designed to assist in the writing of discreet love letters, I believe.

"It is astonishingly simple. No mysterious chemicals, no visits to a pharmacist. Instead of ink, you write your letters in—milk! Of course, the words are invisible. Apparently you are leaving no trace on the paper. Rub the sheet with wood ashes, however, and your message is perfectly legible! I don't know where Ovid found the recipe. It has survived, though, for seventeen hundred years. There is only one caution in its use. Make sure that the milk is not skimmed!

"A letter in invisible ink, you will admit, was thoroughly in keeping with the other details of our mystery. The encyclopedia in the library convinced me that I had made no mistake in my recipe—and then I turned to the butler, and my theory

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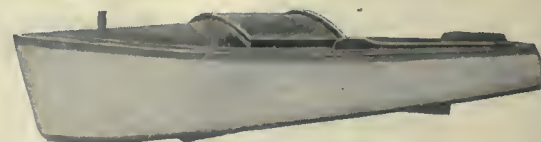
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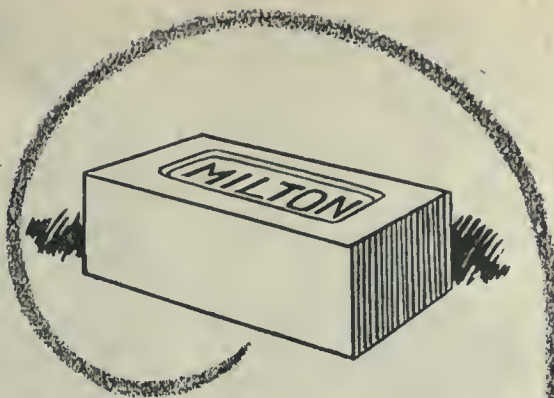
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received its first jar. Mr. Endicott had ordered no saucer of ashes. Moreover, no note, no telegram, not even a telephone call had come for him.

"For a moment, I was absolutely hopeless. Then I sent you from the room, Nora, so that Jenkins would not feel constrained to silence—and put the question which solved the problem.

"It was not Jenkins, however, who gave me my answer. It was Miss Van Sutton's maid. The tray of ashes had not been ordered by the groom. It had been ordered—by the bride.

"I may as well add here that Miss Van Sutton explained to me later that this had been the method of communication between her and Reginald Winters. She had suggested it herself in her college days when Ovid was almost her daily companion. It was Winter's custom to scribble his initial on the corner of the paper. This was her clue, of course, that the apparently blank sheet contained a communication."

Madelyn stooped over the shaggy form of Peter the Great, and his tongue caressed her hand.

"It was at this juncture that Miss Van Sutton was ushered into the library. I did not ask her for the note. I was well enough acquainted with my sex to know that this would be useless. I told her what was in it—and requested her to tell me if I was wrong."

Madelyn walked back to her chair, and, for the first time during her recital, the lines in her face relaxed.

"She gave me the note—I believe that is all. Of course, Winters' address told me where I would find Norris Endicott, and I located him this morning. Is there anything else?"

There was no answer.

"Nora," said Madelyn, turning to me. "Would you mind starting the phonograph? I think that Rubenstein's 'Melody in F' would suit my mood perfectly. Thank you!"

Early in the following week the postponed wedding of Norris Endicott and Bertha Van Sutton was quietly performed, and the couple departed on a tour of Europe. The bride did not see the body of Reginald Winters. Months afterward, however, I learned that she had bought a secluded grave-lot for the man who had so nearly brought disaster to her life.

In Madelyn Mack's relic case to-day, there are two objects of peculiar interest to me. One is a small, silver ball, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The other is an apparently blank sheet of paper—except for a bold, dashing "W" in the upper right-hand corner.

Alan Sullivan's powerful story "The Things That Count," will be concluded in the September number. On announcing this feature in our July number we said: "The clear insight into the workings of the human mind, the masterly handling of throbbing, thrilling situations, that Mr. Sullivan has displayed, make one mentally compare this story with the best of de Balzac." Read the first installment in this number and judge if our appraisal has not been amply borne out.

Rose Stahl

Continued from Page 32.

begun. The important part of it all is that Rose Stahl was chosen as Janice, to appear in a theatre, above the door of which her own name in variegated electric flickered out the news that a new star had been born.

Rose Stahl a star, after a varied experience in stock and all the technicalities of stagemod! It did not seem an unnatural sequence.

But "Janice Meredith" did not hold the public. And those who were observant knew that Rose Stahl had not found the play which suited her. Result, exit J.M. to the second-rate houses.

Her next venture was the role of Hope Lovejoy, with William Bonelli in "A Man of the World." This lasted for a season.

It was about that time that James Forbes, also a Canadian from the little village of Salem, Ontario, wrote a sketch called "The Chorus Girl." Forbes was at that time general-manager of the Henry B. Harris enterprises. This same theatrical syndicate had had its eye on Rose Stahl for some time. It had detected her wonderful gift of humor and pathos.

An audience likes to laugh. And it likes also to have the laugh dissolve in tears, then weep itself back to smiles. Rose Stahl could render any audience as fickle as the proverbial sex to which she belonged. And the managers knew this. So it seemed only natural, when James Forbes wrote his immortal sketch, that Rose Stahl should be chosen for it. For it gave plenty of opportunity for laughs, with a few sobs sandwiched in between.

It was on the night of June 13th, 1904, that she appeared at Proctor's Music Hall in the role of Patricia O'Brian, which since has become so celebrated. After two years of overwhelming success, she took it to London, to the Palace Theatre, where she met with equally great success. On her return to America, the piece was extended to a four-act comedy, under the title of "The Chorus Lady" and produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, September 1st, 1906.

She had found herself. She took New York by storm. She began to wonder if she would ever find a successor for her play. There was plenty of time, however, to think of this. "The Chorus Lady" was destined to break all records for length of run.

For five successive seasons, she appeared in it, the reward of each being greater than its predecessor. Rose Stahl was famous. So was James Forbes. So was "The Chorus Lady." And Rose Stahl and James Forbes began to add many shekels to their respective coffers. And money is the greatest material proof that one has nowadays of success. For five seasons Rose Stahl saw her name flickering out above several theatre entrances and underneath it, the words "The Chorus Lady."

It was almost time for a change. Charles Klein, the playwright, knew that it was

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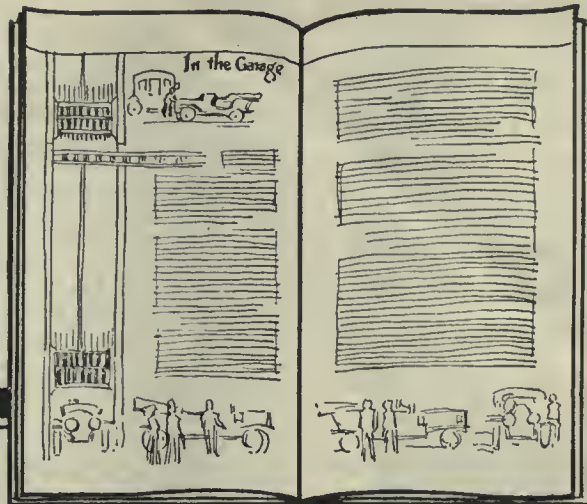
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time for a change. In fact, he had been thinking about the successor to "The Chorus Lady," for some time. And he was ready, when Miss Stahl decided to say farewell to Patricia O'Brian.

He came up to Toronto with Miss Stahl and her company, and tried out the play he had chosen to succeed "The Chorus Lady." This was called "Maggie Pepper." It was cut and re-cut and built up again

until, at the end of that Toronto week, it was materially changed.

The result was as gratifying as "The Chorus Lady." Rose Stahl reaped more financial harvests, and her fields stretched from coast to coast. It was during a recent run of "Maggie Pepper" that she bought the shoals of precious stones from the Edmonton dealer.

Has she found herself?

The Things That Count

Continued from Page 25.

A long silence. She looked at him bravely, not a driven desperate creature, but a woman tremulous with some new and great thought that was slowly thrusting itself through a wounded and quivering soul. "Could I help—really? Do you want me to? Am I of any use?"

"My dear," said the bishop very gently, but with something in his voice that thrilled her, "come and see."

She faced him with head lifted and an unconscious straightening of slight shoulders. "I think I will go out of town for a while and—and try and find myself; and then"—she glanced up with exquisite and delicate candor—"I will come and see you in the autumn."

"And in the meantime?"

She had no words left, but took his outstretched hands in so strong and steady a clasp that Widdifield, looking thoughtfully after the slim figure as it dwindled down the shining street, was comforted.

Mary Lamont moved through the background of the season of diocesan duties that followed and with Mary moved the vision of her father. Widdifield's sympathy, his understanding, all the unordained part of him revolted at this marriage that his office decreed she must endure. He recognized that she was in spiritual tribulation. And it seemed, pondering over similar cases he knew, that spirituality was beginning more and more to mean simply the ability to suffer. There were other women of not so fine a fibre, not so delicate a perception who had awakened to the truth too late. But they had merely shrugged diffident shoulders and straightway opened new avenues of interest and excitement. There could be no such alternative for Mary. He began to wonder why it was that religion had the same panacea for every temperament and whether after all Gair's keen insight had not accepted the right way out. The bishop tried to guess at the mental peace of this man whose admirable balance and humane benignity fitted so well into the pattern of the world at large that his unorthodoxy had not even drawn a protest from the most devout believer. What would the judge say when Mary told him of this visit! Could he, however fair and noble, remain unaffected by his friend's pronouncement? There were many men who contributed to churches, who were indeed pillars of the Sanctuary and yet whose business interpretations remained untouched by any softening influence. Widdifield met them in public,

mourned over them in secret and looked for others like Gair to balance the account. He fortified himself by reflecting that if men could live like Gair without professing belief, what was not possible for those who did. But he always wound up by admitting that Gair, in all attributes of manhood and citizenship was the finest of them all. The judge, he concluded, did not know how to misunderstand.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT summer was the first for years in which Widdifield had not snatched a week to spend with Gair in the Catskills. He had many memories of that wide veranda from which the judge scanned the blue flanks of the hills and let sweet winds purge his memories of charge and countercharge. But now the bishop felt strangely divorced from the accustomed haven. He struggled against a sense of alienation, an atmosphere haunted by Mary Gair with her pleading eyes.

Thus divided, he heard the first rumblings of a political storm. Heretofore it would have meant little, but the bishop had, in the previous year thrown himself wholeheartedly into municipal affairs. He was suddenly seized of the conviction that the Church was getting too episcopal, too sacerdotal. With others he had been carried along by a wave of revolt that swept the municipality. A year ago a new party was formed. It embraced men who had hitherto abstained from politics as an unclean thing. New men these, of the best type, who came forward in united protest. The surge of this movement captured the city. The administration was house-cleaned. Light had dawned on a horizon long murky with fraud.

To the campaign organization Widdifield had given little heed. He had been in too great demand as a speaker. It filled him with new sensation to occupy these platforms, where he was conscious of new associations with men he had been trying all his life to reach. Then too there was a certain human satisfaction in advocating honesty, simply on the ground of good business. All this had afforded him an outlet for the expression of Widdifield the man, not Widdifield the bishop. He was further fortified because Richard was in control of the party funds. The first staring headlines came out in the subsidized journal of the defeated candi-



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date. The bishop read them with a smile, and inwardly thanked God. It was another chance to smite the Amalekites. Those of his friends to whom he spoke saw it in the same light.

Days passed and the accusations did not weaken, but gathered instead an increasing note of confidence. They hinted at incontrovertible evidence to be produced in the proper time and place. The progressive organ scoffed, giving its opinion that a crooked organization always became restless under the curb. The reply flashed back instantly, culminating in a direct charge that a leader of the new party had bought, or at least sanctioned the purchase of votes. Widdifield attended a hurried committee meeting, resulting in a flat denial in headlines of equal height. He saw his own name in enormous letters and reflected grimly that it had taken an election squabble to secure a publicity never accorded to his office. Finally when the defeated candidate undertook to produce proof and witnesses, the court, forced to act, nominated a commission of inquiry, with Gair as chairman.

Richard was recalled from his summer holidays. He returned, sulky and truculent. He was in open revolt at what he thought was Mary's vacillation. Mary for the time being was inaccessible and he was filled with a slow fury at the emptiness of his days. He dined with his father at the Wanderers' on the evening of his arrival. Widdifield looked at him anxiously, sitting in the judge's chair, dark, slight, nervously impatient, confidently contemptuous—the antithesis of the good-natured giant whose mild blue eyes were wont to roam so contentedly from the same corner.

An hour's talk with Richard cleared away none of the uncertain mists that now seemed to befog his own memories of the election. He kept his own position in the background but felt nevertheless that a precious thing, something more precious than even his own honor was at stake. He, a champion of the Church, had championed the new cause. He had flung into it all the traditional heritage of his office. Now, searching Richard's face, he thrust away the thought that his son could have imperiled that which was not his own or any man's to risk. Persistently Widdifield assured himself that all was well. All must be well.

"The point is this, as I see it, Richard," he said, oblivious to Peters, who stood resignedly at his elbow. "The whole matter of funds was in your hands. We were quite content that it should be. But we stated publicly that the election was to be clean. Now, I ask you—was it? I looked on it as a great moral victory. It cheered me tremendously; but was it clean, absolutely, all the way through, as far as your knowledge goes?"

Richard drummed the table for a moment, staring at his father from lowered lids. Compared to the transparency of the face across the table, he seemed clothed in a keen, shrewd, worldly wisdom that belonged to some sphere foreign to that in which his father moved. For years, as a corporation counsel, he had

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studied men, had weighed their ambitions, abilities and weaknesses, and on the interpretation of these had built his reputation. His father walked in the belief that every man was honest unless he had been proved a knave; but deep in Richard's mind the creed had long been reversed. Now, searching that calculating mind for some means of enlightening his father's unworldly soul as to how most men believe worldly betterment must be effected, he suddenly realized that they spoke different moral languages.

"It was the cleanest election I know of," he said slowly.

"I'm not answered yet, Richard," replied the bishop, gently.

"Look here, Dad. Do you know how much money was spent by our party in that election?"

"A very large sum, I believe. I don't know the figures."

"Well, something over two hundred thousand dollars. And do you know by whom that money was spent?"

"By yourself?"

"Very little of it. I signed the cheques, that's all. Personally, I spent practically nothing. That was done by hundreds of men, many of whom I never saw. Our programme was to get the best men we could and give them a free hand. We had to. They got others, and so on down the line. You ask me if the election was absolutely clean. I don't think so—that's an impossibility. There were things said and done in the heat of conflict that one hears and forgets. They are lost in the larger object in view. In election times, to do a great right one sometimes does a little wrong. You allied yourself with a good cause but you were not responsible for the personal rectitude of everyone connected with it."

The prelate shook his head, a curious quick delicate gesture as if daintily divesting himself of something unpleasant. "I am afraid I must stick to my point. Do you personally know of any—any irregularities?" He persisted painfully, galvanized by some moral current into more intimate contact with that which he loathed.

"We made some mistakes. Not as many as I expected."

"I'm not answered, Richard." Widdifield spoke gently. From his own stainless horizon he glimpsed again the boy of twenty-five years ago.

"Well—yes, I do," said his son bluntly. "But," he added confidently, "they will never come out."

In the silence that suddenly fell over them, Widdifield sought vainly for words. The unspeakable thing was true. He had touched and felt it. He had strengthened its coils with the high honor of his station, the honor so joyfully placed in the hands of his son. In the first revulsion of this revelation he saw himself a traitor to every lofty tradition of his position. Then, marking Richard's impersonal front, the indifference with which he faced the searchings of the commission, he felt for one poignant moment the gulf between his own episcopal limitations and the accepted ways of men. He seemed inside a stone wall of doctrine and that outside of this wall men moved, armed cap-



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CHAPTER V.

HALF the summer slipped away and Mary was still poised on the verge of resolution. The bishop's words had sunk deep. They had left her with a breathless consciousness that she must at all costs see this tragedy through. Richard, as she had begged, had left her alone and, once invisible, had in consequence been invested with a tenderness that her petitionary eyes had never before discerned in his stormy pleadings. She wondered how it was that Lamont remained unswayed by a life that outraged her very soul. If he did not want her why could he not open the gate and let her go?

But during the last month Lamont had been more mechanically impersonal than ever. More than this, he now seemed keyed up to a pinnacle of nervous restlessness. She saw him sometimes once a day—sometimes not at all. He ate and often slept in his laboratory, a glass structure erected on the roof of his house. Above this soared a mast, festooned with wireless antennae. It seemed indeed that Lamont aspired to interpret the messages of space, while he remained dead to every human pulsation in Mary's breast.

At last she decided to go to the judge in the Catskills. It had been curiously hard to make this decision for there, on the flanks of the hills, the die would be cast. This frightened, then attracted her. Desperately she dissected her own emotions, trying to drag forth something on which to fasten and discern in it some germ of natural hope. Once the thought flashed that love could not be altogether dead if she found this break so hard. This comforted her till it dissipated and merged in a cloud of traditional influences.

To Be Continued.

On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

Continued from Page 27.

men a rifle was discharged and the firing became general. Crozier ordered the men with the seven-pounder to action, but he was in the line of fire and they withheld the shell, though he reprimanded them afterwards for saving his life instead of obeying orders. The rebels had the advantage of the situation, and, with a loss of six killed and a few wounded, they killed nine of the Prince Albert volunteers, three policemen and wounded twenty-five more. Crozier saw that the position was untenable and ordered his men to retire, which they did in good order, reaching Fort Carlton late in the afternoon. An hour afterwards Irvine arrived at the fort with 100 mounted men.



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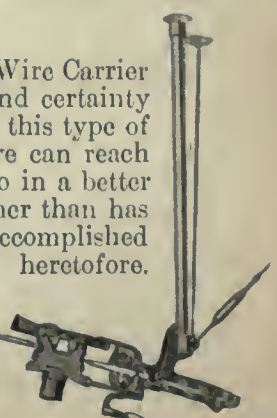
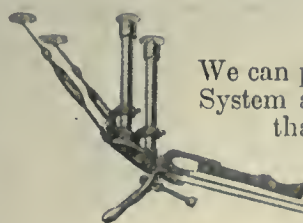
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Fort Carlton was not worth defending and, indeed, was badly situated, as it was commanded by hills on two sides. All around the district were Indian reserves and the rebels, flushed with their success at Duck Lake, might easily get them all on the warpath. So Col. Irvine decided to evacuate the fort and go to Prince Albert, which had a large population, but was now wholly defenceless in the midst of the disaffected area. He reached Prince Albert on March 28th and remained there till the close of the rebellion.

For this apparent inaction, the Mounted Police were criticised by ignorant arm-chair fault-finders. But Irvine had to obey orders, and the orders were based upon a knowledge of the situation. Had the police been withdrawn from this locality, the rebels and their allies might have swooped down upon the inhabitants at any moment. Anyone who knows the character of the Indian, who has risen up and got a taste of victory, understands the lengths to which they might go in a community largely composed of women and children. Fortunately, the conduct of the Mounted Police all over the field during that troublesome time, as well as at all times before and after, has been of such a uniformly high and devoted order that they stand out in the verdict of history as one of the finest body of men in the world.

It is not generally known that Gabriel Dumont was wounded at the battle of Duck Lake. This was told me some time afterwards by Mr. Roger Goulet, one of the Government Commissioners appointed at the rebellion outbreak to settle the land claims of the malcontents. Goulet was a highly respected and efficient surveyor in Hudson's Bay Company days and knew all the men of that time intimately. "When Gabriel came before me," he said, "after the rebellion to make an affidavit, he had to remove his hat, and I saw that a furrow had been plowed along the top of his head. He told me that it had been done by a bullet at Duck Lake which had felled him stunned to the ground. It was a close call."

And Goulet added that he thought this bullet had checked Dumont's aggressiveness somewhat or the rebellion might have been more difficult to suppress. I confess I cannot see much evidence for that view, but rather think that the wound made Dumont a little more determined. From one who was with him I learned afterwards that, but for Riel's objection, he would have led a midnight rush on Middleton's camp the night before the Fish Creek fight. Those of us who spent many nights in such camps that summer know what that might have meant. A midnight rush from plainsmen who knew the ground and knew how to stampede the horses and mules and thus produce "confusion worse confounded," might have led almost to the annihilation of the column. And the desire to do it shows Dumont as both a fighter and a strategist of no mean ability. The success at Duck Lake had aroused both his ardor and his spirit of revenge.

And in our next article we shall note the resultant effects of that distressing field.

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The Business Outlook

High Price of Money in the Face of Accumulating Millions at the World's Centers—Canada's Needs

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

Mr. Appleton says that there are big stocks in Canada still to be disposed of and that prices will tend to decline. Buying power will not be strong until the evils of over-buying are rectified, and he quotes an authority to the effect that much of the trade trouble is due to inexperienced buyers falling an easy prey to the "sophistries" of "scientific" salesmen. Hopeful features of the outlook brought out is the excellent character the Canadian farmer has earned as a reliable borrower.

AT the commencement of the second half of the current year all acceptable evidence indicates continued contraction of trade. Bank statements, traffic returns, customs receipts and other similar indexes of actual conditions agree on this point. Travelers in different parts of the Dominion all report very light buying and a desire to place on shelves as little as possible.

In this regard it may be of interest to those desirous of scanning the future for evidence of better trade conditions to relate the experience of a well-known representative of a British textile house. He returned from a trip to Western Canada at the beginning of July and reported that he had had a very unsatisfactory experience, although his business written was not by any means meager. Most of the houses he called upon had, in his particular line, heavy stocks—large enough to meet their prospective needs for at least two years. This state of affairs he said was due to lack of experience on the part of the buyers. They are too easy and fall victims to the "scientific salesman" who in boom periods did not lose the opportunity to impress upon the inexperienced buyer the "necessity" of ordering heavily when the factories were crowded with orders and deliveries would be slow. Our "scientific" booster was able to impress upon the buyers the delusion that the factories would always be crowded and that to get the goods it was necessary to order heavily and early.

During the glowing periods of expansion these business barnacles flourish and to eliminate them the present stringency seems necessary.

The writer was glad to find his own views so well expressed by a very practical man and one who has made a great success of business, not in Canada only but elsewhere. When extravagance is general it is bound to lead to a period of economy. No more than a year or so ago it was anathema to say that trade would slacken, real estate prices come down, and town lot selling cease. To keep up the illusion, public boosters wage a sham fight against imaginary "knockers." The bill is now being footed and accounts squared.

But the careful and efficient tradesman is not going to rush to market to buy goods at the present time. He is fully aware of the fact that many warehouses

have large stocks that will have to be reduced and that many factory wheels are getting rusty for want of employment. Under the circumstances it would be very unwise to buy more than meets day to day requirements. Prices have not materially declined in Canada in so far as the trader is concerned. Weakness, however, is due. Index prices in Europe are dropping and the decline will be more marked as trade contracts further. Prices in Canada will act in sympathy. Factories cannot continue to hold stock in so large quantities nor will so much capital tied up in industrial plant be content to remain idle. The lubrication that will inject activity into this stagnation will take the form of lower prices. At present they are too high. In conjunction with rents and wages there will have to be some adjustment and until that adjustment is made it would be foolish on the part of the trader to stock his shelves. Those who have heavily-laden shelves at the present time would be well advised to "get from under," except, of course, in the case of special lines and circumstances.

Some of the leading manufacturers of the Dominion have stated that already many of the over-stocked shelves have within the last few months been fairly well unladen. That may be true to a certain extent. Our information, however, is that shelves generally are fairly well filled and that they will not be emptied until the people as a whole have the buying power to take the goods and pay for them. A good crop will help to place them in this position, but their profits from a good crop, and here we are speaking more particularly of the West, will not at prevailing prices of grain, be very great. In fact their actual labor will be very poorly remunerated. When the labor employed in our great basic industry is so moderately remunerated is it not likely that it will be content to pay for its common human necessities a price that will enable the artisan of the city to pay high rents, and the employers to earn dividends representing luxury altogether out of proportion to that within reach of the farmer. The latter knows now that grain will not bring within his reach a very large measure of comfort and satisfaction according to present ideals.

In changing his policy some time is necessary during which he will be a very

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economical buyer. So he ought to be. Every dollar put into hogs or cattle will mean subsequent profit. To scrape together capital for this purpose means skimping in comforts of home. Sir Edmund Osler, quite recently, in discussing the trade outlook with the writer said it was wonderful how long an old suit would last if you cannot get a better or a newer one. That's the position not only of the farmer but of Canadians generally. Old boots and old clothes are made to serve out their usefulness in fine disregard of fickle fashion.

A month ago we pointed out that this economy predicted better conditions. Already a great cereal crop is in prospect. Prices obtainable for it will be very low in comparison with prices of manufactured commodities. Unfortunately the farmer of the West is not yet generally in a position to turn the cereal wealth into beef and pork. He is, however, bending his efforts in that direction and other powerful agencies are co-operating with him. It is therefore only a matter of time ere he will be in a better position as a buyer. The very commendable and practical co-operation of varied interests towards turning to more profitable account the agricultural wealth of the West will not fructify to the advantage of trade generally for a year or two. There will, however, be steady improvement in this respect, which will be accelerated by a readjustment of prices of commodities which the actual laborer on the farm or related industries has to buy.

PRICE OF MONEY HIGH.

There is one commodity which the farmer, and the producer generally in Canada has to pay a high price for at the present time and that is capital. It will be remembered that Sir George Paish, after his visit to Canada, said that one of the great needs of the Dominion was capital for the development of her agricultural areas and capital that was low in price. Let us add that the chances of industrial activity in the Dominion as a whole are not good so long as mortgage money for the farmer is high and scarce. At the present moment there is not very much money available for the farmer. Nor is money likely to be available for him for some few months. We believe, however, that he will be able to get money cheaper at the turn of the present year. Circumstances point to an accumulation of capital at the world's centers. On this point let us quote Sir George Paish, who stated in the *Statist* of June 20th:

"A period of easy money conditions seems to be ahead at the present moment. The world's reservoirs of gold are being rapidly filled, and it is now evident that the day is not distant when the banks of the Continent and of the United States will be so full of gold that they will not make the effort to increase their supplies, and when consequently the stream of gold will be directed to the United Kingdom and the stock in the Bank of England will probably rise to a level never before witnessed. At the present moment the loss of confidence in France, in consequence mainly of the internal political situation, and partly of the uncertainty as to the course of events in the Balkans, is bringing about a great accumulation of gold in the Bank of France. There is a great deal of loose talk about the condition of the French banks, and withdrawals of deposits are reported in some of the outlying parts of the country where the rumors afloat have affected confidence. These withdrawals of

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deposits are really of no consequence. Nevertheless, at such a time bankers are naturally desirous of strengthening their cash resources and consequently are calling in their money from the international markets, more especially from the United States.

Already the gold accumulation in the great banks has been remarkable. Only two years ago at this time the stock of gold in the Bank of Germany was no more than \$48,000,000, and it is now \$68,000,000, an increase of \$20,000,000, or over 40 per cent. In the Bank of France the stock of gold is \$135,000,000, against only \$132,000,000 at this time last year and under \$132,000,000 two years ago."

Sir George also gives other facts which indicate a trend of gold accumulation which need not be quoted. Sufficient has been said to indicate that gold is accumulating in Europe and the United States as well as in Canada. The cause of this accumulation is contraction in trade. Late in June the *Economist* said that "Easier trade at home, the depression of business abroad, the size of the gold hoards in the great continental banks, and finally, the formation of a stable government in France . . . have given a confidence to London which is reflected in the discount market and on the stock exchange."

WHEN WILL MONEY PRICES DECLINE.

We may look for cheaper money in the future but not during the next few months in so far as the requirements of the Canadian producer is concerned. Accumulation of gold in Europe or New York does not necessarily mean that money will be cheaper for the man who raises hogs or grows grain on the Canadian prairie. When the European is asked at the present time to send money to Canada or buy any Canadian security, he shrugs his shoulders and says Canada has had overmuch money recently. Some of the largest houses in the United Kingdom which has put out millions of Canadian securities will not touch them at the present time. However, if the money is there to get, the chances of getting it are better than if it were not there. We believe also that this temporary lack of confidence in Canada will be dissipated when it is found that Canada can take care of her obligations and that the losses sustained are only by those who have been foolish enough to put their money into town lots and real estate schemes emanating from the "share pushers" of London in conjunction with the "live wires" in Canada. In the meantime there is not too much money available for farmers and there has not been a very large amount placed in his hands during the past year. In Saskatchewan twenty-four of the leading companies increased their loans on mortgage security in 1913 from \$31,700,000 to \$34,100,000; fifteen companies in Alberta from \$9,000,000 to \$9,500,000. Assuming that all the money went to farmers, which is not at all probable, the increase was very slight in the case of a new territory when there is so obvious a need of useful capital expenditure. In the year previous the increase in loans was five times greater. This is a serious matter for the Dominion as a whole and for the farmer especially. Capital is urgently needed on less onerous terms than are at present being agreed to. Companies cannot get the money to loan on farm mortgages at a less rate than is at present being obtained. However, with the changing money conditions as indi-

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Debt per Capita	28.28	132.94
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cated by Sir George Paish, and which are likely to come about, a change in this respect may occur. In no department of Canadian enterprise is confidence merited to a greater extent than in loans on farms to bona fide farmers. The history of our lending institutions is such as to inspire confidence. They have been able to return to those who have furnished the funds to loan and the capital necessary to carry on loaning operations satisfactory results.

Passing of dividends, reorganizations, and swapping of bonds for stock cannot be laid at the door of the Canadian investment companies especially those who have served the farmer. There may have been occasional delays in the collection of interest and principal but never to an extent that imperiled normal and fair dividend returns.

MERITED CONFIDENCE.

The undoubted lack of confidence in Canadian investments which exists at the present time is not justified by the experience of the sound Canadian loan companies. The agent of some of these in Scotland recently wrote in explanation of his not being able to place more debentures at the current rate, than usual, said that new parties approached would not listen to anything classed as Canadian. Holders, however, of loan company debentures know to their profit that they have not been disappointed nor are they likely to be. From the accumulating stores of money supplies are most likely to be obtained by those whose records are good. The Canadian farmer-borrower has a good record. In the period through which we have just passed he has made his payments as well as at any other time and some of the companies that deal with him state that their collections at the present time are better than they have hitherto been. This state of affairs and this record will not be lost in securing capital for the development of our agricultural resources.

We are emphasizing the need of capital for the farmer because it is on his success that all other successes must rest. Until we can say that the great plains of the West are reservoirs of wealth yielding great profit we cannot hope for abiding activity in business or returning activity worth the name. Of the capacity of our plains to produce there is no vestige of doubt, but if the produce does not yield to the producer the ordinary comforts which modern ideals demand, of what use is it? Capital, obtained under reasonable terms, properly applied to our natural resources, of which the field crop is unchallengeably the most important, will very soon renew the demand for many things Canadian industrial plant is ready to supply. Unless our products from the earth are steadily increased, and unless we manifest a disposition to increase them no great activity in business need be looked for, nor need we look for any repairs to our credit.

OUR RAILWAYS.

It is from London itself that Canadians have learned that the Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific's requirements for the completion of their trans-continental lines will be obtained in New

York. This is a good augury, but it means that a higher price will have to be paid for the money unless New York takes the responsibility temporarily and subsequently loads it on London, when Canadian proposals are more acceptable there. On the obtaining of this money, immediate outlook for business depends to some extent. The season is now far advanced and if the necessary funds are obtained it is not likely that railway construction will be resumed on the scale which has been obtained during the last few years. But securing the money, or having it safely ear-marked will result in orders being placed and debts liquidated. While this will justify a more comfortable feeling it will not result in giving employment to many Micawbers waiting for something to turn up. Farmers are crying for help and their cries are not effective. They will this year be in a very much better position than they have for some years been, both as to quantity and quality of labor, and also the cost. Industries also will be in a more favorable position when activity is again general. These are good auguries. Nothing will tend to fill our freight cars or set our factories moving so much as greater product of the field. Plenitude of labor when its demands are not arbitrary may be taken as a good omen for business in a new country as well endowed with natural resources as Canada.

The Seizure of Dr. Sun Yat Sen

Continued from Page 16.

leased for just sufficient length of time to admit of restoratives bringing him back to consciousness, in order to have the demand for a confession renewed.

Hoping against hope that the punishment may in his particular case not be death, most of the poor wretches endure the torture through, to be taken out and beheaded after the restoratives have been applied.

There is no government, no organization, no legal system, no form of official control—except the influential citizens who, under the favor of the magistrates or governors, usurp the use of the Imperial commissioners and the soldiers to carry out their barbarous tyranny.

Picture the scene of Sun Yat Sen, an exile hunted by the minions of a barbarous dynasty, an enormous reward offered for his head, sitting alone with me in that old English dwelling, glad to have found, in me, a stranger but an hour previously, a sympathetic listener, while he recounted, in accents of grief, the wrongs of his fellow-countrymen. Then imagine the scene suggested by the one item alone on the minutes of the recent meetings of the National Assembly of China, to wit, "The Temple of Heaven, Agriculture, and Earth, with their extensive parks, placed in the hands of the Board of Agriculture for educational purposes: honors conferred upon Sun Yat Sen and his war

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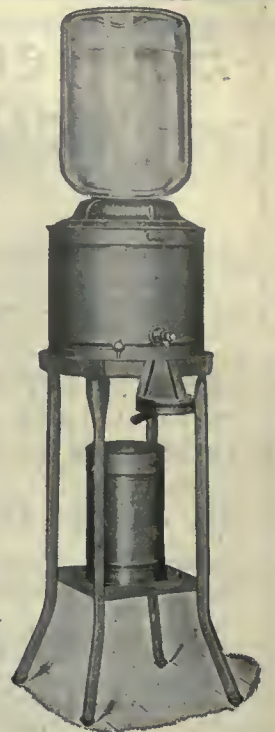
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minister, Huang Hsing, for their loyalty to China."

The comparison of what China is today with what it might have been but for the prompt action of the British Government in the simple matter of preventing an outrage on an unknown stranger within their gates affords a cogent object lesson in the wisdom of the conception of crime under conditions of civilization.

The pursuit of Sun Yat Sen was not discontinued. The receipt of a cable at Peking from the Chinese Embassy in London, advising the Imperial staff of the notoriously courageous English Premier, Lord Salisbury, having rescued the young revolutionist they most feared, created an uproar in the palace of the Dowager Empress, and—curious coincidence—immediately after the receipt of the cable, the veteran Li Hung Chang, upon whom honors had just been showered for his services while touring Europe and America, was summarily disgraced and punished for the crime—as was pretended to the world at large—of having

omitted an essential ceremony on entering the summer palace of the Empress Dowager.

To have proclaimed the real reason of this act of passion in the guise of Imperial law, would have been to open the eyes of the civilized world to the true light in which Sun Yat Sen was then regarded by the adherents to the dynasty. The stern assertion of civilized criminal procedure in London had an immediate and salutary effect in another respect: it paralyzed the machinations of the Chinese Imperial secret police who were scattered all over the world. They feared the new wave of popularity created in favor of Sun Yat Sen among the exiles—and hundreds of thousands of these have lived to see the "Chinese gentleman" use the Bible and education as they had come to know them by residence in America and Europe, as the means of conveying to their unhappy fellow-countrymen what blessings lay in the way of just laws, what relief from their sufferings are to be found through civilization."

Twisting Trails

Continued from Page 13.

took his seat in the Toronto office building. His desk was one of those huge table affairs, its broad top covered with all the modern office contrivances of the big, busy man. It fairly bristled with blue prints, stern, rigid, as befitted the work to be done between its solid oak arms.

Behind him was a smaller desk, with a roll top and innumerable drawers and pigeon holes. His chair was large, simple, stern, rigid, as befitted the work to be done between its solid oak arms.

There was a large fur rug on the floor, a sparkling water cooler in a corner, another hard, competent chair across the wide desk.

Altogether, it was the efficient workshop of the successful man of big business, and yet, had Mr. Sumner's thoughts had time to turn to comparisons, he would have realized that his available resources would not have met the expense of furnishing another suite like the room he occupied and the two which lay between him and the outside corridor.

The mining man took his seat in much the same manner that a general, fighting in the last ditch, swings into the saddle on the morning of the final engagement. He did not have to sit idly or putter in this and that while he collected himself for the start. A sleepless night had done all that, and, once he was between the strong arms of the chair, he plunged immediately into his task.

First came the mail. On top of the neat pile arranged by his head stenographer was a telegram.

"Star in the morning. Helen different girl already. Didn't think the bush could cure everything. Cheer up. You'll hear from me in two or three days.

"That's a good beginning," exclaimed Mr. Sumner.

Rapidly he ran through the remaining letters and telegrams. Nothing was of comparative importance, and he called his stenographer. In ten minutes he had dictated the necessary answers.

"I'll be gone an hour," he said he as finished. "Call up the Howard Agency and ask them when I can have that report. Tell them they needn't make it if they can't get it here by eleven o'clock."

He took his hat and went out. As he shot down in the elevator he felt thankful for the telegram from Heatley. It gave him courage for what he had to do, for the final fight he was about to make in the banks. Faith in his ability had been shaken by a succession of disasters and heavy losses, his credit strained to the last possible bit of elasticity by his efforts to save himself through the one property that remained exclusively in his hands, the Whisky Jack mine; monotonous reports from its superintendent of failure to strike the vein that the owner felt certain was there, the refusal of every bank from which he had borrowed money to extend his notes—these were the factors that made this day critical in the affairs of E. G. Sumner.

The public, to be sure, still considered him a wealthy man. His friends believed him to be such. His daughter, accustomed to his idolatrous care, never gave his business a thought. But those who held his notes, who had stood by him in his last stand, knew his real financial condition, and, because they knew it as well as he did, were suddenly shutting off their support.

His own faith still continued, for he felt as certain of the presence of rich ore in his mine as he did of his own living

"LAWRENCE HEATLEY."

and breathing. It couldn't help but be there, in view of the reports of men he could trust and of what he had seen himself. But a man's faith, unless backed by facts, is unavailing when the man is submerged to his ears in failure. Not another cent could he borrow to continue the work. The banks considered the mine, as it now stood, entirely insufficient security for the sums they had advanced—and Sumner had nothing else to pledge. His residence, long in his daughter's name, he never considered.

The mine owner was sufficiently farsighted to see the climax approaching several weeks before. He had waited impatiently for Heatley's return from the West, for on Heatley's word he knew he could raise sufficient money to clear himself.

Nor had he taken without question the reports of his superintendent. He was too cautious to permit his success to depend solely on the word or actions of one man, and he had started an investigation of his superintendent. The first reports were disquieting, but did not warrant action. Then nothing had come from the private detective agency, despite his prodding.

The round of the four banks that morning was unavailing. Less than a week remained and, unless he was bringing up ore by that time, nothing would be left. At each bank there had been a decided interest in Heatley's trip, but it had served no present purpose.

"If he says O.K., it's O.K. with us; if not, we'll have to save what we can," had been the common expression of opinion, and nothing Sumner could say or do would change that stand. Even his own faith wavered and he found himself arguing feebly and hopelessly.

As Mr. Sumner slipped again into his office chair, his stenographer entered.

"The Howard man is here, sir."

"Send him in."

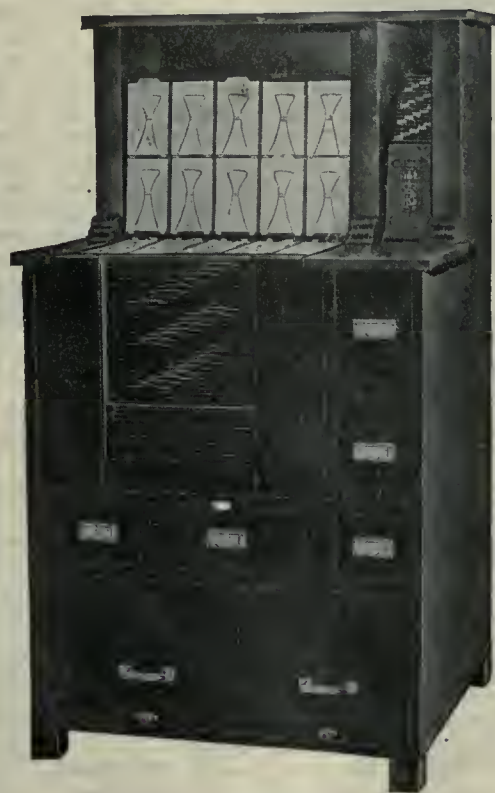
The mining man would have considered his caller a preacher, or a gambler, never a detective. Tall, thin, with a somewhat vacant expression, plainly dressed in office and as slowly and unobtrusively took the chair opposite his client.

"Well," said Mr. Sumner, impatiently. Why had he ever employed a man like this in so important a matter?

"Mark Fowler," the other began, in a sharp, quick tone so unexpected from his manner and appearance that Mr. Sumner did not catch immediately the significance of the first of the quick stream of words that followed, "has been working every crooked mining game that has been worked from Cobalt to the Klondike and from Galena, Illinois, to Arizona. He is wanted in three states and in B.C. under four names. He first came up here when the Cobalt thing started and he kept straight, which gave him the reputation that got him his job with you.

"He's a good mining man, none better; but he can't play the game according to the rules. When he had shut himself out of the best districts in the West, he came here, settled down to the honest game until he was established and then framed something on you. What it is, I don't

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know. Maybe you do. I've told you enough."

"All I wanted to know," snapped Mr. Sumner. "Have you enough proof to cause his arrest?"

"Couldn't get that. He's not the kind that leave proofs around. There probably is some, but I can't get it. I've even smelled out a stunt or two he's pulled here outside the mining game, but there is no trail."

"What has been his usual method?"

"That's where he's strong. He has no usual method. Everything he does is something new. He wins through his unexpectedness. There is hardly a mining game that he didn't originate. You know them all. He's got nerve, too, and he doesn't stop at anything. There are a couple of mysterious disappearance cases I would like to have time to work on. Anything more you want me to do?"

"No. That's enough. I'll do the rest. Make out a written report, complete as you can, and get it over here so I may have it when I need it."

Unobtrusively the thin man wandered out of the office. He moved slowly, but, when Sumner looked up he was gone.

For a moment the mining man sat staring at the closed door. Then he reached quickly for the telephone. As he lifted the receiver the stenographer entered with a telegram. She laid it before him as he called the number. Indifferently he glanced down to read as he waited. The receiver was slammed back into its hook and the yellow sheet was grasped in both hands and read again.

"Helen has disappeared. Wandered from camp first night. Not seen since. Have searchers at work, but no trace. Think she is lost in woods. Can't be far and we'll have her to-night."

"HEATLEY."

Nerve and self-control that could resist the strain to which E. G. Sumner was subjected seldom exist. On top of the struggle of months to rebuild his fortunes, on top of the anxiety as to his future as a successful man, on top of his great distress in refusing to permit his daughter to marry young Forbes, came this. Immediately his imagination pictured the possibilities. Lost, starving, in the forest. Lying dead, cold, unreclaimable, in the deep waters of a northern lake. Hysterical, fear-tortured, running aimlessly through the tearing brush. Exhausted, hopeless, stumbling to a deathbed in the moss of a wilderness swamp!

For a moment Mr. Sumner was hardly sane.

"... Sorry, E. G., but we've got to protect ourselves. If there was a chance, we'd let you have the money, but—"

"... Helen's a different girl already."

"... Fowler has worked every crooked mining game from Cobalt to the Klondike. He wins through his unexpectedness."

His mind began to clear, to shake off the haze, the effects of the blow.

"... He wins through his unexpectedness."

Suddenly Mr. Sumner sat up in his chair.

"... his unexpectedness."

"Fowler!" he cried in a low voice.

"That's it. I know every move the man's made. He knows what the mine's worth. He is covering it up, has fooled me with his accidents and delays. He knows the shape I'm in, that I can't hang on another week. I wrote him to expect Heatley, and I mentioned Helen's going, too. Fowler knows what Helen means to me, what her loss would mean. He knows Heatley is coming, what Heatley will learn. He knows Helen was with Heatley. . . . And he wins through his unexpectedness."

He turned and pressed a button.

"Take this message," he exclaimed as the stenographer entered. "James Stover. (Look up his last letter and find out where he is. Duplicate this if you can't locate him exactly.) Helen lost in bush between Vermilion and mine. Believe Fowler has kidnapped her. No proof, but I'm sure of it. Go to Vermilion at once and find her."

"Now seen if you can find Jim."

In a minute the stenographer was back.

"Mr. Stover's last letter says he will be at the Prince Arthur, in Port Arthur, to-day."

"Rush it," exclaimed Sumner. "He must catch that afternoon train."

"Stover can do it if anyone can," he went on to himself. "He knows every inch of that country, everyone in it. And he'd rather chase a thief than make the biggest strike in the district."

And then Mr. Sumner suddenly realized what Helen's disappearance meant, what Fowler had planned. Heatley, active in the search, would not go near the mine. There would be no report. Without a report there would be no extension of notes, no prevention of the disaster. But without Helen he didn't care.

CHAPTER IV.

REA STRAINE did not waken until she heard the woodsman pounding on her door the next morning.

"Breakfast," was the gruff announcement when she made a sleepy reply.

As she opened the door and went into the main room, her captor was sitting at the table, his plate heaped with potatoes and moose steak. Taking the chair to which he pointed with a well laden knife, the girl helped herself. The cooking, she was surprised to learn, was excellent, but the malignant glare of the squaw made a hearty breakfast out of the question and she soon left the table.

Outside, in the bright sunlight, she was joined by the woodsman.

"You can move about as much as you like, but don't get out of sight of the shack," he told her.

As she found a seat on a log at the woodpile, he returned to the cabin, from which soon came the sound of the squaw's high pitched voice.

But it was not until the middle of the forenoon that the man again appeared. He came from behind the cabin and he carried the bundle of food the girl had dropped at the corner the night before.

"Thought you'd get away, did you?" he accused.

"I have had no such intention."

To Be Continued.

National Affairs: The Men Around the White Plume

Continued from Page 9.

lington, is the brake. The freedom of Opposition and its lack of direct responsibility has a tendency to develop either of two things, mere negation, or daring trail-blazing. With the present Opposition, any danger which might arise would be wholly from the latter. A brake doesn't come amiss, and Guthrie supplies the brake.

He is built for the job; quiet, observant, strong. There is nothing theatrical about him. He does not pose. He is devoid of affectation. He is no demagogue, and he doesn't practise the arts of popularity. He will not be stampeded. He studies a situation before he deals with it, and even the enthusiasm of "the boys" will not carry him along until he is satisfied to go. He is invaluable going down hill—as most brakes are.

But Guthrie is no pedant. His mind is open to fresh impressions. He listens to all, examines all, and advocates what seem to him the most practical improvements. And when he goes forth to war it is like Thor of the Thunder Hammer sallying forth from Asgard to do battle with the mud giants. His enemy is not the Government, it is their administration; his force is not hurled against men, but against things; his battle is not with performers, but with performance. When Hugh Guthrie fights he fights a cause.

THE RADICAL WESTERNERS.

The Great West is radical, democratic, sure of itself, assertive of its rights. Even in Parliament the prairie provinces reveal their sentiments in their representatives—thorough-going, sturdy, vigorous, down-thumping fellows, most of them. They have inhaled the atmosphere of the big out-of-doors; they have fought their way among fighters. None of the subtleties of the more delicate, circuitous diplomacy for them. They "want what they want when they want it." They speak in strong, strident tones. They talk in italics and capitals—all emphasis. They force, rather than win, their trail-blazing way. All but one.

"Take care of that man," said Disraeli, of Bismarck, on one occasion, "he means what he says." That is the strength of Dr. Michael Clark, the eloquent British-born Canadian from Red Deer. His devotion to his end—not the devotion of a fanatic who is sustained by the glow of passionate enthusiasm, but the practical, businesslike determination of an engineer who has a certain amount of tunneling to do—is one great secret of his power. When Peter the Great saw his semi-barbarous Muscovites driven from field after field by the Swedish veterans, he rejoiced and took courage; "for," said he, "in the end they will teach us the art of war." Dr. Clark is not an opportunist. He thrives in and on opposition. His theories



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are frequently pilloried and assailed, but it does not disturb his equanimity, nor shake his conviction. He thinks out his own scheme of political philosophy and applies it to the body politic. But he is no mere doctrinaire. He is intensely practical, willing to bide the proper time, but with a deep underlying faith in the triumph of every right.

Michael Clark is a reformer, not a revolutionist. He does not thunder, but wins by the saving grace of humor. He seldom seeks to annihilate an opponent. He prefers to attract—with a smile. He is ready at repartee, quick to avail himself of interruption. He glories in the rapid interchange, with a true Britisher's appreciation of the value—and opportunity—of "heckling."

"Thick as berries in Kazubazuza," declared Sir George E. Foster, using one of his striking similes in the course of a fiscal debate.

"Ah," quoth Red Michael, "doubtless one of the places where my honorable friend, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, is seeking markets."

On one memorable occasion the mantle of self-control seemed to slip from his shoulders. The apostle of peace suddenly became a prophet of doom. He raised his voice; he shook his arms; he poured forth burning words of indignation and anathema. He arraigned the administration. He denounced. He railed.

"My honorable friend from Red Deer speaks in passion," observed the Prime Minister quietly, in the pause which followed a particularly scorching sentence.

In a flash the man's face changed. The tense, taut grimness dissipated into a solemn and settled melancholia.

"My right honorable friend makes a slight unfortunate omission," Dr. Clark responded in plaintive tones. "I speak of this Government in *com*-passion."

A RADICAL BY TEMPERAMENT.

It is a far call from the decorum of the old school Presbyterian manse to the hurly-burly of the modern Canadian political warfare. But two young Westerners have traveled the distance, Knowles, of Moose Jaw, and Martin, of Regina. Lord Morley once described himself as "a cautious Whig by temperament, a Liberal by education, and a Radical by observation and experience." And temperament, in the long run, was stronger than anything else. William Erskine Knowles, son of the manse, is a cautious Conservative by up-bringing, a Liberal by experience, but a Radical by temperament. Add to this fact his nationality—both his parents were Irish—and one understands what has changed the book-loving divinity student of somewhat more than a decade ago into the ardent, dauntless and militant parliamentarian of to-day.

It is curious how little the public estimation of public men accords with their real character, as it is known to their intimates. Everybody thinks he knows Knowles. In reality, the real Knowles is as different from the supposed Knowles



Michael Clark is a reformer, not a revolutionist. He is called "Red Michael" in the House.

as the real Laurier is from the blood-thirsty ogre of the Nationalist pre-election romance. The restless active Western spirit has enveloped him, but the old Eastern love of the library remains. He retains his devotion to his books, his keen perception of the beauties of expression, which is almost a genius for rhythm, while deep within him burns that celestial fire of passion without which poetry is but as the tinkling cymbal.

But, nevertheless, the young Irish-Canadian—he is still in the sunny forties and is a native of Alliston, Ont. rio—found



Michael Clark in a field of the famous "Wee MacGregor" potatoes on his own land.

himself "at home" in the clash and clang of parliamentary battle. He was never one of those who "like the drab men best." He responds to the purple patches—he is attracted, rather than repelled, but the men whose heroic or adventurous career makes them stand out from the canvas like scarlet figures in a great painting. He has no morbid horror of violence. He was restless and ill at ease as a curbed and reined supporter of Government. He has come into his own in opposition. He is a legalist but, if necessary, he is ready to trample upon your parchments without at all feeling that he is offending against the law of things. Whatever won for Knowles his huge majority in Moose Jaw, it was not demagoguery, flattery or any other homage to the false gods of the market place.

"That detestable Lloyd George from the prairies," was the vitriolic response of a member from the Government side, when asked by a colleague in the Government lobby as to who was speaking in the House. William Martin, the young member for Regina, was "up." William Martin is everything that a certain class abhors; everything that it holds a public man ought not to be. He is radical, assertive, persistent and concerned primarily with the proletariat. He will never take tradition for granted, nor make obeisance to the established order of things. And he has all the ardent intensity of the knight of old in couching his lance in an unpopular cause.

Young Martin has made the battles of the big new West his own. He looks through its eyes. He has seen its vision. He is concerned with the aspirations of its cosmopolitan citizenship. In debate he is dangerous. He thinks fast. Men who think slowly and deliberately seem to think consecutively; men who think rapidly are apt to be accused of want of steady application and concentration of the mind. Martin's mind darts hither and thither in a fashion perfectly bewildering to those whose mental evolutions are more slow and cumbrous. He goes full steam ahead, his consuming activity driving him through all obstacles as a steamer drives through the stormy sea.

Yet his is no mere mob oratory. The vast vocabulary, the nimbleness with which he seizes the inevitable word at the right time, the resonance of the voice, and the fine physique would all fail him were his speeches not fortified with something more substantial, something more essential. Like R. B. Bennett, his verbiage resembles Niagara. It falls from his lips like a torrent. But there is always artistry of diction, and keen incisiveness of phrase. The expression of his ideas gains force and energy from his aspect while expressing them. He believes what he says.

THE BRILLIANT "BABY" OF THE HOUSE.

If, by some strange turn of the political wheel of fortune, the Liberal party sud-

denly found itself in power, the new Solicitor-General would probably be George Henry Boivin, of Shefford, Quebec, the "baby member" of the House of Commons. What Hon. Arthur Meighen is to the Conservatives this young French-Canadian—he is barely thirty—gives promise of becoming for the Liberals. He has scholarship, ambition, brains, eloquence, a serious bent for politics, and the ideals of youth. The office of Solicitor-General simply gravitated to Meighen. He was first for the position, and there were no seconds. With a little more experience, Boivin will occupy a similar place in the ranks of the Opposition. At college, in the study of law, and in the House of Commons, Boivin has had a brilliant record.

An incident in his early life, and one which it is rumored first brought him to the attention of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is the best possible sidelight on his character. His mother, who was Irish of the Irish, and whose Celtic traits her son has strongly inherited, died shortly after his birth, and three years later his French-Canadian father followed her. The young orphan was a fine youngster, and became the pet of the kind-hearted people of Granby, Quebec, where a goodly portion of the population are Irish and Scotch. An old lady became specially interested in the boy, and often as he passed her modest home on his way to and from school she would treat him to cake, fruit and candy. The years went by; Boivin had gone to college, had had a brilliant career at historic Laval and was now a full-fledged barrister. He had not been admitted to the bar more than a few weeks when his first big case was handed to him by the kindly old lady who in his schoolboy days had been his steadfast friend. It was an important case, one which involved the ownership of considerable property, and the young lawyer hesitated before taking it. The woman, however, had infinite confidence in the stripling and insisted that he take the brief. Boivin then accepted the case, fought a long legal battle against one of the most experienced counsel in Eastern Quebec, and won. Delighted at the outcome—for defeat would have meant her financial ruin—the woman almost immediately demanded that Boivin present his bill. This he just as promptly did—receipted! When she protested he declared he had only in small measure repaid the generosity which had meant so much to him in his orphaned schooldays. In this he remained steadfast, and refused to take even a cent for his services.

His success in the practice of his profession was instantaneous, and he soon became known throughout the Eastern Townships. At Laval he had been president of the Liberal Students' Association. It was quite natural, therefore, that he should be active in politics in the town in which he practised law, and he soon became recognized as an eloquent and convincing platform speaker. In 1911, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was casting about for a standard-bearer for the Liberals in Shefford, which is regarded as a Conservative constituency, his attention was called to Boivin—then twenty-eight years



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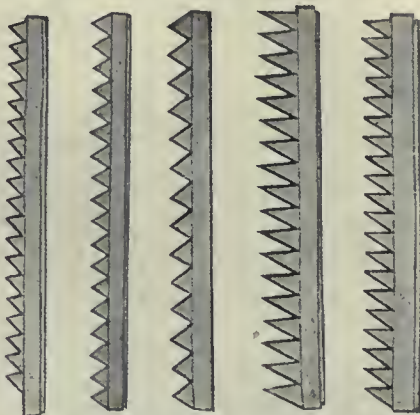
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of age. Sir Wilfrid learned of the young man's record, of his splendid reputation in the county, of his eloquence both in French and English. He sought a conference; and, as a result of an hour's talk with the Liberal chief, Boivin decided to make the fight in Shefford. He carried the county after a whirlwind campaign by a majority of twenty-seven votes.

Boivin took his place among the effective forces of Parliament last year by a single speech on the naval issue. When men like Pugsley, Meighen, Laurier, Borden and Carvell were fighting for supremacy with every known weapon of constitutional and parliamentary law, Boivin came to the forefront, displaying a skill in debate and a knowledge of the rules of procedure that astonished his most ardent admirers. Such a success did he become in the course of a few days that the Opposition put him up to reply to Meighen's masterly defence of the closure, a task in the performance of which he added to his fast-growing reputation.

Associated with Boivin is a galaxy of young French-Canadian Liberals who are climbing to the front. Hon. Dr. Henri Beland, who for three short weeks before the 1911 deluge held the post of Postmaster-General, is also destined for big things. As a speaker he is a wizard, combining a quiet humor with an effective presentation of his case. Jacques Bureau, "Joe" Demers, big Edward Lapointe and genial "Charlie" Wilson, whose English name denies his French ancestry, form a formidable group of fine young fighters and brilliant speakers.

With Pugsley from the Maritime Provinces comes a phalanx of stalwart gladiators. How these maritime men love to fight! Woe betide the thoughtless opponent who crosses swords with "Ned" MacDonald, the sturdy Scot from Pictou. And his Irish fellow-Nova Scotian, George W. Kyte, of Richmond, can be relied upon to be "in it where it's thickest."

George W. Kyte is true to his Irish ancestry. He is full of ideas, of originality, of humor, of energy—and of fight. He has every strength but the strength of repose. He is never in repose. Parliament may be discussing some intricate local problem affecting the far-away Pacific coast, but the Nova Scotian is leaning over his desk, following the debate with all the personal intensity he would evince if his own constituency were the matter of immediate concern. And he is always ready—and eager—to jump into the melee. He has none of the orthodox arts of the politician. He doesn't win his way; he wrests it. Where his colleagues practise finesse, he goes in for boldness. He doesn't hanker after kid gloves. His friends swear by him; his enemies swear at him. Neither oaths of allegiance nor of antagonism affect him. But he is a great man to have—on your side!

In the dauntless and aggressive Frank B. Carvell, New Brunswick makes a notable contribution. With few gestures, squarely confronting the enemy, Carvell speaks. There is no appeal to passion, no loose generalities, no attempt at rhetoric, nothing subtle or bewildering. The sentences roll out with hammer-like pre-

cision. The points made are direct and unambiguous. The argument never wanders.

THE PENALTY CARVELL PAID.

Nobody likes to fight against Carvell. A good story goes its Ottawa rounds concerning him. The fighting New Brunswick arrived late at one of the social functions at the capital. His name was announced to one of "the ladies of the Cabinet" who was assisting.

"Mr. Carvell?" the minister's wife exclaimed in clear tones which carried some distance. "You are surely not that bad man whom we all hate?"

The member bowed with Chesterfieldian deference. "Madam," he responded promptly in the same resonant baritone which has often hurled anathemas across the Commons chamber, "I pay a heavier penalty than I thought for doing my duty."

These are but a few of the outstanding young men who are taking their places in the front rank of the reinvigorated Opposition. They have many colleagues.

It is not strange, under such circumstances, that sackcloth and ashes is not the prevailing mode among Liberal parliamentarians. They are too busy for mourning. They may make mistakes, but they make them in service. They are eager for the fray, confident of their cause and intensely loyal to their leader.

Average vs. the Perfect Man

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(Condensed from Judson D. Stuart's Article on the Average Man in Technical World Magazine.)

"WHAT are the measurements of the average man?"

This question was asked of three university gymnasium directors, each regarded as an authority on the measurements of human anatomy. It was also asked of several physicians, coaches, trainers, editors of publication relating to physical culture, and directors of sanitariums. In each instance practically the same reply was made. This was:

"It all depends upon which type you have in mind. There are three types of men, each one perfect in his way. The 'Hercules,' or giant type; the 'Apollo Belvedere,' or medium-sized type; and the 'Mercury,' or small-sized type. So you see there really are no average measurements to be secured for all men."

There is a vast difference between the men who have had to work for a living in offices and streets from their boyhood days and those who have been able to go to high school and college, where they had every opportunity to participate in athletic contests and fill their lungs with fresh air while loafing on the college

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campus. Consequently, it is not fair to attempt to secure the measurements of the average man from college men alone or from non-university men alone.

To overcome this difficulty and secure the average man's measurements, measurements were taken of all of last year's students in two universities, of all the students in Amherst College for nine years, and of nearly thirty thousand men who applied for enlistment in the Civil and Spanish wars. To figure on the measurements of only such men as passed the government examinations and enlisted would not be fair, inasmuch as a certain standard of height and health is demanded, but taking the *applicants* for enlistment—that is, counting in the measurements of those who were thrown out as well as those accepted—the average is as nearly perfect as possible. This is true because all manner of men applied for enlistment, short and tall men, fat and thin men, sick and well men

The relative length of a man's trunk to his height is the only measurement which may be regarded as a fairly accurate index to his constitutional strength. Perfection of measurement is, primarily, a matter of proportion. Strength cannot be gauged by measurements in inches, but depends upon a combination of the condition of the vital organs and the speed of co-ordination between mind and muscle.

The average man insists on knowing how he compares physically with the perfect man, and there is a method of approaching this very closely.

Russell Beatty, intercollegiate shot-put record holder, strong man of Columbia University at the present time, has been pronounced by many authorities, including several sculptors, to be the most perfectly formed man known, in relation to proportions and strength.

The measurements of the "average man," as compared with those of Beatty, whom for practical purposes we may call the "physically perfect man," are as follows:

	Average Man	Physically Perfect Man
Height	5 ft. 7.6 in.	5 ft. 8.38 in.
Weight	141.39 lbs.	186.29 lbs.
Chest	34.81 in.	40.86 in.
Neck	14 in.	15.50 in.
Waist	30 in.	31.69 in.
Biceps	13.50 in.	15.55 in.
Forearms	10.50 in.	13.46 in.
Thigh	20.50 in.	24.05 in.
Calf	13.79 in.	16.08 in.
Lung capacity ..	256 cubic in.	450 cubic in.

But even this comparison is rather misleading, because our average man is only 5 feet 7.6 inches in height, while Mr. Beatty's height is 5 feet 8.38 inches.

An ideal man of 5 feet 8 inches in height should weigh about 151 pounds. Statistics show, however, that the average man of that height weighs only between 142 and 143 pounds.

The most woeful deficiency, however, in the average man is in his chest development. The average American chest measures 34.81 inches, whereas it should measure 39 inches. This means that the lung capacity of the average man is 250 cubic inches. It should be at least 300

cubic inches. The girth of the average waist is 29.90 inches. The average ideal waist should measure 32.5 inches.

But it is worthy of note that as an offset to these deficiencies the average American male has a leg development that is nearly perfect. In the table comparing the average man with the physically perfect man of the same height, it will be seen that the calf of the average man is but .21 of an inch less in girth than the calf of the physically perfect man. It is the arms and chest of the average man that seem to be neglected, that is, they are not developed anywhere near up to the standard of the physically perfect or ideal man. As to muscles, those of the average man are far below the standard, but this is something that may be overcome with proper exercise. A few minutes' exercise each day for a year, as outlined by any expert physical culture director, should bring the muscles of Mr. Average Man up to the standard.

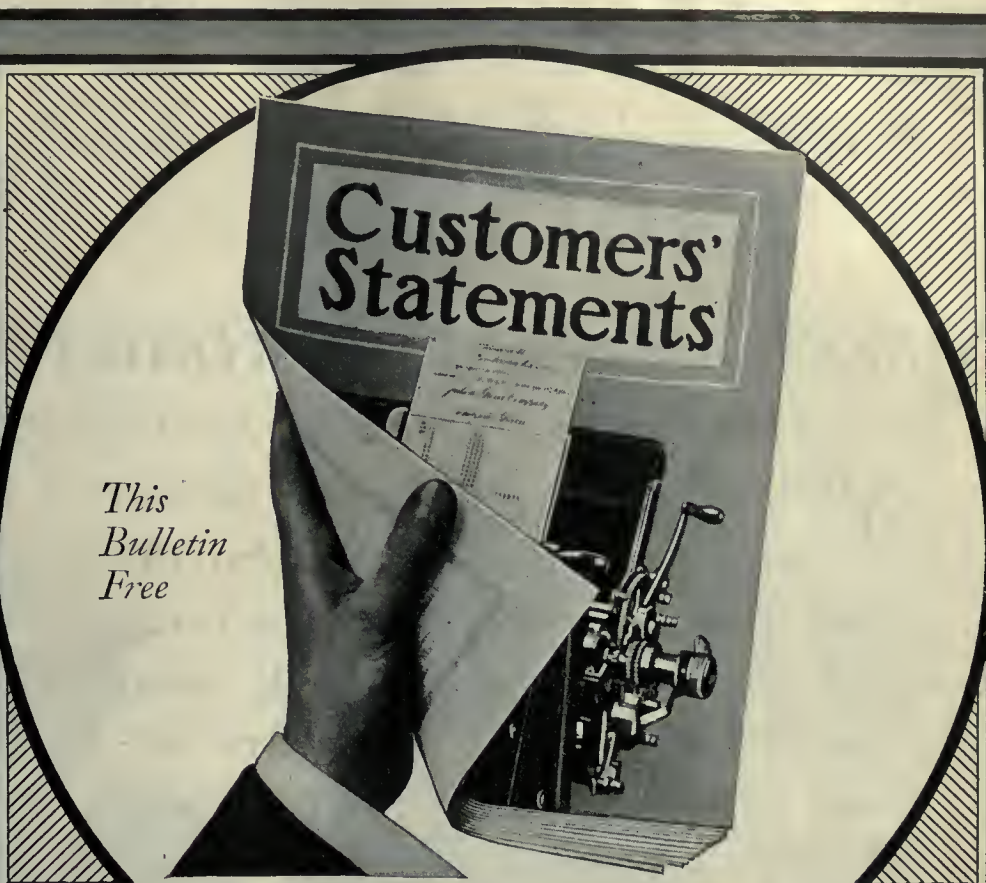
The average man is particularly weak in the muscles of his back, being able to lift only 345 pounds. At Yale University the students measuring 5 feet 8 inches had strength tests of 420 pounds. How poorly this compares with the performance of Herman Sell, a German strong man, may be readily understood when it is stated that he performed the deep knee bend correctly seven times with a bar-bell of 440 pounds across his shoulders. The world's record for the "dead lift" is 1,897 pounds. The late Louis Cyr, a French Canadian, stood under a platform and pressed upward with his back, lifting a total weight of 4,300 pounds.

Another point of weakness in the average man, and for that matter amongst the majority of professional strong men, is the hand grip. But the most serious weakness that the average man possesses is undoubtedly in his abdominal muscles. These are among the most important muscles of the body, and in the average man they are soft and flabby.

But the average man should not be discouraged when told he is weak in the biceps, or in his thighs, or that he has practically no proper control of the muscles he does possess, for while this is true, the difference in comparison with the athletic man is by no means as great as he is generally led to believe.

It is also interesting to note the measurements of other races, Indians and negroes, for example, as compared with the higher types and superior nationalities. The so-called "burly negro" is really shorter than the average white man, and while he weighs more, his chest measurements are 3 inches less.

Seven hundred Iroquois Indians, selected for the purpose of the test, made a splendid showing, but they did not average the height of 4,600 Irishmen by more than an inch and three-quarters. The Indians are heaviest of all the types, but both the Irish and the Indians have a better record and are nearer the ideal measurements than any others. They correspond to the Hercules type.



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From The Medical Times.

THOSE semi-charitable institutions that are exempted from taxation, on the theory that they are caring for the sick poor, too often betray the taxpayers. Partial betrayal is indubitable. The private sides of these hospitals are too often developed at the expense of the free quarters. It is all but impossible to get a poor patient into some of these plants. It is not only the urgent case that demands their care. If it is such bad business to take care of all classes of the sick poor that these hospitals cannot admit them, then the city should establish more of its own hospitals and proportionately withdraw its support from the private institutions. The New York *Sun* further proposes on the part of the city the establishment of its own semi-charitable hospitals, in which those not destitute could obtain proper treatment by a small charge in accordance with their incomes, with the proviso that such cases permit themselves to be utilized for instruction. Such patients would thus be offered an opportunity to maintain their self-respect without destruction of all their resources by paying a certain percentage of their incomes for treatment and nursing. The *Sun* quotes, with apparent approval, the plan of the Syndicat Medical de Paris in respect to patients able to pay, but pretending poverty. A written statement of his financial inability is exacted from each patient who claims to be unable to pay, when, if investigation disclose misrepresentation, prosecution and punishment follow in the courts.

We think the plan recently devised by the Commissioners of Accounts of New York, adopted by the Board of Estimate, indorsed by the Mayor, and put in operation by the Commissioner of Charities, an excellent one. Every patient unable to pay, or able to pay only part of the cost of hospital maintenance, is reported to the Department of Public Charities within twenty-four hours after admission, whereupon examiners of the department are sent to the homes and employers of such patients, and a careful inquiry instituted as to the actual economic status of the reported cases. All sources of income are inquired into. Agreements to pay part are secured from some responsible member of the family, if possible, and these payments are made at the office of the department. The city pays the hospital in full for the patients unable to pay, and for those from whom the hospital has failed to collect, but who have paid the department something less than the full board. Whatever the hospital collects itself is deducted by it from its monthly bills rendered to the department. There are per capita per diem rates for different classes of patients

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National Affairs: Three Years of Conservative Government: By John MacCormac

SEPTEMBER 21, 1914, marks the third anniversary of the coming into power of the Government headed by Sir Robert Laird Borden. The administration has now been in office for three years and, when it is considered that the time has been short, it cannot be denied that its legislative record is creditably long. In three years the Government has accomplished the first duty of implementing the promises given to the country before election and it has initiated and carried into effect a long list of progressive measures.

In making this claim, it is necessary to draw attention to certain handicaps, besides that of brevity of time, under which the Government labored.



Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, and Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister, photographed while attending a baseball game between the House of Commons and the Press Gallery.

There are two salient reasons why it is not unfair to claim that what has been done has been done under conditions of exceptional difficulty and thus constitutes a far greater measure of success than might be indicated merely by what has been inscribed on the statute books.

(1) That the three years during which it was accomplished were the first years of constructive work in office after an uninterrupted fifteen-year period in Opposition.

(2) That a Conservative majority in the Commons had to contend against a Liberal majority in the Senate.

Let us consider the first of these factors. The Conservative party took office in 1911 for the first time since

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the last issue of MacLean's Magazine an article appeared on the younger men of the Liberal party who had come to the front since the last election. The accompanying article deals with the work done by the Conservative Government during the three years it has been in office. Impartiality has been aimed at in the treatment of the subject, but of a necessity matters of a controversial nature enter into any political review. A series of articles on national affairs, of which this is the second, has been arranged for and subjects of Dominion-wide import will be taken up from all standpoints in turn.



Senator Lougheed, leader of the Government in the Senate.

1896. The functions of an Opposition, whatever they should be in an ideal system of party government, are in practice to oppose. Consequently the Conservative party had to abandon criticism for construction. The party had to find itself, take stock of the situation, and formulate a policy which should meet it and yet prove sufficiently comprehensive to meet the years to come. The ship of state must be provided with sails for the favoring breezes and others for the stormy blasts of hard times. It must shake them out and trim them down before it gathers way and moves slowly and majestically out of the harbor on its four years' voyage. And all this, in the natural order of things, takes time, means haste made slowly.

Then the Liberal Senate. Constructive legislation has been introduced into and passed the Commons only to meet defeat in the Upper Chamber.

In considering the record of any party it is the usual practice to see how it measures up with that party's announced policy and its pre-election pledges. Consistency has never been considered in the science of politics to have any claim as an absolutely paramount factor in determining a party's action or the action of an individual within the party since all progress is change. But, too, all decadence is change as well and though consistency carried too far may invite the mold and canker of inertia, a little of it would, no doubt, go a long way toward winning the confidence of a public and keeping it. Party principles should wear well. Let us see, then, how the Conservative party has kept its pledges.

In 1907, Mr. R. L. Borden, then leader of the Opposition, laid down his policy which has since been generally known as the Halifax platform, but in 1911 this

was superseded by a manifesto issued during the election campaign which contained a list of pledges as follows:

The Liberal-Conservative party gives its pledge to carry out the following policy if returned to power:

(1) A thorough reorganization of the method by which the public expenditure has been supervised. The increase in what is known as ordinary controllable expenditure from \$21,500,00 in 1896 to nearly \$74,000,000 in 1911 is proof of extravagance beyond any possible defence.

(2) The granting of their natural resources to the prairie provinces.

(3) The construction of the Hudson Bay Railway and its operation by independent commission.

(4) The control and operation by the state of terminal elevators.

(5) The necessary encouragement for establishing and carrying on the chilled meat industry.

(6) The establishment of a permanent tariff commission.

(7) The granting of substantial assistance towards the improvement of our public highways.

(8) The extension of free and rural mail delivery.

(9) The extension of civil service reform.

(10) The granting of liberal assistance to the provinces for the purpose of supplementing and extending the work of agricultural education and the improvement of agriculture.

If these were to be taken up categorically and if there was put opposite each pledge the record of achievement by the Conservative party in three short years it would be found that the list stood thus:

(1) The services of Sir George H. Murray, an eminent member of the British public service, were obtained in order to have an investigation into the conditions prevailing in the civil service of Canada. A report was received from him and as a result not only has a change been made in the whole system of handling public moneys and their audit, but two civil service bills designed to readjust conditions in the service were introduced into Parliament last session and will be passed during the coming session. One establishes a system of superannuation and the other places the whole scheme of civil service salaries and divisions on a new basis.

(2) Manitoba's claims have already been met. A conference of provincial Premiers has been held in further consideration of

provincial claims generally and final settlement is delayed only by disagreement between the provinces themselves, the premiers from the maritime provinces having also asked for a readjustment of provincial subsidies.

(3) The construction of the Hudson Bay Railway has been expedited and no effort has been spared to carry the work to completion. It will be finished in the fall of 1915.

(4) A huge terminal elevator has been built at Fort William and three interior storage elevators at Saskatoon, Moose Jaw and Calgary, are either built or under contract.

(6) During the first session of the new Parliament a bill was passed to authorize the establishment of a permanent tariff commission but was defeated in the Senate.

(7) During the first two sessions after 1911 bills were passed by the House of Commons authorizing large Government grants for the encouragement of highway construction, \$1,000,000 in 1912; \$1,500,000 in 1913, but in each case the bill was defeated by the Senate.

(8) Free rural mail delivery has been widely extended every year.

(10) For the assistance of agricultural education a fund of \$10,000,000 has been set aside.

To sum up, every plank of the 1911 platform except one has either been carried out, or is in sight of fulfillment. This in itself the Government might claim to be a fairly successful record, but the short history of the twelfth Parliament has been one of initiation as well as fulfillment. Because of the existence of a politically hostile majority in the Senate important legislation, initiated in the Lower House, failed in the Upper.



Hon. Geo. H. Perley, member of Cabinet without portfolio, and now acting as High Commissioner in London.

In the list of such legislation, the naval bill stands first and was, from the standpoint of the issue involved, perhaps the most important measure with which Parliament had to deal. So much has been said and written on this subject that it scarcely requires definition.

In the summer of 1912 after becoming Prime Minister, Mr. Borden proceeded to Great Britain to consult the British Government and the Admiralty as he had promised to do when in Opposition. On December 5, 1912, he announced his policy, based on a memorandum of the naval situation which the Admiralty had drawn up. Briefly, this memorandum drew attention to the extraordinary increase of the new Germany navy, examined the situation as it would be in 1915 and 1916 when Great Britain's sea strength would not be so great on the Mediterranean and dangerously weak in overseas stations, and concluded by stating that the most effective aid that Canada could offer "should include the provision of a certain number of the largest and strongest ships of war which science can build or money can supply." Acting on this official information, Sir Robert proposed that Canada should build three large battle cruisers by contributing \$35,000,000 for this purpose. This, he emphasized, was not in any sense a permanent policy, but the immediate and effective assistance of which he had repeatedly spoken.

In amendment to this Sir Wilfrid Laurier moved that two fleet units, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific coast, be provided with the sum of \$35,000,000 designated and that Canada, without further delay, should enter actively upon a permanent policy of naval defence. There were other amendments but this is the one which crystallizes the

whole attitude of the Liberal party on the question.

The outcome of the naval debate is a matter of history. Sir Robert Borden's resolution, after Opposition obstruction had been terminated by the introduction of what is known as the "closure," passed the House of Commons and was then rejected by the Liberal majority in the Senate.

Another measure which met a similar fate during two succeeding years was the highways bill. Sir Robert Borden had in his 1911 manifesto included "the granting of substantial assistance towards the improvement of our public highways." When returned to power he introduced a highways improvement bill in the Commons in 1912 and presented an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for this purpose, but the Senate greeted the bill with thumbs down. Again in 1913, the bill was introduced, put through the Commons and again it met short shrift in the Upper Chamber.

The appropriations were to be distributed among the several provinces, chiefly according to population, as were sums of money to be voted in succeeding years by Parliament. Amendments were moved by the Liberal party to make it obligatory in every case that such grants should be distributed on a population basis, and to eliminate a clause which empowered the Minister of Railways himself to undertake highway construction or improvement. The Government, on the other hand, maintained that in specific cases it might be advisable that one province should obtain a larger grant than another to meet conditions which might arise, such as great disasters occurring therein, though the general principle of distribution on a population basis was recognized.

Still another piece of legislation which met its fate in the Senate was the branch railway bill. This provided for the acquisition of branch lines in Quebec and the maritime provinces for the advantage of the Intercolonial Railway. It is the branch lines of a railroad which tap the resources of the country through which it runs and build up that local traffic which is its very lifeblood, and it was with a view of adding these feeders to the I.C.R. that the bill was introduced.

However, in spite of these circumstances, much has been done. A young and growing country like Canada sets some problems for its Governments before they take office. One of these is the problem of transportation and the measure of a Government's success is largely the merit of its transportation policy and the manner in which it is executed.



Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce.

The transportation policy of the Borden Government, when viewed in the co-relation of its different parts, is one of impressive magnitude. It is designed to transfer the products of the Canadian farm from the field to the wharf in Great Britain and to bring to the West in turn, the manufactures of the East.

This transportation chain commences with a scheme of interior terminal storage and transfer elevators on the prairies, and with a great Government terminal elevator under construction at Port Arthur; it continues with the completion of the National Transcontinental Railway, which will be finished this year; with the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway; the commencement of the new Welland Canal; the completion of the Trent Canal, so long a pawn in the political game; the deepening of the French River, part of the proposed Georgian Bay waterway; and the deepening of the St. Lawrence channel, for which surveys are now being made and preliminary work done.

The construction and improvement of these rail and water routes brings us to the coasts and there we find that immense harbor works are being prosecuted with great vigor. Montreal harbor is being transformed at a cost of eighteen millions; great harbor works are under way at Quebec, and a huge drydock under construction at Levis; Halifax and St. John are both being transformed into modern seaports at a cost of millions and there also drydocks are being built. Everything has been done to facilitate the transportation of Canadian products to where the waters of the Atlantic lap the eastern coast and not even here has the Government rested its labors for the work of controlling ocean freight rates has been taken up and is now under investigation

Continued on Page 137.



Hon. Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior.

At Five o'Clock in the Morning

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," etc.

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

FATE, in the guise of Mrs. Emory dropping a milk can on the platform under his open window, awakened Murray that morning. Had not Mrs. Emory dropped that can, he would have slumbered peacefully until his usual hour for rising—a late one, be it admitted, for of all the boarders at Sweetbriar Cottage, Murray was the most irregular in his habits.

"When a young man," Mrs. Emory was wont to remark sagely and a trifle severely, "prowls about that pond half of the night, a-chasing of things what he calls 'moonlight effects,' it ain't to be wondered at that he's sleepy in the morning. And it ain't the convenientest thing, nuther and noways, to keep the breakfast table set till the farm folks are thinking of dinner. But them artist men are not like other people, say what you will, and allowances has to be made for them. And I must say that I likes him real well and approves of him every other way."

If Murray had slept late that morning—well, he shudders yet over that "if." But aforesaid Fate saw to it that he woke when the hour of destiny and the milk can struck and, having awakened, he found he could not go to sleep again. It suddenly occurred to him that he had never seen a sunrise on the pond. Doubtless, it would be very lovely down there in those dewy meadows at such a primitive hour; he decided to get up and see what the world looked like in the young daylight.

He scowled at a letter lying on his dressing table and thrust it into his pocket that it might be out of sight. He had written it the night before and the writing of it was going to cost him several things—a prospective million among others. So it is hardly to be wondered at if the sight of it did not reconcile him to the joys of early rising.

"Dear life and heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Emory, pausing in the act of scalding a milk-can when Murray emerged from a side door. "What on earth is the matter, Mr. Murray? You ain't sick now surely? I told you them pond fogs was p'isen after night! If you've gone and got—"

"Nothing is the matter, dear lady," interrupted Murray, "and I haven't gone and got anything except an acute attack of early rising which is not in the least likely to become chronic. But at what hour of the night do *you* get up, you wonderful woman? Or rather do you ever go to bed at all? Here is the sun only beginning to rise and—positively yes, you have all your cows milked."

Mrs. Emory purred with delight.

"Folks as has fourteen cows to milk has to rise betimes," she answered with proud humility. "Laws, I don't complain, I've lots of help with the milking. How Mrs. Palmer manages, I really cannot comprehend—or rather, how she has managed. I suppose she'll be all right now since her niece came last night. I saw her posting to the pond pasture ten minutes ago. She'll have to milk all them seven cows herself. But dear life and heart! Here I be palavering away and not a bite of breakfast ready for you!"

"I don't want any breakfast until the regular time for it," assured Murray. "I'm going down to the pond to see the sun rise."

"Now don't you go and get caught in the ma'sh," anxiously called Mrs. Emory, as she never failed to do when she saw him starting for the pond. Nobody ever had got caught in the marsh, but Mrs. Emory lived in a chronic state of fear lest someone should.

"And if you once got stuck in that black mud you'd be sucked right down and never seen or heard tell of again till the day of judgment, like Adam Palmer's cow," she was wont to warn her boarders.

Murray sought his favorite spot for pond dreaming—a bloomy corner of the pasture that ran down into the blue water, with a clump of leafy maples on the left. He was very glad he had risen early. A miracle was being worked before his very eyes. The world was in a flush and tremor of maiden loveliness, instinct with all the marvelous fleeting charm of girlhood and spring and young morning. Overhead, the sky was a vast, high-sprung arch of unstained crystal. Down over the sand dunes, where the pond ran out into the sea, was a great arc of primrose smitten through with auroral crimsonings. Beneath it the pond waters shimmered with a hundred fairy hues, but just before him they were clear as a flawless mirror. The fields around him glistened with dew, and a little, wandering wind, blowing lightly from



"Here is my path to Orchard Knob farmhouse. There, I presume, is yours to Sweetbriar Cottage. Good morning."

some bourne in the hills, strayed down over the slopes, bringing with it an unimaginable odor and freshness, and fluttered over the pond, leaving a little path of dancing silver ripples across the mirror-glory of the water. Birds were singing in the beech woods over on Orchard Knob Farm, answering to each other from shore to shore, until the very air was tremulous with the elfin music of this wonderful mid-summer dawn.

"I will get up at sunrise every morning of my life hereafter," exclaimed Murray rapturously, not meaning a syllable of it, but devoutly believing he did.

Just as the fiery disc of the sun peered over the sand dunes, Murray heard music that was not of the birds. It was a girl's voice, singing beyond the maples to his left, a clear, sweet voice, blithely trilling out the old-fashioned song "Five O'Clock in the Morning."

"Mrs. Palmer's niece!"

Murray sprang to his feet and tiptoed cautiously through the maples. He had heard so much from Mrs. Palmer about her niece that he felt reasonably well acquainted with her. Moreover, Mrs. Palmer had assured him that Mollie was a very pretty girl. Now, a pretty girl milking cows at sunrise in the meadows sounded well.



"I am coming over to see you this afternoon," said Murray, coolly. "I will not tell tales out of Eden."

the morning people who met in dewy clover fields disregarded the conventionalities. "Isn't it rather a large contract for you to be milking seven cows all alone? May I help you?"

Mollie looked up at him over her shoulder. She had glorious gray eyes. Her face was serene and undisturbed. "Can you milk?" she asked.

"Unlikely as it may seem, I can," said Murray. "I have never confessed it to Mrs. Emory, because I was afraid she would inveigle me into milking her fourteen cows. But I don't mind helping you. I learned to milk when I was a shaver on my vacations at a grandfatherly farm. May I have that extra pail?"

Murray captured a milking stool and rounded up another Jersey. Before sitting down he seemed struck with an idea.

"My name is Arnold Murray. I board at Sweetbriar Cottage, next farm to Orchard Knob. That makes us near neighbors."

"I suppose it does," said Mollie.

Murray mentally decided that her voice was the sweetest he had ever heard. He was glad he had arranged his cow at such an angle that he could study her profile. It was amazing that Mrs. Palmer's niece should have such a profile. It looked as if centuries of

fine breeding were responsible for it.

"What a morning!" he said enthusiastically. "It harks back to the days when earth was young. They must have had just such mornings as this in Eden."

"Do you always get up so early?" asked Mollie, practically.

"Always," said Murray without a blush. Then: "But no, that is a fib, and I cannot tell fibs to you. The truth is your tribute. I never get up early. It was fate that roused me and brought me here this morning. The morning is a miracle—and you! I might suppose you were born of the sunrise, if Mrs. Palmer hadn't told me all about you."

"What did she tell you about me?" asked Mollie, changing cows. Murray discovered that she was tall and that the big blue print apron shrouded a singularly graceful figure.

"She said you were the best-looking girl in Bruce County. I have seen very

few of the girls in Bruce County, but I know she is right."

"That compliment is not nearly so pretty as the sunrise one," said Mollie, reflectively. "Mrs. Palmer has told me things about you," she added.

"Curiosity knows no gender," hinted Murray.

"She said you were good-looking and lazy and different from other people."

"All compliments," said Murray in a gratified tone.

"Lazy?"

"Certainly. Laziness is a virtue in these strenuous days. I was not born with it, but I have painstakingly acquired it, and I am proud of my success. I have time to enjoy life."

"I think that I like you," said Mollie.

"You have the merit of being able to enter into a situation," he assured her.

When the last Jersey was milked they carried the pails down to the spring, where the creamers were sunk, and strained the milk into them. Murray washed the pails and Mollie wiped them and set them in a gleaming row on the shelf under a big maple.

"Thank you," she said.

"You are not going yet," said Murray, resolutely. "The time I saved you in milking three cows belongs to me. We will spend it in a walk along the pond shore. I will show you a path I have discovered under the beeches. It is just wide enough for two. Come."

He took her hand and drew her through the copse into a green lane, where the ferns grew thickly on either side and the pond waters splashed dreamily below them. He kept her hand in his as they went down the path, and she did not try to withdraw it. About them was the great, pure silence of the morning, faintly threaded with caressing sounds—croon of birds, gurgle of waters, sigh of wind. The spirit of youth and love hovered over them and they spoke no word.

When they finally came out on a little green nook swimming in early sunshine and arched over by maples, with the wide shimmer of the pond before it and the gold dust of blossoms over the grass, the girl drew a long breath of delight.

"It is a morning left over from Eden, isn't it?" said Murray.

"Yes," said Mollie, softly.

Murray bent toward her. "You are Eve," he said. "You are the only woman

EDITOR'S NOTE.—No Canadian writer has gained a wider popularity than the author of "Anne of Green Gables." Filled with infectious humor, overflowing with human kindness and marked by unusual insight into the intricacies of mind and motive, the stories of L. M. Montgomery have won a high place in the esteem of the public. "At Five o'Clock in the Morning" is typical of the author's style—bright, witty, readable in the extreme.

Mrs. Palmer had not over-rated her niece's beauty. Murray said so to himself, with a little whistle of amazement as he leaned unseen on the pasture fence and looked at the girl who was milking a placid Jersey less than ten yards away from him. Murray's artistic instinct responded to the whole scene with a thrill of satisfaction.

He could see only her profile, but that was perfect, and the coloring of the oval cheek and the beautiful curve of the chin were something to adore. Her hair, ruffled into lovable little ringlets by the morning wind, was coiled in glistening, chestnut masses high on her bare head, and her arms, bare to the elbow, were as white as marble. Presently she began to sing again, and this time Murray joined in. She half rose from her milking stool and cast a startled glance at the maples. Then she dropped back again and began to milk determinedly; but Murray could have sworn that he saw a demure smile hovering about her lips. That, and the revelation of her full face, decided him. He sprang over the fence and sauntered across the intervening space of lush clover blossoms.

"Good morning, Mollie," he said, coolly. He had forgotten her other name, and it did not matter; at five o'clock in

in the world—for me. Adam must have told Eve just what he thought about her the first time he saw her. There were no conventionalities in Eden, and people could not have taken long to make up

Continued on Page 132.

Chief Poundmaker, who held Battleford in siege until the arrival of Otter's troops.



On the Fighting Line in

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, B.A.

Author of "The Making of Canadian West," etc. and formerly Lieutenant No. One Company, Winnipeg Light Infantry

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This series of articles on the North-West Rebellion is attracting a wide degree of interest. The author, through his actual participation in the campaign and his close personal acquaintance with the leading personages in the struggle, is in a unique position to present the facts with accuracy and from a broad viewpoint. The uprising under that picturesque firebrand, Louis Riel, marked a distinct stage in Canadian history; and on its suppression the process of weld-

THE news of the battle of Duck Lake ringing throughout Canada put an end to all uncertainty as to Riel's purpose and awakened in all the provinces a stern resolve to suppress his seditious movement with the utmost speed and thoroughness. In a famous passage of his descriptive poem, "The Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott gives in his own inimitable way an account of the impending conflict between the Highland chieftain and his Saxon foeman. He tells how the Saxon not knowing who it was that was giving him conduct to Coulantogle Ford had expressed an ardent wish to meet Roderick Dhu and his warrior band. And the Highlander, granting his wish, "whistled shrill" to his concealed clansmen;

"And every tuft of broom gave life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

Duck Lake had that kind of effect on the Dominion of Canada. From the frowning fortress of Old Quebec and the harbor of Halifax down by the sea up through the rich farming districts and populous cities of Ontario, on out to the scattered ranches at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, hosts of armed, determined men sprang up in volunteer bands to resent the insult to their flag and to express their horror at the killing of their fellow citizens out on the snowy Saskatchewan plains. The uniform of good Queen Victoria had been fired upon and her soldiers slain, and what Edmund Burke vainly hoped for another Queen was always true in regard to our peerless sovereign, that ten thousand swords were ready to leap from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her.

And then, following hard after the Duck Lake fight and, as the outcome of it, Big Bear and his braves on the splendid Reserve of Frog Lake near Fort Pitt rose, intoxicated by the news of Riel's success, and murdered in cold-blooded massacre nine men, amongst whom were

two priests who tried in vain to protect the others. Fort Pitt was a well known Hudson's Bay post where Chief Factor MacLean (now in Winnipeg) was in charge for the company, and where Inspector Dickens, a son of the great novelist, was in command of a small force of Mounted Police. When

the news of Duck Lake reached Fort Pitt, Dickens, seeing that they were in danger, urged the whites at Frog Lake to come into the fort. But the Indian agent thought he could control the Indians. He was the first man they shot.

This Frog Lake massacre, we say, was the first outcome of the battle at Duck Lake, for immediately after the battle Riel began to send runners out more systematically to stir up the Indians. He wrote letters with his own hand to Chief Poundmaker near Battleford and others. Here is one of his epistles found in Poundmaker's camp:

"Praise God for the success he has given us. Capture all the police you possibly can. Preserve their arms. Take Fort Battleford but save the provisions, munitions and arms. Send a detachment to us of at least a hundred men."

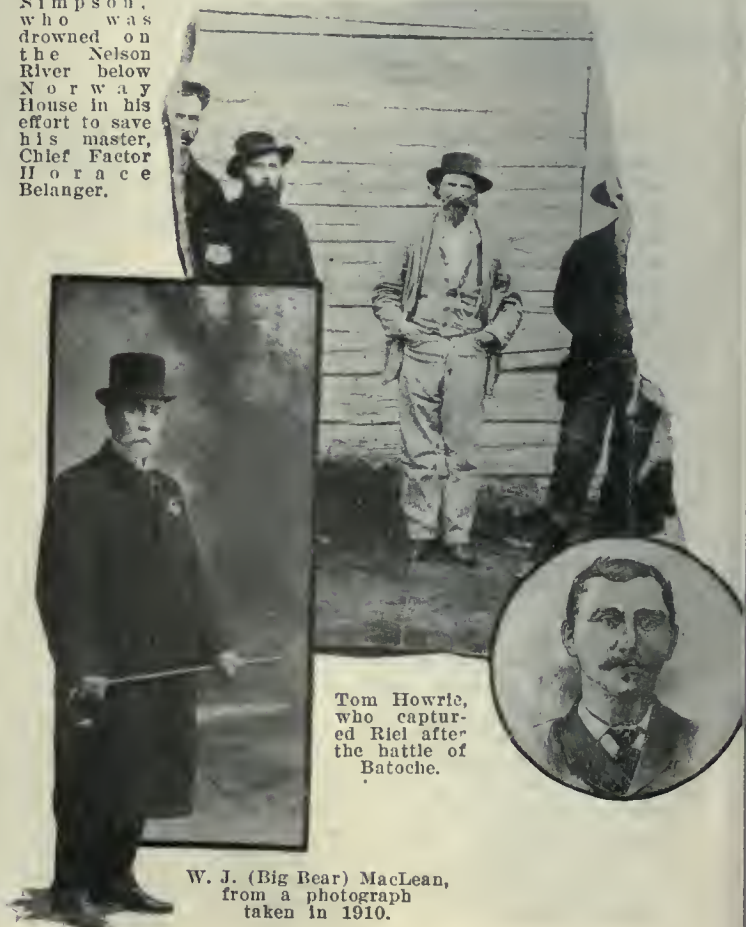
In another letter he says: "Dear relatives and friends,—We advise you to pay attention. Be ready for anything. Take the Indians with you. Gather them from every side. Take all the ammunition you can, whatever storehouses it may be in.

Murmur, growl and threaten. Stir up the Indians. Render the police at Fort Pitt and Battleford powerless."

He took advantage of the ignorance and superstition of the Indians, too, by saying that an eclipse of the sun which was soon to take place was a sign from Heaven that they were to rise and assist him.

One of the main elements that frustrated Riel's efforts with the Indians was

A fragment of an old photograph rescued from the fire after the Frog Lake massacre. It is now in the possession of (Chief Factor) MacLean, who supplies the following description: "Inspector Dickens (a son of Charles Dickens, whom he resembled), is standing on the left alongside of the late Indian Agent Quinn, who was the first man shot of the nine that were massacred at Frog Lake. Only a part of Quinn is to be seen in the picture. The one standing in the middle is the late James Keith Simpson, the clerk I had in charge at Frog Lake, and who acted as my able and faithful interpreter during our captivity and imprisonment with the Indians for 63 days. The one partly seen on the right of the picture is that of the late Stanley Simpson, who was drowned on the Nelson River below Norway House in his effort to save his master, Chief Factor Horace Belanger."



Tom Howrie, who captured Riel after the battle of Batoche.

W. J. (Big Bear) MacLean, from a photograph taken in 1910.

Riel's Day : 3—THE SEQUEL OF DUCK'S LAKE

Illustrated by Old Photographs and Views

ing all parts of the Dominion into a strong and united nation began. The stirring events of '85, therefore, marked a turning point in history, and the men who answered the call of duty and fought for the unity of the Dominion rendered a service the magnitude of which was perhaps not realized at the time. In putting his recollections of the spirited war on the Western plains into printed form, Mr. MacBeth is doing a work of great historical importance.

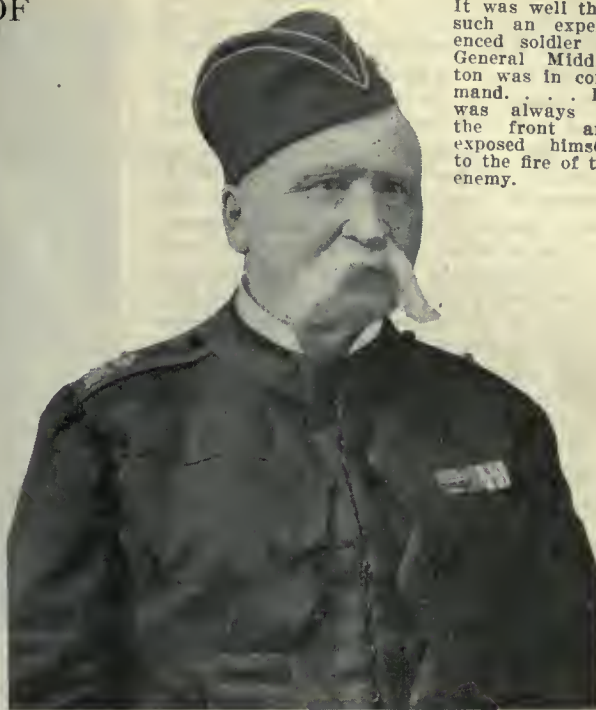
the missionary, and Canada has never yet realized the debt we owe to the missionaries of the churches in the West at that critical period. But for the presence and commanding influence of John McKay of the Mistawasis Reserve near Duck Lake, who kept that big chief and others near Prince Albert quiet, of Father Lacombe, who influenced the great tribes of Blackfeet and Bloods of Southern Alberta, and John McDougall, who exercised restraint over the Stoney Indians of the foothill country, and others, a very different story would have to be told. For the first sequel of Duck Lake was the Frog

Lake massacre, and this was only a sample of what might have happened in many places.

Meanwhile the Canadian forces were being rushed to the scenes of the unexpected outbreak. It was well that such an experienced soldier as General Middleton was in command in Canada at the time. He had seen service in many places, notably in the Indian Mutiny where he was recommended for the Victoria Cross for special acts of bravery, though, on account of his being on the personal staff, Lord Clyde decided that he was not eligible. He was well up in years in 1885, having been in service since 1842, but he never spared himself through the North-West Campaign. He was always at the front and perhaps because he wished to keep inexperienced soldiers from anything like "stage-fright" he exposed himself to the fire of the enemy with the utmost disregard to his own safety. He used to go up to where his advance sharpshooters were under cover and coolly reconnoiter with his field glasses close to the enemy.

One day, when his fur-cap was shot off his head, he picked it up and said laughingly that someone seemed to be firing at him. His chief of staff was that brilliant young soldier, Lord Melgund, afterwards Earl of Minto. He was a great favorite on the field though few of the men realized that the handsome and dashing chief of staff was later on to become a statesman-like Governor-General of Canada and rise also to the requirements of India during a critical time. With Middleton also were aides Wise, Freer and Doucet, capital men, two of whom were wounded during the campaign.

Middleton reached Winnipeg just after Duck Lake and left the same evening for the front with the 90th Regiment of Winnipeg. This was a rifle



It was well that such an experienced soldier as General Middleton was in command. . . . He was always at the front and exposed himself to the fire of the enemy.

regiment which did gallant work in the campaign. Its commander was Colonel McKeand, whose health prevented him taking the part he would otherwise have taken, but whose soldierly qualities were unmistakable. Major Boswell, too, was a capable officer and the other major was Buchan—"Fighting Larry" as he was called—who did good work in '85 and in the Boer War in later years.

The captain of one of the companies was Hugh John MacDonald (now Sir Hugh, the able and popular police magistrate at Winnipeg). He had served under Wolseley and was a prime favorite in war as he always has been in peace.

The Winnipeg Field Battery went out and did excellent service. One of the battery officers was Capt. George Young, already referred to, the son of Rev. George Young, who had pleaded so hard with Riel in 1870 to save the life of Scott. Besides these bodies there were two regiments raised specially for the campaign in Winnipeg and Manitoba, the 91st Winnipeg Light Infantry under Col. Osborne Smith, a thorough soldier, and the 92nd under Col. Thos. Scott, who had served under Wolseley also. It was in the 91st I served, and perhaps our most picturesque figure was Sergeant-Major Lawlor, who had been nursed by Florence Nightingale, when wounded in the Crimea, and whose broad breast was decorated with medals for the Crimean, Chinese, and other wars. Our adjutant was Constantine, who later went into the Yukon with the first contingent of Mounted Police to keep order in that seething camp. These Western regiments being on the ground were, of course, the first to go with Middleton.

REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE EAST.

But up across the bleak north shores of Lake Superior were hurrying the gallant men from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. The Canadian Pacific Railway was not yet finished. There were



Col. Grassett (now Chief of Police of Toronto), who took a prominent and courageous part. (From a photograph taken in 1885.)

great gaps where the rails were not laid and the task of crossing these in the wintry March weather was nothing short of terrific. It was the hardest work of the campaign, this, of marching through snow and slush with heavy accoutrements and then riding, wet and wearied, on freezing flat cars. Scores of men never recovered from this exposure and the heavy mortality of the few years succeeding the rebellion had its origin here and in the hardships to which the Western men were exposed at the same time on the prairie to the setting sun. Yet it is to be recorded to the credit of our men that there was never any mutinous spirit manifested. Everybody tried to do his duty.

In this connection I quote a typical case from General Strange's autobiography, "Gunner Jingo's Jubilee," of which he sent me an author's copy on publication. It speaks of our camp near the Beaver River and says: "But my infantry were dead beat from marching through rain and awful mud. The 65th (of Montreal) had tramped the soles off their boots—some were literally barefoot, others with muddy, blood-stained rags tied around their feet. An officer told me the men could march no more and wanted to know when they would be allowed to go home. I thanked the officer outwardly and rode up at once to the battalion. They certainly presented a pitiable spectacle in their tattered uniforms. The misery of their march through swamp and forest had been added to by the mosquitos and horseflies which were almost unbearable. Addressing the battalion in French, as was my habit, I said: "Mes enfants votre commandant m'a dit que vous demandez, quand vous pourriez retourner chez vous. Mais je n'ai qu'une reponse c'est celle-la de votre ancien chanson "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre on ne sait quand il reviendra."*

It had the desired effect and the weary little French-Canadians shouted: "Hurra pour le general; en avant toujours en avant."** And they stepped out to the refrain of their ancestors. I knew the 65th well, because they were brigaded with us all through the campaign and this is an actual scene. And I saw officers and men in all the regiments when we came together after it was all over who had exercised every invention to keep shoes and uniforms hanging together. So that beginning with the exposure on the railway "gaps" on the north shore and on the close of the campaign there were hardships enough apart from the fighting to prove that Canadians were made of the best kind of stuff.

PLANS WERE CHANGED.

At the outset Middleton's plan seems to have been for two main columns, one under himself to march towards Riel's camp and the other under Strange from Calgary, north to Edmonton and the Big Bear country with the expectation that

*"My children, your commander tells me you are asking when you can return to your homes. I have only one answer to give you. It is that of your old song, 'Malbrook goes away to the war, no one knows when he will return.'"

**"Hurrah for the General. Forward, ever Forward."



His chief of staff was that brilliant young soldier, Lord Melgund, afterward Earl of Minto.

these two columns would meet ultimately in the Battleford region after they had completed their work elsewhere. But the fear of an outbreak at Battleford, where Poundmaker's braves were committing depredations which drove all the people into the fort, caused a modification. And so there were three main lines of attack instead of two, Col. Otter's brigade marching from Swift Current on the line of the C.P.R. to Battleford, and the other two as already indicated. We shall follow with each in turn.

With Middleton were the 90th of Winnipeg, the Toronto Grenadiers, the Midland battalion, A. Battery, Winnipeg Battery, Boulton's Scouts, French's Scouts, and later on Dennis' Surveyors Corps; or about 720 men in all. But we must not forget to mention an arm of the service which was distinct, Capt. Howard, of the U.S. militia, who was there with his Gatling gun. "Gat" Howard, as he was affectionately called, was a prime favorite and did splendid service with his lightning-fire repeater, striking terror



Colonel Williams, who was prominent at Batoche.

into the Indians and on one occasion saving a battery gun from capture by the enemy, Howard, wheeling his Gatling gun up in the nick of time and starting a hail of bullets that swept the redskins back into the ravine. Howard, it will be remembered, went to the Boer War with our men and was killed there.

THE BATTLE OF FISH CREEK.

Middleton, on the way to Batoche, was attacked by the enemy at Fish Creek where a sudden fire from concealed marksmen emptied several saddles in Boulton's Scout Corps, who were riding in advance with the general. The main body of our men came up quickly and there was a hot engagement which may reasonably be described as a drawn battle, though Middleton held his ground with some regrettable losses in killed and wounded. Fighting at a great disadvantage where the enemy knew the ground and had the shelter of ravine and rifle pits, our soldiers behaved with the greatest coolness and gallantry. The enemy retired to Batoche for their final stand and Middleton pressed on.

There was desultory skirmishing for a few days with retiring to the camp at night, and every evening as they retired the enemy followed, having the advantage of the sunset light which prevented our men seeing them in the face of it. One evening a fellow-student of mine, Dick Hardisty, who had returned from the Gordon relief expedition up the Nile just in time to catch the train at Winnipeg and go west with the 90th, was shot in the forehead and killed as he was swinging round to face the enemy.

The men were getting impatient at this sort of thing but Middleton had already lost heavily and all along he said that he was more anxious to save the citizen soldiers who had homes and families to provide for than he would have been with regulars whose business was war. He, doubtless, felt that a rush on Batoche might lead to a heavier loss of life than a game of siege but some of the men, like Colonel Williams and others, practically made up their minds that they were going to make the rush at the first opportunity. And so they did, Middleton not being present when the rush started. But on hearing the cheer he mounted his horse and, rallying the whole line, was in at the death.

Gabriel Dumont, experienced plainsman that he was, escaped and crossed the boundary line for a few months whence he returned and settled unmolested on his farm where he died about eight years ago.

THE CAPTURE OF RIEL.

Riel was found in a clump of bushes not far away by a native scout, Tom Hourie, son of the famous old interpreter, Peter Hourie. The rebel chief was taken to Middleton's tent whence he was sent under escort to Regina jail. I saw Tom Hourie about two weeks later, out north of Edmonton. He was a giant in stature and doubtless was pleased with the attention paid him for his finding the rebel

Continued on Page 134.

Twisting Trails: By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Author of "The Print of the French Heel"

Second Instalment of New Serial Story

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"WHERE did this come from, then?"

"I am sure I don't know. I never saw it before."

The Indian woman came to the door, saw the bundle, and broke into a volley of Ojibway. The woodsman replied in the same tongue and then threw the bundle at her.

"The old lady's kicking up a row because she thinks I'm going to throw her out and have you for my woman," he said, as he sat down on the log beside Rea.

His manner had changed, and in his half drunken, awkward attempt at coquetry the girl saw her first real danger.

"Why don't you tell her it's not true," she said, for she felt that the enmity of the woman, becoming more bitter as time went on, might prove a greater peril than even this new attitude on the part of the man.

"Aw, she won't believe it. Don't know why you're here if it ain't to be my woman. She'll probably carry on this way long's you stay."

Rea was silent.

"She ain't my wife, you know," the woodsman went on. "Leastways, I never married her. I can kick her out any time."

Evidently he had been drinking ever since breakfast. He leaned toward Rea. She drew back and was about to rise when the Indian woman rushed from the cabin.

It seemed to the startled girl that the squaw used every word in her meagre language, in her denunciation. Wrath shone in her eyes, was seen in every feature, in every gesture. Rea turned anxiously to the woodsman.

Bleary-eyed, the man looked up as though amazed to see the squaw before him. For a moment he did not move. Then, his drunken anger aroused, he lurched to his feet and struck her heavily in the face.

The squaw did not wilt and fall forward on to her face as does a boxer who has been knocked out. The force of the powerful blow carried her backward and she fell, her head striking a log used as a chopping block.

Rea's desire to run was overcome by a terror which surprised her as greatly as it held her motionless. The woodsman, his anger gone, turned with a grin and sat down on the log. The girl, revolted by his drunken smile, looked at his victim. A stream of blood ran down

the side of the log and from under the squaw's shoulder. She hurried forward and lifted the black head. Underneath was a pool of blood. Stuck in the end of the log, one side of the bit uppermost, was an axe. The bit was covered with blood.

Rea turned the woman's head over and felt with fearful fingers under the thick, coarse hair. The look of anxiety on her face gave way to one of horror. With a bloody hand, she felt of the woman's wrist.

"She'll come 'round," said the woodsman. "Let her lie."

Rea did not answer. She thrust a hand inside the squaw's dress and placed it over her heart. For a moment she remained motionless. The woodsman was silent as he saw the grim horror in her eyes.

"She won't come 'round," Rea said slowly. "She is dead."

"Dead!"

The man's intoxication vanished as quickly as had his fury after striking the woman. He bent forward and felt of her breast. Then he turned her head over, saw the blood and the axe.

"That's your doings!" he screamed, looking up at Rea. "Hadn't been for you this never'd happened."

He rose to his feet and, as he did so, his hand fell on the handle of the blood-stained axe. For a moment he looked wildly at the girl. In his eyes she saw the fear of the slayer, the fear of the man who is covering his tracks.

"Drop that axe!" she said, sharply. "What would your life be worth, Pete Milford, if you killed the daughter of E. G. Sumner?"

Milford dropped the axe and stepped back. He thought of the actions of this

young woman he had brought from the portage trail, her lack of fear, her composure, her absence of tears. What did she know? Who was she? How did she know his name?

As he stared, bewildered, Rea turned and walked slowly toward the beach.

CHAPTER V.

REA continued on down the shore to the south end of the island on which she was held prisoner. At noon she returned to find the cabin empty. The squaw's body had disappeared from the woodpile. After warming up the remains of the breakfast and boiling some tea, she satisfied her hunger and again sought the lake shore.

Her thoughts now turned to escape. Milford could not have left the island. She might be watched. In any event, she should wait until he began drinking again. She walked on to the canoe in which Milford had brought her to the island. It was floating in the water at the end of the beach.

Rea did not stop as she walked past it, for she did not wish to arouse suspicion if Milford were watching. But she saw that she would have difficulty in getting the craft. It was attached to a thick root of a pine by a heavy chain and padlock.

The canoe the squaw had told her of, across the island by the little trail, occurred to her, and she turned toward the cabin and found the path. But this canoe, too, was securely locked. It had been taken into the brush and chained to a tree.

Rea turned northward along the shore to learn how large an island she was on and, scrambling over rocks and through brush, came at last to the end.

A circle of pines shaded a large, flat rock which lay at the water's edge beside a small strip of sand beach. Far out across the lake lay the mainland. Other islands were to be seen near the north shore some distance away. Throughout the long afternoon she watched for a passing canoe, for some sign of the presence of a human being.

At supper time she returned to the cabin to find it still empty. She prepared her meal and went to her room, taking with her a rifle that hung on the wall.

The next morning she heard Milford moving about. After he had left the cabin,

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.

Sumner is the owner of the Whisky Jack mine. Heatley, a mining expert with his family, is making a trip through the mine district and is to send Sumner a report as to the mine's value. Upon this report depends Sumner's whole financial stability. Sumner's daughter, Helen, accompanies the Heatleys, and a chance traveling acquaintance whom they meet, a Miss Rea Straine, also makes one of their party for the journey into the interior. She is mistaken for Helen and kidnapped by Milford, a woodsman, at the instigation of Mark Fowler, whom Sumner had appointed manager of the mine, and who turns out to be of bad reputation.

Sumner receives a wire from Heatley saying Helen has disappeared. He concludes this is Fowler's work who for some reason wishes to prevent Heatley sending a report on the mine, and he wires James Stover, a friend, to search for Helen.

At the opening of the present chapter we find Rea Straine, who is by no means perturbed at her position, in conversation with Milford, whom she informs she has no intention of attempting to escape.

she dressed and found a breakfast being kept warm for her in the oven. Two empty whisky bottles on the table confirmed her suspicions as to Milford's whereabouts the previous day.

After breakfast the girl again walked to the beach to look at the canoe. If she were sure Milford were not watching, she might attempt to break the chain and lock with the axe. But she did not dare risk that until she was sure he was out of the way. She turned on down the shore and found fresh tracks in the soft sand, leading to and from the end of the beach. She followed them aimlessly until she came to a place where the wet, coarse sand dug from beneath the finer, drier particles on the surface had been heaped and scraped in a low, narrow mound. At first the girl did not realize what it meant. Then she turned quickly away and went to the cabin.

After noon, when Milford had not appeared, Rea went to the north end of the island, to the broad flat rock. For a long time she sat there, looking out over the water, listening to the cries of a loon, watching the successful efforts of a kingfisher.

At four o'clock, her eyes, weary from the bright light on the water, she shaded them with her hands and lay back against a boulder.

"I beg your pardon," she heard a voice say at her feet.

She looked down, startled, to see a young man, dressed in khaki, high-laced shoes and a felt hat, sitting in a canoe beside the rock.

"I spoke for fear I would frighten you if you wakened suddenly," he stammered. "I was just paddling past, you know."

"You didn't frighten me," she answered, calmly.

"Guess, I was more startled myself," remarked the young stranger. "Paddling along through this country where you're

sure there isn't a living soul for miles around—and then to see a young lady—well, it's rather apt to make a fellow think he's dreaming it."

"I'm sorry if my presence here startled you," said Rea, with a smile. "I suppose my being here is quite as mysterious to you as your presence is to me."

"I'm over at the mine, you know," said the stranger, catching his paddle on the rock to keep the canoe from floating past.

"You mean the — ?"

"Whisky Jack. Sumner's mine. It's only eight miles beyond. I do the assaying there," he added a little boastfully.

He was very young, the girl thought, and, as she noted the youth, enthusiasm and innocence in his face, she gradually became more cordial in her manner.

"Won't you stop for a while and tell me about it?" she asked. "I never saw a mine, never heard much about one, except that it is a place where they get gold out of the ground."

He turned the canoe to the strip of sand and then scrambled quickly to the rock beside her.

"I'd love to tell you," he cried. "I'm crazy about mining myself. This is my first try at it, I was just out of college in June and this is my first job. But I like it more than I ever thought I would."

"You feel that you are really doing something, after all the years in school, I suppose."

"That's it. Doing something that counts. Being with big men who are doing big things. It's great. It makes you want to do the big things yourself, pushes you on, you know."

"Are you with big men up here?"

"Sure. E. G. Sumner owns the mine, or about all of the stock. And Mark Fowler is superintendent. I've learned a lot from him. Not so much about mining but about business methods. He's a

wonder. I think I'm mighty lucky to get in with him and to get on as well as I have. He takes a lot of interest in me and has me over at his cabin nights. He's more like a father than a boss."

"Is he an old man?"

"Only about forty-five."

"Where was he before he took charge here?"

"Out West, I think, and in Cobalt, though he doesn't talk much about what he's done. He's not that sort, the kind that talks. He goes ahead and does things."

"It's splendid that you have the confidence of such a man at the beginning of your career."

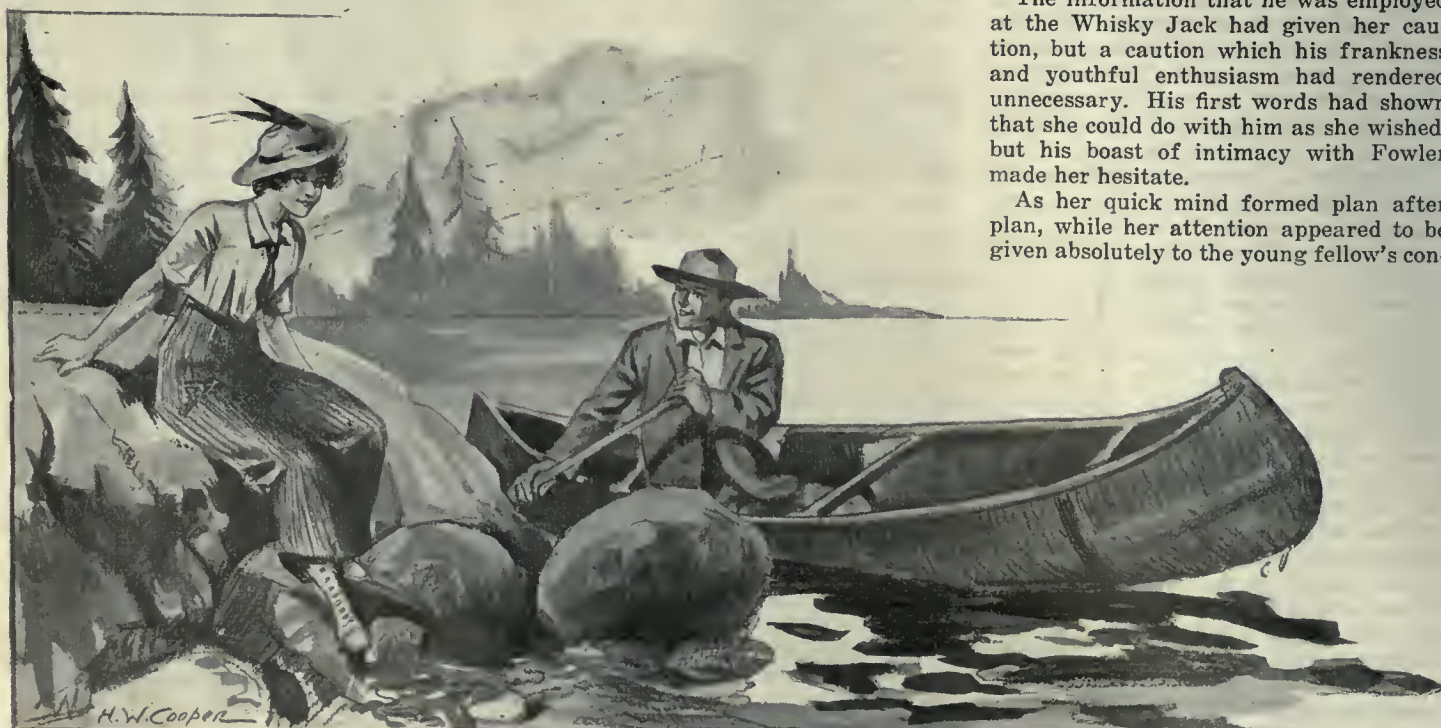
"I am lucky to have him trust me as he does. He has me do a lot of things that he wouldn't trust to anyone else."

Rea experienced a slight feeling of shame. It was like reading a book in which the leaves had not been cut. She had only to insert a delicate knife and the pages lay open before her. But the story was too important for her to stop because of conscience. She had long been in the habit of using any circumstance, person or fact that came her way, shaping it to her own ends or using it as a stone upon which she might climb higher to look over a wall.

Her first thought, when she saw the youth in the canoe, had been of escape. It was not her nature to rush too quickly into anything, however, no matter how quickly she might be able to make decisions in an emergency. She did not at once throw herself upon the young man's mercy because she knew there was no hurry. Milford was still drunk somewhere on the island, probably near the south end, nearly a mile away. The young man could take her away, even if Milford did turn up. But first she had to learn who he was and where he was going.

The information that he was employed at the Whisky Jack had given her caution, but a caution which his frankness and youthful enthusiasm had rendered unnecessary. His first words had shown that she could do with him as she wished, but his boast of intimacy with Fowler made her hesitate.

As her quick mind formed plan after plan, while her attention appeared to be given absolutely to the young fellow's con-



She looked down, startled, to see a young man dressed in khaki, high-laced shoes and a felt hat, sitting in a canoe beside the rock.

fidences, a thought suddenly struck her. He was paddling north. The Whisky Jack lay in that direction. Where had he been? If he came from the south, did he not come from Vermilion? And, if he had come from Vermilion, had there been no effort by Heatley to find her when she did not appear at their camp that night?

"You are on your way to the mine now?" she asked when the opportunity came.

"Yes, I would have reached there by supper time, but I'll be a little late now."

"Then you are coming from Vermilion?"

"Well, no, not exactly. You won't tell anyone but, you see, I am on a sort of secret mission."

"How exciting!"

"Not exactly exciting," he replied as though adventures were of daily occurrence and this affair of slight importance. "I just had to paddle down to MacArthur Lake and then turn west until I struck the railroad at a station where trains pass. I left there this morning."

"That wasn't exciting, was it?"

"No, but it was an important mission and I was the only one at the mine that Fowler could trust to make the trip."

"But what on earth could you have done, just paddling to a way station and back?"

"Oh, I did it once before, about a month ago. You see, Hank Rothwell, our mail carrier, is not exactly the sort that can be depended upon. We haven't fastened anything on him but Mr. Fowler says he has reason to believe that Hank has stopped a letter or two. Mr. Fowler even went so far as to say that he believed Hank belonged to a gang of criminals he had heard about in Cobalt and that he had come to the Whisky Jack in the interests of the gang."

"Well, Mr. Fowler had some important papers coming, something to do with a mine in Cobalt that he is interested in and he didn't want Hank to have a chance to get them. Of course, if they came in the regular mail, Hank would see them. So Fowler had a friend take them through on the passenger and I met the passenger at the way station and brought them out. That's what I'm doing this time. The package is in that little leather case strapped to the thwart. Then, if I get drowned, they can be found anyhow. That was Mr. Fowler's idea."

Rea was thoughtful for a moment.

Then she changed the subject suddenly.

"Do you know that I am glad you took this important trip just at this time? It happens that I am lost up here in the wilderness and you have come along just in time to save me."

"Lost!" cried the young assayer. "Why didn't you tell me before? It is lucky that

million. Here was a girl of the type he had danced with when at college. Then he had been a student. Now he was a man of the world, actively engaged in the world's work, big enough and old enough to be a protector of women, not a playmate.

Rea had seen all this when she had looked up to find him in the canoe beside her on the island. Now she allowed him to talk on as he paddled, a question or two keeping the conversation where she wished.

After two miles she turned to see that they were passing an island.

"What a pretty place!" she exclaimed.

Her surprise would never have led anyone to believe that she had seen the island as she lay on the rock. Frequent glances had kept her informed that they were approaching it.

"What a beautiful place to camp!" she went on. "It makes me hungry just to look at it."

"Hungry? By jove, you must be hungry. What a simpleton I have been. You said you were lost yesterday and here it is more than twenty-four hours since you have eaten."

He vented his indignation at his own thoughtfulness upon the paddle and swirled the canoe sharply toward the island.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said.

"Don't be," she replied. "Perhaps I'm so hungry I had become used to it. And I didn't know whether you had any food with you."

He nodded to the big pack between them.

"There's a lot in that, enough to last a man a week. I wouldn't take even a short trip up here without plenty to eat. You never know what will happen."

They landed on a sharp point of rock and he carried the pack to the top, more than one hundred feet from the water, before they found a level spot for a campfire and their supper.

"It is lovely here," said the girl. "You be the cook and I'll go down and get some water."

She went back to the canoe, turning several times to see that, as she expected, the craft was out of sight of the camping spot. Once at the canoe, she quickly floated it and led it past the point and into a cove. There she found a place where the water had worn away the rock, leaving a long, narrow ledge two feet above the surface. Under this she pushed the craft



Suddenly, in the midst of a harangue, his head fell forward onto the table and his sentence ended in a heavy snore. "Will you do me a favor?" asked Rea, springing to her feet and hurrying to the geologist.

I happened along. There isn't a soul living on this lake, none nearer than the mine and that's eight miles from here. You would have starved to death."

He looked at her in amazement.

"But how did you get on to this island?"

"My canoe drifted away. I had been looking for a way out of this lake and landed here this morning. I was tired, and I didn't pull the canoe up very far, I guess, and the wind blew it off the sand beach."

"You certainly are cool about it," he exclaimed in frank amazement and admiration. "Come and we'll start for the mine. To-morrow I can take you wherever you wish. Were you with a party?"

"Yes, several of us were on a canoeing trip and I paddled off last night at sunset and couldn't find my way back."

The assayer held his canoe and Rea stepped in. She took her place in the bow, but she did not paddle.

"You won't mind," she said. "I'm so tired and I'm not accustomed to it."

It was not so much a deception as a display of wisdom. When a young man wants to do something for a pretty girl, he wants to do it in the best possible manner. Tommie Loblaw thought highly of his ability with a paddle and, though he had traveled twenty miles that day, he pushed the canoe rapidly northward. Since he had left college to accept the position of assayer at the Whisky Jack, he had not seen a white woman except the few stolid, middle-aged wives of Ver-

and fastened it. Then, filling the kettle with water, she hurried back to the camp-fire.

Loblaw was not an expert cook, and Rea gaily helped in the preparations. The gaiety continued through the meal and was not ended until the youth, running to the lake for a kettle of water with which to wash the dishes, shouted back:

"The canoe is gone! We're stranded!"

The terror in his face was reflected in that of the girl as she ran to join him.

"What will we do?"

"Wait until we're found, I'm afraid," he said. "Luckily we have plenty of grub and you can have my blanket."

"Why not look for the canoe?" asked Rea. "Perhaps it has not gone far. It may have caught on the shore. Run to the other end of the island and see. The wind is that way."

He did not move. His face went white, and she saw his hands tremble.

"Mr. Fowler's papers!" he cried. "They were lashed to the thwart."

"Then hurry!" she exclaimed, and pushed him toward the brush.

He ran up the slope and out of sight. Immediately Rea turned to where she had hidden the canoe. Pulling it from under the ledge, she stepped in, knelt in the center and was off. In five minutes she was far out from shore.

Paddling steadily in the direction from which they had come, she did not turn when she heard his cries behind her. He called again and again, but she kept her course toward the island on which Milford lived.

CHAPTER VI.

MILFORD, sitting with his back against a giant white pine at the south end of the island, rubbed his half-open eyes and looked down the lake. A mile away he thought that he saw a canoe. In five minutes he was certain that he did.

"Fowler said keep girl hid," he muttered as he scrambled to his feet.

He hurried to the cabin as fast as his condition would permit but it was empty. He called several times, but there was no answer.

"Fowler said keep her hid," he muttered again and began a circle of the island, starting northward.

But he found no sign of her and started back along the west side. Near the south end he heard someone and hurried forward through the brush. Bursting out, he came upon the shore. Immediately in front of him was a man, who, a small hammer in one hand, was tapping away at the hard granite. In the water below him was a canoe, a man sitting in the stern.

The man on shore, intent on his hammering, did not look up.

"What you doing here?" demanded the woodsman.

The rock-tapper carefully finished extracting a piece of stone. Then he glanced up.

"How do you do?" he said in a pre-occupied manner. "Pleasant weather we're having."

"What you doing on my island?" demanded Milford, angrily.

"Geological survey," quietly answered the man, continuing his tapping in another place. "Here, George, put this in the canoe. It's a splendid specimen," and he tossed a piece of rock to his canoeman.

"Government?" asked Milford.

"Certainly," answered the geologist, walking farther away and beginning to break off rock in another place.

Milford sat down and watched him in silence. For the first time he became aware of the fact that he had carried a bottle in his hand throughout his search of the island. He lifted it to his mouth. Then, remembering the demands of hospitality, he scrambled down to the geologist.

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks, I never touch it," and the geologist continued his hammering.

Milford turned to the canoeman, extending the bottle. This time his hospitality was not refused, for George quickly pushed the canoe nearer shore and reached out a hand.

"Me-gwetch," he said, after a long pull.

Milford took a drink and sat down with this more congenial company.

"Workin' for Government?" he asked thickly.

"Yes."

"Been 'round here long?"

"Just started out."

"See some city tourists comin' out?"

"No."

"Not a man and some women and guides?"

"No."

The geologist had ceased tapping with his hammer and was examining a bit of rock with a pocket microscope.

"Heard there was such a bunch camping near here," Milford went on. "Thought you might of seen 'em. Have another drink."

The canoeman drank and Milford, bottle in hand, went on down the shore.

"Paddle on, George," said the geologist. "I'll keep to the island."

He walked on rapidly, his attention confined, not to rocks, but to strips of sand along the shore. Not until reaching the north end of the island did he stop. There, in a bit of sand beside a level rock, were marks where a canoe had been landed. Beside it were the prints of small shoes and of a larger pair. He looked at the impressions in the wet sand carefully and then, with a sweep of his foot, obliterated them.

"We'll paddle over to that point on the mainland and make camp," he told the canoeman as he took his place in the bow.

"Bum rocks there," commented George, as they shoved off.

"Fair," said the geologist. "A puzzling formation."

George plunged at once into the work of camp-making, while the geologist went to the point of rock near which they had landed and looked out over the lake. When George called him to supper he took his plate and sat facing the water. After he had finished eating he returned to the point.

While he watched the big island before him and the lake to the north and south,

without missing even the splash of a leaping fish, he was also thinking and, from the perplexity evident in his expression, he was thinking with little result. Just after sunset, when the shadows began to deepen along the western shore, he started and looked northward. He strained his eyes for a moment and then settled back against the rock. At last he looked closely again and was sure he saw a canoe slowly moving toward the island. After nearly half an hour he saw it land at the northern end.

"Let's go call on your friend," he said to George, as he hurried back to camp.

George remembered the bottle and lifted the canoe into the water at once. In ten minutes they had landed on the east side of the island and took the trail to Milford's cabin. The dogs were running rabbits far down the island and they were not heard as they approached the front door.

"Where you been?" the geologist heard Milford demand.

"Walking about the island," a girl's voice replied.

"Seen anyone?" questioned the woodsman suspiciously.

"Not a soul. This is surely a deserted place."

"You stay in the cabin to-morrow, you hear?" Milford went on gruffly.

There was no reply from the girl, and the geologist, without knocking, pushed open the door.

He saw, standing by the table, a young woman whose beauty was more evident because of her surroundings but not detracted from by her alertness and self-possession.

"I beg—" the geologist began, when Milford angrily demanded as he stepped forward:

"What you want now?"

He walked threateningly around the table.

The girl noted that the stranger did not give ground before the woodsman but she wondered, as he spoke, and as she saw his air of preoccupation, if it were fearlessness or an absent-minded ignorance of possible danger.

"Just dropped over to call, you know," replied the geologist.

If Milford intended violence, he stopped as he saw George step into the door. Instead, he growled inarticulately and returned to his chair.

"Good evening," said the geologist to the girl. "I hope I have not intruded. I am—"

"Have a drink," broke in Milford, thrusting his bottle forward.

"No, thank you," replied the geologist, "I never touch it."

"Drink or get out," commanded Milford. "A man that don't drink's got no business in the bush, and no business here. Drink."

"But, really, you know—" began the other.

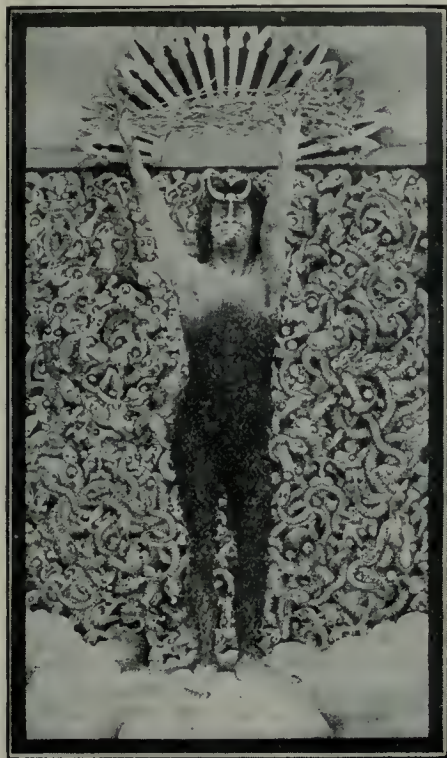
"Take drink for drink with me or get out," Milford screamed.

"Well," said the young man, reaching for the bottle, "since you put it that way, and since the company here is so pleasant, I'll drink with you, drink for drink."

Continued on Page 135.

Striking a New Note in Art

By E. J. HATHAWAY



"Rye"—one of Crowley's most fantastic conceptions.

HERBERT EDMUND CROWLEY is a new force in art. The appeal of his work is due not only to the skill and dexterity of the craftsman, but more especially to the mentality behind it.

As an artist Mr. Crowley has serious views. To him art as a means of expression is too precious to be spent in the rendering of mere transient emotions or mental impressions of places or things. Art should be kept for more important purposes. It is something to be worked out during weeks and even months of thought and endeavor—something into which the artist must put his whole heart and soul. It is more than mere skill of hand and eye, facility with pen or brush. Drawing to him is a language; and clouds, trees, flowers, birds and figures are but the symbols of ideas, each playing its part and contributing to the development of the intellectual idea of the artist.

In his work he has violated a precious principle in art, for he is a moralist, and every picture tells a story, preaches a sermon, points a moral or conveys a lesson. These pictures are marvels of ingenuity in conception and in drawing, and are as remarkable for their ethical as for their artistic qualities.

Herbert Crowley is an Englishman by birth, having been born in Eltham, Kent County, England, just forty years ago, but he has made his home in America, for some years in Toronto, but latterly in New York state. He has no particular artistic ancestry but from early childhood he had a faculty for drawing, and he used to delight in covering slates, book margins, envelopes, and indeed anything he

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is an age of rapid developments in art. The Cubists, Futurists, Post-Impressionists, Ultimists, etc., ad infinitum, have flashed on the horizon of art within the last few years. New schools are formed so often that those who wish to keep in touch with the march of progress must needs be nimble-minded. Herbert Edmund Crowley, an artist who received most of his training in Toronto, is the pioneer of a distinctly new school—one that promises to wield a wide influence. Working with black and white with rare power of grotesquery, he is putting moral lessons on his canvases.

could lay his hands on, with caricatures and drawings of gargoyles, grotesque figures and weird looking animals, the products of a vivid and remarkably active mind.

His early efforts at drawing, however, did not receive the encouragement and training which one with his natural aptitude should have received; but as he at an early age showed splendid gifts of vocal expression he was given every opportunity for study and training as a singer. He studied in London and in Paris, and in the later nineties came to America, where under Mr. Edward Haslam in Toronto, he gained some reputation in recital work. Subsequently he opened a studio in New York for the teaching of singing. An extreme nervousness and timidity towards platform work, however, ultimately caused him to abandon music as a career and he turned with delight to drawing as a means of expression for the artist that was within him and as an outlet for the creative spirit.

With the exception of a few intermittent weeks at the Julien Academy in Paris where he went for practice in figure drawing, he has had no actual art instruction. This is notable in view of his extraordinary skill as a draftsman, the strength and freedom of his drawing, the exquisite charm of his decorative sense, and his inventiveness and dexterity.

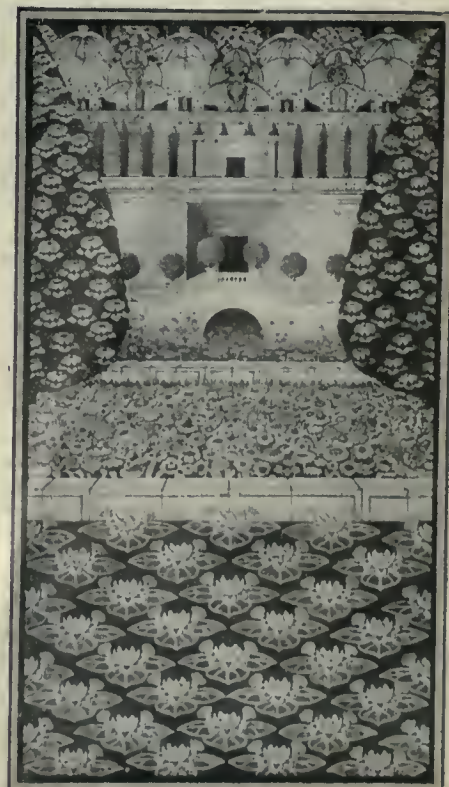
His work is altogether in black and white and he obtains the most unusual effects by the use of line and stipple, and the ingenious employment of detail. He has the musician's affinity for repetition of forms and rhythms. He uses trees, flowers, foliage and clouds in endless iteration for the development of his idea or for the embellishment of his design. He employs the conventional form almost entirely. His drawings are formal, almost architectural, in construction, but strikingly interesting, and each detail of the picture makes its appeal to the imagination by reason of its symbolism and suggestion.

Beardsley, of whom Mr. Crowley's work is strongly reminiscent, resented the charge of symbolism, the accessories in his pictures being purely decorative. His pictures required no literary description. Herbert Crowley's pictures, on the other hand, are full of symbolism. They are each designed to convey some spiritual

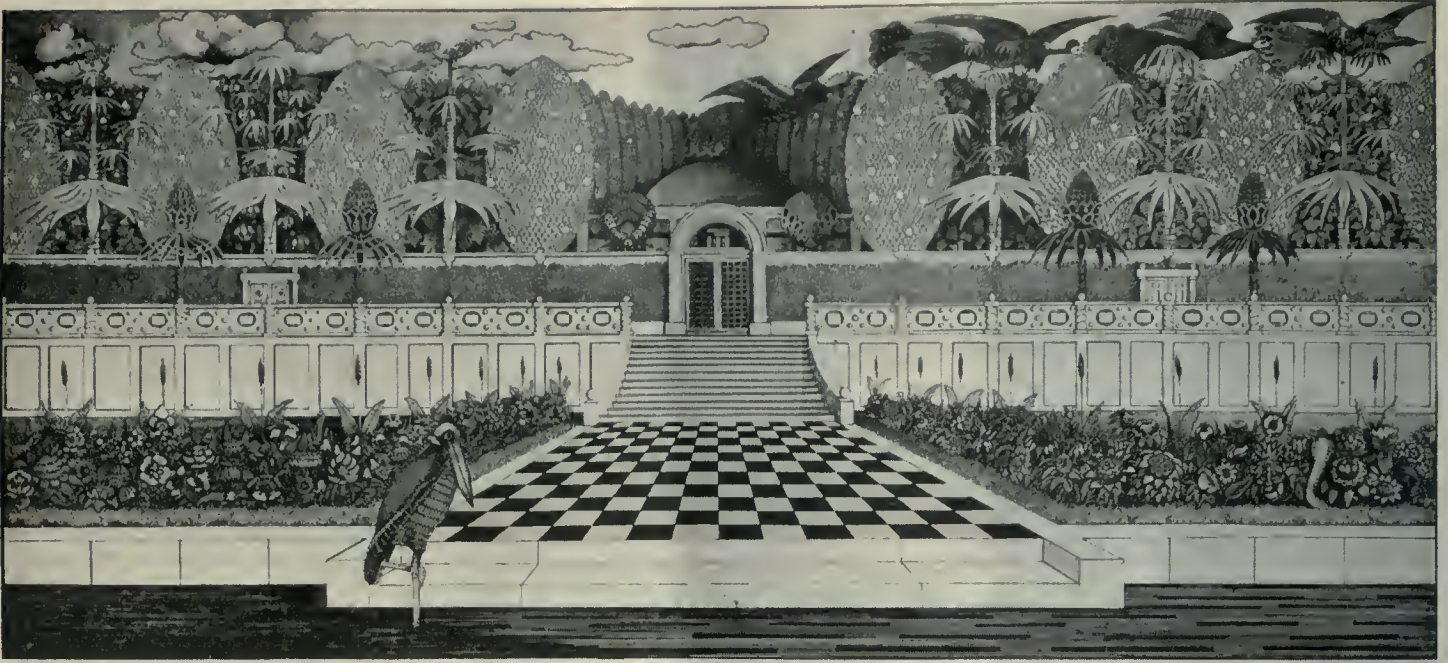
message, and every part of the design, structural or decorative, obvious or allegorical, has some place or part in the presentation of this message.

In 1906 several of his drawings were hung in the Salon, and he has shown them at several important exhibitions in New York City and elsewhere. His work from year to year shows steady development and progress. If he errs at all it is in the direction of over-elaboration of detail. He is no shirker. He does not scamp his work. He recognizes no line of least resistance. Each drawing is, if anything, more wonderful in conception, more original in development, more difficult in execution, than the last.

In the "Temples of Mysteries" Mr. Crowley symbolizes the mysterious laws of life, and change, and growth. The conventionality of the architecture and the formality of the design suggest the absolute rule of order behind all nature.



"The Temple of Silence," by Herbert Edmund Crowley.



"The Temple of Mysteries," by Herbert Edmund Crowley. It symbolizes the mysterious laws of life and change and growth.

Above are the gathering clouds and the flying birds carrying the message for the change of season, while over the entire scene is a delicate gradation of color-tone affecting every leaf and flower, denoting the slowness of that mysterious change in nature. The road of life is one continual mystery. After the first step—the infant years—are the days of childhood and youth. Life at this time is full of beauty and joyousness, but the way is uncertain and footsteps falter as of those walking on a tessellated pavement. The evil influences of the serpent among the flowers by the roadside are counteracted by the bird of wisdom. With advancing years come growth and progress, and the steps of life lead upward and forward. What lies beyond the portals leading to the future, however, is also mystery, for the doors open inward and none return to tell what it is like. Trees, flowers and birds are all treated conventionally, yet they are living, growing things, beautiful in detail and worthy of study because of their decorative quality.

The "Temple of Silence," has much the same architectural appeal combined with decorative beauty. None of the forms used in the drawing are found in nature, yet each leaf and flower is perfect and suggests rather than depicts the growing trees or shrubs. Even his architecture is impracticable. It is unlike anything ever built by human hands; and his erections must be judged as they were conceived, without regard to utilitarian use, and as an expression of an artistic idea. In this picture the artist leads us to the temple of the human soul. We can look upon it but not within it: we see the entrance but cannot penetrate its mysteries.

"Scandal" is a highly decorative panel design in three sections. The upper and lower parts indicate the mixed conditions of life—good and evil, roses and thorns, purity and hypocrisy, beautiful flowers and poisonous serpents. The gross-looking figure in the middle section personifies the loathsome vice, which gives title to the picture. The creature is bestial in

every detail, yet the general structure of the figure is human. The tree of life is encircled by a venomous serpent, but behind a tracery of thistles stands the cross of Christ, the emblem of safety and security against evil.

The drawing entitled "Rye," represents a hairy creature in human form holding up a sheaf of grain before the sun in the attitude of homage. The grain which has been given to man for his sustenance has been perverted to base uses by distillation

into intoxicating liquor; and while this hideous creature, once a man but now a beast, is paying his tribute to the light, he is surrounded by all the horrible apparitions of a disordered brain.

In these and other drawings Herbert Crowley has shown himself a master of his art. His craftsmanship expresses emotionally what he desires to say. He dramatizes moral issues as has no artist of our time. "Let us look upon sin quietly and see it," he says. "We cannot stamp out a thing until we admit its existence." He visualizes sin and vice as one who is burdened with a responsibility. He strives to reveal its hideousness in mental pictures in order that the world may understand.

In work like this there is obviously no effort to make art "pay." Each of these pictures represents months of hard and unremitting labor. His is an almost fastidious technique, and his pictures seem to be wrought rather than drawn. But in the accomplishment of his design, in the portrayal of his intellectual conception, he has the true craftsman's joy—the satisfaction in work well done. "I know what pleasure is," said Stevenson, "for I have done good work."

THE DEEPEST WELLS IN THE WORLD.

At Czuchow, in the coal field of Upper Silesia, is the deepest well in the world. It has reached a depth of over 7,348 ft., a trifle under a mile and a half below the surface. America has three wells ranking next in order. That near McDonald, Pa., some ten miles south-east of Pittsburgh, is 6,860 ft. deep; one in Putnam Heights, Conn., is 6,004 ft. deep, and one now being bored at Derrick City, Pa., has reached the depth of 5,820 ft. Although each of these wells is over a mile in depth, little that is new in geologic formation has been learned from the borings, as owing to the dip of the strata, many comparatively shallow wells have touched the underlying rock beds of very old formations.



"Scandal"—a highly decorative panel design.

The Things That Count :

By ALAN SULLIVAN
Illustrated by GEORGE H. FLATER

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

LAMONT made no remonstrance when she told him; then vanished to his laboratory. Later, pursued by a myriad of small voices, she followed him to say good-by. It was a year since she had ascended these narrow stairs. At the door she hesitated. It seemed she was about to break in on that which had robbed her own life of light. Above, the wind sang through a maze of thread-like wires that pulsated in a high, thin monotone. She wondered what mysterious communion her husband was holding and with what viewless correspondent.

Her knock unanswered, she opened the door and looked from the threshold. Lamont, hands pressed on a table was leaning over some electrical machine, staring at it with intense preoccupation. His face was pale, his eyes brilliant with excitement. He appeared, in that stare, to resolve himself into some supremely high-strung intelligent creation of terrific intensity. He was sublimely unconscious to everything save this glittering mechanism with its delicate skeleton of glass and metal. Around him on shelves, tables and floor was a mechanical medley of strange devices, whose intricate disorder suggested months of toil discarded in an instant of unprofitable recognition—the cast-off products of a frenzy of invention. With eyes that wandered from this chaos to Lamont's rigid figure with its concentrated stare, Mary wondered again why he had not for an occasional human moment been able to step outside these inflexible boundaries.

Suddenly with a quick in-drawing of breath his hand went out to a lever that projected beside this latest creation. His fingers, poised for a moment, trembled. Mary yielded to a wave of conviction that here and now was the ultimate testing of the brain of John Lamont. For a fraction of time her own pain was drowned in the vision of this man whose powers seemed gathered up in one final terrific assault on the unknown. She sensed a sudden dread of the reaction that must follow if this intellectual sortie be repulsed.

Lamont's hand slowly steadied. The intensity died in his eyes to be replaced by a mystic remoteness in which he seemed to commune with and summon some far distant influence to animate this insensate shining thing. For an instant he was not of earth. Then his fingers closed on the lever and he straightened his arm with a quick convulsive thrust.

Came a clash of metal, a hiss and a spurt of blue flame. Then from the floor beneath the table rose the soft purr of an electric motor. It hesitated once, slowed and almost stopped. Lamont stood rigid with a sudden flood of blood in his pale

cheeks that left them abruptly when the speed of the motor slackened. But it only slackened to pick up its whirl again. Then it settled steadily down to a low, deep-pitched snore that roused a tinkling response from the bottle-burdened shelves.

For a tense moment Lamont stood motionless, the color flooding and deserting his pale face and brows. His lips were parted, his figure stiff and erect, his whole aspect inexpressibly forceful and triumphant, till in a flash, he collapsed and sank into a chair. Uncertainly one hand went out, groping till it touched the lever. Then he buried his face in his arms and, above the purring motor, Mary heard a great dry sob. In that moment he became suddenly and infinitely human. The impalpable veil of coldness was ripped away. With a strange commotion in her breast she went quickly to him. His slight frame was shaking nervously. At the touch of her hand on his shoulder he became quieter and gradually subsided into long, deep, tremulous breathing.

"Jack," she said anxiously. "Jack! What is it?"

Slowly he raised his head and their gaze met. He seemed dreadfully old. He had lost the tense erectness that had al-

crash and across its ruins breathed a wind of exquisite promise.

She put her head close to her husband's. "Jack," she whispered. "Are you very tired?"

"Yes, desperately."

Her arm slipped under his own. "Come down-stairs and rest, dear." She hesitated at the last word. It hardly seemed her own voice.

He looked at her strangely, then his gaze wandered to the machine in front of him. A curious change had come over his face. It was still white and drawn, but some softening process was delicately smoothing out the lines of tension. He appeared as one who had tottered on the edge of a mental eclipse, but now began a temperamental convalescence. He blinked at the smoothly rotating motor and began to talk fitfully, with uneven pauses in which his mind was palpably wincing under the effort of readjustment.

"I've been a brute, Mary, but I couldn't help it. I didn't think you'd understand. Why did you come up here to-day? Look at that motor. Do you know what's driving it? A generator in Philadelphia!" His hand closed on her wrist. "That doesn't mean much to you—but—" he hesitated, "My God! What doesn't it mean to me!" He stopped abruptly, awed at his own thought.

She looked at him anxiously but the burdened brain throbbed on and all the time Lamont was coming back, nearer and nearer, with old mannerisms apparently extricating themselves from the scientific chaos of his workshop.

"Don't you see, Mary, it's wireless transmission of power—the electrician's dream. It's coming, now, through the air. My receivers are tuned to the pitch of the Philadelphia transmitters."

The blood leaped to his cheeks again and his voice trembled with an ecstasy of pride. "It's unbelievable—but I've got it. It means—it means the revolution of modern life and," he added in a whisper that was almost terrified, "I've done it."

She waited without words. This thin grip on her wrist seemed that of one who had grappled with things unseen and unraveled the riddle of years. She felt almost that he had brought back with him that which would fill her with dread if he revealed it.

"I owe it to you, Mary, as much as to myself. I didn't dare to drop the threads. I lived with them—slept with them. There has not been a moment of the last three years when they were not in my thoughts. Don't you see that if I had let them go even for an instant, the odds would have been against me. It's a terrible thing, this scientific frenzy." He looked at her pleadingly. "Has it cost too much! You

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT.

Judge Gair and Bishop Widdifield are the strongest of friends although holding widely divergent views. Gair's daughter, Mary, is married to an inventor whose whole soul is given over to his work to the exclusion of everything else. Richard Widdifield, son of the bishop, is in love with Mary and tries to persuade her to secure a divorce. Mary seeks the advice of the bishop who advises her strongly against any such course. In the meantime the Widdifields, father and son, head the reform forces in a bitterly contested civic election—and win. Rumors of corrupt means adopted to win are circulated and an investigation before Judge Gair is ordered. Bishop Widdifield learns from his son that the election was not absolutely clean.

ways marked him. His shoulders drooped and his eyes were heavy with unutterable weariness. The drone of the motor rose at his feet and Mary caught in his expression an inconceivably swift flash of triumph. This vanished, leaving him but the over-wrought wraith of a man.

His look struck her breathless. Instantly she hurled her whole spirit into that void in which his own seemed to be groping, that somewhere in its nebulous abyss she might find him and bring him home again. It was suddenly revealed that Lamont had wandered, only wandered, in pursuit of that not understandable marvel which before her own eyes he had captured and subdued. To this weary body there went out in one overwhelming flood all the pent-up emotion that for three years, lacking its natural and sacred channels, had so nearly engulfed her. The edifice of her lonely dreams, the fabric that Richard had helped her to build, came down with a

see I wasn't sure of myself, but I was sure of you. I haven't forgotten how to love, Mary!"

She was plunged in a profundity of emotion and oscillated between the memory of three lonely years and the poignancy of his words, "I was sure of you." Conscious of the sudden surge of a forgotten capacity for passion she abandoned herself to forgetfulness of the past. She sensed but dimly the magnitude of his achievement. It was enough for her that the concentrated labor of years had triumphed. She scanned his face. It had indefinably changed of late into what she now recognized as the prophetic visage of the seer. Its coldness was only that of a mind steeled to the minute analysis of the hidden things of science. Then came a quick dread that that mind would reel and stagger with the fruition of its great emprise.

"Jack," she said with a thrill of tenderness, "shall we start all over again? Will you let me keep close to you. I've been very lonely since—" her eyes filled with tears, then she continued bravely: "Will you come to the Catskills with me now, to-day, and rest?"

He turned to her instantly. "Yes, yes. You are lonely, Mary—that's my fault. And I—" his head dropped to her breast, "how tired I am."

They clung together thus, like children. Then he went to an instrument. "I'm going to call my man in Philadelphia. Look!"

A nervous finger depressed the key. The blue flame of the wireless transmitter flickered and snapped. Lamont smiled up at her, leaning over his shoulder. "Do you know what I'm saying: 'Perfect-success-at-last-Good-by-to-three-weary-years-thank-God.'"

Her eyes filled. "Three weary years," she whispered. "Thank God." Then their lips met.



Came a clash of metal, a hiss and a spurt of blue flame. Then from the floor beneath the table rose the soft purr of an electric motor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Judge descended from the mountains early in September. He had thought affectionately of Widdifield's innate tenderness and dwelt on his satisfaction at the picture of Mary and Lamont perfecting their reunion in the hills.

The evening of his arrival found him at the Wanderers'. He looked in vain for the Bishop, then moved disconsolate toward the dining room. Peters stood beside his accustomed seat. He sank into it with a strange impression that the corner table was twice as large as two months previously.

"Is Bishop Widdifield not dining, Sir?" said Peters with a shade of injured surprise. "He is in town, Sir?"

The Judge pulled down his brows at the empty place. "No, I'm sorry. He is not dining to-night."

Peters moved away dejectedly immaculate. He had an uncomfortable sentiment that something was wanting in the ordered sequence of the Wanderers'. For the Club meant something more to Peters than to most of its members. His heart had always glowed with pride when visitors looked across the dining room towards the two at the corner table and asked who they were. He felt that the Wanderers' needed no further hall-mark, and brooded over them with peripatetic solicitude. But for to-night he had no words. He drifted about, restless, impeccable and impersonal.

And Widdifield was sitting in his study, wishing with all his heart he were smiling across the corner table. His brain was full of the approaching inquiry. He was essaying valiantly to forget it, and cast his troubled mind on the broad expanse of Gair's genial spirit. But in spite of all, he felt himself unearthing a thousand pitiable and

querulous reasons why he must not; not, at least, till the thing was over. He knew, his highest perception told him, that Gair's humanity was too deep to be troubled by a vexatious wind of circumstance; but Widdifield seemed to himself to have become entangled in a maze of strange, new, unworthy impulses, that dragged him down to a lower plane of reasoning.

The commission of inquiry opened at once, and there were no adjournments. The Judge was anxious to get the thing over. He forged ahead dominantly, brushing aside technicalities, and kept straight to the point. Witnesses, one after the other, were produced—strange denizens of the political underworld, who but rarely emerged into the clear light of a court, and who left it blinking in a hurried return to devious and mysterious

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R. J. Campbell, Crusader: By HUGH S. EAYRS

IT IS a great thing to waken up the man on the street—that vague, elusive personality in our public life, which, after all, is the final court of appeal so far as approval or condemnation of a movement is concerned. Our awakeners take different lines of action. Dr. Saleeby never raves: he is quietly argumentative, and earnestly persuasive. But he makes people think above and round above Eugenics. G. K. Chesterton, laughingly serious, flaunts the banner of the Past while everybody else is trying to revel in the latest modernism, but does it chiefly by crazy syllogism. The Rev. R. J. Campbell awakens by disturbing and destroying—a double-barreled method which is dynamically effective.

PERSONALIA.

R. J. Campbell, as all the world knows, is the minister of the City Temple in London. It is a far cry from his small beginning to such a position. His religious adherence has been somewhat of the "Will you—won't you?" kind. To begin with, he was the son of a United Methodist minister and was brought up in his grandfather's home in Belfast, the atmospheric influence of which was sternly Presbyterian. On the principle of opposites attracting, the would-be Presbyterian persuasion turned him against free-churchism. Anglicanism, with its ritualistic charm, appealed to his aesthetic mind and, after taking up teaching for a little while, he set out for Oxford, still attracted by the impressive ceremonial of the Anglican faith. But the pendulum swung again. Oxford was strongly Anglican and disdained at that time anything suggestive of Nonconformity. So Campbell went into Congregationalism, thus marking the reversion to type. And this, despite the pleading of Dr. Paget and Dr. Gore, who saw in Campbell a light which would certainly never be hidden under a bushel. So he became a Congregational. He was ever too spasmodic, too nomadic, too ranging and roving to belong to the English Church.

The City Temple has for many years had a succession of outstanding pulpit figures. Charles Spurgeon, one of England's greatest preachers, filled this immense tabernacle some scores, nay, hundreds of times. His graphic dramaticism was Saul-like in its breathing out of threatenings and slaughter. Spurgeon would cry to his congregation that they were going fast to Hell—and slide down the pulpit-rail to make the application more emphatic. Dr. Parker, Mr. Campbell's immediate predecessor, dignified yet



"And so Campbell goes on . . . a ball of fire dropping terrible sparks . . . another voice calling in the wilderness that will not be still."

divinely on fire, was still another type. He was an ideal pastor for people who loved thunder—when it had no after-effects. It is related that one day a friend came to him and said: "Dr. Parker, do you know that you and your wife are referred to as 'beauty and the beast?'" (Dr. Parker was notoriously ugly, and Mrs. Parker a very beautiful woman.) Said Parker, speaking as usual from about the near-bottom button on his vest: "I have no objection to being called a beauty, but I shall thrash the man who calls my wife a beast." The story is typical of the man. He was witty and clever, but withal, ponderous and heavy.

Campbell had a difficult man to follow, and at first found the following difficult. Parker and he were as different as chalk from cheese. The one was statuesque, undoubting, satisfied: the other a man with a message, who was yet not quite sure exactly what his message was. The one spoke as if he knew whom and what he had believed, and why he had believed them: the other only knew that he couldn't believe, and that a great many other people were in the same state. The one had come home from the battle and knew that he had conquered: the other, after thinking that he had conquered, found that he had to begin crusading again. And it is as a crusader that R. J. Campbell stands out, and has stood out in the England of the last decade.

Picture him there in his pulpit in the City Temple? His lean figure is surmounted by a lean, near-hollow face. Deep-sunken, hungry eyes, filled with a melancholy desire, seem to light up and flash the divine fire of real discontent, searing everything that is, which hasn't a reason, a water-tight reason, why it is. He leans over his desk and just talks. His words may be declamatory, but his attitude isn't. And his words are declaiming himself as well as his hearers. An orderly mass of white, white hair gives him a curiously other-world appearance. He has had that white hair many, many years. He had it at Brighton, while the discontent and disquiet in him were as yet latent. But his face is very different now from what it was ten years ago. He has dreamed dreams; he has seen visions, and surely some of them must have been disturbing. In repose, he has a cold, thoughtful air. But when he talks the frigidity melts into a passionate enthusiasm, which suffuses and transcends the calm of being satisfied. Content is not for him; discontent is holy. Mr. Chesterton thinks that the dirty state is the happy state. R. J. Campbell thinks that the near-happy state is that enveloped by the twisting, twining question mark. Earnestness in enquiry is the earmark of this Campbell. Earnestness in shutting out awkward thinkings went some years ago.

THE CLANGING BELL.

Campbell burst upon England some ten years ago. His charge, "Wake up, England!" was not a mere study-and-pulpit utterance. It came to him that he must waken the church from the lethargy into which it had fallen because, according to him, it tried to live an old Christianity by an old light in a new age. His crusading destroyed comfortableness. It was so insistent, so ruthlessly persistent that the thought that it was not at all consistent didn't come into the minds of those disturbed until afterwards. Campbell was the clanging bell. You remember how Solomon Eagle, in "Old St. Paul's," tried to awaken the people of Old London to a sense of the approaching doom which was a punishment for their remissness? With something of the same crude fervor, Campbell gnashed people out of their arm-chair Christianity. He is a continuous thrill-maker. "Wake up, wake up!" he cries, "wake up to a realization that things are happening, that changes are coming which will revolutionize ethics and morals. Up, up, out of sleep, even though the awakening be to a world of questioning, of heart-burnings, of soul-

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The Fortunes of the Cawthras

By W. A. CRAICK



A partial view of the home of Cawthra Mulock, Jarvis St., Toronto.

IF one cared to trace the analogy in detail, there would doubtless be found many points of similarity between such families as the Cawthras of Toronto, and the Astors of New York. Both established themselves in the cities which were to be the scene of their future prosperity at a very early stage of their civic development. Both shared in the advantages which rapid growth and increased values produced. Both founded fortunes in much the same way and both have exhibited characteristics of reticence and reserve that show them to be of the same type of personality.

Necessarily the comparison should not be pushed too far, for the arena in which the fortunes of the Cawthras have been worked out, is so much smaller than that in which the Astors have triumphed that to class one with the other would be impossible. But at the same time it is illuminating to be able to describe the Cawthras as the Astors of Toronto, a family that has emerged from the early days of settlement with much wealth and social distinction.

The founder of the Canadian family of the Cawthras was a Yorkshireman by the name of Joseph Cawthra, a native of the town of Guiseley. The English Cawthras had been long engaged in the woollen industry and to them belongs the distinction of having operated the first steam-driven woollen mill in the Old Country. Joseph Cawthra followed the family trade and became a manufacturer of woollens, but he seems to have been of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The "Astors of Toronto" is the title that Mr. Craick applies to the famous Cawthra family. It is an apt comparison although, of course, there is no basis of comparison in regard to the relative wealth of the two families. The Cawthras won to wealth in Toronto, however, on much the same basis as that which led to the building up of the great Astor fortune in New York. It is a story of absorbing interest and is told in Mr. Craick's best style.

a restless disposition and early became seized with a desire to visit the new world and perhaps settle there. Towards the close of the eighteenth century he crossed the Atlantic and looked into the prospect of making a living in New York. He did not remain long, returning after a short time to his native land. But he had tasted of the spirit of America, and was not content until he had again made the western voyage. This time he directed his course to Canada.

Passing the more thickly populated settlements along the St. Lawrence, he pushed on as far as Port Credit on Lake Ontario where he took up land and settled down as a citizen of Upper Canada.

It is interesting to know that the original lots as bestowed on Joseph Cawthra by Crown patent, with the exception of those recently expropriated by the Government for military purposes, are still in the possession of the family and that the title deeds are the original patents from the Crown.

Presumably Joseph Cawthra did as the other settlers in the wilderness of Upper Canada were compelled to do, which was to clear the land and by dint of laborious cultivation derive sustenance from the soil. What was to be in course of time the city of Toronto had as yet, the year being 1796, only a very uncertain existence. Governor Simcoe had only recently established the capital of the province there and the population was small. Conditions all around were exceedingly primitive. One man was just about as good as his neighbor, and there was little out-

wardly to distinguish one from another.

At the opening of the century, York, as Toronto was then called, began to take on a greater measure of importance. The number of its inhabitants showed a marked increase. The population along the shore of Lake Ontario grew larger and bit by bit it assumed the aspect of a rising city. All this the settler at Port Credit noted. Perhaps he had a prophetic vision of what was to come. At any rate he decided that he would move into the town and establish himself as a merchant. He took this step about the year 1806, for an issue of the Gazette and Oracle of June 21 in that year contains the announcement of the opening of his shop in premises opposite Stoyell's Tavern. This was at the north-west corner of King and Sherbourne streets.

HISTORIC BUILDING.

Later on Mr. Cawthra moved to the corner of Frederick and what was then Palace street, but is now Front street, and occupied a building, since totally destroyed by fire, which possessed a good deal of



J. J. Cawthra, the head of the family to-day.

historical interest. According to Dr. Scadding in his "Toronto of Old," it was the birthplace in 1804, of the Hon. Robert Baldwin, the famous reformer, while later on it figured as the scene of the printing operations of William Lyon Mackenzie, witnessing the memorable incident of the destruction of his press. Here Joseph Cawthra continued to reside and conduct his business until his death in 1845. He is spoken of as a public-spirited citizen, a strong Britisher, a firm supporter of St. James' church from its establishment, a staunch liberal in politics, and a very successful business man. He undoubtedly laid the foundation of the Cawthra fortune through enterprise, careful management and thrift.

Though the father of quite a large family, all Joseph Cawthra's descendants trace their connection with him through his son, John, who appears to have been the only member of the family to leave children behind him. John Cawthra was, like his father, a merchant. He did not, however, engage in business in York. Instead he cast about for pastures new and in what is now the town of Newmarket, then an important point on the trade route between Lake Ontario and Georgian Bay, thought that he had found an opportunity to build up a successful enterprise. The Welland Canal had not yet been built, and the chief line of communication with the settlements on the Bay was via Yonge street, the Holland River, Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching and thence overland to Penetanguishene. At Newmarket, flour mills had been established, and the settlement seemed to have in it the makings of an important center. At least so thought John Cawthra, as he hung up his sign and opened his general store in the village.

For a generation after this event, the fortunes of the main branch of the Cawthra family may be said to belong to Newmarket, and had the place grown as John Cawthra thought it might, his family would doubtless have continued to reside there. He himself enjoyed a full measure of the Cawthra success in his business ventures, and also had what was more unusual, some distinction in public af-

fairs. He was elected as representative in the Legislative Assembly of the then Province of Canada for the district of South Simcoe, a constituency that embraced parts of the counties of Simcoe and York. This he represented for a term in the Liberal interest.

John Cawthra died in 1852, leaving four children all of whom subsequently passed away. The eldest son, Joseph, succeeded to the Newmarket business. He carried it on for some time with continued success and then disposed of it in order to accept the position of local manager of the Royal Canadian Bank. His connection with this institution lasted until it was merged with the City Bank, when he retired and shortly after removed to Toronto. His wife was the daughter of the late Dr. John J. Bentley, in his lifetime a leading medical practitioner in Newmarket, and they had four children, all of whom are still living.

The eldest daughter in Joseph Cawthra's family is Mrs. Drayton, wife of H. L. Drayton, K.C., who married the present chairman of the Dominion Board of Railway Commissioners in 1892. The second daughter is now Mrs. Campbell Renton, wife of Robert Campbell Renton, Esq., of Mordington, Berwickshire, Scotland, while the third daughter, Miss Florence Cawthra is unmarried, and continues to reside with her brother, John J. Cawthra, in the family mansion on Elm avenue, Toronto.

John J. Cawthra, who is now head of the family, spent his childhood and youth in England, and is a master of arts of Cambridge University. He is an athlete of considerable renown and during his college course stood high in sports, being particularly prominent as a runner. He also did much to promote the playing of lacrosse and other Canadian games in the old country, and his residence in Toronto is filled with trophies and prizes which he won on many fields of sport both in England and on the continent. He spends most of his time at present in travel, being like the other members of the family



The former home of Wm. Cawthra, at the corner of King and Bay Streets, Toronto, now used as the head office of the Sterling Bank.

exceedingly fond of touring all accessible parts of the globe.

The second branch of the family consists of the children of John Cawthra, the second son of John Cawthra of Newmarket. Like his father and grandfather, he followed a mercantile career and for some years conducted a business in Toronto in premises on King street east, located where the Murray-Kay Company's store now stands. His death occurred many years ago, but his widow still survives, as well as two of his children. These are W. H. Cawthra and Mrs. Agar Adam-



Joseph Cawthra, father of J. J. Cawthra, present head of the family.



William Cawthra, son of Joseph Cawthra, founder of the family. William Cawthra built the house on King and Bay Streets.



Cawthra Mulock, who inherited the large fortune of Mrs. Cawthra Murray.

son, both residents of Toronto. The former, who by the way, married a daughter of the late W. H. Beatty, President of the Bank of Toronto, travels a great deal, but otherwise finds in the management of the large property to which he has fallen heir, plenty to occupy his attention without taking up any business or profession. The latter is a woman of more than ordinary ability, and in her sphere of existence is doing much for the promotion of the artistic interests of the country. Her career illustrates the prominent part which the women of this particular family have played in the family fortunes.

THE LADY OF THE DECORATION.

Mrs. Adamson was born at Lucerne in Switzerland during one of the continental trips of her parents, and to all intents and purposes was brought up in England. As a child and a young woman she traveled extensively and became acquainted with the larger part of the inhabited portion of the globe. Her bent was towards art and she trained herself for the life of an artist, studying paintings, architecture and applied art wherever she went and imbibing a great deal of valuable information. In 1899 she married, her husband being at the time in the civil service at Ottawa. Then she fell in with Mr. Thornton-Smith, the English decorator, who was contemplating the establishment of a branch of his business in Canada. It was suggested that she should become a sort of advisory manager of the agency. Being the kind of work that appealed to her, she agreed, and ever

since she has been, as one writer aptly expressed, "The Lady of the Decoration" in Toronto.

Her work is by no means local in character. She has undertaken the designing of decorative effects for public buildings, churches, hotels and residences all over Canada and has personally superintended the details. She has no foolish notions about the conventions and does not consider that her position in society or her wealth should debar her from engaging in business, or taking a hand when she feels like it, in actual manual labor.

Apart from this her commercial pursuits do not monopolize all her thoughts. She finds time for much philanthropic work. She has been president since its foundation ten years ago of the Canadian Society of Applied Art, an organization that that owes its inception to her desire to assist in the development of Canada's artistic life. She is also president, and a most active and helpful president, of the Helicon Club, a society composed of women who are engaged in art, literature, music and kindred pursuits. She loves riding, is a keen follower of the hounds, and at her suburban home at Port Credit, en-

joys all manner of out-door pastimes. Altogether, Mrs. Adamson is a type of woman who takes a very sensible view of life, and has devised an interesting scheme of existence.

Passing now to the third branch of the family, one finds that Henry, the third son of John Cawthra of Newmarket, varied the family tradition by adopting



John Cawthra, father of W. H. Cawthra and Mrs. Agar Adamson.



Mrs. Agar Adamson.

the legal profession as his calling. He was for a time associated with the late Edward and S. H. Blake in their law business in Toronto, the firm being known as Blake, Cawthra & Blake. However, he did not remain in practice very long, retiring at a fairly early age and living quietly until his death. His widow still survives. She occupies the spacious old family residence at the corner of College and Beverley streets in Toronto. Of his children four are living. The eldest is Mrs. Brock, wife of Lieut.-Col. Henry Brock, son of W. R. Brock, one of Toronto's merchant princes. The second married Major James Burnham, of the Canadian Permanent Force, a member of an old Port Hope family. The third, Victor Cawthra, is engaged in the management of a financial business in Toronto, while the fourth, Miss Beatrice Cawthra, is unmarried, and resides with her mother.

In addition to his three sons, John Cawthra, of Newmarket, had one daughter, Mary, who forms the connecting link between the Cawthra family and another prominent Canadian family, viz., the Mulocks. The circumstance that a considerable portion of the original Cawthra property has passed to a member of the Mulock family makes some account of this connection essential to the narrative.

Mary Cawthra became the bride of Dr. Thomas Homan Mulock, an Irishman and a graduate of Trinity College,

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Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective



"Come, Beth," he said, gently, "this is no place for you."

RAYMOND RENNICK might have been going to his wedding instead of to his—death.

Spick and span in a new spring suit, he paused just outside the broad, arched gates of the Duffield estate and drew his silver cigarette case from his pocket. A self-satisfied smile flashed across his face as he struck a match and inhaled the fragrant odor of the tobacco. It was good tobacco, very good tobacco—And Senator Duffield's private secretary was something of a judge!

For a moment Rennick lingered. It was a day to banish uncomfortable thoughts, to smooth the rough edges of a man's problems—and burdens. As the secretary glanced up at the soft blue sky, the reflection swept his mind that his own future was as free from clouds. It was a pleasing reflection. Perhaps the cigarette, perhaps the day helped to deepen it as he swung almost jauntily up the winding driveway toward the square, white house commanding the terraced lawn beyond.

Just ahead of him a maple tree, standing alone, rustled gaily in its spring foliage like a woman calling attention to her new finery. It was all so fresh and beautiful and innocent! Rennick felt a tingling thrill in his blood. Unconsciously he tossed away his cigarette. He reached the rustling maple and passed it. . . .

From behind the gnarled trunk, a shadow darted. A figure sprang at his shoulders, with the long blade of a dag-

3—Cinderella's Slipper

By HUGH C. WEIR

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

ger awkwardly poised. There was a flash of steel in the sunlight. . . .

It was perhaps ten minutes later that they found him. He had fallen face downward at the edge of the driveway, with his body half across the velvet green of the grass. A thin thread of red, creeping from the wound in his breast, was losing itself in the sod.

One hand was doubled, as in a desperate effort at defence. His glasses were twisted under his shoulders. Death must have been nearly instantaneous. The dagger had reached his heart at the first thrust. One might have fancied an expression of overpowering amazement in the staring eyes. That was all. The weapon had caught him squarely on the left side. He had evidently whirled toward the assassin almost at the instant of the blow.

Whether in the second left him of life he had recognized his assailant, and the recognition had made the death-blow the quicker and the surer, were questions that only deepened the horror of the noon-day crime.

As though to emphasize the hour, the mahogany clock in Senator Duffield's

library rang out its twelve monotonous chimes as John Dorrence, his valet, beat sharply on the door. The echo of the nervous tattoo was lost in an unanswering silence. Dorrence repeated his knock before he brought an impatient response from beyond the panels.

"Can you come, sir?" the valet burst out. "Something awful has happened, sir. It's, it's—"

The door was flung open. A ruddy-faced man with thick, white hair and grizzled moustache, and the hints of a nervous temperament showing in his eyes and voice, sprang into the hall. Somebody once remarked that Senator Duffield was Mark Twain's double. The Senator took the comparison as a compliment, perhaps because it was a woman who made it.

Dorrence seized his master by the sleeve, which loss of dignity did more to impress the Senator with the gravity of the situation than all of the servant's excitable words.

"Mr. Rennick, sir, has been stabbed, sir, on the lawn, and Miss Beth, sir—"

Senator Duffield staggered against the wall. The valet's alarm swerved to another channel.

"Shall I get the brandy, sir?"

"Brandy?" the Senator repeated vaguely. The next instant, as though grasping the situation anew, he sprang down the hall with the skirts of his frock

coat flapping against his knees. At the door of the veranda, he whirled.

"Get the doctor on the 'phone, Dorrence—Redfield, if Scott is out. Let him know it's a matter of minutes! And, Dorrence—"

"Yes, sir!"

"Tell the telephone girl that, if this leaks to the newspapers, I will have the whole office discharged!"

A shifting group on the edge of the lawn, with that strange sense of awkwardness which sudden death brings, showed the scene of the tragedy.

The circle fell back as the Senator's figure appeared. On the grass, Rennick's body still lay where it had fallen—suggesting a skater who has ignominiously collapsed on the ice rather than a man stabbed to the heart. The group had been wondering at the fact in whispered monosyllables.

A kneeling girl was bending over the secretary's body. It was not until Senator Duffield had spoken her name twice that she glanced up. In her eyes was a grief so wild that for a moment he was held dumb.

"Come, Beth," he said, gently, "this is no place for you."

At once the white-faced girl became the central figure of the situation. If she heard him, she gave no sign. The Senator caught her shoulder and pushed her slowly away. One of the women-servants took her arm. Curiously enough, the two were the only members of the family that had been called to the scene.

The Senator swung on the group with a return of his aggressiveness.

"Some one, who can talk fast and to the point, tell me the story. Burke, you have a ready tongue. How did it happen?"

The groom—a much-tanned young fellow in his early twenties—touched his cap.

"I don't know, sir. No one knows. Mr. Rennick was lying here, stabbed, when we found him. He was already dead."

"But surely there was some cry, some sound of a scuffle?"

The groom shook his head. "If there was, sir, none of us heard it. We all liked Mr. Rennick, sir. I would have gone through fire and water if he needed my help. If there had been an outcry loud enough to reach the stable, I would have been there on the jump!"

"Do you mean to tell me that Rennick could have been struck down in the midst of fifteen or twenty people with no one the wiser? It's ridiculous, impossible!"

Burke squared his shoulders, with an almost unconscious suggestion of dignity.

"I am telling you the truth, sir!"

The Senator's glance dropped to his secretary's body and he looked up with a shudder. Then, as though with an effort, his eyes returned to the huddled form, and he stood staring down at the dead man, with a frown knitting his brow. Once he jerked his head toward the gardener with the curt question, "Who found him?"

Jenkins shambled forward uneasily. "I did, sir. I hope you don't think I disturbed the body?"

The Senator shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He did not raise his head again until the sound of a motor in the driveway broke the tension. The surgeon had arrived. Almost at the same moment there was a cry from Jenkins.

The gardener stood perhaps a half a dozen yards from the body, staring at an object hidden in the grass at his feet. He stooped and raised it. It was a woman's slipper!

As a turn of his head showed him the eyes of the group turned in his direction, he walked across to Senator Duffield, holding his find at arm's length, as though its dainty outlines might conceal an adder's nest.

The slipper was of black suede, high-heeled and slender, tied with a broad, black ribbon. One end of the ribbon was broken and stained as though it had tripped its owner. On the thin sole were cakes of the peculiar red clay of the driveway.

It might have been unconscious magnetism that caused the Senator suddenly to turn his eyes in the direction of his daughter. She was swaying on the arm of the servant.

Throwing off the support of the woman, she took two quick steps forward, with her hand flung out as though to tear the slipper from him. And then, without a word, she fell prone on the grass.

II.

THE telephone in my room must have been jangling a full moment before I struggled out of my sleep and raised myself to my elbow. It was with a feeling of distinct rebellion that I slipped into my kimono and slippers and shuffled across to the sputtering instrument in the corner. From eight in the morning until eight in the evening, I had been on racking duty in the Farragut poison trial, and the belated report of the wrangling jury, at an hour which made any sort of a meal impossible until after ten, had left me worn out physically and mentally. I glanced at my watch as I snapped the receiver to my ear. It lacked barely fifteen minutes of midnight. An unearthly hour to call a woman out of bed, even if she is past the age of sentimental dreams!

"Well?" I growled.

A laugh answered me at the other end of the wire. I would have flung the receiver back to the hook and myself back to bed had I not recognized the tones. There is only one person in the world, except the tyrant at our city editor's desk, who would arouse me at midnight. But I had thought this person separated from me by twelve hundred miles of ocean.

"Madelyn Mack!" I gasped.

The laughter ceased. "Madelyn Mack it is!" came back the answer, now reduced to a tone of decorous gravity. "Pardon my merriment, Nora. The mental picture of your huddled form—"

"But I thought you in Jamaica!" I broke in, now thoroughly awake.

"I was—until Saturday. Our steamer came out of quarantine at four o'clock this afternoon. As it develops, I reached here at the psychological moment."

I kicked a rocker to my side and drop-

ped into it with a rueful glance at the rumpled sheets of the bed. With Madelyn Mack at the telephone at midnight, only one conclusion was possible; and such a conclusion shattered all thought of sleep.

"Have you read the evening dispatches from Boston, Nora?"

"I have read nothing—except the report of the Farragut jury!" I returned crisply. "Why?"

"If you had, you would perhaps divine the reason of my call. I have been retained in the Rennick murder case. I'm taking the one-thirty sleeper for Boston. I secured our berths just before I telephoned."

"Our berths!"

"I am taking you with me. Now that you are up, you may as well dress and ring for a taxicab. I will meet you at the Roanoke hotel."

"But," I protested, "don't you think—"

"Very well, if you don't care to go! That settles it!"

"Oh, I will be there!" I said with an air of resignation. "Ten minutes to dress, and fifteen minutes for the taxi!"

"I will add five minutes for incidentals," Madelyn replied and hung up the receiver.

The elevator boy at "The Occident," where I had my modest apartment, had become accustomed to the strange hours and strange visitors of a newspaper woman during my three years' residence. He opened the door with a grin of sympathy as the car reached my floor. As though to give more active expression to his feelings he caught up my bag and gave it a place of honor on his own stool.

"Going far?" he queried as I alighted at the main corridor.

"I may be back in twenty-four hours and I may not be back for twenty-four days," I answered cautiously—I knew Madelyn Mack!

As I waited for the whirl of the taxicab, I appropriated the evening paper on the night clerk's desk. The Rennick murder case had been given a three-column head on the front page. If I had not been so absorbed in the Farragut trial, it could not have escaped me. I had not finished the head-lines, however, when the taxi, with a promptness almost uncanny, rumbled up to the curb.

I threw myself back against the cushions, switched on the electric light, and spread my paper over my knee, as the chauffeur turned off toward Fifth Avenue. The story was well written and had made much of a few facts. Trust my newspaper instinct to know that! I had expected a fantastic puzzle—when it could spur Madelyn into action within six hours after her landing—but I was hardly anticipating a problem such as I could read between rather than in the lines of type before me. Long before the "Roanoke" loomed into view, I had forgotten my lost sleep.

The identity of Raymond Rennick's assassin was as baffling as in the first moments of the discovery of the tragedy. There had been no arrests—nor hint of any. From the moment when the secretary had turned into the gate of the Duffield yard until the finding of his body, all trace of his movements had been lost as

effectually as though the darkness of midnight had enveloped him, instead of the sunlight of noon. More than ten minutes could not have elapsed between his entrance into the grounds and the discovery of his murder—perhaps not more than five—but they had been sufficient for the assassin to effect a complete escape.

There was not even the shadow of a motive. Raymond Rennick was one of those few men who seemed to be without an enemy. In an official capacity, his conduct was without a blemish. In a social capacity, he was admittedly one of the most popular men in Brookline—among both sexes. Rumor had it, apparently on unquestioned authority, that the announcement of his engagement to Beth Duffield was to have been an event of the early summer. This fact was in my mind as I stared out into the darkness.

On a sudden impulse, I opened the paper again. From an inside page the latest photograph of the Senator's daughter, taken at a fashionable Boston studio, smiled up at me. It was an excellent likeness as I remembered her at the inaugural ball the year before—a wisp of a girl, with a mass of black hair, which served to emphasize her frailness. I studied the picture with a frown. There was a sense of familiarity in its outlines, which certainly our casual meeting could not explain. Then, abruptly, my thoughts flashed back to the crowded court room of the afternoon—and I remembered.

In the prisoner's dock I saw again the figure of Beatrice Farragut, slender, fragile, her white face, her sombre gown, her eyes fixed like those of a frightened lamb on the jury which was to give her life—or death.

"She poison her husband?" had buzzed the whispered comments at my shoulders during the weary weeks of the trial. "She couldn't harm a butterfly!" Like a mocking echo, the tones of the foreman had sounded the answering verdict of murder—in the first degree. And in New York this meant—

Why had Beatrice Farragut suggested Beth Duffield? Or was it Beth Duffield who had suggested—I crumpled the paper into a heap and tossed it from the window in disgust at my morbid imagination. B-u-r-r-h! And yet they say that a New York newspaper woman has no nerves!

A voice hailed us from the darkness and a white-gowned figure sprang out on to the walk. As the chauffeur brought the machine to a halt, Madelyn Mack caught my hands.

Her next two actions were thoroughly characteristic.

Whirling to the driver, she demanded shortly, "How soon can you make the Grand Central Station?"

The man hesitated. "Can you give me twenty minutes?"

"Just! We will leave here at one sharp. You will wait, please!"

Having thus disposed of the chauffeur—Madelyn never gave a thought to the matter of expense!—she seized my arm and pushed me through the entrance of the "Roanoke" as nonchalantly as though we had parted six hours before instead of six weeks.

"I hope you enjoyed Jamaica?" I ventured.

"Did you read the evening papers on the way over?" she returned as easily as though I had not spoken.

"One," I answered shortly. Madelyn's



She whisked from the stand at her elbow a pair of soiled black suede slippers.

habit of ignoring my queries grated most uncomfortably at times.

"Then you know what has been published concerning the case?"

I nodded. "I imagine that you can add considerable."

"As a matter of fact, I know less than the reporters!" Madelyn threw open the door of her room. "You have interviewed Senator Duffield on several occasions, have you not, Nora?"

"You might say on several delicate occasions if you cared to!"

"You can tell me then whether the Senator is in the habit of polishing his

glasses when he is in a nervous mood?"

A rather superior smile flashed over my face.

"I assure you that Senator Duffield never wears glasses on any occasion!"

Something like a chuckle came from Madelyn.

"Perhaps you can do as well on another question. You will observe in these newspapers four different photographs of the murdered secretary. Naturally, they bear many points of similarity—they were all taken in the last three years—but they contain one feature in common which puzzles me. Does it impress you in the same way?"

I glanced at the group of photographs doubtfully. Three of them were obviously newspaper "snap-shots," taken of the secretary while in the company of Senator Duffield. The fourth was a reproduction showing a conventional cabinet photograph. They showed a clean-shaven, well-built young man of thirty or thereabouts; tall, and I should say inclined to athletics. I turned from the newspapers to Madelyn with a shrug.

"I am afraid I don't quite follow you," I admitted ruefully. "There is nothing at all out of the ordinary in any of them that I can catch."

Madelyn carefully clipped the pictures and placed them under the front cover of her black morocco note-book. As she did so, a clock chimed the hour of one. We both pushed back our chairs.

As we stepped into the taxicab, Madelyn tapped my arm. "I wonder if Raymond Rennick polished his glasses when he was nervous?" she asked musingly.

III.

BOSTON, from the viewpoint of the South Station at half-past seven in the morning, suggests to me a rheumatic individual climbing stiffly out of bed. Boston distinctly resents anything happening before noon. I'll wager that nearly every important event that she has contributed to history occurred after lunch-time!

If Madelyn Mack had expected to have to find her way to the Duffield home without a guide,

she was pleasantly disappointed. No less a person than the Senator himself was waiting us at the train-gate—a somewhat dishevelled Senator, it must be confessed, with the stubble of a day-old beard showing eloquently how his peace of mind and the routine of his habits had been shattered. As he shook hands with us he made an obvious attempt to recover something of his ease of manner.

"I trust that you had a pleasant night's rest," he ventured, as he led the way across the station to his automobile.

(Continued on page 113.)

The Widows of Famous Canadians



Mme. Girouard, whose late husband, the Hon. D. H. Girouard, was considered one of the ablest jurists the Dominion has produced.



Mrs. William MacDougall, who with Baroness Macdonald and Lady Tilley forms a trio of the surviving widows of the "Fathers of Confederation."

THE last years of the Hon. William MacDougall's life were closed by a painful illness. Mrs. MacDougall nursed him with all the care Florence Nightingale could have shown. For months she hardly left his side; for years she gave up everything to that great Canadian statesman whom, fifty years ago, men called visionary. Just how visionary he was can be proven by the application of his suggestions to many measures in force to-day, especially in regard to immigration. "He was fifty years in advance of his time," said Mrs. MacDougall to the writer.

Mary Adelaide Beatty was the third daughter of Dr. John Beatty, of Cobourg. Her girlhood was like that of almost any other popular girl in the college town. The Beatty home was a rendezvous for all the young people; and only when the family vacated it did its walls cease to echo with the happy chatter of irrepressible youth. Not long ago, three of the sisters returned to the old home and opened it for the summer. Sitting on the verandah the first night of their arrival, one of them said:—

"Isn't this just like old times—to be sitting here as we are now?"

"I don't think it a bit like old times," protested Mrs. MacDougall, laughing. "When did we three, as girls, sit here, in the evening—alone?"

Marrying Mr. MacDougall was quite a venture; he was a widower with nine living children! Three more—sons—were added to the illustrious name, and so good a step-mother did Mrs. MacDougall prove that the Hon. D. Girouard was emboldened to ask her sister to be a mother to his six children. A strange coincidence, fur-

Widow of the late Sir Henry Strong, Chief Justice of Canada.

Second of Series By MADGE MacBETH

ther, is the fact that still another sister married a widower with four children.

Traveling abroad in the days when Mr. MacDougall had to visit various foreign countries in the interest of the Immigra-

tion Department, was not the luxurious pastime it is to-day. There were frequent changes to be made and long waits between trains; there were ill-advised officials and English was not spoken so universally as it is now. Mrs. MacDougall tells of many "adventures" while traveling from one country to another with her husband and small son, who was born in Denmark. One in particular:—

"After a series of trying changes, each to a train more uncomfortable than the last, we thought we were finally settled for the night. No such luxury as a sleeper—oh, no! But we fancied we were to stay in that same car for several hours, and undressed the baby, and made ourselves as comfortable with rugs, and so on, as circumstances would permit. Imagine our consternation when the guard came through the train, demanded our tickets, and made us understand, with much gesticulation, that we were to get off, immediately. There was no time to dress; we simply had to bundle our belongings together and jump off. When the train pulled away from the platform and I turned to see that we had everything, I nearly fainted at the sight of my husband carrying the baby upside down!"

A personal description of Mrs. MacDougall would sound exaggerated in this day, when charm of manner is so often made subservient to a fevered accomplishment of things. Summing up what one would like to say, the words of Sir Richard Steele may be well applied to her:—

"Though her mien carries more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her is a liberal education."

Mme. Girouard insists that she lives



Mrs. Mackenzie never preached the gospel of the brotherhood of man—she merely lived it!

only in the reflected glory of her husband. She was also one of the popular daughters of Dr. John Beatty and, as has been said, followed her sister's example in the choice of a widower. The name of Girouard is not only known in Canada, but in many European countries, for the achievements of Sir Percy have earned for his name the admiration of nations—especially the British.

Mme. Girouard is perhaps the most retiring of the sisters. She always entered the public arena under protest, even in the days when it was necessary for her to appear at functions as the wife of her famous husband, the Hon. D. H. Girouard.

"I don't know what I would have done," she said, "if my husband had accepted a Cabinet position—which he was requested on many occasions to do. I could never have grown accustomed to the enforced publicity!"

Now, one seldom is fortunate enough to be able to include her in the rush of entertaining in the Capital. She prefers the old-fashioned visiting with friends—the sitting over a cup of tea and a grate-fire all afternoon—to the run-in-and-run-out functions which are so much in vogue. Mme. Girouard has a rare gift; she is an excellent listener. And if she is bored by the constant flow of conversation which pours into her ears, she certainly never shows it.

LADY TASCHEREAU AND HER FAMILY.

Younger than any of the foregoing by many, many years, is Lady Taschereau, who could pick a very black crow with Mr. Morgan, were she so inclined. In "Representative Men and Women" ten whole years are added to her age!

Married when no more than a child; taken, indeed, out of the convent, this beautiful girl entered a whirling social life like a splendid meteor. And, like a meteor she dropped away, leaving in many

minds only a brilliant memory. Lady Taschereau, although still a very young woman, lives, by her own admission, largely in the past. In any of the various articles written about her mention is invariably made of her beautiful home life. One cannot think of anything particularly original to say in this connection, except that it is her whole life. She lives for her three fine sons, and inculcating in them the love, reverence and glory of the name of Taschereau is almost Japanese in its intensity. It might easily be termed a phase of ancestor worship.

The genealogy of the Taschereau family is most complicated; add to that the occurrence and recurrence of the Panets in it, and you have a puzzle to weary the most enthusiastic student of family trees. Lady Taschereau, whose maiden name was Panet, as a matter of fact, was more closely related to the famous Cardinal Taschereau (whose mother's maiden name was Panet) than was Sir Elzear himself!

Lady Taschereau is fond of outdoor life. She is never happier than when in Tadousac for the summer with her boys. And one doubts, having heard her talk, having seen her with her children, that she misses the brilliant social career which was, and is, hers for the asking. Her trip to England was made memorable by especial favors from Royalty. Not only the Princess Louise singled her out for recognition, but the Queen herself showed her special courtesy.

"Were you nervous?" some one asked, referring to her presentation.

"Not half so much as I was at the opening of Parliament, right here in Ottawa, where I knew everybody," she said, with a laugh.

Many a widow has lived a retired life after the death of her famous husband, but Lady Strong has been a veritable recluse. It will be remembered that Sir Elzear Taschereau became Chief Justice in 1902, just following the death of Sir Henry Strong.

Ten years ago, when as a stranger, the writer first came to Ottawa, and was on the lookout for a maid, occurred her first experience with Lady Strong. Only those who know how gentle and retiring a person is Sir Henry's widow can appreciate the following story:—

A maid applied for the position, and announced that she had lived some time with Lady Strong. She made it perfectly clear throughout the conversation that she had left of her own accord.

"What was the matter with the place?" asked the writer.

"Nothing whatever the matter with the place. I liked it first rate till Lady Strong gave me impudence!"

"How was that?"



Lady Taschereau, whose life is wrapped up in her three splendid sons.

The girl flushed angrily at the recollection. "'Why,' she says to me, 'I am in the habit of mindin' my own business, Liza,' she says, 'an' I expect you to do the same.'"

And Liza, having such restraint put upon her, left.

Sir Henry Strong is unanimously acclaimed the greatest lawyer who ever sat on the bench, and his wife took a natural pride in that. She was more or less bound to her home by her family during the years Sir Henry was most prominent in Canadian history, and it has always been a cause for regret amongst Ottawans that she has not been able to enter more fully into the social life of the Capital.

WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

Mrs. King possesses the same unflagging energy which characterizes the Baroness Macdonald. Long after women half her age have succumbed to the weakness of the flesh, Mrs. King is at her post, as bright and untouched by fatigue as though she had just set out. There is no better known figure in Ottawa; a regular attendant at all social functions—nothing being quite complete without her—a tireless worker for all charitable organizations, principally the Victorian Order of Nurses, she is constantly on the go, and in the public eye. As to her age, she has not been questioned, with reference to the present article, and one is afraid to trust Morgan again (after his fiasco in Lady Taschereau's case!) but should Mrs. King herself declare it ninety-nine, we would have no hesitation in calling her a young woman. She is of the stock of the drinkers of Youth's Fountain, and will never grow old. Her sympathies are with the young; she is an ideal chaperone, remembering her own delight in a sympathetic



The three handsome sons of Lady Taschereau.



Mrs. King, widow of the late judge, G. E. King.

matron, who for the time being had her morals at heart.

An interesting outlet for her energy takes the form of wood-carving. Mrs. King goes into whatever she undertakes with all her heart, and consequently her carving is well worth inspection. She has made many beautiful articles of furniture which ornament her home, and those of some of her more fortunate friends.

Not once, but dozens of times, she has been compared in looks to "our beloved little Queen," by which is meant the late Queen Victoria. Down at Settlement House not long ago, where there was a particularly large congregation of Old Country people present, numbers of them noticed the resemblance and spoke of it.

Some years ago, Mrs. King and her family had the pleasure of paying quite an extensive visit to Lord and Lady Aberdeen at their home.

"I look back upon that time," says Mrs. King, "as one of the happiest I ever spent. Lady Aberdeen is an ideal hostess; her home is beautiful, and altogether the visit was thoroughly delightful."

While there, the whole house party went to a garden party at which "the little Queen" was present. Mrs. King describes her driving through the grounds in her low phaeton, gracious and lovable, and tells how her face lit up when she spoke to those she knew.

"I had seen many photos of Queen Victoria," she continued, "and, naturally, I loved them. But I was quite unprepared for the lump that arose in my throat when I saw her, actually!"

The sorrows which Mrs. King has suffered are not lugubriously patent to the world; what one sees is a merry companion, a care-dispersing friend, one in whose presence a new courage is born and a desire for higher, bigger things.

There will doubtless be many readers who will look for the name of one of

Canada's most beloved women—Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie. Like her famous husband, whom she survived only a few months, her name is known and respected by hundreds of people who have never even seen her; like her famous husband, she held consistently and sincerely to ideals which might have been called revolutionary in any one but her; and again, like him, she impressed all who came in contact with her as one having, above everything else, a large amount of common sense. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was born in Scotland, as we all know, and (being designed to take up his father's business and become a contractor) he followed the good Scotch custom and took a practical training in masonry. It was while actually hard at work, and before reaching the successful goal to which he had aspired, that he met and fell in love with Miss Jane Sym, in Kingston. There began a romance which never ended.

In speaking of the demonstration Mr. Mackenzie was given on his return to Scotland, one biographer remarks that another's head might have been turned. The same applies to Mrs. Mackenzie during her many years of social and political success. But even though she was the First Lady in the Land, even though she had the opportunity of acquiring a title, twice, she was never different from the finely-poised woman who accepted a rising young contractor.

"Dear Mrs. Mackenzie! I knew her well! I used often to run in to have a cup of tea with her!" Almost the identical words came from the lips of three friends. And it is said that when she invited anyone for tea in her delightful throaty Scotch accent, it was impossible to refuse.

She was conservative in her ideas of dress, and one might say she was slow to take up advanced ideas at all. "Dear and old-fashioned," one lady described her, and the following story is very characteristic:—

During a period of lurid colors in fabrics and trimmings for ladies' costumes, Mrs. Mackenzie insisted upon sombre grey, brown and black. At the dressmaker's one morning when a fitting was in progress, the dressmaker tried to persuade her to touch up her gown with a little color. Mrs. Mackenzie refused. The woman insisted. A slight argument ensued, when Mrs. Mackenzie said with great dignity:—

"Ye dinna ken what I ha' been telling ye. I say I want me poke-ets lined wi' block"

She was both an excellent house-keeper and a beautiful home-maker. She believed in the brotherhood of man; that class distinctions of all sorts should be abolished, and that all men were equal in the eyes of God. She never preached this gospel—she merely lived it!

This article would be incomplete without a mention of the widow of Major-General W. H. Cotton, whose

recent death was not only a painful shock to his family and intimate friends, but was a loss to the whole Dominion.

Mrs. Cotton has always led a very gay life; her home was open to old and young, and her entertaining was varied and constant. Each and every member of her family was more than ordinarily popular, and the Cotton house was usually in a sort of delightful ferment with goings and comings, with invitations and visitors.

LIGHTNING'S LITTLE WAYS.

It is a curious thing that lightning never kills twice in the same way, and the same stroke will have entirely different effects on two people who may be quite near together.

Some time ago two brothers driving along a country road were struck by lightning. One of them gave no outward sign of death. He sat in the wagon seat erect, and even smiling. The brother by his side was burned crisp from head to heel, and his clothing was not even scorched. Lightning often results in broken bones, and frequently the whole body is reduced to a pulp.

Lightning has been known to bore into a body as clean as a gimlet. Sometimes a stroke strips the body, burns up every vestige of clothing, and leaves the body itself un mutilated: Or the body may be consumed, and the clothing left.

Although death is painless and instantaneous, the burning may last for hours, or it may be the work of a few seconds. A soldier in an English regiment in India was struck by lightning, and when his comrades attempted to lift him up he crumbled to ashes. On the other hand, instances are known where petrification appeared to take place.

In general, the severest stroke produces least distortion or outward sign. Curious markings are frequently left upon the victims of lightning.



Mrs. Blake—Referred to in article in last issue.

Lure O'Gold:

By GEORGE E. PEARSON

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

DISHAM was disgusted.

He stood at the bar, one foot on the rail, gazing moodily at his reflection in the fly-specked mirror of the dark bar. What he saw might well have pleased a more critical observer than himself—the face and bearing of one who was in the first flush of a young manhood that had been ripened and softened by life before its time.

As he sipped his Scotch in silent meditation, he cogitated on the events that had brought him to his present state of discontent. He uttered a malediction under his breath as he made a mental comparison between what he had given up—a post graduate course in his beloved profession and all that made life worth living, home and friends, the quiet restfulness of 'Varsity and the more virile appeal of the games—for this; and his black brows met as they started out the sagging door at the vista of sage-brush and sand, its deadly color unrelieved by aught but the saline tracings of alkali that appeared in vivid contrast here and there where the sun-baked earth had cracked and vomited forth its mockery of moisture.

It was as though the earth itself were shedding salty tears. He smiled in spite of himself at his morbid conceit—a smile of regret for the cooling breezes of old Ontario, and the slither of foam as the "Beaver" shot off on a new tack with a bone in her teeth. Here, water was doled out to one as though it had come from the precious spring of "Ponce de Leon."

And all for nothing. Months of indefatigable effort, sinking of prospect shafts, the weary monotony of sampling the grim interior of old and forgotten drifts, the scorching hikes under a hellish sun. Waste! All waste. Dreams. So ran his thoughts. A mine! The maudlin monstrosity of a promoter's diseased imagination.

"Drink?"

He turned in answer to the query to find beside him but at a less height, the wizened face of Murphy. Red muzzled and unshaven, his small grey eyes peered out and up from the red forest of his face. A prospector by his garb, Murphy was one who dwelt in a world all his own, a world which held out to its chosen few the chimera of a sometime lucky strike a world of high lights and deeper shadows, that from its vampire-like incursions on human hopes, early cast aside the unfit and the weak of heart. Fortune's slave he had been from Nome to Nogales; following the dear rainbow of his imagination. Here, melting snow for drinking purposes as he spent the long days and longer nights, bereft for months at a time of all human companionship in his white wilderness of snow. There, hoofing it between the distant water-holes of Death Valley in a last desperate effort to refrain from the



That night found her giving notice to her borders as only she knew how.

vain pursuit of what his smarting eyes told him was an oasis and his colder brain sneered at for a mirage.

"Sure thing. The same!" and Disham nodded at his empty glass.

"Scotch? An' playing a lone hand, huh? Well you're free, white and twenty-wan. But she's no weno muchaco."

"Pins and pepper, slave." And Murphy's beady eyes sparkled in greedy anticipation as the bartender put before him the rough whisky of Kansas City. Incidentally he coughed loud and long ere he put his glass down on the streaky bar.

"Workin' the Holy Grail?" he queried.

Disham nodded absently.

"Dropped yer wad?" he continued.

Disham nodded again, sick with the knowledge of what his small patrimony had meant to him.

"Knowed ut. Cud a told yuh six months ago it was no good. Tried it meself. Dam' rascal, that promoter hombre. None of my business though." The speaker summed up a tragedy with the staccato-like eruptions of a machine gun.

"Tough sledding," and Murphy sucked reflectively on a cold and rancid pipe.

"Goin' back to Canada an' take it easy a spell!" This accusingly.

"No, hunt a job, I guess," replied Disham.

"Huh! Got sand anyhow," the little man observed as he looked the other over appraisingly—not rudely, but as man to man.

"Here," and Murphy nodded his head out into space and turned to lead the way up the broad walk of the short street to the hostelry of the widow Shea. Disham followed, bewildered, but too sunk in apathy to speculate.

In the fierce heat of the galvanized iron kitchen, both took their seats on the empty boxes that served that purpose.

"Well?" It was the widow who spoke as she gazed from one to the other, not without suspicion, as she stood with her dish towel poised in the act of drying a dish.

"Missus Shea, ma'am. I'm minded to take this lad in on our layout, seein' as how he's edycated. Pervided he's salubrious to it." Murphy smiled in complacent approval of his mastery of the intricacies of his mother tongue. "An' you too," he added as the widow failed to exhibit any visible signs of enthusiasm. "But I thinks to myself, thinks I, it ain't fitten fer me tuh do nuthin' without seein' you first, any.'ways" He smiled ingratiatingly at the widow.

"Don't be so all fired polite, man. A body'd

know you was after somethin' the way you take on, that never says a blessed word. Tell the bye whats' for," she commanded.

"Ever hear of the Los Pinos treasure?" queried Murphy, complying and relapsing into normal brevity now that his point had been gained.

Disham had heard and so signified. Strange it would have been had he not heard that weird story of treasure and love and hate—a story that was so laden with mystery and so steeped in legend, that once heard it could never be forgotten.

The story of the Los Pinos treasure was the story of a gallant company of ten score men that Marie Antoinette had sent to America. Soldiers and scientists were included in the party, the object of which had been to study the fauna and flora of the almost unknown part of America lying west of Louisiana. But the fighting strength of a score of hostile tribes had taken harsh toll of the adventurous company and had made of them a memory—Not a man of the party ever saw France again.

However, their work had not been fruitless. They had discovered and worked

out a placer mine of incalculable value. But where the treasure went after the last man in the party had succumbed no man knew. All that remained was a rough map that had been drawn by the one survivor of their last fight, ere he too gave up the ghost and joined his erstwhile companions.

He had babbled to the good padre of the little Spanish Mission to which he had strayed, of another map which was a key to his own rough sketch. He cried that it lay on the body of a dead companion somewhere on the back trail. The body they found but paper there was none. It had disappeared completely; whether by human agency or through sheer chance they had no means of telling. The desert scavengers and the desert sun knew, but they held the secret inviolate.

Rumor had it that the map had been found. Since that time those same scavengers and that same sun had taken their ghastly toll of three generations of men who had fought and loved and hunted for the treasure of Los Pinos.

As the weird warp of these facts unrolled themselves like a panorama on the screen of Disham's mind, in the pause that succeeded his interlocutor's question; he began dimly to perceive the drift of the other's apparently disconnected queries and became all attention.

"Well, we got the key map. Leastwise, Mrs. Shea here," and Murphy jerked his pipe in the direction of that lady, the palpitation of whose ample bosom evidenced the excitement that possessed

heart and mind. Got it in the blankets of that Morales greaser that jumped his board 'bout the time you come here. She didn't savvy it until I put her next to the Los Pinos dope. We're come to a focus now though. It's a furrin writin' and full of surveyors' signs, only different—from bein' so old, I guess. Up to you, compadre. Cahoots. Share an' share alike if so be you can transmogrify it." And the speaker looked at Mrs. Shea in complacent approval of his last wild words.

Mrs. Shea ceased her dish-washing operations and placed her large red hands on her broad hips as they awaited Disham's reply.

The latter's heart gave a bound. His voice came from a long way off, as he answered: "It's very decent of you both, and I'll be more than pleased to throw in with you." All the time there stood out in the eye of his mind—the picture of a place on the "Hill." A certain girl in a certain dress, waiting for a certain man as he should spring up the steps, and then ————!

"Cracky! I'm that glad." And Mrs. Shea leaned over and planted a steaming kiss on Disham's face, notwithstanding his involuntary dodge. Murphy, his task completed, looked on unmoved in superior aloofness. Irish and impulsive to the core, the widow's easily swayed emotions took another turn. With a sniffle she buried her face in her apron and sat down on the only chair the hovel boasted and rocked herself slowly too and fro,

as she voiced her thoughts aloud in spontaneous modulation.

"I'm that glad;"—sob—"I'm that tired. Thirty years"—sniffle—"Never a place to call me own;"—both together,—"Never a fairin'; never a dacent dress to me back,—work, work, work, from early marn 'til late at night,——" business of apron.—"Naygurs and greasers and haythen Chinees, an' some white men that was worse nor ayther an' divil a bit o' thanks from anny wan of them fer all me slavin.' Oh! shure byes I'm that glad an' proud this night. I do be that. The shirts I've washed; an' the sun with a curse to it like ould Ireland, and them red flannels do be heavy,' she wound up plaintively.

No lack of enthusiasm on the part of the others could dampen the ardor of the volatile widow. Household duties were relegated to the oblivion that her previous thralldom to them demanded, as she pored over maps and histories with a confiding and childlike optimism that recked not of colder counsel. Her optimism was a joy to behold; the energy that animated her huge frame, a source of constant wonder. She burnt all bridges behind her. That night found her giving notice to her boarders as only she knew how. Her plan was simplicity itself.

The heavier and more breakable materials she was good enough to drag down the stairway and so out the door onto the hard earth of the roadway. The lighter articles of her guests' furniture she calmly tossed out of the upper windows, accompanying their aerial flight by sundry



Of tried and true villainy was Murf.

appropriate remarks that smacked of fish and Billingsgate. Night found her barricaded and exchanging brisk and loud-voiced repartee with a forlorn group of hungry miners who were told to go elsewhere for their bed and board.

II.

FORTY days out from Las Animas. Forty days of choking sand and more or less aimless wandering as they sought the first point as given in the annotations of the key may. Forty days of stinking water and glistening heat waves that appeared to tired eyes to flop up and down, promising by the very violence of their palpitations the breeze that never came. A monotonous succession of early risings and silent repasts of bacon and flapjacks at the grease-wood fire, varied at times by trying searches for the solitary burro that had been turned out the night before to eke out a sparse repast from the succulent cactus or the tender mesquite. Sage had given way to mesquite as they worked their way further into the recesses of the vast sink. Sometimes they wandered through forests of great cacti, forbidding in the extreme; at others, nothing but sand and more of it, except for the occasional clumps of mesquite or grease-wood.

Noon held no charms for the two travelers. A can of tomatoes, opened by jagged stabs of Murphy's heavy knife, sufficed for food and drink. They feasted as they trudged alongside the grunting burro, under a sky so blue that it appeared black. At night whilst the older man busied himself with preparations for their meagre meal, Disham was wont to check up the day's travel and their present position by means of the reading taken from the sun earlier in the day. Later he would further corroborate his findings by that friend of travelers, the North Star and its attendant satellites.

Murphy, that ancient mariner of the sandy seas, justified his long apprenticeship with the older things. Inured to hardship, he made light of those that became their daily portion and, as the result of previous experience, saw to it that the occurrence of them was avoided when it was humanly possible. He was not always the most companionable fellow in the world. His taciturnity was of so decided an order and so frequent in its operation, that in another it might have seemed dependency. But his cheerful soul knew not the meaning of the word. His silence was merely that of thoughts, not moods; the silence of one who had dwelt much alone, and, recognizing the inadequacy of futile speech, preferred rather the blazonry of acts.

For hours at a time he would trudge beside his impatient partner, exchanging no word and replying only in monosyllables when forced to answer a direct question. Sometimes the latter felt as though he could shriek aloud. He speculated idly as to whether even that could destroy the peace of the other's phlegmatic calm.

The old fellow in his quiet way was fully as optimistic, and planned his bright future with quite as much certainty as the widow Shea herself; but not so noisily.

His ambitions, too, ran in other and saner directions. His dream, the mention of which was the one thing that could draw him from out his shell, embraced a modest ranch in a land of eternal summer and bountiful rain; a land remarkable for its lack of snow. A life spent alternately short of one and in a super-abundance of the other, had forever soured him on both conditions. To spend his declining years so—and never was miner who held not the same wish—was the one bright hope that had humanized his life-long hunt for "the strike" and had kept his heart young within him.

The days were few that it was not mentioned, if not spontaneously by the one who fathered it, then, out of malice aforethought by Disham. The former invariably arose to the bait. With kindling eye and unctuous tongue he would enlarge upon this, his favorite topic. With skillful brush and artistic touch he would decorate and tint his modest castle of the air. It is to be conjectured that the buxom widow Shea was included to some extent in these dreams; at least so Disham surmised.

Murphy pulled his hat down over his squat forehead and gazed under protecting hand at the dim bulk that loomed up in the distance ahead. He blinked, and brushed a grimy hand across bloodshot eyes. "Yon's the place, Kid. An' to think if we'd a knowed we could have taken the cyars most of the way. Hell!" He spat his disgust.

"How's that?" queried Disham, puzzled.

"Why, because that's 'Look-Out' sure Cyanide plant. Bin there fer years. Man cain't help but know that mountain, once he's seed it. Railroad comes in there from the north. Built it when they put the mill up, so's tuh git in there."

"Yes," agreed the other. "If that last spring was the point as given on the map, our next leg should throw us in that vicinity, Murf." And he too gazed off at the mountain peninsula that shoved its nose out into the waste about them.

"Few days more, we'll know what's what," commented Murphy. "A long hike, kid, without water. Better fill up plum good afore we leave this here spring."

Disham looked at his map. "The poison spring should be near the edge of the mountain, Murf."

"Uh-huh," agreed the latter. "Guess we don't want none o' that though."

Under stern necessity of reaching the distant spring ere their present supply of water gave out, they decided on a forced march that night. In a silence broken only by the steady grunt of the laden burro and an occasional command as one of them urged him on, they wended their way under the quiet stars. In the course of it, the burro, with no preliminary warning, stopped dead in his tracks, fell over, sighed tumultuously, and lay there with heaving flanks. Disham, in frantic terror, sprang forward to save his precious instruments, second only to the water they sought in their importance. Finding them unharmed, he assisted Murphy in unloading the animal and later, in a vain attempt to bring the burro to his feet. He turned aside, sick at heart

as his companion belabored the unfortunate burro, even resorting to that last refinement of burro torture, pounding with heavy feet on the upper part of the coarse tail bone.

"Murf! You'll kill him."

"Kill an' be damned. Mebbe you'd rather cash in yerself to save an ornery jack." And Murphy gave another kick for good measure that brought no result other than an almost human groan from the object of his solicitude.

"I guess you're right, kid. This stinkin' hole is getting intuh me head. Too many such trips; too many. Getting old,—gettin' old. Here, lend a hand." and casting a last venomous glance at the burro, he began with Disham's assistance to sort out of the junk a further load for each. Even Disham, inexperienced as he was, joined in the other's exclamation of dismay as his hand felt the trickle of the precious water. In the unlucky fall of the worn out burro, an unkind fate had effected the junction of heavy knife blade with the soft tin of one canteen.

"Pike's Peak or bust now, Kid." And Murphy, in studious calculation, hefted the weight of the remaining vessel.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, they faced with the cool courage of their breed the certain knowledge of a lot harder than the burro's, if they should so much as falter, or, if in spite of their best efforts, Fate should prove unkind to them.

Once more the treasure of Los Pinos set out to exact its toll.

All that night they walked in order to take advantage of the sun's absence. On either hand the grotesque shadows of the desert growth hid the unevenness of the ground so that they stumbled as they walked. An occasional broken interjection, following such small mishaps, was the only word spoken, and the clatter of a metal dish as one shifted his heavy pack, the only other sound. Later, when the moon went down, the going became harder. At times one would stumble over a projecting root, to go headlong into a spiny cactus, to lie helpless, like some victim of a shrike, until the other released him. Toward morning the lessening of the desert growth and their increasing weariness warned them that the time had come to take their necessary rest while they yet had the shade of the cactus to shield them from the sun of the approaching day. Not until then did they allow themselves a sup of the luke-warm water. The food, they barely touched.

A few hours of troubled slumber and they were on their way again. At noon they took another rest with its relieving sip of the now oil-like water. By this time though, they were exposed to the full force of the sun's rays as they sat in gloomy silence, too hotly nervous and too miserably hot to sleep.

On again with steps even more uncertain as the clutching sand wound itself about their ankles and gave up the dry leather in a last desperate "goof." Disham, without parley, slipped off his load, retaining only his instruments as he staggered on. Murphy followed suit with all of his except the water. Explanations were unnecessary. Disham would have

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The Tortoise:

By WILLIAM BYRON

Illustrated by A. KEELOR

PART I.

IT'S not my style to speak unkindly of the dead," said Uncle John, in his high-pitched, rasping voice, "but if you ain't got more horse sense than your father had, don't you ever dare to marry and raise a family. No man should have a family when he can't provide for them. Now I'll bet Henry was making upwards of twelve hundred dollars a year and all he saved in fifteen years was this paltry chicken feed. Any man making twelve hundred should save—" and he squinted obliquely, calculating the great opportunities for saving on so princely an income—"seven hundred a year or go back to kindergarten and start all over again!"

Father had died very suddenly, leaving me with no relative closer than Uncle John Coombes, a hard-fisted old farmer, who had made a substantial fortune by dint of the hardest work and the most thorough methods of economy that have ever been practiced, I believe. The duty of straightening out father's affairs had fallen to Uncle John, and he had found them in a sadly involved condition. When everything had been settled up, there would be about four hundred dollars left.

"We'll invest this money in some safe municipal bonds," went on Uncle John, "and if you want to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a parson, nephew, I'll pay your way through college. You'll pay me back, I know, or you're not your father's son."

"Thanks, uncle," I said, "but I don't think it would be wise to go to college. I'd be just wasting money. I couldn't be a lawyer no matter how much money you spent trying to make me one. You've got to be brilliant like Charlie Cutshaw, to make a lawyer. And it's the same with doctors and ministers. No, I've thought it all out and decided I had better get a job somewhere. Perhaps I could make good in a store."

Uncle John gave me a hearty thump on the back.

"You've got an old head on those shoulders," he declared. "I believe education's a good thing but so's a mustard plaster; and there's no use putting a mustard plaster on a man that don't need it. I know a couple of lawyers in this town that don't amount to a hill of beans as lawyers but I reckon they'd have made good farmers if they'd got their learning from Mother Nature instead of at college. Put a trowel in the hands of a certain doctor around here and he'll be more in his element than he is with a scalpel. A good bricklayer was lost to the world when that man went in for medicine. Throw a brick through several parsonage windows in this neighborhood and

you'll hit the makings of clever insurance men, plum spoiled through educating themselves into the wrong groove. Nephew, if you feel you're cut out to work in a store, the best thing you can do is to get a job right away. And if you ever need help don't forget you can always call on your Uncle John."

Accordingly I did not wait for the finish of the high school term, but left at once and managed to get a job in the general store of Hicks & Co. Old Lem Hicks was not a philanthropist in the usual sense of the word, but he stretched a point when he took me on at \$4.00 a week, his usual practice having been to start his clerks at \$3.00. The extra dollar, he explained, was because he had known my father well and wished to help me along. Just the same I had a shrewd suspicion that old Lem, who was many degrees removed from a sentimentalist, had figured that, with my education, I would be worth the extra dollar to him. I decided most earnestly that I would prove myself worth \$4.00 a week.

Although I had been perfectly sincere in what I had said to Uncle John on the score of education, I could not help feeling a certain sense of disappointment in the necessary curtailment of my scholastic career.

It had been all planned out that I should go to college at the same time as my two school chums, Charlie Cutshaw and Lawrence Barlow. As the three leaders at the collegiate, we had been close friends and hard rivals in everything, even down to our love affairs. As Charlie would have expressed it, we worshipped at the same

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Are you interested in business stories, in seeing the problems that face you every day presented in a form that compels attention? Every man who desires to win success knows the value of instructive reading; and the business story is a pill of inspirational appeal rendered palatable by the sugar coating of fiction. The author of "The Tortoise" is a newcomer in the field of business fiction, but he has a story of gripping interest to tell. "The Tortoise" will be continued in succeeding numbers and, though the thread of continuous narrative will be maintained throughout the series, each installment will tell a more or less complete story in itself. The next part, which will appear in an early issue, will tell of a fight for the control of civic politics.

shrine; two openly and competitively, the third (myself) quietly and secretly. My position in the race for the favor of Alice Holworth was similar in some respects to that of poor John Brimblecomb in the society of the Rose. My fear of the gentler sex was so overpowering that I had done my share of the worshipping from a distance, never letting the other two know I had entered myself in the race at all; and needless to say Alice herself had no suspicion of the truth. Consequently it was a little trying to see from my post behind Sam Hicks' gloomy counter, our mutual divinity riding past

on her bicycle with Charlie Cutshaw, or lingering at the post office to talk for a few minutes with Larry Barlow.

It was still more trying, when the fall came around, to see Charlie start off for Toronto, and to hear that Larry, who had decided to give up the idea of going to college, was to start in business on his own account.

Lawrence Barlow, senior, had died some five years previously, leaving an estate variously estimated by townfolk at anywhere from ten thousand to a hundred thousand, the result of a positive genius for second mortgages. Although Larry would not come into this handsome principal until he was twenty-one, the interest, which had been piling up in a way that interest has when allowed to run, was at his disposal. The way he proceeded to use it stamped him as made of the stuff from which magnates are fashioned.

His first step was to secure an automobile agency. As the town up to that time had boasted of two cars only, both cranky little two-cylinder contraptions of a pre-Adamite model, the field was practically a virgin one. Larry cleaned up on the automobile business like a veteran, selling a dozen in almost as many weeks. Then he got into the real estate business and by easy stages branched into the building line. The "jerry builder" had never invaded Martinville up to this stage, most of the houses being built on solid lines that gave full assurance of comfort and stability. Larry introduced the type of house that is built to sell—neat, two-storey brick affairs with all modern inconveniences. They sold as

fast as they could be put up. The profits he pulled out of his various transactions were turned into other channels where, if current report was to be believed, the same process of multiplication was continued without any slackening or abatement. When the G.T.R. decided to build a new station the need was felt for a strip of land adjoining the railway property. This land was occupied by a few old shacks and had formerly been owned by an Italian fruit peddler. But when negotiations for the

land commenced, it was learned that the deed had changed hands and that Larry was the new owner. He got a fancy price for the property. Whether it was sheer foresight on his part in calculating the possibilities of that property or whether he had a tip from the inside, no one ever found out. If there was any "easy money" to be had, Larry beat the whole town to it in a canter. In fact he was generally in a position to shove the proceeds with a deposit slip under the grill-work of the cashier's cage before any one else had even sensed the oppor-

tunity. It was shrewdly estimated around town that when he came of age, Larry had just about doubled his inheritance. He had become a rich man in record time.

When I reached my twenty-first birthday, I had barely secured a fingerhold on the window-sill of success. I was still working for Hicks & Co. at \$12 a week.

However, I had not done so badly either. I had saved up \$900. During the course of my business career since, I have accomplished various financial feats which have netted me large amounts, but I don't think any of them could compare with that. If I could bring to bear on my business affairs to-day the same perserverance, economy, and careful foresight that I displayed in saving up that amount, I would become a multi-millionaire.

I liked the work. Despite the long hours, the stuffiness of the ill-ventilated store and the crabbed whims of old Lem, I really became convinced during the first year that I had found my proper vocation. I liked waiting on customers. The mouldy ledgers and thumbed-over day book had a sort of fascination for me. Checking over incoming goods—an especially displeasing sort of drudgery to the other clerks—had a real interest for me. I can only explain it by saying that the work suited me and, therefore, it could never be entirely lacking in interest.

By the time I was twenty-one, I was doing most of the buying for the store and old Lem had handed over to me complete charge of the sales staff, which consisted of two other clerks besides myself. During the four years that I had been in the store I had learned a great deal from travelers and from the occasional trips I had made to other places. In addition I had read omnivorously and mostly along one line—business. I stayed with Lem Hicks because I had become convinced that a man's opportunities for learning are not necessarily limited by his environment; that if he can learn when placed in an establishment where efficiency is highest, he can also learn in equal measure from his efforts to improve surroundings that lack in efficiency. Acting on this principle, I had succeeded in intro-



"It's spineless, spavined, pigeon-toed policy has made me ashamed to call myself a journalist!"

ducing a number of new ideas into the Hicks store. We kept the stock clean and as attractively displayed as our facilities would permit. We even paid some attention to the store windows. I had a faint hope that if I continued to work on him, I would ultimately succeed in persuading Lem to do a little advertising.

Four years more passed. Larry Barlow's progress had proceeded unchecked. He went into venture after venture and the Midas touch remained with him. He soon had a finger in every business pie in Martinville, even holding a large interest in the Star, the only daily paper in town. With Charlie Cutshaw still away at college, he had plain sailing in his love affair and it was generally believed around town that he and Alice Holworth were engaged. At any rate he was assiduous in his attentions to her and did not give any one else a chance in that quarter.

They say Opportunity knocks once at every man's door. My call came one morning about this time and it was by the merest chance I happened to be at home. If old man Opportunity had stop-

ped for a moment to tie up his sandal or to mop his bald pate, I would not have been around when he arrived.

I had been instructed this morning to drive to a neighboring village to settle up some business connected with an account and the rig was in front of the store ready for me when I was called to the telephone. Five minutes elapsed before I could get out and just as I was climbing into the buggy, up came old man Opportunity, a little out of breath, and hurrying. I did not recognize him at first because he came in the guise of a commercial traveler named Hank Sullivan, a short, fat and jocular chap who covered our territory for a dry goods house.

"Hello, Harry," he said. "It's a good thing I hurried up. I wanted to see you."

"I don't think we want anything Hank," I said, after mentally reviewing the state of our stock.

"It's really a personal matter I wanted to see you about just now," replied the traveler, "though I'll be anxious to argue your stock requirements when you get back."

"The Bicknell stock is to be sold to-day,"

he went on, speaking in a cautious tone. "There's some shinnanigan about it too that I just got the rights of. Old man Hewer's acting as assignee and he's managed somehow to get round his instructions about selling the stock. He's keeping bidders out of the market and will see to it that only one bid goes in. That will be in Bicknell's name for about thirty or forty cents on the dollar. Being the only offer made, it'll be accepted by the creditors. It's a deliberate steal they're putting over."

I dropped the reins and started to do a little figuring on the back of an envelope. I had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank and the additional four hundred that Dad had left me. My inheritance was invested in municipal debentures but could be turned into cash in a few days' time.

"What figure would buy that stock, Hank?" I asked.

"Twenty-five hundred," answered the traveler. "Raise the money if you can and get your bid in to the old skinflint

before three o'clock this afternoon. The bids close then."

I looked at my watch. It was 11.15. Uncle John lived out of town about six miles and if I expected to reach him and raise the balance of the money I would have to hurry.

"I'll be there in time. Good-bye, Hank, and thanks," I called, whipping up my horse to a rapid canter.

I knew that the opportunity was a splendid one. Bicknell had run the only specialty dry goods store in town and should have made a big success of it. Loose management and personal extravagance alone had put him under. The store had been closed up the month before.

It was a long hot drive out to Uncle John's farm and when I got there, of course, he was out. I followed him to the village store where he had gone for his mail and on the drive back explained the whole matter to him.

"How much?" asked Uncle John, who always went straight to the point.

"A thousand will see me through," I said. "I'll give you notes at 6 per cent. I can't put up any collateral that would be worth anything to you."

Uncle John grunted, but made no further comment and, when we got back to the house, made at once for the attic. Although a shrewd investor and thoroughly alive to the importance of making his money work for him, he always had quite a little sum that he could put his hands on at a moment's notice. In a few minutes he returned with an old sock from which he extracted the required amount in ten bills. This done he rolled up the sock and dropped it into a capacious pocket.

"If the worst comes to the worst and you can show me you've laid out every cent wisely, I might be induced to dig up a few more of the same kind," he said. "The old sock isn't cleaned out yet."

I had a hard race to get back to town in time. Covered with dust from head to foot, I walked into Abner Hower's office at five minutes to three and laid down my offer for the bankrupt stock. Hower scowled at me with frank hostility.

"Who's this for?" he snapped.

"Myself," I said.

"Only cash offers considered," he warned.

"I have the cash to back my offer up," I replied confidently; and left him turning the envelope over and over in his hand, with a doubtful and angry frown. Three days later I received notification that my offer had been accepted. And by the end of the following week I had started in business on my own account.

Before the newly painted sign of "H. Haven & Co." had been elevated to its position above the store, I learned some inside facts about the attempt that had been made to buy in the Bicknell stock. Larry Barlow had engineered the deal and was supplying the capital! Which explained why he favored me with a scowl whenever we met after that.

My first year's experience in business on my own account can be summed up in a few words. I financed the store on the surest, and ordinarily the slowest, policy.

I sold only for cash and never bought new goods until I had the funds to foot the bill. The stagnation which might have resulted from this course was avoided by a whirlwind advertising campaign. I made the townspeople literally sit up by the daring scope of my publicity methods. The other merchants had never gone in much for advertising and my methods therefore had the advantage almost of originality. I sold a lot of goods the first year and became about as popular with my competitors as a three-card shark at a camp meeting. To cut a long story short, I was able at the end of the year to pay Uncle John back his thousand dollars with interest and to have a little over to come and go on.

Two more years passed — busy and prosperous years. I had been out one Sunday to discuss my plans with Uncle John, and was driving back in the dusk of the evening. As I turned out into the main road leading to town, a big motor car came rolling along and I saw that it was Larry Barlow's. As usual Alice Holworth was with him. To my surprise as they drew alongside, I heard Alice request that the car be stopped.

"Good evening," said Larry, sulkily, obeying his companion's behest.

Before I had time to reply, Alice opened the door of the car and sprang out.

"Will you drive me home, Mr. Haven?" she asked. Her tone was quiet enough, but I could see that she was excited and, I thought, a little frightened.

They had quite apparently been quarreling. For a moment Larry was too surprised to speak and then his temper, always a hot and unruly one, got the better of him.

"Don't be a fool, Alice!" he snapped. "Come back into the car right away!"

"I have no intention of returning to town with you," said Alice, with a quiet determination. "If Mr. Haven can't drive me back I'll—I'll walk!"

I put out my hand at once and helped her in.

"I shall be delighted to drive you home," I said, gladly—oh, how gladly! To have Alice Holworth all to myself for a five-mile drive! I had never dared hope that such a pleasure would be mine. The fact that she would have acted just the same if it had been any other acquaintance, who had happened along just at this juncture, did not detract in the slightest from the thrill I experienced as she ensconced herself beside me on the buggy seat.

Larry remained silent for a moment while he fought to get control of himself. Finally he said:

"Don't carry the bluff too far, Alice. This puts us both in a ridiculous position. Look here, we'll talk this over on the way home and to start matters right I'll apologize now."

"Please drive on, Mr. Haven," said Alice, turning to me with a look so troubled and so appealing that I would gladly have thrashed Larry Barlow there and then.

We drove off at a sharp clip. Larry impetuously threw on the power and his car drew up alongside. He had tossed

restraint to the winds and was in a fine flaring temper.

"You'll be sorry for this Haven!" he called. "What do you want to butt in on me for? Why, you poor two-spot, I could put you out of business to-morrow."

I reined in the horse sharply and the car ran ahead of us quite a stretch before coming to a stop.

"Drive on, Barlow," I called. "Miss Holworth doesn't want to see anything more of you this evening."

"What, and leave Alice with you? I've half a notion to come back there and make her cut out this nonsense! I could take her away from you easy, Haven."

I glanced at Alice. "Say the word and I'll get out and horsewhip him," I said.

"No, please, Mr. Haven," she said, entreatingly. "Drive on and we'll pay no more attention to him."

Accordingly I whipped up the horse and we drove past the car, both of us looking straight ahead. Barlow started the car at once and settled down to follow us.

"I don't know just how to explain this," began Alice, after a few minutes of awkward silence, "but an explanation is due you. We had a quarrel and I—really, I was afraid of him. I know it's been generally understood that we were engaged, but we never really have been. He's been worrying me a great deal lately, and I only consented to the ride to-night because I wanted to tell him finally that our friendship had to stop. He became very angry and threatened to force me to marry him. He has a very bad temper and I preferred not to ride home with him."

I glanced back at the car, following closely in our wake. Larry had grown quite stout during the past few years. Crouched over the wheel he looked very big and strong and formidable with his huge shoulders, thick neck and massive head.

"There's something of the cave man about Larry," I answered. "He can't stand opposition. I happened to stumble across his path a year ago, incidentally spoiling one of his schemes, and he's never forgiven me."

"I hope that he won't cause you any trouble over this," said Alice, anxiously. "I would indeed be sorry to cause any unpleasantness between you. He's quite capable of carrying out his threats."

"Don't worry on that score," I said. "I can take care of myself. I'm not afraid of Larry Barlow with all his wealth and power."

I don't think that three people ever made a trip under such trying circumstances before. Alice Holworth and I were practically strangers to each other although we had grown up together in the same town. The circumstances of the meeting served further to throw a constraint on conversation and the situation was not helped any by the persistent presence, almost within earshot, of Larry Barlow, grim and implacable as fate. He hung right on, although too thoroughly angry to say anything more.

After the first couple of miles I began to see the funny side of it and with dif-

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How Hackett Won a Fortune: By MARGARET BELL

And How Another Came to Him

THE Canadian papers were bristling with a choice bit of news. A bit of news such as would make most papers bristle. In short, the descent of sudden fortune. The news of such a descent will cause a flutter of excitement in the most blase. What must it have caused amongst the citizens of Wolfe Island, Ont.?—citizens who are not in the least blase. For it concerned them very much, indeed. He upon whom the gold descended first saw the twinkle of the midnight stars on Wolfe Island. Afterwards he witnessed several other midnight twinklings. But that's another story.

In a couple of words, James K. Hackett. The timely magnanimity of the Fates happened only a few months ago, through the will and testament of a close male relative lately departed.

James K. Hackett, the swash-buckling hero of many plays, was the object of the opportune magnanimity.

But, to begin chronologically. Wolfe Island, on the sixth of September, 1869, was the scene of much rejoicing. Rejoicing in the home of one of its leading citizens, over the fact that a son had arrived to shed glory over the household.

James H. Hackett had hopes. It is quite a standard thing for an ambitious father to have hopes in his newly-arrived son. James H. Hackett was an ambitious father. Not because he had appeared at the Haymarket, London, in the early fifties, and caused the demise of many a happy hour. Not because he was the original Rip Van Winkle, or a famous old Falstaff.

He was ambitious simply because he could not help himself. Some people are born with ambition, as a kitten is born with a meow. Others acquire it as they grow older, much the same as a child does the measles. The father of James K. Hackett was born with an ambition spoon on his tongue.

Probably, yes, undoubtedly, that is why the arrival of James junior was acclaimed with so much joy. And, very likely, that is why his subsequently goings and comings were guided and watched over as carefully as if he were the son of a potentate. Perhaps he was. For, after all, a potentate may be such only in the mind of the individual involved. He is a potentate, just the same.

New York was the town chosen for the education of young James. A most admirable choice, to be sure. New York is often the choice

The timely magnanimity of the fates has left James K. Hackett in the comfortable position of complete independence.



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an additional appendage, or what you will. But in 1891, when he had seen twenty-two autumns, he became the proprietor of a precious bit of sheepskin, which gave him all the dignities of the degree of B.A.

So it was evident that young James had not frittered away his time on football, hockey or any such frivolities, so universally indulged in by college boys in general. James had other aims in view.

It was about that time that he began to acquire a delightful shock of thick, black hair. He was a handsome chap, was James K. A youth of whom any fond parent might be fonder. Also, his voice had quite developed that deep resonance known only to romantic heroes of the powdered wig period.

James' father had great hopes for him. But his education was not complete. Not yet. Not even the technicalities of it. One must have a certain amount of technicality or one cannot be said to have received a legitimate education.

So James K. went to the New York Law School, to become conversant with quips and quibbles. A law school is a dry proposition, however, unless

one is prepared for a perpetual diet of chestnuts.

Which James K. was not.

Within a year he had tired of them all. His interests sent his mind straying off in a different direction entirely. And one day the opportunity arrived. He knew it was the opportunity, because he found a certain amount of satisfaction in following its dictates. Such an opportunity had he always desired.

On the stage of the Madison Square Theatre, January 15th, 1892, a number of students produced a play called "His Toast." One of the amateurs, the most handsome of them all, he of the resonant voice and exotic eyes, was the young student who had

already tired of the quips and quibbles. The result of this appearance was infinitely satisfactory. The young fellow decided to stay in the amateur arena until the time and a professional opportunity should give him a change of scene.

In March of the same year, at Palmer's Theatre, he made his second amateur appearance. This was in the heroic role of Fred Livingston in "A Stag at Bay."

Heroism was becoming to him. Consequently, when he learned that a Francois

for involuntary education. Grammar school with its complexities, was followed by a course at the College of the City of New York. It was evident that the boy was going to be an exception in something. At the college he received a suffix,

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Margaret Bell's articles on the Canadian men and women of the stage have opened the eyes of MacLean readers to the fact that Canada has produced an imposing array of mimic stars. This is the seventh article of the series and one of the best yet. Don't fail to read it.

was needed in Philadelphia for "The Broken Seal," he played a royal flush. On March 28th he appeared in this, his first professional role.

It was quite evident, from the first, that young James K. would begin the foundation of a repertoire. New York was the scene of his second professional venture. It was only three days after his appearance in Philadelphia. Such dexterity is remarkable, even in ambitious youths.

He was a Duke at the Lyceum, a part which fitted his appearance and aspirations, like the proverbial glove. "The Duchess of Bayswater and Co." was the name of the play.

He seemed to have found his vocation. A handsome young chap always has dreams of clothing himself in the dignity and apparel of dukes. The rapidity with which young Hackett's dream became a reality was nothing short of marvelous.

He must have been quite a clever chap, too. For, in a very short time, he was given the part of Jean Torquenie in "The Broken Seal," a part of infinitely more importance than Francois, his debutant role.

It was almost time to close up shop for the summer. Young Hackett, full of pride and hope, a natural combination of characteristics, went off on a fishing trip, and awaited autumnal developments. He considered that he had made a good start, which he had. Not for nought was he blessed with a soul-stirring voice and Apollonian form and visage. Not for nought did he give up the law school with its quips and quibbles. He was going to make good as an actor. Of that he was certain.

Of course, that is one advantage the stage has. One can always find an opening there, when all other paths lead to closed gates. The conclusion of young Hackett's fishing trip was a happy one indeed. It was followed by an offer from Augustin Daly, to appear in his theatre in a repertoire of parts. Recognition is balm to a young actor. Even though he may feel confident that he is deserving of the highest praise, nevertheless it is a great satisfaction to know that someone else feels kindly toward one's abilities. Especially, if the someone be in the position to follow up that recognition with an offer. So young Hackett gave himself a figurative slap on the back and cried "Well Done."

His repertoire that season at Daly's included Master Wilford in *The Hunchback*, Charley in *Good for Nothing*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Loan of a Lover*, and *The Foresters*.

His art was expanding. There is no question about that. It would seem that young James K. first looked upon the world, when a good luck comet appeared in view. And besides, one must be given credit for the choosing of one's parents. James K.'s father was an actor of no mean repute.

In 1893, Arthur Rehan organized a company to play in Halifax, and St. John, N.B. First of all, anyone who is organizing a company, must be diplomatic. He knew that young Hackett was a Canadian, and that Canadians were partial

to one of their own kin. Now, that may not have been his reason for asking the handsome hero to join his company. It may have been his ability to wear evening dress, or the peculiar resonance of his voice. It may even have been his ability of interpretation. Anyhow, James K. Hackett's name appeared on the programs of Arthur Rehan's company, in such plays as *The Arabian Nights*,—ah, here was a chance to display heroism,—*The Private Secretary*, *Mixed Pickles*, and *Turned Up*.

So great was his success that in 1894, he managed a touring company of his own, in the above mentioned plays. There seemed to be no limit to his ambitions. A very good fault, too, it must be admitted. It was almost time for him to return to New York. He had made good in his own country, was quite a celebrity, in fact.

The Broadway Theatre was his next goal. On January 14th, 1895, he played *De Neipperg* in *Madame Sans-Gene*, in which part he appeared until September of the same year. Then, he had the chance to portray a count. *The Queen's Necklace* was the name of that play. Hackett played the Count de Charny.

Daniel Frohman had his company of players at the Lyceum, at that time. And Frohman had noticed the grace and ease with which Hackett played heroic roles. Such grace and ease should never go unheeded. They play far too great a part with the feminine part of an audience. And the feminine part is usually the largest part. That is how Frohman came to offer the young Apollo the position of leading man.

His first part under the new management was Morris Lecaile in *The Home Secretary*. The Lyceum audiences evidently approved of him, for he remained there, in the capacity of leading man, for four years.

Great were his conquests in that time. People called him the idol of feminine hearts, the Apollo of the matinee, and all such enviable names. He was the recipient of passionate letters. In short, James K. Hackett had evolved to the stage of matinee idol. He could not help it. Such distinction was thrust upon him. Being born with good looks, pleasing manners and that soulful voice, he could not possibly help himself and why should he wish to?

It was during this engagement that he created his never-to-be-forgotten part, Rudolph Rassendyl in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. This part has pursued him ever since. It has probably been the cause of more matinee outbursts than any other in the history of the American stage.

Besides this, he appeared also in *The Courtship of Leonie*, *The Late Mr. Castello*, *The Wife of Willoughby*, *The First Gentleman of Europe*, *The Mayflower*, *The Princess and the Butterfly*, *The Tree of Knowledge*, and *Rupert of Hentzau*.

It is quite a recognized fact that a superfluity of similar roles produces stagnation of art. Of course, our young hero knew this. So he flavored his diet of romanticism with occasional pinches of classic drama. *Romeo in Romeo and Juliet*, with Olga Nethersole at the Broadway Theatre; *Mercutio*, in the same play, with Maud Adams at the Empire. Thus

his art went blithely on, with no thought but for development.

Mary Mannering was leading woman at the Lyceum during his engagement there. She was a handsome, young woman, with Irish eyes and coal black hair. For a time, James K. Hackett forgot that he was the Apollo of the stage, forgot the numerous letters sent him by fair admirers. He remembered only that he was a very human man, and Mary Mannering was exceeding good to look upon, with the result that for two years of his engagement at the Lyceum the leading woman was Mrs. James K. Hackett. And the papers printed long extravaganzas of the ideal, married life of the Hacketts, and people flocked to the theatre, to look upon the couple who had wrought such a miracle.

In 1900, Hackett had his premier appearance at Wallack's in *The Pride of Jennico*. And at the same theatre, under his own management, he took the title role in *Don Caesar's Return*. That was a year later. The same season he went to Baltimore as *A Chance Ambassador*.

It was just about that time that people began to talk about *The Crisis*, that romantic novel of the Civil War, by Winston Churchill. When people began to talk, it is time for someone to act. This is particularly applicable to theatrical affairs. Hackett could easily imagine himself the heroic Stephen Brice. So he went to St. Louis, in 1902, with the *Crisis*, in dramatized form. So great was his success that he came back to Wallack's, and put it on there. It lasted him, all that season.

His next venture was *John Ermine* of the *Yellowstone*, produced at Boston in 1903. At Springfield, Mass., on Christmas night of the same year, he played *Robert, Crown Prince of Moratania* in *The Crown Prince*. He kept on producing plays. His capabilities for such work seemed unlimited. People began to look to him for two or three new plays each season.

In December, 1904, he played Charles Stuart in *The Fortunes of the King*. Early the next spring, he produced *The House of Silence*. This was in Pittsburgh. His next part was destined to be one which would attach itself to his name for some time. Every actor must have at least one of such plays to his credit. Hackett had several.

This was *The Walls of Jericho*, in which he was seen at the Savoy, N.Y., from September, 1905, until January of the next year.

Then he took a jump. From New York to Milwaukee seems a long run. But actors and managers have been known to take extensive jumps, for the privilege of trying out a new play, on a "dog town." Now, a dog town is a species of canine, which is not supposed to make deep indentations with its teeth, even if it does bite. It never causes artistic hydrophobia. Such a town is Milwaukee. Thither went James K. with John Glayde's *Honor*, in November, 1907. And with the same commodity he returned to New York in a month.

It, was almost time for a revival. Hackett had never forgotten his swashbuck-

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The Toes of Toinette:

By FREDERICK PALMER

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER

THE private secretary's rule about callers at the 135th street aerodrome waiting their turn melted under her imploring request to take her card in to Danbury Rodd at once.

"Mademoiselle Antoinette Rouget!" Rodd read aloud. "And what does she want?" His face lighted as he finished the question, which he answered by his own exclamation: "Of course! It's Toinette! One forgets she has also a surname!"

Her attraction for the aviator was no secret among his friends. Many times he had excused himself from company in order to be at the theatre in time to see her dance. She was a kindred spirit of flight, unchaining his imagination. She came nearest to being aerial of any earthly creature he had ever seen.

"What shall I say, sir?" the secretary inquired. "She seems to be in trouble," he added, by way of using his influence.

Rodd paused as soberly as if he were deciding a matter of state. Purposely, he had always chosen a rear orchestra seat. To him, Toinette was an abstraction, an impersonal expression of human grace. He disliked to spoil an illusion which he had deliberately nursed. Probably her charm before the footlights was the product of calculated training in front of a mirror, and in real life she was a most matter-of-fact being, talking professional slang.

"Is she anything at all like what she is on the stage?" he asked.

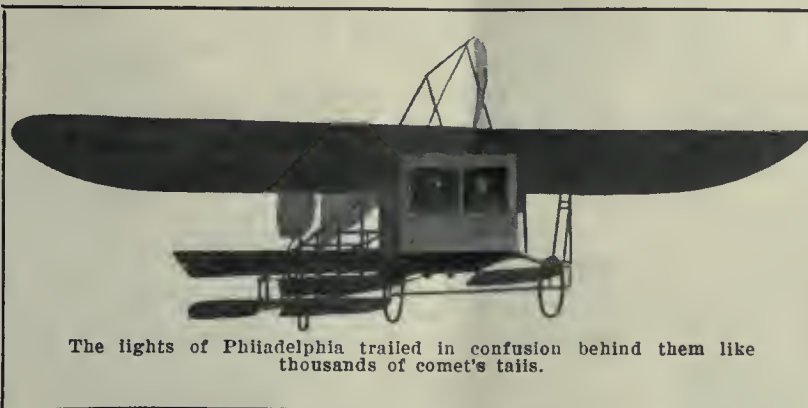
"That's the surprising part," said the secretary, who promptly acted on his own responsibility. He opened the door and beckoned, as he drew to one side with a punctilious bow.

Rodd was hardly on his feet when Toinette, in furs, came into his office with the same radiant quickness of the Toinette in costume appearing from the wings. It was herself, not an actress, that the audience saw, night after night. She might be nineteen, this fragile woman, yet she was like a child in her spontaneity.

"I speak to all the peoples with my feet, is it not?" she said. "So you will excuse me if I miss the steps when I speak the English."

Whatever her request, she had no mind to be balked of a full hearing. As if the movement were a part of a courtesy, she took the visitor's seat, while Rodd, in the presence of such grace, felt his arms and legs disjointed fans of a windmill as he sank into his own chair.

"Meestaire Rodd, how very queeck can you run your queeckest flying machine to Philadelphaea?" she inquired, tossing back



The lights of Philadelphia trailed in confusion behind them like thousands of comet's tails.

the furs from her throat and setting her muff at an angle on her knee in keeping with that at which she held her head.

"Why, I have done it with a bank of wind at my back from the Schuylkill to the Hudson in twenty-eight minutes, but that was pretty wild going. In average weather, I think we can depend on forty," he told her.

"Ten forty-five, ten feefty-five—yais, that will do," and she whirled the muff round and round jubilantly, her feet rattatting the floor. "You will—you will?"

"Who am I to take?" he inquired.

"Moi, moi, moi!" she repeated, beating her jacket with her muff.

"And when?"

"To-night—this very night!"

Rodd looked at his calendar pad and saw that he had three engagements for that evening.

"But I have been so excited I did not tell you it right," she went on. "I am playing in Philadelphaea and I must dance there at ten-fifteen and I must be in New York for the last act of the opera! Yais! It is impossible unless I fly, is it not?"

"I know no other way," said Rodd between fear and temptation. So many actresses had made similar requests. Could this small person be playing a part set her by a press agent? She subtly guessed what was passing in his mind.

"Non, non, non!" she exclaimed, shaking both her head and the muff in a tempest of furs and plumes and rebellious eyes. "Not the advertisement! Non! A secret that must not go in the newspapers! And Toinette does not advertise, if you please, except with her toes!" She thrust two patent-leather tips out from under the hem of her skirt and regarded them awesomely. "It is not that I like to ask the favor of a stranger," she asseved

erated proudly. "It is not for myself I ask, but for the *maestro*. Meestaire Rodd, you can help me to make the best man in the world happy forever and evaire. But if I try to tell you how much I love the *maestro* I should talk all day; and then I could not say it—all what is here!"

She pressed the muff against the left side of her jacket passionately; then it flew over to his knee coaxingly, as she leaned forward.

"Listen, Meestaire Rodd," she pleaded.

"The Hotel Aragon in Philadelphaea has a place on the roof for the aeroplanes to land. The theatre is across the street. I respond to the last encore, I run to the elevator of the Aragon, and we fly! Please, just to make the noblest, truest man in the world happy—you will? You will?"

With a feather touch of those wonderful toes she was on her feet and bending over him, her eyes begging. The impulse to please her brought consent to his lips.

"Yes, and we'll have an auto ready to take you to the stage door of the opera instantly we land," he said.

"Oh, oh! You are the *vrai* Meestaire Rodd. You are the same off the stage as on!" she exclaimed, twirling the muff again and dancing a few soft little steps in irresistible expression of her delight. "Thank you! Thank you! And you will not tell anybody evaire that you took me?"

"Never!" he answered, rising, supremely self-conscious that in her fantastic presence he was as clumsy as a hippopotamus.

"It is all a secret—a trick! By and by I tell you," she said. "I must hurry to see the manager of the opera to plan everything so very carefully, now you have promised. In the wings at ten-fifteen! Do not forget!"

It seemed to Rodd that she never touched foot to floor or pavement from the door to the waiting taxicab. He blinked as if to make sure that all that had happened was not a dream, and glanced at his arms and legs, and was really gratified to find that with her out of the room they did not seem any longer or more awkward than those of the average man of his height.

Some one kept slipping a muff back and forth across the plans of the new wing to his factory over which he was working, making a spell of phantasmal stage mystery. Who was the *maestro*? Why should it make him happy forever to have Toinette beat a railroad train? There was more to the story than a whim that she should appear in Philadelphia and New York

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Frederick Palmer, the author of this inimitable story, is a famous writer and war correspondent. His recent articles on the Mexican situation, as well as his stories in the leading magazines, have attracted a wide degree of interest. In "The Toes of Toinette" he is seen at his best. It is one of those rare yarns that combine a theme of real human interest with a setting of stirring adventure. It is one of the most thoroughly readable stories of the year.

the same evening. The three engagements which had stared at him from the calendar pad were brought under one head at the dinner hour. The *Falcon*, which rose above the gleaming city on that crisp winter's night, was a different looking aeroplane from the *Falcon* in her summer rig. The box-like structure over the seats gave the effect of the body of a Brobdingnagian interplanetary bird. As warm as toast when he descended to the roof of the Aragon in Philadelphia, Rodd looked down on skurrying men in the streets with their hands to their ears, and on chauffeurs in rough furs resembling so many clumsy bears with heads drawn shiveringly between the shoulders.

When he entered the theatre he heard a sound like the distant beating of surf, and he saw that Toinette had just gone on the stage. When she came off, with thunders of applause following her, she ran to Rodd and gave his fingers an earnest press, while the audience continued to call.

"I love it! I love to dance!" she cried. "But only one encore to-night!"

The instant she returned, all the theatre was silent, as if, indeed, the people were listening to the singing of her feet. A third time she went back, but only to kiss her toe in adieu. Then her maid threw a heavy fur coat about her and thrust the two precious feet in satin slippers into big fur boots.

"And the make-up box? *Mon Dieu!* That is everything! I must not forget that!" said Toinette, which struck Rodd as odd, considering that she was not made-up at all.

"Here!" said the maid, taking a box off a chair.

Toinette slipped it under her arm.

"All right, Messtaire Rodd—queeck!" But as they passed out she paused long enough to pull the long, knotted forelock in the centre of the comedian's bald wig, and that comedian's round face, through its grease paint, flashed with happiness like the moon coming out under a cloud.

They ran across the street into the doorway of the hotel and were shot up in the back elevator to the roof, where the *Falcon's* engines were softly humming in readiness.

"It's cozy!" she said, when she was seated inside the silken housing. "And why these woolly little wires like a cobweb over the walls?"

"They keep us warm," answered Rodd. "Otherwise, we'd be frozen stiff by the terrific speed."

"Then I could not dance at the opera to-night," she said, "nor until they stood me up beside the radiator and thawed me out—and then it would be too late, too late!"

The motor started; the runners creaked on the frosty track; they were already ascending.

"Oh—oh—oh!" she trilled. The lights of Philadelphia were trailing in confusion like thousands of comet-tails. "That is your audience, Meestaire Rodd," she cried, with a gesture earthward, "and you wait not for the encore!"

"Those toes—those very valuable toes, are they tucked in snugly?" he said, bending over to see for himself that they were.

"Yes, those very valuable toes! Nevaire

do I go on the stage but I have a little stage fright for them," she said. "What if they should not—do as I bid them! They are what you call my capital, my kingdom, my all, is it not? Every morning when I wake up I look down across the sheet at them so far away and say, 'Toes, are you there?' And they wiggle back, 'All right!'"

"Yes, I know how you feel. All the rods and planes and the engines, they dance for me," said Rodd.

"And do you have the stage fright, too?"

"Yes," he confessed. "I never throw in the gear without a feeling that perhaps the *Falcon* will not respond. I never rise without fresh wonder to find myself flying. But if I break a toe I can get a new one, and you can't!"

"Non—nevaire!" She shuddered. "And I will grow old and can't dance any more. No! no!" She shook her head obstinately, defiantly, as if shaking off this shadow. "Non! I will keep young! Oh, that was the river—and it is gone like a needle shot through the cloth, *n'est-ce-pas?*" Then she looked about her inquiringly and exclaimed: "Voilà! I can save the time!" and took a mirror out of the box, hung it in a crotch of the asbestos-covered wires, and began making-up.

"It is a part of the trick for the *maestro*. Ah, but I have not told you about the *maestro*!" she added, turning to Rodd in surprise at the discovery, with one eyebrow darkened. "I ask you to do everything and explain nothing. Where shall I begin this *bonne histoire*? With what was the beginning, of course! I was a little girl this tall"—she indicated the height by holding out the rouge brush and measuring carefully from the footrest—"a waif! I ran the errands for Madame of the bakeshop. 'The bread you ordered!' 'The cake you ordered, my lady!' And I dance—always I dance. The music, it touched the little springs in my toes! I danced for the love of the dance, just like I breathe the air for to live."

"The *maestro's* name is Signor Laponi, but we call him *maestro* because he is Italian, and he like that best. *Alors*, one day he is walking by when he sees me dance when the piano came along, so happy; yais, so happy I forget to deliver the rolls which some one do want in the very great hurry. He stop, he watch, he make the wild gesture, and he mount on his toes and he say: 'Do like me—can you?' Oh, I shall nevaire forget his look! It was like a man waiting to see if he had found a diamond or just a lump of coal. I do the step—it was good fun and so very easy!"

"*Le bon Dieu!*" he cry, and he pick me up in his arms and demand where I belong, and I point to the bakeshop. He carried me in, and he cried, 'Whose child is this?'"

"Nobody's!" said Madame, very angry to see me still with the rolls in my hand.

"Nobody's! Thank God! Then she is mine!" said the *maestro*; and he was so very grand.

"You're welcome to her!" said Madame.

'She is good for nothing!'

"How the *maestro* laugh! He laugh like the child; he laugh like he was a

wrinkled, wise old man of the mountain. Have you understood?"

"Good for nothing! The good God has put the spark of genius in her feet just as He put it into Beethoven's head. Good for nothing! She will dance in Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, New York! Men shall besiege the ticket office to see her! I know! I will train her! This is to pay you, Madame!"

"In his grand way he stand me on the counter right among the pastries. Ah, it was like the *maestro*—all life is art to him—to empty his pockets, to take off his sleeve buttons and his scarfpin, and give them all to Madame, who was so astounded she only breathe hard, with her hands on her hips. And he take me up again, and he pat my toes, and shake my ankles softly, and chuckle all to himself and carry me all the way to his room. It was all most surprising to me. *Hein!* I was so surprised, being such a very little girl, I had not dropped the rolls. That was what you call a very happy coincidence, eh? For the *maestro*, who love the art so he forget everything else, had given away all his money and the rolls were all we had for supper!"

"But the *maestro*, so thin and dark-eyed and earnest, he did not eat any of the rolls. He look at my ankles and my toes and feel them and he ask me to dance again, and he was so very happy that it make me very glad."

"At last, he says, 'I shall train a great dancer!' You see, all his life he had live for that ambition, for the applause of the pupil he had trained."

She paused thoughtfully, taking in a breath of wonder. Trenton was a glow-worm illuminating the ghastly mantle of snow which passed by the frame of the wafer-thin gelatin window. The braces were like threads of spun glass, the rods sparkling and the planes gleaming in their coats of frost under the *Falcon's* lamp.

"There was another little girl. She help me eat the rolls," Toinette went on. "The other little girl was Valerie, the *maestro's* daughter. Oh, wait till you see Valerie! She is good and honest, not just lucky, like me. Valerie's mother was dead. She had a beautiful name, Felicite, is it not? She was a dancer and her mother a dancer, but not the great dancer. *Hein!* You have understood? The great dancer, she walk on the roses and thousand-franc notes! *Non?* Madame Felicite was the hundred-franc-a-week dancer, and the hope of those dear hearts of the *maestro* and Madame Felicite was that their Valerie should succeed where the mother and grandmother had failed. They would live to see all Europe applaud Valerie. But Madame Felicite she die so very poor, still hoping."

Toinette turned sombre. The willow of her figure drooped, and the corners of her mouth sank until the grease paints which were gradually outlining a countenance far older than her own.

"And the *maestro*! His art and his real daughter and his daughter adopted—it was the fight in his heart. He would scold me and call me the lazy, undeserving one, and then pat my ankles. And once when Valerie had tried so hard and could not, he grew very angry and he shook me

and say, wild-like, 'Why did you have that spark and not my Valerie?' And then he change to tears, and beg my forgiveness, and pat my toes, and say the *bon Dieu* was right in giving the spark to me. Have you understood?

"He love us so much, he was so grand in his ideas, that he would not let us appear at all till we were the finished *artistes*. He come to America the better to make the money, and when we were ready we should go to Europe for the debut. Ah, he live on the sensation we would make one day. We were so very poor I would beg him to let me do the dance just for

to boil the pot. 'Non!' he answered, so angry and proud. And—you will not tell?—all in secret I get the engagement in the vaudeville and I dance just well enough, not too well, so he shall not hear, and I get the poor girls to be his pupils and I pay for their teaching, and the *maestro* nevaire know. Oh, it was the good fun!

"And the *maestro* he lost the sight of one eye and the other it go bad, and then one day he go blind. He cannot teach any more, and I find a friend to give us the little money I earn as a loan. You have understood? And how I did practice, remembering everything he tell me and so sorry when he have been so good to me that I have been such a mischief. He could only tell by listening to the steps, and sometimes when he thought it was Valerie dancing it would be me, and he would be very happy to think how Valerie had improved."

The make-up was finished with a last touch. She turned on Rodd the features of a woman of forty, with the smirking smile of the professional dancer or circus performer, forced under physical strain.

"Why is this?" Rodd inquired indignantly.

"For the audience at the opera. It is a disguise, a part of the trick. And the *maestro*, he not only go blind—oh, the poor *maestro*, may the good God cheer him!—but he cough and cough, and when the doctor examine him the doctor he say, 'Arizona quick, to save the life!'

"'Non! what is the life?' answer the *maestro*. 'I shall live long enough for the European debut, and that is all I want!'

"But we find a friend—the manager of the opera in New York. That big, terrible, knowing, good man, he say, 'All right.



At the command of ten thousand eyes calling for her art, she forgot herself. She let the spark in her toes have its abandoned way in the spell of the musical enchantment. When she stepped, the monster drew a long, deep breath, and through the film of her make-up Rodd saw the fairies frolic, playing for an instant in her natural smile.

I arrange for the European debut.' And he get the *maestro* into a drawing-room on the train for Arizona, oh, so very cleaire and kind!"

"Yes, and then?" said Rodd, guiding himself by the lights of Newark.

"Voila! Valerie and I, we make the debut at the opera in Paris, two girls before all those grand, bored, critical people. Oh, the audience! It can make you so happy when it is all smiles and rustles and hand-claps, and so miserable when all the shirt fronts of the men out there in the silent darkness look like so many little tombstones over your own buried ambition. The singers have to wait and wait on the encores for me—the lucky one.

"Alas, for Valerie only just a little applause. Poor Valerie, standing so *triste*, with nobody speaking to her in the wings! Is it not a shame the *bon Dieu* has not given her the spark in the feet when she is so very worthy, when she work so much harder than I? And then I think of the *maestro* out in Arizona—the poor *maestro*! Everything I owe to him! But for him I still work in the bakeshop, is it not so?

"But Valerie, she kissed me. She was not jealous—no! no! no! And when I ran from all the men who wanted to send me home in their carriages—just as the *maestro* had told me to do, for the sake of the *bon Dieu* and my art—and Valerie and I went back to our room in the omnibus, just as we always had, that night she sobbed and sobbed.

"Oh," she say, 'it is not for myself. I do not like the dance. I would better like to keep a shop or anything! Non, it is not for myself—it is father's heartbreak when he knows I have failed!'

And Valerie she have to help though she say it is one lie. But is it a lie? Non! It is for the *maestro*, and it make him happy till a traveler make some fool talk before our friend in Arizona could stop the stupid.

"The *maestro* grow suspicious, angry, and he come on in this weather—the poor *maestro*, with only a little piece of lung left, just enough so he can live in Arizona—yais, he come on all alone to find the truth! And the first we know was when he appear in Valerie's room at the hotel in New York. She is so good, so honest, she is not quick for—what you say?—for keeping up the story. And to-night in the last act, just for a minute, Valerie appears at the opera for the first time and the *maestro* will be there in the manager's box. He cannot see, but he will know by the applause if he has been fooled. Oh, that terrible monster the audience, it will say 'Another *danseuse*! Sol so! Nothing unusual!'

"Is Valerie forty?" Rodd asked. He resented the spirit of youth and lightness taking on a mask.

"No, no! But New York does not know Valerie!" she answered quickly. "And New York it knows me, my face, which I change. But I cannot change my toes—that is the trouble. Have you understood?"

"Yes."

New York's skyscrapers were blank shadows, with the bright ribbon of upper Broadway softening into the darkness of the lower city.

"Twenty-eight minutes!" said Rodd, as the guiding plane dipped for the descent.

"You take the long steps when you dance, and so quick!" said Toinette.

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"I could not sleep thinking of the *maestro*. Since he become blind his pride was more and more in Valerie, in his Madame Felicite's child. When I read the papers and all the critics say of what they call my singing feet, I had the idea—yais, the grand idea!—Valerie should be me!

"Yais, the handclaps were all for Valerie! For once I was glad that the *maestro* no more have the eyes to see. I make the plan very carefully and a friend in Arizona who is in the secret read aloud all my notices and change my name to Valerie. You have understood? *C'est joli, n'est-ce-pas?*

A Business Man in Politics :

By FREDERIC
W. WILE

A Sketch of Bernhard Dernburg

S EVEN years ago this coming autumn, the Kaiser tried a bold experiment. He made a cabinet minister out of a business man who had nothing to recommend him but sheer ability. Though Germany is the vaunted land of efficiency, the experiment failed. Bernhard Dernburg, commoner-banker of Jewish origin, summoned to clean the Augean stables of muddled German colonial administration in September, 1906, was already in June, 1910, a thing of the political past. His career had lasted less than four years. There was no place for mere capacity in a Government saturated with bureaucracy, and Dernburg had to go. Hailed home and abroad as the German Joseph Chamberlain, because of his singular resemblance to the greatest of colonial secretaries in antecedents and methods, Herr Dernburg committed the revolutionary and fatal blunder of applying business ethics to the conduct of Germany's colonies. His ultimate downfall was as inevitable as the grave. He was not the first to strike his colors to the system into which he had been so unconventionally pitchforked, and he will not be the last.

Germany's oversea possessions, embracing in square miles an area very many times that of the Empire in Europe, were irreverently and variously known, prior to the Dernburg era, as sand-wastes and graveyards for subsidies. Hardly any Germans, except officials and soldiers, ever went to them. Togoland, Kamerun, German South-West and East Africa, Kiau-Chau and the dependencies in the far Pacific, in and about the Samoan Islands, figured relentlessly on the wrong side of the Imperial ledger. The Fatherland's cup of colonial misery finally overflowed when to the ordinary burdens of Empire were added the heavy sacrifices in blood and treasure of a stubborn rebellion in South-West Africa. The able gentlemen of the green-table system found, less to their indignation than to their astonishment, that bureaucracy and colonising do not go hand in hand. Half a dozen Geheimrate and Herren Doktoren had been tried at the Colonial Office. All had failed. The last to be found wanting was a kinsman of the Kaiser himself, Prince Ernst von Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Dernburg was relied upon to do for the colonies what he had made a reputation for doing as a rejuvenator of industrial



and financial lame-ducks—to put them on their feet.

Patriotism of a high order induced Dernburg to desert business for office. He gave up the managing-directorship of a great bank worth £10,000 a year, and a dozen company directorships netting him half as much again, for a paltry cabinet salary of £1,250 and a glorious opportunity to fail. But the Kaiser was looking for a specialist in obstacle-smashing, and when Dernburg's record as a financial life-saver was laid before him, William II. declared he had found the man. The dramatic appointment of the self-made young son of the people, whose father was a working journalist on the staff of a Berlin newspaper, speedily followed. His presence on the Government bench in Parliament infused new life into that galaxy of bureaucratic efficiency. Before he had been in office three months his aggressive personality was all-pervading. In the passionate Reichstag electorate crisis which he himself provoked, he was the dominating figure. The

campaign was fought singly on the issue Dernburg raised—the preservation and development of the colonies. Taking the hustings as chief spokesman for the Government, he toured the country, north and south, east and west, preaching everywhere in glowing terms the gospel of Germany's future oversea. He developed remarkable powers as a campaigner and political fighter. Overnight he became the strong man of Prince Bulow's Government, achieving within four months of his entrance upon official life renown and meteoric popularity. When the votes were counted the unholy alliance of clericalism and socialism, which had defied Dernburg's colonial estimates and precipitated the general election, found itself shorn of power.

Dernburg's name now meant energy, daring and success. The wise men and grey beards of the antediluvian system mopped their spectacles, aghast. His enemies became numerous and industrious. They declared he could not, and would not, last. The aristocratic caste, which monopolises high office in Germany by inherited tradition, regardless of merit, bitterly resented the all-conquering progress of a commoner of Semitic ancestry. They called him unmannered. They chided him for his awkwardness in court dress. They said his

whole bearing in his new surroundings was manifestly insufferable. But he went on doing things at the cob-webbed Colonial Office.

Anybody familiar with Dernburg's banking career could have told the gilded popinjays, whose susceptibilities he so grievously offended, that his distinguishing characteristic is Rucksichtslosigkeit—cold-blooded, unrelenting disregard of anything but his objective. Prof. Bergmann, Germany's great surgeon, asked once by a wounded soldier in a field hospital what could be done for him, replied: "Decapitation." Decapitation had been Dernburg's guiding principle when some desperate financial project was brought to his operating room at the Darmstadter Bank. He tackled the moribund German colonies in the same spirit. Diseased organs, administrative scandals, red tape, old fogeyism and incompetence were lopped off mercilessly by this political surgeon, who cared nothing for rank or title, and developed an annoying habit of in-

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The Guerdon of Initiative:

By DR. ORISON
SWETT MARDEN

WHEN General Leonard Wood, head of the U. S. Army, was an interne in the City Hospital of Boston, a child was brought into the hospital who was in great danger of choking to death. For an interne to perform an operation without the consent of the house surgeon was against the hospital rules, but young Wood did not wait for the usual red tape. He performed trichionomæ quickly, and saved the child. He was severely reprimanded and, if I remember correctly, expelled for this violation of rules, but his prompt action saved the child's life, and showed that the young physician had initiative which could act in an emergency. It was this very ability to act quickly in an emergency which attracted the attention of President Roosevelt, who helped him in his unprecedented rise from an assistant army surgeon in a Western military camp to the head of the United States Army.

One of the best surgeons I ever knew, in an emergency case in Italy, in a remote part of the country where he could not get any instruments, performed a delicate operation with an instrument which he manufactured himself in a blacksmith shop. If only an ordinary surgeon had been present, the probabilities are that the woman would have died before they could have got her back to civilization.

A poor workman is always excusing his poor work and his lack of skill as due to poor tools, while the really skilled workman would do good work with almost any kind of tools. It is the resourceful man that is in demand everywhere, the man who can see a way out in an emergency or in a critical situation, when others stand dumb and paralyzed. I have been present when an accident has occurred in the streets of a great city when hundreds of human beings would crowd about and stare, helpless and powerless to act, when perhaps there was only one man in the whole crowd who was equal to the emergency and who knew what to do.

START THINGS YOURSELF.

If procrastination and vacillation run in your blood, if you are always waiting for somebody to start things, to begin things for you; if you feel paralyzed by the very responsibility of deciding things, beginning things of your own accord, just make up your mind that if you ever are to amount to anything in the world you must strangle this habit. The only way to do this is to form the counter-habit of starting out every morning with the grim resolution not to allow yourself, during that day, to waver, or wait for somebody to start things and show you the way. Resolve that during that day you are going to be a pusher, a leader; that you are not going to be a trailer, not going to

wait for somebody else to tell you what to do and how to do it. You are going to take the initiative, start things yourself, and put them through without advice.

A MENTAL RESOLUTION.

I have known several men who have suffered from lack of confidence and fear of failure whenever they have attempted to act on their own initiative, to get great benefit from self-encouragement through suggestion. They had a heart-to-heart talk with themselves something after this fashion:—

"All this time my life has been seriously crippled, my career jeopardized, by a serious lack in my mental make-up, which I am going to overcome; otherwise, instead of being a leader as I believe I am capable of becoming, I shall plod along in mediocrity and be a nobody." I have a fair education, good blood in my veins, and I am very ambitious. I am keenly aware that I have a lot of ability, barring my one weakness, my lack of initiative. I am simply paralyzed at the mere thought that I must act on my own initiative. I cannot seem to begin things of my own accord. I can work like a steam engine after I get started, but the very thought of beginning anything of importance for myself and putting it through without assistance or advice from others seems to paralyze my faculties. I have leaned upon others. I have depended upon them so long and have acted under instruction for so many years that my faculty of initiative has never been developed.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dr. Orison Swett Marden is a man with a message. His clarion call has started many a man on the road to efficiency, his message has helped many a laggard to win a long-sought success. The inspirational articles of Dr. Marden have been a feature of MacLean's Magazine for some years, and it is one feature that readers insist on seeing. "Give us more of Dr. Marden," is the tenor of many a letter that reaches the editor's desk. And accordingly we have arranged with Dr. Marden for an indefinite continuation of his articles. They will appear each month, carrying their message of inspiration.

"Now, from this time on, I am going to be a different sort of a man. I am done with this vacillation, the habit of balancing, reconsidering, the habit of asking everybody's advice before I dare to begin things. I am going to start out to-morrow morning taking as my model some man who is noted for his vigorous initiative. Now, for this day, I am not the vacillating John Jones that I was yesterday, I am James J. Hill, or I am Mr. Wanamaker. Things have got to move to-day. There will be no dilly-dallying, no shilly-shallying, no wavering or balancing as heretofore. My decisions to-day will be quick and final. There will be no opening them up for consideration.

"I may make mistakes, but I am going to do things. I am going to learn to trust my judgment. I do not propose to be a

follower, a learner, a trailer, all my life. I am going to be a leader. I am going to be noted as a man who does things. I am not going to wait for somebody to tell me what to do or to start me. I am not going to come back to my superior every little while, like an automobile that is run out of gasoline, to be recharged with enthusiasm. I am going to furnish my own power to-day, and I want everybody around me to understand that this is not John Jones, not the man around here yesterday who did not know his own mind, and who was so timid that he never dared to start anything of his own accord. The John Jones of yesterday has been ousted forever. I have found a dynamo inside myself, and hereafter I am going to furnish my own motor power."

You will find that you tend to take on the qualities of your model man more and more as you try to put yourself in his place and do your work as you think he would do it. You will gradually develop another personality—stronger, more self-reliant, more independent. There is everything in making and keeping this resolution.

If you have been a victim of waiting for somebody else to take the lead, you need to cultivate more projectile power. A bullet starts from the rifle with what we call the vigor of projection. There must be sufficient force back of every such initiative effort to carry it to its goal. Just make up your mind that wherever you are placed things around you have got to move. Resolve that you are going to show your employer and those around you that you are a vital living force. Make up your mind that you are going to surprise your employer, that you are going to show him that he never realized what kind of stuff you were made of. Just say to yourself: "My employer does not dream that there is a man here who has yeast in him and is going to rise to the top. He has got the sand, he has the grit, the determination to

get on, and he is going to make himself felt."

BE A STAR EMPLOYEE.

Before you realize it, the employees about you are going to begin to whisper of the great change in you. These earmarks of ability that win will not long be kept from your employer. Just as the telescopes of astronomers are ever sweeping the heavens for a new planet, a new star, so every employer is constantly on a sharp outlook for the star employee, the exceptional employee.

Reports of the evidences of your improvement, of the marked change in your endeavor to get on, will get to your employer just as quickly as the opposite report, that you are shirking, that you are clipping hours, that instead of being away from your work an hour at noon

you are taking five or ten minutes of your employer's time to get ready to go out, and it is five or ten minutes after you come in before you are ready to work.

We all know how quickly every now and then a young man emerges from obscurity and forges to the front after he has had some great responsibility thrust upon him. Perhaps it is the death of the superior manager or proprietor which thrusts him into a position of great responsibility. Previous to this he has, probably, never shown any very marked ability excepting the fact that he was always on the job, that he was industrious and was always trying to improve something somewhere; but as his faculties are to have greater responsibility, they develop wonderful strength.

When he begins to depend upon his judgment and to trust it, it improves rapidly. He quickly develops a vigorous initiative and although, perhaps, he only steps into the gap temporarily, only until someone can be found to fill it, the responsibility calls out unexpected reserve power. The work does not sag, as was expected, there is no evidence of breaks along the line, and he is made the permanent head. These things are occurring all the time.

RESPONSIBILITY BROADENS.

There is nothing like responsibility to call out resourcefulness and inventiveness. What a pity that every young person could not have the opportunity to see what a great responsibility would bring out of him. How often we see young men who have never shown any very marked ability starting out in business for themselves, without capital, when everybody expects they are going to fail, and the first thing we know they have established themselves for life. The very fact that they had committed themselves before everybody they knew, so that failure would be a disgrace, helped them to self-discovery, and tended to call out reserve powers which they never used before and probably never knew they possessed, and in a little while they became successfully equipped men.

There is no mental faculty which is not susceptible to every great development, enlargement or shrinkage, and every faculty must be expanded by vigorous exercise or it will shrivel from inaction.

I know a young man who has such a negative mentality that for a long time his life threatened to be a practical failure. He was constantly mocked by an ambition which he did not seem to be able to satisfy, and finally was so humiliated by his failure to get on that he began to study himself closely and to take stock of his mental assets. Then he got a glimpse of the difference between the success group of mental attributes and the failure group, and he immediately began to exercise a positive mental attitude in everything. He was naturally a waverer, a balancer. He had a perfect horror of settling anything of importance finally; he always left a loop-hole in case he wanted to reconsider his decision, which he invariably did. But now he forces himself to decide quickly, once and for all, everything that comes up. Even though he knows he may make a mistake, he will not allow himself to procrastinate or

waver because he has learned that to hesitate is failure.

HAS DOUBLED HIS EFFICIENCY.

He has begun to replace his old pessimism with optimism. He will not allow himself to think failure possible. He has put self-confidence and courage in the place of his former mistrust and timidity, and in a single year this young man has so developed his positive, creative, faculties, his leadership, his executive faculties, that he has doubled his efficiency. His rapid progress has encouraged him to get on, and to-day, instead of the weak, timid, vacillating, hesitating, shrinking, doubting man of former years, he is a strong, vigorous, powerful personality.

There is a great deal of misapprehension regarding the real meaning of initiative. It is really the ability to do the next thing, without being told, in the best way, and at once. Initiative and skill are twins. It means, also, to keep things going in the most effective manner. It often takes much more initiative to keep things going than to start them. Sometimes men with very ordinary ability will start a thing that only a giant can keep going.

A great many people seem to think that there is a sort of an intelligent force abroad in the world that will start things, and keep them going, which will ultimately benefit them without their own effort. They seem to think that things will somehow come out to their advantage, even if they can not decide just what to do themselves. So they wait for this indefinite something to do something, without realizing that, so far as they are concerned, everything in this world would stop just where it is and never move a particle until they started things themselves and pushed them. The most fortunate day in a young person's life is that day when he discovers that there is nothing in the world for him which he does not originate and carry through himself, that all the other people are thinking of themselves, and have no time to help him. Many youths get the unfortunate impression that they are going to be pushed along, going to be boosted into a good position.

I have in mind a man who is extremely talented, and if someone will only open the door for him, he is a giant. He is like a fish thrown upon the sand by the waves. He has all the mechanism for swimming, but is powerless to get into the water of his own initiative. However, if someone comes along and puts him in the water, he starts off at terrific speed.

Some minds are not strong enough to create a current of their own; they simply drift in other people's currents and are carried along by stronger wills. The great mass of human beings are exploited by others, used by others to carry out their own ends in almost any way they wish, just because they have never developed self-assertion, self-reliance, initiative; because they have been passive instead of active, negative instead of positive. Such become weaklings instead of giants. Then there are other men so constituted that everything they touch moves, and everybody knows that when these men take hold of a thing it will go

They are success organized, natural pushers, thinkers, doers, achievers.

George Eliot says that much ability is often lost for want of a little courage. On every hand we see men with apparently fine ability and good education who never seem to amount to much because they lack courage to branch out, courage to begin anything new, to start out for themselves. They can work well under somebody else, but there is no dare, no initiative, in their natures. They are afraid to take risks; afraid that they will fail and people will laugh at them. And so they settle down into mediocrity and lead a spiceless, flavorless sort of life.

I know a man who would undoubtedly have been a tremendous success but for that one lack in his nature. He had a strong mental grip, his mind was well trained. He had good ideas, good judgment, but he was afraid to begin things, somebody must start him. It was the one weak link in his character chain—no courage to undertake things; and all his other magnificent qualities were practically lost to the world because of that one lack. Had he been taken in hand as a child this could have been remedied by encouraging him to try to do things for himself, by pushing him out upon his own resources, thrusting responsibilities upon him. But his widowed mother was easy with him. She shielded and protected him. The result was he grew up almost a nonentity, when he might have been a magnificent figure in the world's activity.

There is everything in committing yourself courageously, without reservation, to one unwavering aim. Burn all bridges behind you so that you will never be tempted to retreat. One reason why so many young men have such a milk-and-water career is because they never half-committed themselves to their choice of a career. Wishy-washy resolutions never accomplish anything. It is only the grim resolution and iron determination, backed up by grit which never lets go and never turns back, that accomplishes things.

Most young men do not get a firm enough grip upon their vocation. They play at life. They do not play the game for all it is worth. They are not dead-in-earnest. They dabble on the surface, and do the easy things, the pleasantest things first, dreading the hard tasks, postponing the disagreeable ones. They are like the timid general who goes through the enemy's country taking the easy posts, the forts which offer little resistance, leaving the difficult places untaken, which harass him from the rear and weaken his army by picking off his men.

There is only one way to play the life game, and that is to play it for all you are worth. Play it as crack teams play football. How large an audience do you think the average man could attract who played the life game in such a weak, milk-and-water fashion that he aroused no enthusiasm, attracted no attention? Often at these great ball games fifty thousand people are gathered to witness the desperate battle of brain with brain, muscle against muscle.

I know young men who say they are anxious to get on in the world, who are like weak, silly boys in school, who go

through their arithmetic or algebra, skipping all the difficult problems, doing only the easy ones. They just barely manage to squeeze through school, and when they get out in the world these skipped problems are constantly bobbing up all along their careers as stumbling-blocks to mar their progress.

The people who are always skipping the tough problems in life, who slide along the line of least resistance, people with negative mentalities, never make any dent on the world. Negative mentalities never get out of mediocrity, never make much of an impression anywhere. It is only the strong, resourceful, absorbing, unwavering aim that wins. It is the vigorous initiative, the faithful resolution, the determined character, that succeeds.

How Hackett Won a Fortune

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ling entrances in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Neither had his audiences. So the next season, he revived this play, and toured the country. He traveled in great state. Never was celebrity more celebrated than he.

It was just about this time that he made a change in his leading woman. Mary Mannering sought new starring vehicles for herself. She found a sweet little play called *Glorious Betsey*, in which she made a fascinating entrance, quite shoeless and stockingless.

Hackett engaged Beatrice Beckley to play his leads. *The Prisoner of Zenda* furnished them both with romanticism, for a couple of months. Then, about four years ago, something happened. The charming Miss Mannering felt a straining of her connubial strings. She was appearing in *A Man's World*, at the time. She decided that the best thing to do was cut the strings. Such an operation requires time, however. In Miss Mannering's case, it took over a year. And nobody opposed her severing of them. Apparently, Mr. Hackett was quite resigned.

It was not long before Beatrice Beckley became the second Mrs. Hackett. Miss Mannering kept their little girl, and took the leading role in *The Garden of Allah*. Hackett, bereft of a play, toured for a season in *The Grain of Dust*. Then his interest began to fade. He had a big repertory to his credit, a new wife, and the desire for a rest. Fortunately, the deceased uncle's will came into being at the opportune moment. James K. Hackett took his legacy and his wife, and together they sailed across the briny deep, to gay Paree.

They are there now, where the handsome hero of romanticism occasionally deigns to pose before the lenses of a moving-picture machine.

The charming Miss Mannering has retired from the stage, and is enjoying connubial felicity in Detroit.

Thus doth Fate make puppets of us all.

THE LURE of the LAURENTIANS

By EZRA BUTLER EDDY.

The lure of the Laurentians burns within the stranger's bosom
Long before 'tis ever kindled in the thoughtless native son;
The mystic blue that shields them seems to call you, call you to them,
Yet you wander to the end o' earth before your heart is won—
*Won at last by those same mountains that in youth you cared
to shun.*

The solemn, stately grandeur of the Rockies, lost to sorrows,
Like sentries of the silences that stretch out to the sea,
Will fill your mind with memories to haunt the dim to-morrows,
And tempt you to return again, as though 'twere Fate's decree;
But listen to the old love, then the others swiftly flee.

The hills of California, that realm of romance golden,
Where black-eyed senoritas look around them with disdain;
And underneath the orange trees, historic tales so olden
Are told of dreary missions, mossy sepulchres of Spain.
The hills of California—I give them back again!

The snowy crests of Oregon, or dreamy Colorado,
Where Pike's Peak guards eternally the Garden of the Gods;
The heights that kiss the heavens on the borders of Nevada;
The southland, where the mountaineer along a pine-trail trods;
Each wins my admiration while a fickle world applauds.

I've seen them all, from east to west, and yet my face is turning
Across to my Laurentians; to each cool, enchanting knoll.
I spurned their simple welcome, still to win it back I'm yearning;
O, death without another glance would be the proper toll,
For he who scorns Laurentian hills is traitor to his soul!



Canadian Progress Told in Paragraph

The fact that millions of dollars were moved from old to new vaults of the Finance Department at Ottawa this week, is another indication that money is loosening up.—*Vancouver Province*.

After seeing the "beach tango" one is convinced that most of the dancers learned it by mail and the course got crossed with the instructions for coal heaving.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

Think of Joe Martin coming away when all the trouble is brewing in Ulster.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

As only one was picked up for dead after last night's Galician wedding in the Coal Docks section it is evident that the hot weather is felt there as much as anywhere.—*Port Arthur News*.

Even if the crop in the West is below the average in some districts, it will be an enormous total. There can be no such thing as a general crop failure, and there should be no such thing as pessimism.—*Port Arthur Chronicle*.

It has come; meat prices, say stockmen, will go up another five per cent. this week. If we cut out roasts for a month or so we'll all be able to buy automobiles.—*New Westminster News*.

Senator Davis will introduce his anti-tipping bill again next session, and he says he will provide drastic penalties both for the tipper and the tipped. The Saskatchewan senator is a statesman with a mission.—*Hamilton Herald*.

According to one scientist, the crops of the future will be pedigreed, but even now certain vegetables are too aristocratic to associate with common people.—*Quebec Telegraph*.

We seem to remember that there was a high cost of living commission looking Canada around once. Did it go north on the Karluk or east on the Komagata Maru, or what has happened it? If it is still in Canada, the Government should poke it out of its pigeon hole and make it tell why our bills are so big.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

Unknown to her husband a Brooklyn woman saved \$20,000 from household expenses. Are



The infant is coming along nicely.
—Racey in *Montreal Star*.

there any more at home like her?—*London Advertiser*.

With the passing of the Komagata Maru grim-visaged war has not smoothed its wrinkled front.



He brought it through safely.
—Chaplin in *Portland Oregon*.

The Christian Michelson is yet to come. First the Balkans, then Mexico, then Ulster, and now Vancouver Harbor. Yet there are some who speak of universal peace!—*Victoria Times*.

We sympathize with the law-abiding citizen who finally despaired of humanity when he heard that a riot had taken place in St. John, N.B. No place is now safe from the curse of modernity.—*Montreal Star*.

The scientist with a fad regards the public school as an experimental farm for the propagation of his brain bulbs.—*Vancouver Province*.

It pays when starting a scrap in an oil company or elsewhere to consider the end as well as the beginning.—*Calgary Herald*.

About the same time that it is announced that work is really to begin on the new Union Station word is received that the Ontario Railway Board will "do something" about the Balmy Beach stub line. We live in an age of rapid progress and transition, rush and hurry, almost taking one's breath away.—*Toronto Star*.

There are so many better ways of spending a vacation that one thinks of afterward.—*Montreal Herald*.

There seems to be a misapprehension. Austria declared war on Servia, not on C. P. R.—*Toronto Star*.

An Ontario member of the House of Commons has notified his constituents that he will be unable to represent them any longer at the present indemnity paid members of the House. It is possible that some self-sacrificing patriot will be found willing to serve at the present scale.—*Vancouver Province*.

Some Eastern critics are still harping upon what they consider the undue haste shown by Lord Mersey in the Empress inquiry. It must be admitted that some Eastern people would find the pace he set a trifle fast. It takes the West to appreciate the way Lord Mersey made the court "get a move on."—*Saskatoon Phoenix*.

Agriculture needs a man who thinks about it all day, and talks about it and dreams about it.—*Toronto Star*.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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Spending Millions to Beat Lipton

A New York Yachtsman Relates the Efforts Uncle Sam is Making to Retain the Coveted Yachting Cup

From Pearson's Weekly.

The approaching struggle for the America Cup between Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, Shamrock IV., and that chosen to oppose it on behalf of the New York Yacht Club, will be watched with unusual interest by Britons on both sides of the Atlantic. An American yachtsman here tells of the money spent in the endeavor to retain the cup on this side, and the manner of its spending.

WHAT a race it will be!

Our boys will have the hardest job they ever struck when Sir Thomas brings his clipper little boat to vie against ours. Having realized this, our American sportsmen are sparing no efforts to get a boat that can shoot along faster than the Shamrock. The cup has simply got to remain in our country, and if Sir Thomas is to regain the trophy his Shamrock and his men will have to be very cute.

We Americans are taking no chances against Sir Thomas. Already we have been organizing, working, and spending for several months, and by the time the great race begins, over a year's preparations will be at an end and millions of dollars will be spent.

You ask how so much money has disappeared.

Well, its like this. We Americans work on system. Some time before Sir Thomas Lipton sent his challenge to the New York Club, yachting sharps knew it was in the air and they were ready for it. And who was to defend?

"We will try," said a syndicate of flag officers of the New York Club. When the list was made public, it was found to consist of Pierpont Morgan, George F. Baker, jun., Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry Walters, Frederick G. Bourne, and Arthur C. James—mostly millionaires.

"The more the merrier!" chirped another syndicate, called the 'Tri-City,' being from Boston, Philadelphia and New York, and made up of a number of very wealthy citizens.

"Me, too!" piped another voice.

It was that of Alexander Smith Cochran, our young carpet millionaire, who has been only too glad to build a yacht to defeat your English Shamrock.

And so you see how three boats have been built by Uncle Sam's millionaires to stop that Cup reaching England. These three boats have already taken part in the regatta of New York Yacht Club. Then on July 5th these rivals began to tune up properly. Day after day they will race each other, pausing for breath to make changes in rigging or gear as the owners see fit. Then in the latter part of August the real elimination races take place, and the best yacht of the three will be chosen to race against your Shamrock.

NAMES MEAN A LOT.

You see, it's system does it all the way through. It has cost our American sportsmen easily over a hundred thousand pounds for their three boats, but there's been no waste in building the two extra, because we shall have found out by practical experience which is the best of three boats, all built by the canniest craftsmen of Yankee-land. Then listen to the names of our yachts—Resolute, Defiance, Vanitie. You perhaps say: "What's in a name?" But we guess there's a good deal in a name. Names win or lose races—any yachting crank will tell you that. To hold America's Cup safe the yacht must have a name expressive of doughty seaworthiness, but more important still it must have eight letters! All our winning boats had names of eight letters. Here are the winner's names in past years: Vigilant, Defender, Columbia, Reliance.

Cute, you say, to think of that, but merely a coincidence. Not at all. Our boat Constitution, built to be a world-beater, failed because she had more than eight letters to her name. Two of our present boats have eight letters—the Resolute and Defiance. Only one has seven letters, and that is Mr. Cochran's Vanitie. Old salts

shake their heads and wish him luck, but they mumble dire predictions—only seven letters and something to do with a woman!

You can bet your bottom dollar that should the Vanitie have the honor of racing with Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock Sir Thomas Lipton's boat will win. But if the Resolute or Defiance is matched against her our millionaire's money will not have been wasted.

I guess you will be interested in the way we choose our crews. It's well-ordered system again. Experts choosing experts.

Each set of owners first selects a sailing master for their yachts. These owners are autocrats of everything—yacht, master, crew, and money. The Resolute's course will be set by Chris Christiansen, former master of Commodore Vanderbilt's Aurora; S. B. Howell will handle the Defiance; and Mr. Cochran has engaged W. B. Dennis, who used to sail the dandy schooner Elena.

\$2,000 EACH FOR THE SKIPPER.

In turn the masters pick the mates, and the two mates select the crews. This job has all been attended to, and all three outfits are now with their respective yachts. And they are a jolly company, every one, mostly Scandinavian fellows—big and broad-backed, huskies who heard the call of the sea when they were boys. On the boats themselves are from twenty-eight to thirty of these racing salts. More are needed for the tenders and launches, bringing the number of hands up to fifty for each defender.

Their pay? That's nothing! What they want is a whack of big prize-money if they keep the cup nailed down.

The crews of our mahogany-colored racers were chosen at the beginning of April last, and will be continuously employed in getting into the racing swing until the actual event. Each of the crew gets \$40 a month, with five dollars a month extra at the end of the season for

conduct money. The second mate gets \$1,200 for the season, the first mate \$1,500, and the sailing master \$2,000.

Besides this money, whenever a boat starts for a race everyone of the crew receives two and a half dollars each, and if the boat wins, an extra five dollars is added to this nice little pile. They have a good time, these crews, you can guess. All hands help with the boats, cleaning, fixing gear, and tuning up. Some look over the sails, others polish up the underbody.

FOUR WHITE SUITS FOR EVERY MAN.

Each yacht has a tender and attendant launches. On the tender the crew eats and sleeps. The steamer City of Stamford, altered at a cost of \$10,000, is a floating house for the Vanitie. The Defiance has the Irolita, while the Cape Cod is the Resolute's mother ship.

As you may guess, a pretty penny is needed for daily expenses. Yachting crews can eat a deal of provender. And they must be clothed. Every sailor man gets four white canvas working suits to begin with. He must have oilskins and rubber boots and tan leather rubber-soled deck shoes. Likewise his kit must contain a blue jersey and a pair of blue trousers, also a man-of-war's shirt.

Yes, Sir Thomas has got a big job on to beat us. He's working against a score of millionaires, three great designers, a thousand workmen, two hundred cracker-jack sailormen, and America's best three skippers. The English boat will be a daisy if she beats ours.

But here's luck to Sir Thomas, and best wishes for a great tussle.

Roumania and Her New Territories

(From the Contemporary Review.)

The writer of the present article deals with the course which Roumania is pursuing in her new territories, showing that her conception of free government has made no appreciable progress during the last thirty years. Although there have been worse cases of spoliation and oppression, no one had ventured to place them under the oegis of the law. It was reserved for Roumania to create such a precedent, by requisitioning the services of her legislators in support of a policy of unabashed plunder.

OF ALL the Balkan nations, Roumania has least reason for departing from rules of conduct which are observed by every civilized community. Most of the excesses which are charged to the late belligerents were committed in time of war, when passions had attained an unusual degree of excitement. Roumania can plead no such extenuating circumstances: whatever she has done was done in cold blood, and without provocation. During the recent crisis it was she who played the part of aggressor by invading Bulgaria on the flimsiest of pretexts. The spoils which fell to her share at the final settlement surpassed her wildest expectations. At the cost of a few scores of men, none of whom died fighting, she acquired

3,000 square miles of fertile land, with the Balkan hegemony thrown into the bargain. Military laurels Roumania did not win, *faute de combattants*, but any disappointment she may have suffered on that score has been more than compensated by the diplomatic honors and homages which are showered on her from all sides. If ever there was a nation which could afford to be not only just, but even generous, towards ravished populations, it was the Roumanian on the morrow of the peace that bore the name of its capital. Let us see what Roumania has made of this splendid opportunity.

BULGARIA'S BENEFICENT REGIME.

The political and administrative *regime* under which these prosperous and contented regions lived was, as that throughout Bulgaria, of the most democratic type, with universal suffrage and proportional representation. There was no difference between the treatment of Bulgarians and Turks, the latter being, ever since the liberation of Bulgaria, represented in the Bulgarian National Assembly by a dozen of their own people. It is this rule of perfect equality and toleration which explains why Bulgaria, alone among the Balkan States, has succeeded in retaining her Turkish populations. For purely local purposes, the inhabitants enjoyed the benefits of complete self-government, the only right vested in the central authority being that of general control.

With the advent of the Roumanian rule all this has been altered, and in the place of the former free institutions one finds installed bureaucratic omnipotence. That the inhabitants of New Dobrudja would be deprived of their political rights might have been predicted from the first day of the Roumanian occupation. No Government at Bukarest would have dared to maintain the former democratic system with the great majority of the Roumanians unenfranchised. Even before the annexation, the Roumanian oligarchy had great difficulty in keeping the peasants in submission; the presence in their midst of a category of privileged citizens would have rendered that task absolutely impossible. Even as it is, the Roumanian ruling classes have already had to pay for the recent military promenade across the Danube.

One of the decisive reasons for hurrying on the revision of the Roumanian constitution is fear of the redoubled discontent of the Roumanian masses with their miserable lot at home after what they have seen and learned in Bulgaria. The reform movement in Roumania is bound to be further strengthened by the absorption of great numbers of people who all their lives have been accustomed to a democratic *regime*. This fact, no doubt, explains why the Roumanian authorities, who invariably side with the reactionary forces, are so anxious to obliterate every trace of the former state of things.

The same reasons which prompted the Roumanian Government to deprive the new populations of their political rights have also determined its policy as regards the municipal institutions of Dobrudja. What the legislator has left of the old

system is a mere parody of self-government. The county and district councils continue to be elective bodies, with a strong admixture of official members, but all their most important functions are to be exercised by the agents of the central authority. The mayors, who under the Bulgarian system were chosen by the councils and acted as their executive organs, are now the nominees of the all-powerful prefects and sub-prefects. In a word, the local interests of the population have been placed in the hands of irresponsible officials, and the entire administrative life of the community has been withdrawn from the vivifying control of public opinion.

THE SCHOOLS.

But it is when we approach the subject of schools that the tragedy begins. If there is one thing of which Bulgarians have always been proud, to the point of vanity, it is their educational establishments. They are linked with their past history and are living monuments of the gradual progress and development of the Bulgarian race.

When the Roumanians occupied New Dobrudja, they found in the various localities about 200 Bulgarian schools, all of them in a flourishing condition; not one of them remains to-day. Under the pretext that in Roumania the State alone is responsible for public instruction, the Roumanian authorities closed all existing schools and sequestered their property. A score of schools have since been opened, but as most of the new teachers are Roumanians and the children are ignorant of their language, matters have not been much improved. Faced by this intolerable situation, the parents in most of the towns and in many of the larger villages hired, at their private expense, houses and teachers to continue the work of the former schools. But the Roumanian law does not permit the opening of private educational establishments without an authorization from Bukarest, and this has in all cases been refused. As the Bulgarian schoolmasters are now under observation, and may not give private lessons except on condition of becoming Roumanian subjects, all work has to be carried on by methods of conspiracy; pupils and teachers meeting in secret places and using their ingenuity to avoid the inquisitive eye of the police. The promises of the Roumanian authorities to re-open schools in those localities where they have closed existing ones can hardly be taken seriously. The Roumanian Government is not in a position to satisfy the needs of the Roumanian populations, whose children are left without instruction. To suppose that the authorities will do more for the Bulgarian children is to give them credit for superhuman virtues. The probability is that matters will be allowed to continue as they are to-day, in the double hope of forcing the Bulgarian population to emigrate or making it more amenable to Roumanian influence. Had these considerations been foreign to the Roumanian Government, it would never have thought of closing the old schools until full provision had been made for the new ones. The Bulgarian churches have fared no better than the Bulgarian schools. With

the annexation, the Bulgarian Exarchate was deprived of its legal status in those territories, and all the churches and other religious foundations passed into the hands of the Roumanian clergy. In those cases where the Bulgarian priests agreed to read the service in Roumanian, they were left in possession of their churches. Where that condition was not accepted, the priests were replaced by Roumanians, or the churches were closed. In other places it has been arranged that two languages, Slav and Roumanian, will be used simultaneously. Every day it becomes more clear that the object of the Roumanian authorities is gradually to replace all Bulgarian priests by Roumanians in order to Roumanize the religious service. All church property has been confiscated, and now forms part of the State domain.

Not content with suspending the political and communal liberties of the Bulgarian populations and laying hands on their schools and churches, the Roumanian legislator has gone one step further and has sanctioned spoliation of private property. The law for the organization of New Dobrudja places in the hands of the Roumanian Government an instrument by means of which it can dispossess the inhabitants in the annexed territories of half their land. What adds special savour to the story is that this unprecedented scheme of State robbery is justified by the desire to consolidate private property. A few words will suffice to place the matter in proper light.

The Bulgarian law and the jurisprudence of the Bulgarian law courts only recognize one kind of property—that of absolute freehold. All traces of feudal tenure were swept away with the liberation of Bulgaria, and during the last thirty years people have bought and sold on that understanding.

Let us now see what the Roumanian law has done. In the first place, it refuses to recognize rights of property unless they are established in a certain way, and this under penalty of confiscation. The proof upon which the Roumanian law now insists not being indispensable under the Bulgarian law, a large number of persons who had acquired their rights before the annexation will be unable to comply with the requirements of the new law, and will consequently lose their property. In the second place, it nullifies rights derived from transactions which under the Bulgarian regime were held to be valid, the result again being—confiscation. Finally, it forgets that Bulgaria had abolished all forms of feudal tenure, and vests the property of practically all the agricultural land in the State, as under the Turkish law.

WE CANNOT KNOW OURSELVES.

It is so difficult to know, so almost impossible to know in any full and final fashion, what we are deep down below the surface. We are a mystery to ourselves even in what concerns us most intimately; we cannot be sure of possessing adequate self-knowledge in any particular whatsoever.—The Rev. R. J. Campbell.



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The Food of the Future

What Our Great Grandchildren Will Eat

From The Popular Science Monthly.

A century ago, Malthus argued that if population increased at the (then) present rate, the food supply would be insufficient a century ahead, that is at the present time. The present writer's argument is along the same lines as that of Malthus. The deduction he draws, however, is different, in that he anticipates no shortage of food. The solution of the problem, he considers, will be found in the economic conversion of wheat and corn into palatable and nourishing food.

THE food problem is distinctly a modern one in the United States. Two generations ago no such problem was clearly recognized. Fish were plentiful; pigeons, deer, wild turkeys, water-fowl, quail and buffalo were abundant; wild berries, fruits and nuts could be obtained easily and in large quantities. Naturally food was cheap and there was enough for all, and of a kind sufficiently varied to suit the taste of any. All this has changed. Game animals have practically disappeared. Wild berries, fruits and nuts are no longer of importance in our dietaries. We have seen our population increase at the rate of over twenty per cent. every ten years until the increase in production of food products no longer keeps pace, but lags far behind, and we realize that there is such a thing as a food problem.

If the present rate of increase continues, the population of the United States will approximate five hundred million at the end of the present century. Is it possible to feed that number of persons on the products of our three million square miles? China and India both support a population as dense; but both of these countries are distinctly agricultural. The mass of people live on the land and are engaged in producing food. In this country the great increase in population is in the cities; while the food-producing class is increasing comparatively slowly. Can we continue to feed our people by reducing the exports in food stuffs? Obviously not, and in many instances they have been reduced already near the vanishing point. We have even actually begun to import meat and corn. It is significant also that free government land suitable for agricultural purposes is no longer available; hence we can not look for relief by bringing under the plow large tracts of virgin soil.

Is there likely, then, to be a scarcity of food in this country in the near future? No, there is and will be plenty of food, but some changes in dietaries undoubtedly will have to be made. Let us notice. In 1910 for every man, woman and child in the United States there was produced seven bushels of wheat, thirty-two bushels of corn, four bushels of potatoes, and forty pounds of sugar. There were six tenths cattle for each person, six tenths sheep, and seven tenths swine. Add to this the fruits, vegetables, poultry and dairy pro-

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ducts, oats, and other small grains, and we see that there is plenty of food to go around and to spare.

There was grown in the United States in 1912 corn, which if assembled in one immense field might have covered Germany or France entirely with its rustling phalanx. How many millions might be nourished by the produce of this tremendous acreage! Here is a great source of human food at present utilized in a very slight degree.

Man takes food first of all that pleases the palate. We can no longer make our choices on the basis of palatability alone, and a study of the principles of nutrition must be pursued to help us out of those difficulties which arise from a restricted supply of food.

But shall we solve our food problem as it has been handled in some densely populated countries such as India and China? With an area nearly twice that of either of these countries, the capacity of the United States to maintain a population on the same standard as obtains in China for instance, would be perhaps relatively as great. It would mean a great change in our standard of living, one to which we should not take kindly, and one which we hope need never be adopted in this country.

What would the liberty-loving American think had he to subsist on the restricted fare of Chinamen? Their daily foods consist of rice steamed, cabbage boiled in an unnecessarily large amount of water, and, for relish a few bits of raw turnip, pickled in a strong brine. When disposed to be very extravagant and reckless of expense, they buy a few dried water melon seeds, and munch them as dessert.

The corn crop alone of the United States in 1912 was sufficient to supply nourishment for 230,000,000 people living on the standard maintained by the working class in China, India, and some other countries. The American, however, in general has never appeared to relish corn as a direct article of food. We shall, however, learn to eat more corn, not because we are told of its nourishing qualities, but because it will be prepared in an attractive form and because it will be cheap.

Machinery has been perfected for the milling of wheat so that the digestible portions are separated from the indigestible and a superior human food prepared. Wheat flour stands supreme among the cereal flours and is likely to maintain its position, still it is undoubtedly in the development of industrial processes that we shall find the solution of the problem of economically converting corn and similar products into human food which will be palatable and nourishing. A good beginning has already been made in the manufacture of starch and glucose as well as breakfast flakes from corn. These and similar industries are bound to grow rapidly. Nor is corn the only material which might be appropriated directly as human food and which is used at present little or not at all for that purpose. Oats, barley, rye, soy beans and peanuts and various by-products such as cottonseed and linseed cake might be utilized more large-



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ly. Modern science will very likely devise methods for extracting the valuable constituents from these products in such a way that they will be available for human food in an attractive form and nourish man in a state of highest efficiency. Some progress has already been made along this line, but it is barely a beginning.

Does this mean that we shall all in time turn vegetarian? No, there will always be food for domestic animals and meat and dairy and poultry products will always be important items of human diet. The grasses, clovers, straws, stovers, and certain by-products of the refining processes of seeds, etc., will always be directly unavailable as food for man and can probably best be utilized by converting them into animal products of various kinds. The amount of meat consumed, doubtless, will decline and a reduction in this respect may take place without danger and without detriment to the race.

Long ago Daniel, the prophet, and his companions demonstrated the virtue of a simple vegetable diet when they refused to eat the king's meat and wine, provided for the boys of the court, and chose rather pulse and water. At the end of the training period, when the boys were examined, the faces of the Hebrew children were found to be plumper and their minds more alert and keen than those of their companions who had dined more sumptuously, but who had, perhaps, studied less diligently.

The study of human nutrition has not yet produced a simple formula for man's guidance in the selection of his food. Such formulæ have been successfully used in the feeding of rats, and the skillful stockman in his feeding operations carefully follows charts and rules provided him by experts on animal nutrition. We may expect that similar rules will obtain more and more in human nutrition and there will be, some time in the future, such a thing as scientific feeding of men.

The Effect of Radium on Plant Life

How Sleeping Plants are
Awakened by Proximity
to Radium

From Die Naturwissenschaften, Berlin.

Not only upon the human body has radium a powerful effect. We have here a description of its powers when directed toward sleeping plants. From a commercial viewpoint this use of radium would be too costly, but the results are none the less interesting on that account.

THE efforts of plant scientists to awaken plants from their period of winter sleep and to cause them to sprout have met with considerable success during the past few years. Having long been occupied with the influence of radium on plants it seemed to me desirable to test also whether it might not be possible by

its use to shorten the rest period of plants or even to do away with it altogether. My investigation, carried out in the Radium Institute of the Imperial Academy of Science and in the Institute of Plant Physiology in Vienna yielded positive results. Glass tubes and plates containing fixed preparations of radium were used in the experiments.

The buds were exposed in such a manner as to receive the radium rays as uniformly as possible. After exposures which varied in duration from one to forty-eight hours the plants were placed in water and then cultivated in a greenhouse in daylight. The experiments made with the common lilac plant show that the twigs when exposed to the rays in the middle of November are not noticeably affected, but are markedly affected when the exposure takes place in the latter half of November and also in the later portion of the rest period in December, when the exposure lasts one to two days. If the experiment is begun later, for example, in January, sprouting is not favorably influenced, unexposed twigs sprouting as well or even better. If the rest period has come to an end, an exposure of seventy-two hours may even have an injurious effect. It should be carefully noted that in the first place the exposure must occur at the right time; that is, at the end of November or December; and secondly, that it must continue neither too short nor too long a time. If the time is too short, no effect is observed; if too long, the buds are injured.

The use of the radium tubes has the disadvantage that the exposure of the buds is naturally very uneven. Hence it seemed desirable to test also the influence of the radium emanation. This being a gas, a more even influence on the buds was to be expected. This expectation was realized, for the effect of the emanation on the sleeping buds was much more striking than that of the radium tubes. As an emanation chamber a cylindrical glass vessel was used, and the emanation was admitted every twenty-four or forty-eight hours. For purposes of comparison a similar vessel was used for a twig left in pure air alone. In all were placed twigs cut from the same bush just before the experiment began. The twig left in the pure air did not sprout at all, the others all sprouted and the longer the exposure, the better the result. Similar experiments were made with other plants with varying results. In some cases similar effects as with the lilac were obtained. In other cases the radium had no visible effect.

What processes are set in motion in the resting buds by the exposure processes which finally cut short the rest period and cause the sprouting of the buds are still unknown to us. It seems probable that certain ferments are hastened in their development, thus leading to the mobilization of the nutritive substances. The cost of radium of course prevents this method of forcing from having any practical value, but it is of the greatest interest to know that this wonderful element should exercise so powerful an influence on the living substance of the sleeping buds.

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The Development of the Boy Scout Movement

How the Boy Scout Organization Turns Out Useful Citizens

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

"A boy is a fruitful thing for a thoughtful spectator to contemplate." So wrote John Stuart Blackie in his "Notes of Life." How fruitful a thing is the modern boy may be gauged by a study of the developments which have taken place in the Boy Scout movement ever since its inception six years ago, and which are here described.

UNFORTUNATELY there is still a large number of sober-minded people who are convinced that the boy scout movement is an insidious attempt to foster a form of militarism—that it exists merely to give boys an excuse to potter about suburban lanes on Saturday afternoons or camp out during the summer months. It is hardly very edifying or flattering to the British people that there should still be need for explanation of the purpose underlying the Boy Scout organization. The "wideawake" hat, the "shorts," and the staff of the Scouts are possibly still objects of ridicule. In themselves these accoutrements may not be of any great consequence—they may even inspire amusement—but they are not an end but a means to an end, and it is the way in which the end is being reached that must reconcile the public to an organization about whose usefulness there can be no question, as I propose to show.

Professor Griffiths, at the recent meeting of the British Association, recognized that Sir Robert Baden-Powell's praiseworthy organization held great possibilities of good for the moral and physical well-being of the rising generation. The learned professor expressed the belief that the Scout movement was rendering greater service than the complicated State machinery in preparing boys for the struggles of life.

USEFULNESS A FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE.

It is only when one looks closely into the working of the Scout organization that one realizes how carefully it has been designed to help lads to grow into valuable and useful citizens. Usefulness is a fundamental principle of the Boy Scout movement, and each year sees some step forward by the Association in their endeavor to enlarge the sphere of usefulness of the lad who becomes a Boy Scout. The boy who has received a scout training can claim to have graduated in the university of practical life. His school teaching is as nothing compared with the knowledge obtained as a Scout. The defects of the present system of education are grave and palpable. The majority of boys are turned adrift from school at their most impressionable age. The Scout movement picks up a boy's teaching just at that moment in his life when knowledge counts for something more than the bookishness to which he has been subjected. First of all, there is character-training to bring out perseverance, hardihood

pluck, and skill. Then he is taught how to get and keep himself fit, how to assist his fellows in times of emergency and otherwise, how successfully to pursue some art or craft, how to be ready to turn his hand to anything from cooking a hunter's stew to felling a tree.

Now, of all that has been accomplished by the Scout movement for the good of the nation nothing can excel in usefulness the development by which a boy is encouraged to take up hobbies and handicrafts which may be useful in gaining for him a livelihood. The value of this training can hardly be accounted too highly when one remembers the large army of casual laborers which go to make up the ranks of the unemployed—workaday misfits, who, mayhap, have never had the chance of acquiring the elements of any trade.

"We want to help boys," the Executive of the Association say, "on leaving school to escape the evils of blind-alley occupations, e.g., van and messenger boys, newspaper carriers, caddies, etc., such as give the boy a wage for the moment, but leave him stranded without any trade or handicraft to pursue when he is a man." Tracing the development of the last few years, the student of the movement will have observed that increasing attention is being given to the making of craftsmen, and the list of subjects for which badges of proficiency are awarded is formidable. Indeed, there is hardly a department of knowledge which can be turned to the practical use of boys but is represented in that list. It already numbers no less than fifty-two and others are in contemplation. Here is a list of the crafts for which the boys wear distinctive badges on both sleeves of their Scout shirts, after having passed a rather stiff examination in each particular subject:—Ambulance, airman, bee-farmer, basket-worker, blacksmith, boatman, bugler, carpenter, clerk, cook, cyclist, dairyman, electrician, engineer, farmer, fireman, gardener, handyman, horseman, interpreter, laundryman, leather-worker, mason, miner, marksman, master-at-arms, missionary, musician, naturalist, pathfinder, pilot, photographer, pioneer, piper, punter, poultry-farmer, printer, prospector, sea fisherman, signaller, stalker, surveyor, telegraphist, tailor, textile worker, woodman, etc.

TO SECURE A BADGE.

Reviewing this important section of the Scout movement, let me examine a few of the handicraft badges and see what sort of a test a boy must pass in any particular subject. Taking the surveyor's badge, I find that he must map correctly from the country itself the main features of half a mile of road, with 440 yards each side, to a scale of two feet to the mile,

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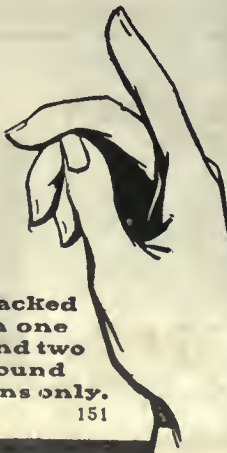


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and afterwards redraw the same map from memory. He must measure the heights of a tree, telegraph pole, and church steeple, describing the method adopted; measure width of a river and distance apart of two objects a known distance away and unapproachable; be able to measure a gradient, understand what is meant by H.E., V.I., R.F., contours, conventional signs of ordnance survey and scales. Or, if he aspires to the engineer's decoration he must make and repair some of the simpler tinware articles in common use; chip and file a small surface of cast-iron; forge wrought iron to simple forms, viz., "S" hook, ring, staple, hold-fast, or pipe-hook; forge and temper a drill or chipping chisel, fit and braze two pieces of wrought iron together; explain the names, uses, and construction of metal work tools and apparatus in common use, and give reason for shapes, cutting angles, etc., of tools; explain the composition and properties of solders, fluxes, and metals; be familiar with ordinary workshop practices and processes.

Take an aspirant for the carpenter's badge. One learns that he must be able to shute and glue a four-foot straight joint, make a housing, tenon and mortice and halved joint, grind and set a chisel and plane iron; make a dove-tail locked box, or a table or a chair. Or, if the lad seeks to wear the electrician's badge he must possess a knowledge of the methods of rescue and resuscitation of persons insensible from shock; be able to make a simple electro-magnet; have an elementary knowledge of simple battery cells and the working of electric bells and telephones, and finally be able to remedy fused wires and repair broken connections. The Scout printer is also expected to be able to pass a rather severe test before he can wear the coveted badge.

One could go through the whole list of handicrafts and find similar exacting requirements before the examiner is justified in giving a "pass."

The Boy Scout is taught how to make all sorts of things—from a basket to an aeroplane. He may learn how to start a fire without matches or to sail a yacht; how to find his way through and map out a strange country, to bridge a river from trees that grow on its bank, and so on. Indeed, the organization covers all human activities; training the hand and the eye, the faculties of observation and inquiry, and the highest attributes of intelligence and self-sacrifice.

EFFECT ON THE SCHOOLS.

The movement is having a marked effect upon the ordinary curriculum which obtains in schools all over the country, and authorities have realized that character training should be included in the modern system of education. The schools have scholastic training, but that is not sufficient to make a man's career successful, and the aim of the Boy Scout movement is to give that complement to the school training. The value of this system of training cannot be set too high when regard is had to the percentage of lads who leave school to drift into the ranks of casual employment, simply because they have never had a chance of ac-



Who Ever Forgot His First Dish of Puffed Grains?

You have forgotten, no doubt, when you first tasted most things. But one always remembers the first dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

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Historic Bobbins

Few in this busy age are aware of the fact that there was a time not so long ago when pillow lace making was the fashionable pastime and that ladies were as proud of their beautiful bobbins used in this connection as the modern lady is of her trinkets, gold or silver chatelaine.

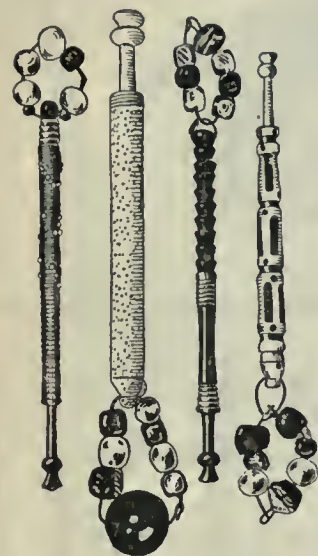
There are to be found to-day a few collections in Museums of Historic Bobbins and the amateur collector from time to time is enabled

to pick up one or two of interest and beauty, but owing to the lapse of lace manufacture, particularly during the Victorian era, the majority of these interesting little articles of use have disappeared. It is interesting to note, however, that in Buckinghamshire, where the manufacture of lace has recently revived, that large numbers of old women have still

in their possession Bobbins of extreme delicacy and beauty, and these are held in such high esteem that the owner, while in very moderate circumstances, cannot be induced to part with them

The accompanying illustration shows four of the best known historic Bobbins in the Buckingham district, and we are indebted to Mrs. Marjorie Armstrong for the use of the illustration.

Mrs. Armstrong is head of the Buckingham Cottage Workers' Association, and has done much towards the re-establishing of the Buckingham Lace Industry, and will be pleased to mail to any lady an interesting booklet descriptive of Buckingham lace and its production. Applications should be made to Mrs. Marjorie Armstrong, Olney, Bucks, England.



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quiring the elements of a skilled trade. A Boy Scout is never likely to become one of the submerged tenth, because his training enables him to find a useful place in the work of the world.

Five years have not passed since the movement was inaugurated, and the work of organization has been successful in establishing throughout the Empire one definite movement. The Scout movement is now not only Imperial, but universal, and it is not only vast and extensive, but

it is growing with a rapidity and a strength that has never hitherto characterized any innovation, either for the younger or the older generation. It is possible to believe that when the historian of this age comes to review its salient events he will point to the Boy Scout movement as one of the most potent and significant developments of twentieth-century civilization—developments which are, to use Lord Rosebery's famous phrase, "for the betterment of the nation's manhood."

Country Life Two Thousand Years Ago

(From the British Review.)

Despite the advance of civilization, the introduction of steam and electricity, it is extraordinary when we come to compare country life as it is to-day with that of 2,000 years ago, how little things have really changed. The writer here compares the pleasures and pursuits of a Roman in the days of Horace with those of a country resident or farmer of the present day.

CIVILIZED existence two thousand years ago has its counterpart and image in the life we see around us: the variations are few and superficial if, even, we compare Rome in the first with London in the twentieth century. But it is when we turn to the country that we notice how little has really altered: those rural pursuits in a Sabine valley which Horace so vividly described are curiously familiar to the native of Kent or Sussex. Shades of difference, of course, appear; for instance, ours is not a wine-producing country: the hopfields are our vineyards, and a glass of home-brewed ale is our substitute for the cups of old Massic or good Falernian with which the farmer-poet used to regale his fashionable friends from Rome; yet no radical change is perceptible and, moreover, there was the same mental attitude towards Nature on the part of cultured Roman citizens (*amatores ruris*) as we find existing to-day among disciples of Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies. For evidence of this we have only to turn to the writings of the poet laureate of Augustus.

THE DELIGHTS OF FARMING.

Horace has devoted one poem especially to the eulogy of country life, and in a few imperishable verses he delineates the surroundings of one who is satisfied to tend his farm and garden. Happy is that man, says our Venusian, who is neither a lender nor a borrower, but ploughs his ancestral acres with his own oxen; who is neither a conscript in dread of a sudden call to arms, nor a merchant trusting life and fortune to an angry sea; who is neither lawyer nor litigant, nor has need of any favors from the insolent rich. Free from all such cares, a man may devote himself to wedding his lusty vines to tall poplars, or watching his herds at pasture. He might fill up a vacant hour by pruning

his fruit trees, lopping off effete branches with a keen blade and inserting more promising shoots. Then in a shapely two-handled jar he preserves the pressed honey, and anon he clips his fleecy sheep. When autumn uplifts her head adorned with ripe fruits, how delightful to pluck the pear which he himself had grafted and gather the purpling grapes! These he will offer to Priapus, the garden god, and to that other deity who is guardian of his boundaries. These sacred duties done, he is at leisure to recline under an ancient ilex, or upon the matted grass where a brook flows between steep banks as the birds sing sweet and low in the woods; and there a tinkling fountain hushes him to light slumbers.

The scene is changed when winter comes and thundering Jove prepares the rains and snows. Now, with many a hound hither and thither he drives the fierce boar, or by means of a thin net upheld with a small stake he snares the greedy thrush. The timid hare he catches in a gin and sometimes captures a foreign crane, the rarest prize of all. Who does not forget, says the poet, amidst field sport the ills of life, and even the fever of love?

THE CHEERFUL HOME.

But, perchance, there is a modest wife who shares these rural joys, keeping house and tending her sweet children. She it is who heaps up the hearth with crackling logs against the home-coming of her lord, having penned the glad cattle within woven hurdles and dried their distended udders at milking time. Presently new wine from a seasoned cask is brought forth, and then an unbought feast is spread. Neither shell-fish nor turbot, grouse nor guinea fowl, grace the board; more appetizing to the farmer-sportsman are his own olives plucked from the ripest branches, and the sorrel which loves the meadows, and mallows meet for sick bodies, to eke out a lamb slain at the feast of Terminus or maybe a kid just snatched from the jaws of a wolf. Between the courses his glance will wander a-field where he may catch sight of his well-fed flocks hastening home, and of his tired oxen whose flaccid necks draw the invert-

ed ploughshare. Later a swarm of laborers, the appanage of a thriving estate, come and take their places in patriarchal fashion round the shining household gods.

Thus the well-to-do husbandman fared just before the Christian era began, when the dark hills of Arcadia saw shepherds reclined on the young grass piping to the great god Pan, when Roman landlords vied with each other in the planting of avenues, and when poets like Horace and Virgil, sauntering in a cool grove, would in fancy surprise a nimble choir of nymphs dancing with the satyrs. Even those "in populous city pent" were not so remote from field and forest that they could not sally forth of a morning to hunt and fish and return before sundown; for the story is told of one Gargilius, who summoned his slaves to carry nets and hunting spears and took out pack-mules to bear home the spoils of the chase and astonish his neighbors. Alas, it happened to him, as often it happens to modern sportsmen. One mule proved more than sufficient for his kill: a single boar—and that acquired by purchase—was all he had to show for his pains.


The poet has left us a picture of his home in a valley that cleft a range of hills, warmed on one side by the rising sun and on the other by his departing chariot, where an equable climate preserved his health even through sickly September. His brambles bore ruddy cornels and prunes; the trees of oak and holm afforded a repast for the cattle and shade for their master; a spring gave pure, cold water that was good for fevered brain and distempered body; and though neighbors might laugh at the obese little poet tidily removing clods and stones, or despise his frugal supper and his pallet among the herbs by running water, he did not care a jot. Hail might crush his vines and corn, the sirocco blight his olives or parch his apple orchards; his herds might sicken in distant pastures: but nothing was allowed to disturb that equanimity which he practised as well as he preached.

OUTDOOR LIFE EULOGIZED.

In season and out of season Horace inveighs against town manners and extols the out-of-door life.

The boy who delights in dogs and horses and hies to the playing fields as soon as released from his tutor, is reminded that to exhibit himself before becoming expert in the use of weapons is to court ridicule from "the gallery," that he who would breast the tape in a foot race must sweat and chill by turns, and meanwhile abstain from wine and the lighter sports of Venus.

Horace, filled with enthusiasm for the open-air life, fancied he could desecrate a certain tendency to effeminacy in his day and generation: a few young scions of nobility, it seems, were afraid of the chase and could not sit a horse, but amused themselves with a Greek hoop—perhaps the equivalent of golf in our day. He refers to such *faineants* with contempt, comparing them with their forbears sprung from a virile race of rustic soldiery who had turned the soil, and even carried faggots at the bidding of militant matrons. Luxury, he fears, is invading even the countryside for, when the charms



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of rural life are sung straightway arrives the plutocrat with his retinue, and the indignant poet prophesies that "regal piles will soon leave few acres for the plough." He pictures the once productive olive garden being turned into beds of roses and violets, surrounding a brand-new villa with ornamental grove and fish-pond, and the peasant farmer being expelled with his family and household gods.

Probably the forecast was wrong, for poets have their fits of pessimism: the charming author of "The Deserted Village" had similar forebodings in regard to "sweet Auburn," but there is yet no lack of holdings for all and sundry within our pleasant isles; and certain it is that the decline of the Roman Empire was not due to a "back-to-the-land" movement on the part of the citizens, but rather to indulgence in those habits to which country life is the true corrective.

Legal Aid for the Poor

New Procedure in the British Courts

From The Contemporary Review.

Will the time ever come when legal aid will be regarded in the same manner as medical aid is now, and will be supplied free of charge to all who cannot afford to pay for it? Perhaps not, but we have here an account of an innovation which is being introduced into the British courts and which tends in that direction.

WHEN the law courts get to work again after the vacation they will dispense, in a more perfect measure than they have hitherto done, equal justice to rich and poor. After ten years of agitation, instituted and pursued by lawyers themselves, with no popular novelist to stir public opinion, drastic changes have been introduced in the procedure of granting legal aid to poor persons. That procedure indeed has been entirely remodeled.

Some two years ago the Rule Committee of the High Court—a body representative of judges, barristers, and solicitors—framed a new set of regulations for proceedings by or against paupers; but the opposition of the Bar Council to some of the provisions prevented the adoption of the scheme. Now, however, the objections of the Bar have been ingeniously met, and it has been found possible to reconcile the exacting claims of professional etiquette with the pressing need of poor suitors. The new rules eliminate the word "pauper" and substitute "poor person" as the class for whom legal aid may be provided; and they advance the limit of poverty from \$125 as at present to \$250, and further prescribe that the judge may, under special circumstances, personally direct that, though an applicant possesses more than \$250, he may be admitted as a poor litigant.

A committee of inquiry which consists of counsel and a solicitor, will investigate every application and make a report to the court.

It should be explained that in England barristers and solicitors form two dis-

tinct branches of the legal profession, and a client never deals direct with the barrister who pleads his cause but only through a solicitor. A solicitor is not allowed to plead before the High Court, barristers alone being entitled to this privilege, although a plaintiff or defendant may plead in person. The committee is to be manned by volunteers and will receive no remuneration. If it recommends the "poor person's" claim the court will assign counsel and solicitor to take up the applicant's case; and the rules provide that no person who has reported on a case shall be appointed to conduct it. This prevents the committee from being influenced by any possible gain to themselves through their decision.

The out-of-pocket expenses which are incurred by the poor man's defenders are to be paid by the treasury independently of the result of the action; and there is a provision for remunerating the solicitor

assigned—but not the barrister—at the expense of the other party when the court certifies that the latter has acted unreasonably in instituting or defending proceedings.

Not a few social reformers contend that access to the courts should be absolutely free to all, and society may in time advance to a stage where the rights to legal aid shall be as fully recognized as the right to medical relief. These rules, as described, apply only to the high courts. In order, however, that the needs of the poor should be adequately met, they should at once be made applicable to the county courts where, to a much larger extent, the workingman has to pursue to defend his rights. It would be anomalous and perverse if he were afforded every assistance as regards the luxuries, and denied help as regards the necessities of litigation.

Roughing It on the Rat

Description of a Journey Over the Most Northerly Pass of the Rockies

By Emerson Hough in Everybody's.

THE Rat Portage is a wilderness trail of such difficult quality, or implied hardships, that it is the goal of all out-door men in search of a reputation. Sometimes it has taken men a year, fifteen months, a year and a half, to cross it. Scores and hundreds of men have partly made it and turned back. It is littered with debris of wrecked ambitions, covered with blighted hopes and frosted friendships, and lined with human bones.

For the purpose of geography it may perhaps be as well to explain that, of all the many rat portages, this is the most northerly. It is not the Rat Portage of Manitoba, Missouri, or Allegash, but that lying above the Arctic Circle on the most northerly pass of the Rocky Mountains.

You come to it by traveling something like two thousand miles northwestward by Hudson's Bay Company steamers from Athabasca Landing just above Edmonton. You pass Lake Athabasca and Great Bear Lake, and finally, near the delta mouth of the Mackenzie river, you reach Fort McPherson on the Peel. The Rat Portage is the road that leads from the Mackenzie River basin to the Yukon basin—upstream by way of the Rat River, over the range, and down-stream by way of the Porcupine.

For the purposes of history it may be said that it was on the Rat Portage that many Klondikers came to grief in 1897-98, that time of geography gone insane. It was these returned Klondikers that never got to the Klondike who gave the Rat Portage its sinister reputation.

It is the touchstone of Northern heroism. "Ah! you have crossed the Rat?" That opens to you the most exclusive

doors at Old Crow, at Rampart House, Fort Yukon, and other places of which you never heard—doors so exclusive that we opened some of them with an ax, as who should break into New York society.

Having crossed the Rat, and being therefore some hero, it ill becomes me to employ other than heroic speech in this tale of derring-do. Afar to the north then, aloof, enshrouded with the eternal mysteries of the icy North, passing between two vast and unknown waterways of the unconquerable wilderness, and hedged about with glittering, snow-swept peaks, lies the inscrutable, the invincible, the peerless Portage du or de la Rat.

In our own case we experienced no hardships worth mention beyond being obliged to eat four meals a day and to get up before noon; and our numbers were not "decimated" any more than Amundsen's dogs when he found the South Pole—he had maybe sixty when he began his voyage and by the time he got to Buenos Aires he had a hundred and fifty-seven. We started on the trail as five, and when we came out we were seven, like the children in the Third Reader. We got six thousand feet of moving picture film, and nine thousand miles of travel; and all of us have had far harder and riskier trips elsewhere.

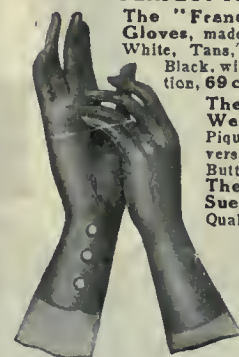
According to our scientific records, we started from Fort McPherson—that is to say, the canoe did: the boat may have been 1' 2" later—at 4:15:28 p.m. of July 17, and at 7:35:07 p.m. we arrived at a branch of the Delta streams called the Husky River.

We stopped long enough to catch some fish at the Husky River, for we must in part live on the country.

It was at 1:45 p.m. of the second day

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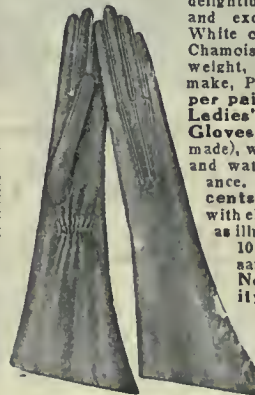
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when we made the mouth of the famous Rat River, of which I made a photograph. It does not show the mosquitoes, but the camera lies—they were there. We nearly all wore head-nets while cooking our lunch. The air and earth were wet and gloomy. We were only about eighty miles from the Arctic Ocean, nothing lying between but willow flats and mosquitoes. Now on before us rose the Rockies; and the most northerly pass through the range was visible ahead of us. From the mountains came down this narrow, deep stream, the Rat. There was our path.

It is twenty to twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Rat to Destruction City at the foot of the rapids, where the real work begins. We made it at 4 p.m., not of that day, as we hoped, but the next day! All the time we had been hedged in, traveling on a deep-cut, narrow stream, with mud banks. Now we saw the banks change for the first time. We were at the rim of the great Delta. The forest growth altered now and the banks grew rocky.

We left Destruction City after a stop of less than one hour—and left it not under paddle but on the tracking line. We were wiser and wetter that night at 9:05 p.m. when we had found that no man can pole or paddle up the Rat. It can only be ascended by the "cordelle," or tracking line, and even so, the steersman can steer but very rarely. He can ride but little, and after a time will learn that the real way for him to get his boat along in the shallow water is to get out and wade, guiding his boat by hand at the bow.

As soon as we landed for the night—after an hour at noon and perhaps a couple of stops to get warm—a good fire was set going, and a drying pole put up for the wet clothing, and a pailful of tea made. We always had rabbit forelegs, and the ptarmigan were just sitting around waiting to be knocked over—at least until Max, our cinema operator, fell down in the river and lost the only .22 rifle we had.

It was 10:30 in the third morning when, tired and stiff, we pulled the time clock. We were then just two months out from Chicago. By this time we had figured out about how we must work in the ascent of this icy, shallow, shifting, slippery-bottomed stream. It was strictly a case of getting wet in ice-water and staying wet all day. Those of us who were condemned to this fate did not really suffer very much from it, although there is a great opportunity to write a typical story *a la* tenderfoot, telling of horrible hardships undergone, and all that sort of thing.

Really, a well-balanced and well-led party of good outdoor men could make a very pleasant and mildly adventurous trip on the Rat Portage, stopping to shoot and fish, and making enjoyment out of it all along. It is a good sporting country, and is almost unvisited now.

None of our party, even the Indians, had been beyond Destruction City before, so we were now practically independent explorers. At night we found traces of other explorers dating back to Klondike days; and at several places we found old ax-work, crumbling cabins, blazes on

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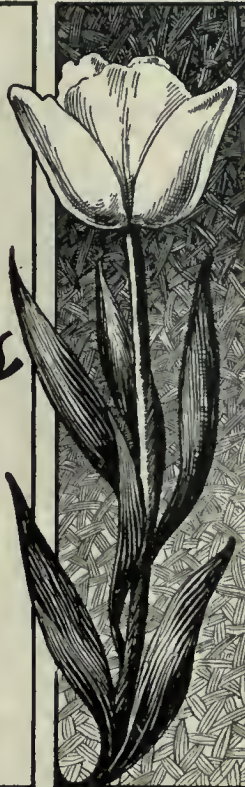
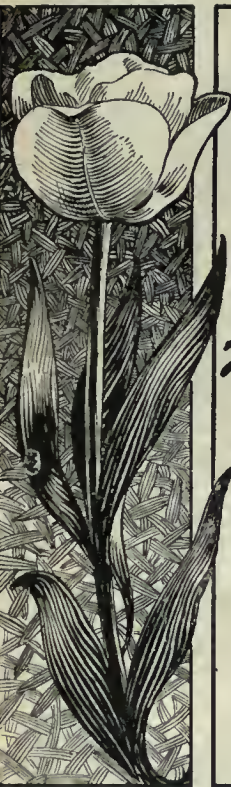
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trees, scraps of sled-irons, etc., mute relics of another day, and all eloquent of the trials of a heavy outfit trying to cross the summit.

On the day following, July 21, at 2 p.m., we saw the mountains dead ahead, and apparently not over twenty-five miles away. The map marks "a high, sharp peak," near the summit, and we now thought ourselves nearly over. Alas! we now entered on a series of wrong guesses, mostly based on the fact that we logged only about half as many miles as we thought we did. The men now complained that the water was getting colder. We were getting up into tundra country, and the mosquitoes were worse than on the rocky shores. The valley was slightly narrower, but a series of bars and beaches gave plenty of open spaces.

We struck a number of rude, coarse rapids that showed no respect at all for our persons and did their best to set us afoot minus our outfits. One, at a deep canon, gave us a wearying and risky experience. We thought we did four to six miles that day, but later doubted if we made over two miles, though we did not leave our cold-plunge bath from 10 a.m. till almost 9 p.m. There are no union hours on the Rat.

AT THE SUMMIT.

At 10:30 I found the camp, at what proved to be the long-sought junction of the two upper forks of the Rat, which we knew to be on the summit.

We found that at last we were at the top of the hill, or one edge of it. At the side of our camp rose a tall lobster, or trimmed-out tree, a spruce broadly blazed and labeled, "The Summit Tree. Please Register." This is a curious register of the wilderness, like Independence Rock on the old Plains, and we studied it eagerly for some time. Most of the names had been inscribed fifteen years before and now were faint. We could make out the names of one Watt, of S. S. Goldheim, and N. H. C. Marks, and the date 6-23-'98. We found the name of Robert W. Service registered, at a date two years earlier—when he crossed with the Carroll party. And some one, probably not Mr. Service, although also a poet, had written lines expressive of his relief at reaching the summit:

My feelings here I scarce can tell—
To sum it up, 'twas simply hell!

We modestly inscribed our own names and date.

This Summit Tree is the most interesting and important landmark on the Rat. You can't describe landscapes so any one will understand, but this tree ends all doubts and misgivings—it marks the end of the worst part of the portage on the east slope of the Rockies. Worn out, we made beds in the open, back of the tree, on the icy tundra, into which we could not drive a stake, among mosquitoes so thick you could hardly drive a stake into them.

I have seen the statement that the northern mosquito will bite through leather. This day, one bit through the heel flap of my moccasin. Five days earlier I saw Johnny, our Loucheux, scratch his instep over his moccasin.

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We reached the last source of the summit creek, or left fork of the Rat, with only two portages, but heavier boats would require one or two more, as we could see. The creek in its upper reaches is simply a marsh thoroughfare, lined with reeds and alders. We had to brush out quite a bit, although for some hours we could pole or paddle along the narrow, deep and crooked channel.

All around the high mountains stood, framing a very wild and pleasing picture. We could not, even yet, tell where the pass broke through; nor did we know until midnight, after we had reached the next to the last lake, and gone on ahead to spy out the final portage.

It was 6.25 in the evening before we broke into the first lake and rested. We waited there an hour and at last found that this lake was not touched by the creek at all, which wandered off to the left through the swamp toward the "next lake," which none of us had even seen before! For an hour or so my friend and I knew what it was to be alone, with no grub, no coats, and few matches, on the tundra, with most of our local geography yet to learn.

After this interesting day, in which, instead of finding a plain portage trail by evening, as we rather had expected, we had not by midnight got out of the marshy creek, we pitched our camp late on the shore of Lake No. 2. It was 1.30 a.m. before we were dry enough for bed.

THE CHANCE FOR A RAILWAY.

On the next day the boats crawled along the creek through the brush yet another half mile toward Lake No. 3, or Summit Lake, but we had to cut a portage through a few yards into the lake, near where the creek choked out. Thence, from the far side of the Lake No. 3, we hauled out everything and made ready for the long portage across the actual summit of the Rat Pass or McDougal Pass, as it is usually called.

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We dragged our boats by hand over the three-quarter-mile Long Portage into Loon Lake, Bell River waters, at 3 p.m., loafed a bit, picking ptarmigan and squaw berries (much appreciated with bacon and rabbit forelegs), and made one more land portage from a point three hundred yards down the deep-cut creek outlet of that lake. This last overland portage is a quarter of a mile or so. At its end, after running the boats down a steep high bank into the icy blue waters of the Little Bell, we knew we were over the hill and had crossed the Rockies at a spot few men have ever seen and lived to tell the tale.

So now we had run the Rat, and in good, fair working time. We found the Little Bell, our first Pacific waters, very deep and crooked, its upper waters beautifully clear and literally packed with grayling. Ptarmigan and rabbits now were very numerous. The stream was rapid, but not bad. At about ten miles down we struck a couple of miles of rapids, with sharp rocks, which meant wading for us who went with the boats, although the banks could be negotiated on foot comfortably enough.

The water of the Little Bell is just as much colder than the Rat as the Rat is colder than ice-water. It comes off the ice, maybe twenty miles back of where we struck it. The Rat rises in cold lakes and is nourished on tundra ice, but we called the Bell the colder stream, for it comes down from high ice.

We made La Pierre House the morning of July 29th, two days out from the summit, and long and hard ones, too! At an abandoned cabin on the Bell we found the register of an earlier party, C. H. Burt and his wife—"August, 1912, eleven days out from McPherson, in canoes." It had taken us eleven days also to make this point. We saw also the names of two trappers who had crossed that season; so on the whole we thought the region quite civilized.

DRIFTING UP-STREAM.

We tried lashing the boats together and traveling all night, taking turns at rowing or steering—that is, some of us did. The beds were cramped and uncomfortable—part of the time very wet. I remember waking one morning, after my turn-in, with both feet in ice-water, which had pocketed in the boat. But in this clumsy fashion of locomotion we reached the Porcupine at 1.30 of July 30th. Here we lost half a day by turning the wrong way and trying to drift up-stream!

This seems unbelievable, but the up-stream wind, half a gale, rolled up the waves so pronouncedly that our captain, who rather prided himself on being no chekako, thought the river ran to the left in spite of the map, and so spread all sail on the big bateau to make some "real time." Pete, a trapper who had joined our party was asleep. I was trying to steer and not getting anywhere at all, and at last turned, as any worm may. "The weeds don't point right," I said, "and the stream doesn't run right by the map, which brings it in from the left, and moreover, I've been an hour trying to sail down-stream in half a gale, and I can't pass a sea gull sitting on a given point on a sand-bar. To my feeble brain it looks a safe bet something is wrong." There was. The river ran the other way! So we hardy explorers tried the Porcupine the other way.

We got off at 8.30 in the evening, bound for Old Crow, an old trading-post on the Porcupine, where we had figured on buying more grub. It came on to rain that night, and then to snow. And when we got to Old Crow there was no one there, and we had to break open doors to get in out of the snow.

It was still sixty miles to Rampart House, where certainly there must be

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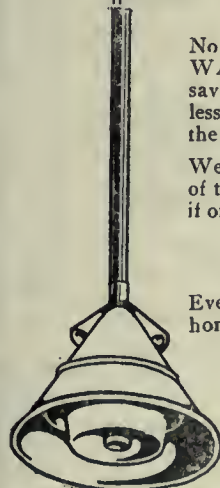
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"Do you think," I said, "that if I planted the Rock of Gibraltar at that point and stapled a wire to it, that it would ease the strain on the end posts?" Pungent wit and brilliant technique make this article a choice morsel to the reader. It is by a new writer discovered by Farmer's.

WHERE HONEY MAKES MONEY

This romance of bee-keeping in Ontario will be full of interest to every reader. A staff correspondent has made a trip inland.

THE PRAIRIE CALL FOR CATTLE

Mixed farming is coming in fast. Everybody is after breeding stock in sheep, cattle and hogs out upon the unfenced fertile stretches. It is a mighty move. The story is told by a staff writer.

There are other articles equally as good. Especially so is the Bungalow house for the prairie. Sheep in Manitoba, Schools in Alberta, Land o' Gold, Improving the Rural Surroundings, and several Women's Institute specials. September is full of real merit.

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supplies. All the men now were the worse for wear, and had lost sleep, weight and good nature. I recall that I was tired that night, for the night before I had not slept above an hour or so, and had not slept all day more than an hour, and had paddled practically all of eleven hours, so that when we hit Rampart House—after twenty miles of bold scenery along the Porcupine—I was indifferent about scenery or anything else, except sleep.

Rampart House was the present home of Pete, his dusky spouse and the new baby, so here we left him and his boat. We traded our canoe for a long, low craft, thirty feet long and thirty years old, flimsy and leaky; and on the evening of August 4 we pulled out, seven of us, for the two hundred and twenty-mile journey to Fort Yukon. Here we could catch the Yukon river steamboats, four days below Dawson, and twice as many below White Horse, where rail transportation connects with the river boats. We found the snow, now melting, had put the Porcupine in flood. It is a big river, and fast in many of the lower reaches. We did fifty miles in jig time; and so, paddling four-hour stretches, eating four times a day, and urging on, we reached the mouth of the Porcupine slough, saw the milky waters of the Yukon pouring in, and knew our journey in the wilderness was done.

The Rat Portage is almost as far away as you can get. It is a very tame frontier, however, that is left to-day, sometimes a trifle stupid, and it lacks in thrills and bones. It doesn't take a hero to do the trip. It takes an ostrich, who can assimilate rabbit forelegs. That was the only sort of bones left behind by our party of stern, adventurous souls. Personally I have lost all hope of a Carnegie hero medal since old John Firth, the Hudson's Bay post trader at McPherson, told me casually that in the past forty years he has crossed the Rat summit one hundred and thirty-seven times! What chance has a poor, hard-working adventurer got these days?

WHY SOME PEOPLE LISP.

There is one sound of the human speech which it is practically impossible to perfectly reproduce by mechanical means. It is the sound of the letter "s." Neither the telephone nor the phonograph renders it properly. Lord Rayleigh, an English physicist of note, was the first to observe this and to subject the phenomenon to scientific investigation. He found that to pronounce the sound "s" the muscles of the mouth must exert only a slight pressure upon the air, but at the same time the breath must be projected with such force as to produce not less than 1,00 vibrations of the air waves per second. This is a higher number than in the case of any other sound of the human speech.

Is Parisian Influence Declining

(From the London, Eng., Times.)

The influence of Paris in the world of art and fashion has long been predominant. The question here raised is whether she is to lose the position she has so long occupied. Munich, Vienna and Berlin are the three cities the writer considers as likely to dispute pride of place with her.

THERE are many signs that the dominance of Paris is crumbling away. One of these is that significant episode of the harem skirt, which Paris ordained and the rest of the civilized world politely or impolitely hooted. Besides this, there is a triumvirate of young and extremely virile rivals in Munich, Vienna and Berlin

MUNICH THE CHIEF RIVAL.

Munich especially is a strong rival. At the present time the latter city is attracting artistic genius from all over the world for the purpose of study and practice. She has 5,000 artists, professors, practitioners and students to support her claims. The city is in itself inspirational. The air is clean, keen and tonic. From any rise an Alpine chain stretches out a fifty-mile panorama of peaks. Housing is modern and wholesome. In substitution for the dirt-and-disease-rotted Quartier Latin or the vice-infested region of Montmartre, the artist quarter of Munich has broad and spacious streets, clean and sanitary dwellings, and a wonderfully reasonable scale of living. In order to study art, it is no longer necessary to live in conditions of medieval piggery. Hygiene and genius are not incompatible elements. Munich has fine ancient galleries, an abundance of modern collections, and an infinity of "one-man shows." But its chief asset is its sense of overflowing youth. Munich is essentially young and modern. The ancient portion of the city is healthily being broken and scrapped. The artist is not shackled to the past. He is not overwhelmed by the dominance of traditional greatness. He is not tempted to fritter away his abilities in an endeavor to ape the ancients.

In consequence, the "Munich style" in pictures, furniture, fabrics, and the applied artistry of the home is *sui generis*, a vivid expression of young and modern thought. Its influence is at the present moment sweeping over Europe. You can know "Munich style" by its bold, broad splashes of color and its severe simplicity of line. This is not the "Nouveau Art" of the early years of the century, wriggly and snaky and curliquesque. It is based on the straight line, the square, and the plain circle; and it is sane and pleasant to live with. If you insist on an ancient analogy, it is Grecian simplicity in a modern renaissance of feeling.

The movement in architecture, furniture and interior decoration is not confined to the home. One finds it embodied in banks, insurance buildings, business offices, even in factories. There is, for example, a turbine factory in Berlin which is a joy to look upon. There is a cham-

pagne works near Wiesbaden which rivals an art gallery. There is a recent insurance building in Munich which is more dignified than a great many palaces. Outside and in, down to the smallest detail of fittings, these buildings are conceived in modern, virile thought.

VIENNA STRONG ON FASHIONS.

With regard to the question of fashions, Vienna has all the daring and smartness for which Paris has gained its reputation, plus the virility of youth. It is claimed, with seeming reason, that nowhere else in Europe are there such artists in the "tailor-made." The new fabrics for dress and home decoration which Vienna is now pouring over Europe are startlingly beautiful and original. They open up a whole new territory of color harmonies.

Berlin is the commercial partner in the trio. Here are hard-headed men who are thrusting into the markets of the world the creative thought of Munich and Vienna. Recently Berlin staged an exhibition of "German Clothes" in order to prove that Paris is no longer the undisputed arbiter of fashion.

For half a century or more French genius has been most strikingly manifest in the region of artistic taste. That dominance is passing. French genius is seemingly turning to another direction—mechanical invention. The pioneers in motor cars, the pioneers in submarines, the pioneers in air-craft, Frenchmen are losing one field and gaining another. It seems curious to think that two nations can be so exchanging traditional activities. The prosaic German excelling in matters of artistic fancy; the temperamental Frenchman excelling in cold mechanical inventions. Yet this seems to be the shifting of contemporary history.

THE BUSINESS VIEWPOINT.

From the special point of view of the British business man, the new movement is worth close attention. All who cater to woman and the home—and that means men engaged in scores of manufacturing and merchandising industries—will have to reckon with the trend of thought of the new triumvirate of Munich-Vienna-Berlin. Its backing of artistic genius is a driving power of tremendous forcefulness. Munich art is not merely a local art confined to natives. There are few real Munichers among the artists there. It is rather that men and women from all over the world—Austrians, Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, Australians, Canadians, Americans, South Americans—are concentrating on Munich as a desirable focus for artistic study and pooling genius there. They are exchanging ideas, striking sparks from one another. The "Munich style" they are evolving is a crystallate of cosmopolitan thought. Their common factor is their youth and virility.

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The Disease of Fear

How Persons Suffering from Mental Fancies May be Cured

(From MacLure's Magazine.)

The mental complaint which manifests itself in some form of fear, has only lately been recognized as a disease. Thousands of people suffer from this malady—from some obsession of dread which makes their lives a misery. How this sickness of mind may be cured is told in the following article.

SEVEN years ago, a young woman suffering from a peculiar malady made her appearance at the out-patient department of a large New England hospital. An exhaustive examination disclosed that she was enjoying excellent physical health. She was happily married, intelligent, and, to the ordinary observer, in full possession of her mental and moral faculties.

One obsessing horror, however, dogged her every footstep and made existence one lingering agony. She had an unearthly, unreasoning fear of sharp knives. The sight of the most harmless table utensil would make her desperate. She would shriek if she caught a glimpse of her husband shaving. She would almost faint at the sight of an assortment of goods in a hardware dealer's store. Whenever fresh cutlery arrived at her house, she would immediately throw it out of the window. The family were reduced to the most ludicrous makeshifts for tableware.

Anything that suggested sharp-edged tools, even remotely, had the same distressing effect—steam-heating coils, the metallic clasp on a purse, a finger-ring, a hat-pin, would produce a reminiscent trembling. She was afraid to read the newspapers, because their pages were crowded with suggestions of knives; and yet, she could not turn her thoughts away from her obsession. She nurtured it as carefully as if it were something that she loved.

FAMOUS VICTIMS OF "MENTAL TWISTS."

What kind of medicine should the doctors prescribe for diseases of this kind? The average citizen would have had no difficulty in making a diagnosis and prescribing treatment. "She's crazy; she ought to be put in an insane asylum," would have been his curbstone verdict. But this woman was not insane at all; in all probability, she never would be even though this mental state continued indefinitely. Except for this one mental twist, she was entirely rational; moreover she realized intellectually—something insane people never do—the absurdity and unreasonableness of her psychological predicament.

She was suffering from a complaint that has assailed many of the world's greatest intellects. When Samuel Johnson, as Boswell tells us, could not pass a post without touching it,—if he inadvertently made this omission he would have to retrace his steps and pay it his tribute,—he, too, was suffering from a similar kind of

psychical disease. Erasmus, the great reformer, would have a high fever if he caught a glimpse of fish or lentils. Bayle, the philosopher, would have convulsions at the sound of water dripping from a tap. Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, would faint away at the sight of a goat. Both Napoleon and Wellington would rush from a room if it contained a "harmless necessary cat."

One of the most interesting discoveries of modern medicine is that these sufferers, in a considerable number of cases, can be cured. The hospital to which this woman came has treated thousands in the last seven years. Following its example, other institutions are establishing departments for a similar work. A few months ago Johns Hopkins University opened a new Psychiatric Clinic, which, among other things, will undertake the treatment of psychoneurotics. Modern medicine, that is, has at last recognized the fact that the human mind is quite as subject to disorganization as is its physical tenement.

RE-EDUCATING THE LOGICAL FACULTY.

In the "treatment" that follows there is nothing miraculous, nothing hypnotic. That hypnotism, in certain cases, may be used beneficially, nobody denies; the most intelligent authorities, however, do not advocate its use in the treatment of psychoneurotics. The remedy for this disease is the gentle and healing power of good talk.

The preliminary step is to impress the patient with an idea that previously has not occurred to her—the possibility that she may be cured. Up to this time she has regarded herself as irremediably enmeshed in her troubles. Very likely she regards them as only the initial steps to insanity, and she already sees the lunatic asylum opening its doors. Once the patient understands that she can be cured, and believes it, the battle is more than half won. Another fact to be emphasized is that, serious and real as the trouble is, the mind is the only thing that is really wrong.

"What, after all," the worker may say, "is a piece of steel? Just look the problem squarely in the face. What can it possibly do to you? How can it hurt you? Don't you see that the trouble is only in your mind? Try as hard as you can, you can give me no reason for this feeling. What you need to do, is to understand this fact completely, and the fear is bound to disappear."

Take the case of the woman who was afraid of razors. This was no case of an impossible husband; the woman was happily married, though the fact that she had no children was undoubtedly one of the causes of her "nervousness." Two years before she had gone through experiences that easily amounted to "psy-

chic shock." She had had a surgical operation, and before she recovered from it, her mother had died. Her grief was so great that she tried to take the dead woman forcibly out of her coffin. These things stimulated a natural tendency to neurasthenia. As this patient was intelligent, the explanation and re-education method made rapid progress. Her fear of razors, when sympathetically explained, became a comedy to her. At the suggestion of her new friend, she adopted a little formula every night as she went to bed. Just before saying her prayers, she would put her face in her hands and repeat:

"This fear is nonsense; I shall never harm myself or others. I am perfectly sane, and I am going to get well. There is no more harm in a razor than in a stick of wood."

TRAINING IN SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

A training in the "social consciousness" is another useful adjunct. Many of these people have no strong interest in life. A favorite plan is, have these women take charge of certain parts of the social work themselves. By getting interested in others' troubles they are less inclined to concentrate on their own.

After all, however, the great weapon against these ills is conversation. The problem is a human one. It is not so difficult, as long as one is sympathetic, friendly, and personally pleasing, to talk these people out of their troubles. Professor Dubois says, in speaking of especially difficult cases: "I cured him in three conversations." Professor Dubois has had amazing success, not only in freeing patients from their fears and obsessions, but in the functional troubles that so commonly go with them — indigestion, insomnia, loss of appetite, heart troubles, and the various manifestations of hysteria. And already certain private and public institutions, in this country and Europe, have had success enough to demonstrate that the new science has a firm foundation. This is peculiarly the age of "mental twists;" but mental twists, in the majority of cases, can be cured.

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IT is perhaps unnecessary to point out that gold is not dug out of the earth as one extracts, say, potatoes or turnips. No; it is literally 'won' after a hard battle with the elements with which Nature has seen fit to guard her treasures. The golden lure which has made Johannesburg the most cosmopolitan of cities is nowhere visible. There on the Ridge of the White Waters, whence comes at least one-third of the world's wealth, visible gold is a thing of the past, and the precious metal

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is hard-held in what may be termed an iron hand; for not content with imprisoning it in mere crushable stone, Nature has still further secreted her gold in what is known to geologists as iron pyrites, from which no amount of crushing will extract it. It is here that our friend the chemist comes upon the scene with his stuff, the drops of which in solution would suffice to kill a grown man.

Not all the gold, however, is so tenaciously held. To obtain what is known as the free-milling ore, the rock is beaten under mighty iron stamps, weighing two thousand pounds each, until in a fine sand it is poured in a muddy flood over copper plates covered in mercury. These catch up the free gold and the remaining sand is collected in huge vats to undergo medicinal treatment.

The mysterious agency which liberates gold almost as quickly as it can destroy the life of man and beast is known as cyanide of potassium and is a salt of prussic acid, the well-known deadly poison. In minute quantities it is found in the kernel of the otherwise luscious peach, and is what imparts that bitter sweet flavor known by those who break open the stone of that fruit.

The quantities of cyanide to be used having been dissolved in water to an approved strength, the solution is poured upon the sands in the vats until they are submerged by a few inches. The cyanide solution immediately begins to exercise its functions by attacking the gleaming pyritic crystals and eating out the imprisoned gold, so that what previously looked like a collection of diamonds under the microscope now presents the appearance of furnace slag.

After a few hours of this treatment the gold is, almost to a grain per ton, in solution; and, deadly as ever, this is run through pipes into long, narrow, partitioned extractor-boxes, the compartments of which are filled with fine zinc shavings. As is seen by the brisk bubbling of hydrocyanic acid gas which ensues, the gold is rapidly taken up by the zinc, which discolors and "rots," ultimately becoming a thick black sludge resembling nothing so much as filthy river mud! But, oh, what precious mud!

A curious feature may here be noted—namely, that while neither horses nor dogs will touch the cyanide solution, it has a quite extraordinary fascination for cattle. When the solution has become very weak, and contains, if any, mere traces of gold, it is frequently run off when no storage-room remains for it. The instant any browsing cattle near scent it down-wind they will gallop for it wildly, heads down and tails in the air, and will literally drink themselves to death, dropping with their mouths in it! The writer has seen eight young steers together fall victims to this weird taste before they could be driven from a tiny stream of very weak solution which had not been railed off.

At the end of the month the flow of solution through the boxes is temporarily stopped and the unaffected zinc is removed; and after the addition of alum or lime has cleared the coal-black liquid the pure solution is carefully siphoned off as close as possible to the muddy deposit—which, be it remembered, is gold, and

not to be trifled with! This literal "pay dirt" is then scooped up into pans and left to dry for a time; after which it is placed in a calcining-furnace on a thick iron plate heated to a cherry-red. This is to burn off the zinc which has succumbed to the chemical action of the cyanide; and after very careful raveling with iron rods for the purpose, a chocolate-colored powder remains. Here we have the long-suffering gold in another form! The powder is then drawn off with much care—for it "dusts" very easily, and there are better ways of breathing an atmosphere of gold!—and, being mixed with due proportions of clean sand, carbonate of soda and borax is placed in plumbago crucibles and subjected to the fierce heat of one thousand degrees, which the smelting of gold demands.

Great care must be taken that the mixture does not "freeze" through a fault in the temperature of the furnace, as vexatious troubles and delay thus take place; but, all being well, the crucibles are in due time removed and their boiling con-

tents poured into an iron mould (usually conical), where the gold by its weight percolates to the bottom, leaving the mass of often gorgeously colored glass slag to cool and harden above it. This accomplished, the mould is overturned, and there, pointing at us as if in accusation after its various trying metamorphoses, we see a "button" weighing several ounces of more or less pure gold. This, together with his brothers, is then placed in another crucible, and, a couple of whisky-bottles—empty, be it remarked!—having been broken over his head to provide a flux, is returned to the furnace, finally to be poured into a rhomboid mould, whence he issues as the component part of a weighty, wealth-suggesting "bar" of gold.

This, then, is a rapid resume of the famous cyanide process, which, as already suggested, has been the saviour of the vast majority of the mines so busily exhausting the thirty miles of reef composing the world-renowned goldfields of the Witwatersrand.

Healing by Suggestion

Extraordinary Cure Which Anyone May Attempt

From Nash's Magazine.

This extraordinary article is from the pen of Upton Sinclair, who, in 1910, wrote an article on "Starving for Health's Sake," which created quite a furore at the time. He now proposes a much simpler method than starving for the cure of one's bodily ills. The idea at least is unique, and may prove a physical salvation to some.

WHO is there, among the chance readers of this article, who does not know of some one who is suffering cruelly and undeservedly, and who would not give a share of his time and energy to be able to put an end to it?

I am going to tell about a way that you may try. I don't say that it will work in all cases, but it has worked in many. It will cost you nothing, it will not take you long to learn, and it may give you something new to live for. It is a method which has ancient and venerable sanctions—you have read about it in the Bible under the name of "the laying on of hands." But you thought it was a miracle—if you believed it at all; you never dreamed that a commonplace person like yourself might be able to do it.

Before I tell anything of what I have seen, let me explain a few general ideas, which possibly may dispose the reader to think me less preposterous.

First. It has been definitely established that there exists such a thing as the subconscious mind; that is, underneath our ordinary consciousness, there is a vast ocean, as it were, of mental states, memories, desires, fears, and so on. We try to recall a name; it is "on the tip of our tongue," as we say, but it won't come off; we go on about other matters, and by-and-by the name comes to us. That is because

our subconscious mind has been working; and it worked better when our conscious mind let it alone. There seems to be ground for believing that this "subliminal self" retains everything that we ever had in our consciousness; that it is possible by means of hypnotic trance, automatic writing, dream analysis, and other methods of tapping the subconscious, to remind us of anything we ever knew.

Second. It is definitely established that this subconscious mind is extremely open to suggestion. Take the simplest case; some one is hypnotized, and told that he is in the water, and instantly he begins to swim; or he is told that after he is out of the trance he will go to a certain place, and do a certain thing—and automatically he does it. Of course, it was quickly realized that this characteristic of the subconscious mind could be made use of in the treatment of diseases; that many functional irregularities might be corrected, many phobias and obsessions taken away.

And now for my experiences. The friend I was visiting in London is the wife of a well-known man. She has been for ten years a sort of big sister to me—I say this so that you may realize that I was not imposed upon. Her husband has for years suffered from frightful headaches, caused by stomach-trouble. These headaches have been a sort of family tradition; I have myself watched him through many of them, and have listened to accounts of scores of different remedies he was trying or intending to try. He is a person with a hobby for new medical devices, and has a workshop full of vaccines, intestinal disinfectants, reform foods, and what not. But nothing ever

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

worked on his headaches. When they came, he would have to lie up for one or two days, and would be ghastly to look at—almost green in the face. And now came this lady who called herself a “doctor,” and cured such a headache in two or three minutes by laying her hands upon the man’s head.

Naturally this interested the wife. She found that the “doctor” could take her when she was run down and nervous and troubled with a bad cough, and in a few minutes could make her serene, and in two or three “treatments” could end the cough. Being herself a person with psychic gifts, my friend set out to learn how the thing was done. She found almost at once that she could cure her husband’s headaches. Then she tried with other people; among them the wife of one of the best-known men in England, an elderly lady in wretched health, suffering from what was apparently complete inanition of the lower bowel. The details of a cure of such trouble do not lend themselves to description in a magazine article; suffice it to say that the result was amazing to all parties concerned, and converted to an interest in the subject one of the most hard-headed and dogmatic materialists in England. Shortly afterwards the lady cured two cases which the surgeons had declared must be operated upon at once—one a case of mastoiditis, and the other a stoppage of the fallopian tubes.

When I came to this friend’s house, my wife had recently met with a serious accident by falling, and was almost a nervous wreck as a consequence. She went to call on the “doctor,” and reported so great a benefit to her nerves, that after I had been about to enough London hospitality to collect a headache, I took it to be cured. Fasting is such a handicap to hospitality!

The doctor (I will omit the quotation marks after this) was gentle and soft-voiced.

“I must tell you,” I said, “that I don’t in the least believe in this.” In truth, I felt very foolish, as no doubt you will at first, if you are tempted to try the procedure.

I sat in a chair, and she stood behind me. She told me to make my mind a blank, to tell myself that I put myself in her power; she moved her hands gently and soothingly over my forehead, and talked to me softly, telling me that there were deeper forces within me, able to cure my pain, and that I would gradually find the trouble disappearing.

So on for several minutes; and what happened was exactly what I expected would happen—nothing. My head ached just as badly as before. I told the doctor gallantly that no doubt the reason was that I was such a “tough-minded” customer; I hadn’t really been able to make my mind a blank. The honest truth was that all the time, while the soft-voiced lady had been “treating” me, I had been thinking: If this only works, what a picturesque scene it would make in a story!

The experiment failed. But then I went home, and, my headache being worse, my wife said, “Let me try it.” She did what the doctor had done—and behold, the headache was gone! We laughed,

and said it was an accident. But I went down into the country and overworked continuously for a couple of months, until I began to suffer with dyspepsia and headaches, and then with insomnia. As I would not stop work, my wife would say, "Let me treat you." And each time, quite regularly, the trouble would disappear under the treatment. You can call that an accident a certain number of times, but you can't keep on doing so. The strangest thing was, that whatever symptoms I lost, my wife immediately got. She had never had dyspepsia in her life before, but she had it now—and the same with insomnia. Naturally, I didn't want to be cured on those terms, and so we dropped psychotherapy, and I stopped work and took a fast.

We took the thing up again, almost by accident, under the pressure of a sudden need. We were traveling on a train, a tedious journey, and my wife was seized with a terrible headache. She is a person who does not complain until things have become desperate. I was frightened about her, and I said, "Let me give you a 'treatment.'" So I put my hand across her forehead, and followed the advice of my friend: to hold in silence, and as intently as I could, the thought that this pain was to be immediately relieved. I was naturally in no joking mood, and I really tried my best to "will" the pain away. In a few minutes my wife was asleep. After a while I went into the dining-car, and while I was gone she awakened, and the pain returned; she told me afterwards that it was so bad that she had an impulse to throw herself from the train. I came back, and gave another "treatment"; and in about five minutes she sat up and stared at me in wonder, exclaiming, "The pain is gone!"

And that is always the way. We never can believe it—it always seems a joke to us. It happens—and then comes the exclamation, "The pain is gone!" I have cured in all four such headaches, and I haven't yet got over my own surprise that it works—to say nothing of beginning to explain *how* it works.

* * *

If you will accept my word that these incidents happened as described, I don't see how you can fail to admit that here is a tremendous force which can be used for the rational control of our lives. I do not mean by this that you are to give yourself into the hands of the charlatans and fanatics who swarm in this unexplored region; nor do I mean that you are to use this new idea to enable you to neglect the rational physical means of keeping in health. And, too, I have a nervous feeling about this power—it mayn't last! It seems really too good to be true!

Deep within me I agree with a saying of Voltaire: "You can kill a cow with enchantment, if you use a little strychnine too!"



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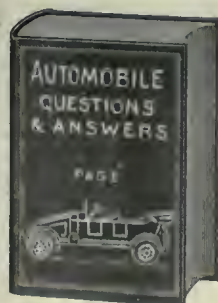
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Electric Storms

How to Get Struck by Lighting and How Not To

(From Sir Ray Lankesters' "Science From an Easy Chair," in the Daily Telegraph.)

ALL children in schools ought to be warned against seeking shelter in a thunderstorm under any solitary upstanding shed, tree, or group of trees. The danger arises from the fact that the shed or the tree stands out high above the general surface, and its top is the nearest point, for some distance round, to the thunder-cloud, and is likely to "attract" the electric discharge, or to serve as the passage of the electricity from the cloud to the earth. If the tree or the shed or such building were a good "conductor" of electricity, and were fixed deeply in wet earth or water (which is also a good "conductor" of electricity), no harm would be done; the electricity of the earth and of the cloud would quietly adjust themselves by aid of the projecting conductor. That is the service which "lightning conductors" perform. They are metal rods placed in high, prominent positions where they come into relation with the electrically-disturbed thunder clouds, and as there is free passage through them to the vast area of deep-lying wet earth and subterranean water, the adjustment between the cloud and the earth is easily and quietly effected. As we say the electric current "flows" through the conductor to—or it may be away from—the earth. But nothing is more fatal than a lightning conductor which is not properly "earthed." The upstanding metal rod must end below in a great plate of metal sunk in permanently moist earth, or, better, in flowing water. When there is not this regular and sufficient outlet for the electric current, as when a lightning conductor is broken from its "earth" or unprovided with such a base, the current behaves like a pent-up stream let loose, and dashes (so to speak) at and through anything leading ultimately to the soil. It is on this account that trees and wooden sheds are dangerous. They attract the electric current, but are not "good" conductors, and so do not provide a passage to the deep wet earth. The pent-up obstructed electricity takes the form of the "spark," or "lightning flash," instead of flowing quietly away. It is terribly destructive and erratic in its course—bursting and burning living as well as inert things on its way.

It is obvious that since it is dangerous to seek shelter in a thunderstorm under or at the side of a prominent tree, or a solitary shed, on account of their "upstanding" character, so it is dangerous to be yourself the most prominent object on a plain or a hill side during a thunderstorm. More persons are struck and killed in this way than when sheltering under trees. Sheep are often struck and killed when lying open on a hill side in a thunderstorm. What then is man, woman or child to do when caught in the open

in a thunderstorm? They may take shelter in a wood though not under an isolated tree, nor under a long high hedge-row. They should ask for shelter in any available house or cottage which is built for human habitation, and has weathered former storms. Failing these they may (as goats and sheep and cattle do) get under a low-lying rock-face, or into a ditch, or dry hole—or even (if the storm is close round them) lie flat on the ground. It is less dangerous to be wet through than to be dry, since wet clothes may and have before now saved a man's life, owing to the fact that they are good conductors, and allow the electric current to pass away without obstruction. It is a very dangerous thing to be out in a thunderstorm, which is close to you, on a golf links, in a boat on a lake or wide river, or on the sea. The larger animals always seek shelter from a thunderstorm.

When you are in a house during a close and immediate thunderstorm you should keep the windows shut and avoid placing yourself between two large and prominent conductors of electricity such as the water-pipe or gas main (if your plumber has permitted you to know where they are) and the fire-place. If the house is a detached one or a corner house, and the storm is close, you will be acting reasonably if you retire into the basement until the storm is over. But you must be prepared to put up with criticism from the fool-hardy. On the whole, the long rows of houses of fairly equal height in the streets of a great town are about as safe as any place during an electric storm. A railway carriage on the rails is theoretically very unlikely to be "struck by lightning," since the rails are a first-rate conductor. The Eiffel Tower, in Paris, being entirely built of iron, is a huge lightning conductor, and has been photographed in storms with forked lightning playing harmlessly about its head.

The inhabitants of towns are much more frequently struck by lightning than country folk, because living as a rule in the protection of the streets, they have no traditions and habits to guide them when they are out for a holiday and are overtaken by a thunder-storm on commons or in open country. They are both indifferent to the danger and ignorant as to the conditions under which that danger is greatest, and those under which it is reduced to a minimum. When they go into the country they do not know how to behave in a thunderstorm.

Learned writers on atmospheric electricity and thunderstorms do not trouble themselves to give information as to the precautions which a man should take to avoid being "struck," and what positions are the safest and what the most perilous. On the other hand, they have carried the knowledge of how to protect buildings by

aid of lightning conductors to such a point that it is now possible to build a powder magazine which is practically safe from danger in any thunderstorm. This is effected by applying a network of conducting wire over its surface connected to up-standing metal rods, the bases of which are sunk in permanent subterranean water. The protection of property is more remunerative than the protection of human life.

It is important that everyone should be able to judge of the nearness or distance of a thunderstorm. The sound of thunder caused by the heating and sudden expansion of the air by the great electric spark which we call "a flash of lightning" travels a mile in five seconds. When there is an interval between the flash and the sound of the thunder of two seconds or more, the storm is for the time being at a safe distance, but when the interval is only a second or less the storm is close, and any prominent object near you or you yourself may be "struck."

Illicit Diamond Buying A Leaf From a Fascinating Chapter of South African Romance

From Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The I. D. B. traffic, as it is called, or practice of purchasing from Kaffirs employed in the mines, diamonds which they have stolen or have not handed over when found, is one of the most attractive forms of crime in South Africa, but although there is material for an engrossing romance in the illicit diamond trade, the records are particularly meagre. The incidents related below give some idea of the methods employed in this little-known criminal traffic.

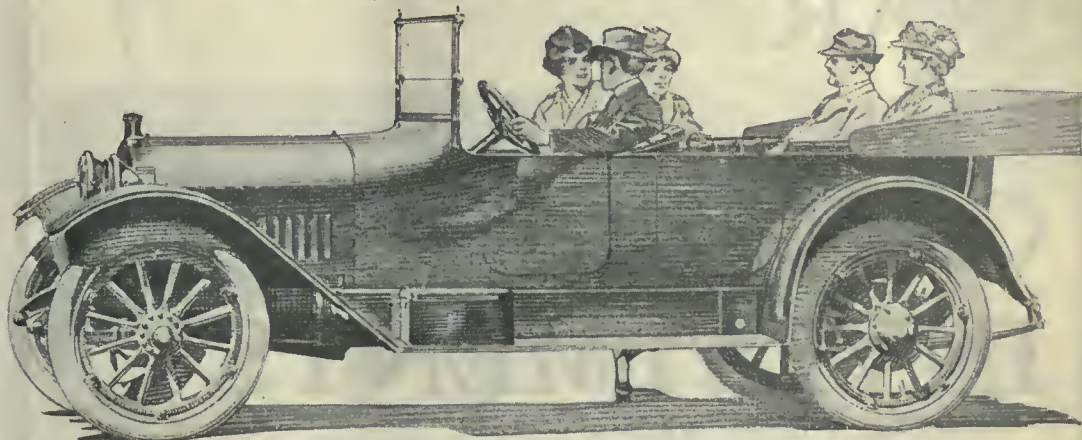
ONE of the first big robberies of stones was engineered by a young Englishman of good family, who came out to the fields, having about a thousand dollars but no experience, joined a Scotsman, who was working a claim. Their funds which were poor at first soon rose considerably then dropped back to almost nothing. The Englishman announced that he was tired of the game and was going home leaving his partner to refund him his money if things turned out well. His liberality in standing drinks on his last evening roused the suspicions of his partner, especially as the young man was supposed to have had great difficulty in raising his homeward fare. The partner induced him to linger over his drinking and carried him home very drunk, and on making a search was rewarded by finding \$20,000 worth of stones hidden in the Englishman's baggage, besides conclusive evidence of parcels having been sent through the post to Cape Town.

CLEVER KAFFIR THIEVES.

Very early in the chapter Cecil Rhodes realized that the only practical way of stopping the wholesale thefts of diamonds was by segregating the Kaffir employees.

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So long as they were free to wander at will, the leakage would and must continue. No system of search had so far proved absolutely effective. Even under the latter-day conditions, Kaffirs contrived to conceal stones found on the floor, pass through the search on leaving work, and carry the stone into the compound, where it would be concealed until it was smuggled out by some of the privileged whites who had the entry to the compound.

The natives developed an amazing adroitness in concealing stones. Some of the true stories are almost unbelievable. As in the case of conjuring tricks, the simplest were often the most successful, their apparent simplicity throwing the watcher off his guard.

The following is a case in point.

A native at the Kimberley mine found a fine stone. He was wearing a battered slouch hat of the Alpine type, with a very pronounced cleft formed by the two sides of the crown. With a piece of fat, probably kept in reserve for such an opportunity, he stuck the stone to the outside of the crown, in that part of the cleft where the two sides would touch when the hat was lifted off by the centre. The boy submitted himself to the usual search, first throwing his hat on to the ground, where it lay with the inside exposed. The searcher gave it a perfunctory glance and proceeded with the exploration of the parts of the native's body always examined most closely. The ordeal was successfully passed. The boy replaced his hat and carried to his quarters a stone that eventually changed hands for \$4,500. The Kaffir received \$75.

This same boy is said to have passed through, in the course of three years, before and during the compound system, over \$50,000 worth of stones. He was never caught, but the diamonds were the cause of his tragic end. He left the mines, probably feeling that his marvellous luck could not always keep in, and became a runner—that is, one of the natives employed to carry stolen stones from Kimberley into Freetown, a town founded by I.D.B.'s just over the Free State border as a sanctuary and marketplace. He was going over in the capacity of decoy, in company with another native. His business was to run, if challenged by the police, in order to give his companion, who carried the stones, a chance to get through while the pursuers were devoting attention to the runner. Occasion arose for acting up to his instructions. The pair were stopped by the mounted patrol, and the decoy started off towards the border while the other slipped away in another direction.

A mounted trooper followed and rode him down, horse and rider coming a cropper over the fugitive whose ribs and arms were broken. He died before he could be carried to shelter. His employer is said to have found three hundred sovereigns in the boy's sleeping quarters.

A simple method of transferring stones was practised by a famous I.D.B., who had for an accomplice a barmaid who afterwards became his wife. Entering the bar he would order a glass of stout, which he would leave unfinished, the barmaid taking the half empty glass in which she

knew diamonds had been dropped from his mouth.

A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

The largest parcel of diamonds ever captured would have been got through but for an accident. Three men leaving Kimberley with a wagon for the Free State were under suspicion and observation. The detectives made no sign till the wagon was well out on the veldt and a search could be made without a crowd of onlookers. Just on the Free State border, the police patrol came up and began a systematic and microscopic search. They even cut the dissel-boom—or wagon-pole—into small pieces, and sounded or prodded every part of the wagon large enough to conceal a stone. They expected to find an unusually large parcel, hence their extra pains; but nothing rewarded their efforts, and after two hours' hard work they retired. On the way, one of the detectives remembered that he had left a knife or gimlet on the wagon, and returned for it. He found the men ruefully repairing the damage as well as they could, and replenishing the water in the water-kid, which had been emptied out in the search. The detective asked for a drink, and, in helping himself, was struck with something odd about the large bung which closed the kid. He examined closer, and found a packet nailed to the bung—in fact, it was the bung—one solid mass of pitch containing four pounds' weight of extra fine stones.

Possibilities of the Gyroscope

How the Gyroscope May Revolutionize Motor Traffic

(From Current Opinion and Knowledge, London.)

ONE may speak with a certain enthusiasm of the gyroscopic mono-rail car invented by Mr. Peter Schilowsky. It happens to be the first model mono-rail car on this principle which has ever been shown to the public with all its working parts freely exposed. On a curved mono-rail track the car can be seen at South Kensington Museum, in London, traveling in either direction, weirdly upright and quickly righting itself if depressed by external influence. Mr. Schilowsky is a Russian scientist, residing in London. He is quite an enthusiast as to the future of the gyroscope. He is an idealist who does not believe in keeping his invention secret.

The many problems connected with the gyroscope are by no means solved but Mr. Schilowsky has unquestionably overcome some of the obstacles which hitherto have retarded progress. He is distinctly a pioneer in gyroscopic science, there being but three or four other men similarly engaged.

BRENNAN'S SYSTEM.

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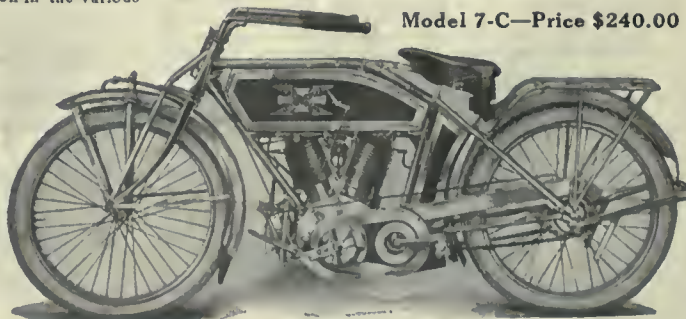
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tion a few years ago. Schilowsky uses a stabilizing force obtained by a high-speed, rapidly revolving, heavy wheel—that is, a gyroscope. He has ingeniously utilized its reactive propensities against pressure for bringing it to its normal position when that normal position has been altered by pressure on the vehicle's lateral or vertical plane.

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An American View of the War

The Stand of the Allied Nations Against Germany is Warmly Applauded

From The Outlook.

The United States nation is made up of people of all races and nationalities, and it is not to be expected that it could take an undivided view on the war situation in Europe. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to observe that the consensus of opinion in America is strongly in favor of the cause of Great Britain and her allies. The reasons for this are set forth very succinctly in the accompanying article.

HISTORY will hold the German Emperor responsible for the war in Europe. Austria would never have made her indefensible attack on Serbia if she had not been assured beforehand of the support of Germany. The German Emperor's consent to co-operate with England would have halted Austria's advance. His refusal was notice to all Europe that Germany was Austria's ally in her predetermined attack on Serbia. When Russia was seen to be preparing for a threatened war, Germany declared war against Russia. When France refused to pledge herself to neutrality, Germany made war on France. To doubt that Germany and Austria have been in practical alliance in this act of brigandage—for it deserves no better name—is to shut one's eyes to all signs. In order to make this war The Hague Treaty has been disregarded, the pledge to observe the neutrality of the Duchy of Luxemburg and Kingdom of Belgium has been promptly violated. That this violation was part of the original plan of campaign is naively acknowledged by the Imperial Chancellor of Germany. In a speech to the German Parliament he has said: "Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and perhaps have already advanced into Belgian territory. This is against the law of nations. . . . The injustice that we thereby committed we shall rectify as soon as our military object is achieved."

Austria wanted Serbia and proposed to take it, and Germany undertook to prevent other European Powers from interfering. While the burglar enters the house and takes possession his confederate keeps watch outside and warns the neighbors not to interfere.

The charge that Serbia contrived the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria has not a shred of evidence in its support. No evidence has been so much as offered. It is not even a specious pretext. Burke has said that it is impossible to indict a nation. This indictment of Serbia, inherently incredible, is made more so by the avowed policy of the murdered Prince. If the interesting article by Mr. W. F. Johnson in the New York "Tribune" of August 2 may be trusted, it was the purpose of that Prince, whenever he should come to the throne, to convert the dual monarchy into a federated kingdom; to unite Hungary, Bohemia, and Croatia with Austria in one fraternal union, as Wales and Scotland have been united, and as the Liberal party is endeavoring to unite Ireland with England. To-day the seventeen million Slavs in Austria-Hungary are under the despotic authority of the nine million Germans.

The Supreme Court of the United States has laid down the principle that the intent of an actor may be reasonably deducted from the inevitable consequences of his action. The inevitable consequences of the Austro-Germanic alliance, if it is successful, it requires no prophet to foresee. It would put an end to all hope of a Balkan Confederacy. It would reduce the Balkan States to provinces of Germany and Austria. It would make Belgium and Holland Germanic provinces, as Finland has been made a Russian province. It would result either in a close alliance or, more probably, in an organic union between Austria and Germany. It would create a Germanic Empire which would extend from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. It would bring all Europe under the domination of this Germanic Empire, as all southern Europe was under the domination of Rome in the first century, and as Napoleon endeavored to bring all eastern Europe under his personal domination in the last century. It would reduce Italy, Spain, Portugal,

France, and England to subordinate positions, if not to dependencies. It would banish from all eastern Europe for the time the democratic movement of which France and England are the leaders. It would discourage the hopes of democracy in Spain, Italy, and Russia. It would enthrone autocracy from the Atlantic coast to Siberia and from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. For the statesmanship of Gladstone, Gambetta, and Cavour it would substitute the statesmanship of Metternich and Bismarck. This aim we cannot better define than by quoting a single sentence from "On War of To-day," published last year by a German retired military officer. Speaking of the Japanese, he says: "It was, above all, their boldness which paralyzed the arm of their far superior enemy, and made them by one stroke the dominating race of eastern Asia, the same as I hope the German people will assert and maintain itself as the dominating race of Europe." Because the German Emperor combines with remarkable ability for organization this mediæval ambition to dominate all Europe, he is the greatest personal peril of the century to popular liberty and human development.

On the other hand, if the Germanic scheme is defeated, no such control of Europe would be possible to the allied Powers, and none such would be desired by them. England, France, and Russia could never unite to exercise a mastery over Europe. The supremacy of the people would receive a new impulse not only in the victorious, but in the defeated countries. A Balkan federation would become not only possible, but probable. Either Austria would be broken up into separate kingdoms or the plan of the late Crown Prince would be carried out and a federated kingdom of free peoples would result. The suppressed democracy in Germany would receive a new endowment of power. And the European war and its significance, penetrating the consciousness of even the Russian peasantry, would

communicate strength and intelligence to the democratic aspirations of that people.

We are far from asserting that all these results would follow the victory of either party to this war. We describe tendencies by their possible results. But we regard the conflict as one not merely involving historic racial jealousies, but also as one of autocracy, intelligent, capable, and highly organized, against aspiring but imperfectly organized democracy.

What are the prospects of the war?

The daily papers have given estimates of the military and naval forces of the several nations engaged. But these do not adequately represent the strength of the real parties to the conflict. There are three factors which have often exerted a powerful and sometimes a controlling influence in great campaigns, of which he who desires to forecast the future must take cognizance.

Mr. W. F. Johnson, from whose article we have already quoted, says that "scarcely once in her more than eleven centuries of existence has Austria been entirely successful in an aggressive war, unless through the aid of powerful allies"; and in a compact historical paragraph he verifies this statement. Nor do we recall in Austrian history any such great general as Wellington, or Napoleon, or von Moltke, or Garibaldi. Yet great campaigns are quite as often determined by the quality of leadership as by the number of men engaged. If Serbia's forces should be commanded by a Robert E. Lee and the Austrian forces by a George B. McClellan, it is by no means certain that the smaller army might not be more than a match for the larger one. War both discovers commanders and develops them; what commanders this war will discover or develop no one can now even guess.

Not less important than the quality of the leadership is the quality of the men in the ranks. "According to that great leader Napoleon," said General Kuropatkin, "three-fourths of an army's success is due to the moral character of its soldiers." Napoleon's army illustrated the truth of this saying. So did Cromwell's army; so did the army of William of Orange in the Netherlands. It was because Europe forgot this truth that it expected gigantic Russia to crush Japan as a strong man crushes an eggshell in his hand. It is reported that the women of Serbia have volunteered to fight with their husbands and brothers in the field. That they would add much to the fighting force is not probable; but the enthusiasm which their offer expresses and will inspire may add an entirely incalculable element to Serbia's fighting force.

Nor is this popular enthusiasm confined to Serbia. It has prevented Italy's unnatural alliance with Austria. It has inspired the unexpected and plucky resistance of Belgium. It has aroused the delayed but sturdy resolve of Great Britain. The action of Germany has united the moral judgment of Europe against her. In Germany's plea with Great Britain to allow her to violate the neutrality of Belgium, in the German Emperor's speech to his Imperial Parlia-

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ment defending his course, the fact that the moral judgment of Europe condemns that course is tacitly recognized, and vain is the endeavor to dull the awakened conscience.

While it can be said that this war is one of a united Europe against Germany and Austria, it must be remembered that Austria is a house divided against itself. The seventeen million Slavs in the Austrian Empire are more likely to make a division in her enemy's favor than to add to her military strength. What the four million Socialists of Germany think of this war no one knows or will be allowed to know, but their radical allies in the rest of Europe are fused into one host by a passion for liberty. The war is not merely one of race against race. It is the war of a modern people against a mediæval autocracy. Even the pacifists are almost without exception for the war. The lovers of peace in all countries are in alliance against militarism. The people are arming to disarm the army of the absolutist. The moral sentiment of the civilized world is a military force not to be despised.

One other element which the skill of man cannot foresee and against which it cannot guard, is perhaps more important than either skill in leadership or quality in the soldiers. Military history is full of illustrations of the fact quaintly expressed by the ancient Hebrew historian in the saying, "The stars in their courses fought against Siser?" It was the incoming of the sea which co-operated with William of Orange to save the Netherlands from Alva's army. The Spanish Armada was bravely and wisely fought by Drake and Hawkins; but, says the historian Green, "the work of destruction was reserved for a mightier foe than Drake." The storm completed what he had begun, but could not have completed without its aid. After the battle of Trafalgar the English fleet was close to the rocks, and, their cables shot away, had not an anchor ready. Lord Collingwood, who had succeeded to the command on the death of Nelson, wrote to his friend: "Providence did for us what no human effort could have done; the wind shifted a few points, and we drifted off the land." After the battle of Long Island, the capture of General Washington and his entire army was imminent. An "unexampled fog" came out of the sea to hide the American army and prevent the advance of the British fleet, and lay between the two until the last detachment of the retreating army had made its escape.

History does not sustain Napoleon's saying that God is on the side of the strong battalions. We do not undertake to interpret the will or purpose of the Almighty; but we believe with Hegel that God has a plan and that history is nothing but the working out of his plan in human affairs. And we believe that the Austrian Prime Minister and the German Emperor have made a fatal mistake in leaving this truth out of their reckoning in their endeavor to destroy the great democratic movement in Europe.

The Legacy of Huerta

A Forecast of the Immediate Future of Mexico

From The Literary Digest.

Is the real crisis in Mexican affairs yet to come? President Huerta has gone but has left behind him the possibilities of counter revolutions and factional fights and it is at present doubtful whether Mexico has any man, such as the late president, Porfirio Diaz, strong enough to rule this turbulent nation.

DISPATCHES from Washington tell us that it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the general opinion in Washington official circles is that the war between the Constitutionalists and the Huerta Government is over, and that peace will soon be restored throughout the country, except in the regions where the Zapatistas, the forces of General de la O, and guerrilla bands are operating." But whatever the future, every one seems a unit in the belief that Huerta has done his native land a great service by leaving it, and President Wilson's policy is praised even by some opposition papers for the success of eighteen months of watchful waiting. As to the actual situation, Huerta is bound for Europe, with six millions of dollars for his "rainy" day, and to succeed him Francisco Carbajal, a jurist, is installed as Provisional President, claiming no ambition other than "to terminate the internal conflict" of his country. To this end he is preparing to transfer control of the national government to General Carranza, requiring only that Carranza grant a general amnesty and insure the protection of life and property in Mexico. Carranza's attitude is plainly shown in his telegraphed statements to various newspapers, and may be summed up in the following message to the New York World:

"Replying to your courteous message of yesterday, I would say: Huerta's surrender of the power which he had usurped may bring as a consequence the unconditional surrender of the army which sustained him. With such a surrender the existing warfare in our country should terminate. Otherwise the strife will continue to a definite and complete triumph of the Constitutionalist cause."

The procedure of the United States, is that President Wilson has tacitly agreed to Carranza's plan to establish an absolute dictatorship, but has also warned the Constitutionalists that if violence accompanies the occupation of Mexico City, intervention still may be necessary, and that the American forces will be retained at Vera Cruz until peace is fully restored.

To restore peace, Carranza will rule with absolute power over life and property. And yet in wielding this enormous power comes the likelihood of his offending Villa or Zapata.

Even the reforms which Carranza has been fighting for will be put into effect, the State Department is informed, through military decree.



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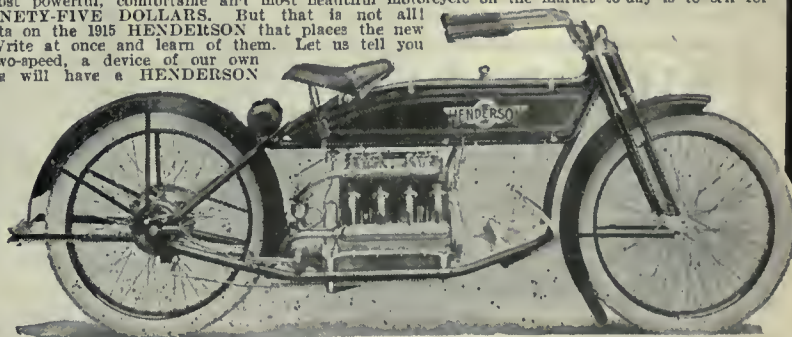
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Constitutionalism will have to await the restoration of peace and the installation of another Government. Until this occurs, Mexico and the United States will have to place their faith in the benevolence of Carranza's despotism.

It is a continuous obligation in Mexico which President Wilson has assumed—an obligation partly international in its character—and the ways and means of

seeking to execute it, delicately but with effect, will need to be carefully thought out. The country, however, will little heed these things at present. It will be inclined to believe that the smaller matters go with the greater; and that a President who, without a war, has succeeded in enforcing his original demand on Huerta can be trusted to deal successfully with the various sequels as they arise.

The Finest Scenic Railway in the World

The Bergen Railway—An Engineering Miracle

(From The Royal Magazine.)

THE EXPRESSION "scenic railway" recalls to the majority of mankind riotous evenings among the artificial rockies at some exhibition or amusement grounds.

But there are other scenic railways, real ones before which the artificial and circumscribed specimens whose fare is the economical one of sixpence all the way pale into nothingness. And the king of such is the Bergen Railway in Norway.

It needs the lyrical gifts of some ancient Norwegian skald, some poet-laureate of a Viking long-ship, adequately to describe the wonders of the \$15,000,000 marvel of engineering which the Norwegians have built between Kristiania and Bergen, bisecting their country in its broadest part.

In 1883, the Norwegian Government began the long patient preliminary work necessary before the railway could be carried over the mountains to Kristiania. Such were the difficulties of the undertaking that a definite start could not be made till 1894, and the railway was not completed till 1909.

A glance at the map will plainly show even the prize duffer at geography that the Bergen Railway is an engineering miracle. The country it traverses used to be practically impassable, and previous to the railways the only communication between the east and west of Norway was either by sea along a very exposed coast, or by very difficult and indifferent roads across the mountains. It is almost impossible for the modern traveler in his comfortable railway carriage to realize the conditions that existed before the line was laid. Perhaps the long stretches of snow-sheds, built over the line to prevent its being blocked by snow-drifts, may help him a little.

However, the toil of the Norwegian engineers, who used to live through the winter practically isolated in mountain barracks, provides the traveler's delight, and enables him to take a winter or spring or summer holiday amid the most beautiful scenery in Norway, where, in these flabby days, he would never arrive on his own weary feet. *Ski-ing* is possible practically all the year round—you can *ski* in June at Finse, and on the Hardanger

Glacier, where the Prince of Wales has recently spent a happy and healthy holiday.

The journey thither is the experience of a lifetime. Giant snow-ploughs clear the line, and as you are whisked along under protecting snow-sheds you catch glimpses, through thoughtfully provided windows in the sheds, of marvellous scenery, at one time enjoyed only by the reindeer and grouse, or hardy native mountaineer.

Finse, 4,070 feet above the sea, is far beyond the tree line, and near Myrdal, where the tunnel is left behind, you can see, two thousand feet *ski-jumping* and cross-country races, tobogganing, and sleighing. Not the least interesting sight in this Norwegian fairyland are the herds of reindeer, single specimens of which are employed to draw the boat-like Lapland sleighs used in this part of the world.

A good reindeer will travel a hundred miles over the snow without rest, and a bad one will turn round and try to savage his driver. In this event the best thing is to reverse the sleigh and get underneath it!

Experts state that an angry reindeer is no joke, so that it is as well to do the right thing quickly.

Finse is the central station for snow-clearing work. This is done by great rotary snow-ploughs of 1,000 horse-power, which revolve a shovel-wheel at 140 revolutions a minute. All this energy is devoted to snow-clearing, and so they are propelled by special locomotives, at the rate of about eight miles an hour. They and the snow-sheds enable the Bergen Railway to maintain a regular service throughout the winter. Some idea of the difficulty this entails may be realized when it is remembered that there are 9¼ miles of tunnels, and 12½ miles of snow-sheds completely covering the line, together with 28 miles of snow screens.

To the tourist, the Bergen Railway is a good friend, for it leads him into an all-the-year-round playground. He can go there and *ski* in the winter, and he can go and *ski* in the summer on the glacier. Summer tours can be made from the end of May till the middle of September, and in the latter month there is often splendid weather for weeks.

Reminiscences of a Famous War Correspondent

Incidents in the Life of Bennet Burleigh, the Doyen of War Correspondents, Who Lately Died

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

An article appeared in a recent issue of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE on the passing of the old-time war correspondent. Of that class the late Bennet Burleigh whose death was recently reported, was undoubtedly the greatest and best known member. A few of his adventures and exploits are here related.

ONE of Bennet Burleigh's first personal adventures took the form of privateering on the Potomac and Chesapeake Rivers. In one of these escapades he was wounded, captured, and imprisoned in Delaware jail, near Philadelphia. From this durance he and some of his comrades escaped through a drain, and thence had to swim across a tidal river. Two of them, Burleigh being one, were rescued in mid-stream by a vessel, bound for Philadelphia, two were drowned, and two others recaptured. The leader of these filibustering enterprises was a daring spirit named John Yates Beall, and a story is told of a most audacious venture, in which Burleigh and Beall were implicated. The object was to release 2,500 confederates from the prison camp in Johnson's Island. The account, from which we quote, without vouching for the details, states that:

On Sunday evening, Sept. 18, 1864, Burleigh boarded a steamer, the Philo-Parsons, at Detroit. Twenty fellow passengers were picked up at handy Canadian ports, having with them an old trunk securely tied with rope. Beall was also on board disguised. At four p.m., the next day the boat had just left Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie, when a commotion was heard on deck. Beall pulled a revolver on the helmsman and cried: "I am a Confederate officer. I seize this boat and take you prisoner. Resist at your peril!" Simultaneously, Burleigh performed the same operation on the captain-purser, Ashley, ordering him into the cabin while he counted three; and, as Ashley afterwards tersely remarked, "Before the end of the count I was in the ladies' cabin." The twenty conspirators produced from the trunk swords and pistols, and stood at arms. The eighty passengers and the crew were transformed into prisoners in the twinkling of an eye; a guard was placed over them, and they were huddled in the main cabin. The Confederate flag was then unfurled to the breeze. The boat was headed for Middle Bass Island, where the prisoners were landed, and where a small boat, the Island Queen, was also captured, its passengers taken into similar custody, and the craft scuttled. Under a full moon



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Educational Directory

For Nineteen Fourteen

An Authoritative and Up-to-date Directory of Private Schools—Colleges
—Correspondence Schools—Telegraph and Railroad Schools—
Trade Colleges and Co-educational Institutions...

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Alberta Ladies' College, Red Deer, Alta.
Balmy Beach College and School of Music and Art, Beach Ave., Balmy Beach, Toronto.
Branksome Hall, 592 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
Bishop Strachan School, 31 College Street, Toronto.
Bishop Bethune College, Toronto.
Glen Mawr, Spadina Ave., Toronto.
Haverall Ladies' College, 354 Jarvis Street, Toronto.
Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, North St., Toronto.
Mont Notre Dame, Sherbrooke, Que.
Ottawa Ladies' College, Ottawa, Ont.
Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ont.
Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
Royal Victoria College, McGill University, Montreal.
Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.
St. Agnes School, Belleville, Ont.
Westbourne School for Girls, 340 Bloor St. W., Toronto.
Westminster College, Bloor St. W., Toronto.

BOYS' SCHOOLS

Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.
Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
Lower Canada College, C. S. Fosberry, Headmaster, Montreal.
Lakeland Preparatory School, Lakeland, Ont.
Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
Ridley College, St. Catharines.
Rothesay Collegiate Institute, Rothesay, N.B.
St. Andrew's College, Rosedale, Toronto.
St. Clements College, North Toronto, after Sept. 1st, Brampton, Ont.
St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.
Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Ont.
Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ont.
Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.
Wickfield School, Cobourg, Ont.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Canadian Authors' Service Bureau, Room 46, Wesley Bldg., Toronto.
Canadian Correspondence School, 15 Toronto St., Toronto.
Chicago Correspondence School, 900 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.
Dickson School of Memory, 955 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Dominion Business College, College Street and Brunswick Ave., Toronto.
Dominion School of Accountancy and Finance, Bell Block, Princess St., Winnipeg.
Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Ohio.
International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa.
L'Academie De Brisay, Ottawa, Ont.
National Press Ass'n, Dept. 42, Indianapolis, Ind.
Shaw Correspondence School, Y.M.C.A. Bldg., Yonge St., Toronto.
Universal Correspondence School, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Walton School of Accountancy, 800 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

TRADE SCHOOLS

Practical Auto School, 68-S Beaver Street, New York.
Y.M.C.A. Auto School, 278 Broadview Ave., Toronto.

UNIVERSITIES

Royal Victoria College, Montreal, Que.
Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

SCHOOLS OF TELEGRAPHY

Central School of Telegraphy, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.
Lalime Practical Business School, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

Authors' Motion Picture School, Dept C, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
American College of Mechano-Therapy, Dept. 927, 81 W. Randolph St., Chicago.
Arnott Institute, Berlin, Ont.
Art Association of Montreal, Montreal, Que.
L'Academie De Brisay, Bank St., Ottawa.
Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, North St., Toronto.
National School of Chiropractic, 1553 W. Madison St., Chicago.
Toronto Riding School, 4 Cawthra Square, Toronto.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

Belleville Business College, Belleville, Ont.
British America Business College, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.
Canada Business College, Hamilton, Ont.
Central Business College, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.
Central Business College, Hamilton.
Dominion Business College, College St. and Brunswick Ave., Toronto.
Dominion School of Accountancy and Finance, Bell Block, Princess St., Winnipeg.
Kennedy Business College, 570 Bloor St. W., Toronto.
Miss Graham's Business College, 109 Metcalfe St., Montreal.
National Salesman's Training Assn., 806 Kent Bldg., Toronto.
Practical Business School, St. Hyacinthe, Que.
Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.
Spotton Business College, Wingham, Ont.
Tallons School of Touch Typewriting, 5664 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio.
Wingham Business College, Wingham, Ont.

MUSICAL INSTITUTIONS

American School of Music, 5 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Balmy Beach College and School of Music and Art, Beach Ave., Balmy Beach, Toronto.
Canadian Academy of Music, 12 Spadina Road, Toronto.
Easy Method Music Co., Wilson Bldg., Toronto.
Hambourg Conservatory of Music, 100 Gloucester St., Toronto.
London Conservatory of Music, London, Ont.
Numeral Music Co., of Canada, 225A Curry Hall Bldg., Windsor, Ont.
Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.
Toronto College of Music, 12-14 Pembroke St., Toronto.
Toronto Conservatory of Music, College St., Toronto.

the Philo-Parsons, with its new officers, steamed towards the prison isle. A rocket signal was expected from spies that were operating there, and among the crew of the United States gunboat Michigan, but none appeared. Their plans had manifestly failed. At this critical moment, when the outline of the guns on the Michigan could be seen, most of the privateers under Beall and Burleigh mutinied. The hold-up had failed, and an ignominious retreat was begun. The next morning the mutineers were landed on Canadian soil, and the steamer was deserted.

Beall was afterwards caught in the States, accused of an attempt to wreck a train, court-martialled, and hanged. Burleigh was apprehended on Canadian soil, and became the hero of an exciting trial at Toronto, on the demand of the United States for his extradition. The defence was that the acts were justifiable under the code of war, but in the end extradition was granted. Tried again in Ohio, the jury disagreed, and before the trial could be resumed he had escaped from jail, made his way to Canada, and thence to this country. Twice during the American campaign he was condemned to death, but managed somehow to evade execution.

TWO JOURNALISTIC COUPS.

Two of Mr. Burleigh's best "scoops," as the *Westminster Gazette* recalls, were concerned with the South African War. The first of them was an interview with Joubert, just before hostilities broke out. The slow troop train by which he was traveling was overtaken by a special on which Joubert and his staff were going to the front. Burleigh waited till it was just moving out of the station, and then bluffed the station-master into stopping it by signal, telling him that he had been left behind. The special stopped, and Burleigh got on board—to be congratulated heartily by Joubert on his enterprise, and to get from the Boer generalissimo a capital interview.

The second "scoop" was one which enabled *The Daily Telegraph* to make an early announcement of the conclusion of peace, for which everybody was waiting. The censorship was extremely strict, and every precaution had been taken to make it impossible for news to leak out until it had been sent to London through the official channels; but Burleigh, having assured himself that the conference at Pretoria had achieved its object, hit upon the plan of despatching two telegrams so innocent that no censor could find it in his heart to stop them. The story was told subsequently, by *The Daily Telegraph*, in these words:

"On Whit Monday Mr. Burleigh telegraphed to us from Pretoria the following message: 'Whitsuntide greetings!' When his despatch reached us, without any official delay, our first idea was that its transmission at full rate from the seat of war was a somewhat superfluous demonstration of politeness. A little reflection, however, served to indicate the significance of the particular season at which the sociable sentiment was expressed; and we fortunately remembered that in the Eastern Churches the symbol of

Whitsuntide was the dove of Peace. But on this surmise we did not feel justified in making any comment. We turned, however, to the Prayer-book—knowing Mr. Burleigh to be well acquainted with Holy Writ—and, reading over the Gospel for Whit Sunday, the date of his despatch, we came upon the following sentence:

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Even then we did not feel justified in coming to a fixed conclusion. But when we received Mr. Burleigh's message to his brother in Glasgow—'Returning. Tell Lawson'—we felt that the moment had arrived when we might fairly take the public into our confidence."

REPORTER IN DISGUISE.

Resourcefulness is one of the qualities that distinguish the successful journalist. In this characteristic, as will have been seen, Bennet Burleigh was far ahead of most of his competitors. One striking instance may be mentioned. At the time when public excitement was at fever heat regarding the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh to the House of Commons, there came a climax to the proceedings when the hon. member was going down to the House to force his way into the chamber. A scene in the lobby of the House was, therefore, inevitable. Reporters were, of course, excluded. Bennet Burleigh was then in the service of a news agency, and it was of much consequence to him to have a description of this scene. He therefore donned the disguise of a gas-fitter, bearing his ladders, and busied himself cleaning the lamps in the lobby. Mr. Bradlaugh came, the historic struggle ensued at the door of the House, and from his position of vantage, Burleigh looked on—seeing and hearing all that passed. This over, the gas-fitter produced a capital account of what, it was supposed, no reporter had seen.

Wonder Shots at Golf

A Description of a Few Extraordinary Shots that Won Championship

From The American Magazine.

The writer of this article is Mr. Jerome D. Travers, who is at present for the fourth time Amateur Golf Champion of the United States. Those whom fortune has not yet favored with an introduction to the Royal Game will perhaps find some difficulty in appreciating Mr. Travers' enthusiasm. But to lovers of the game the "thrilling" shots here described will be of especial interest.

I HAVE watched a ball game and at some critical point I have seen a home batsman lash out a two base hit just beyond some in-fielder's reach, scoring the winning run. And I have thought that I was thrilled to the limit.

I have watched football games, and at some close stage have seen a fast half-back suddenly swing loose, dash past all

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Miss J. E. Macdonald, B.A., Principal

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Rev. W. D. Armstrong, M.A., D.D., President



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School re-opens Monday, Sept. 14, 1914
A residential and day school, well appointed, and convenient. Students prepared for University Examinations. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. F. McGILLIVRAY Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For information, address the Principal, MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

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PRINCIPAL - - - MISS KNOX

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Write for prospectus to

MRS. K. MICHENER, Principal

opposition except one lone man playing well back, and as this lone tackler dived for his man I was still sure that I was thrilled to the limit of things.

But last fall at Brookline, Massachusetts, where America's Open Golf Championship was under way, I found that I had never been thrilled before—that I had just discovered what the word thrill really means.

We were standing around the eighteenth green that Friday afternoon, knowing that Vardon and Ray, the great English players, had tied for first place, when word came in that young Francis Ouimet, the fine young Massachusetts amateur, was still in the fight and with a bare outside chance to tie the two English stars.

The story of that remarkable finish, where Ouimet accomplished the miraculous, has already become old in the telling, but there are two shots concerning, which I do not believe that "the half has ever been told."

When Ouimet had finished the sixteenth hole he still had a three and a four left for a tie with the two Britons. And a three on the eighteenth hole was next to impossible except by a fluke, so he had to get a three on the seventeenth.

On his second shot that day Ouimet planted his ball on the green about twenty feet from the cup and above the hole. It was almost impossible to get close to the cup on your second shot here, as the hole was close to a bunker that would have meant disaster in case of any deviation from an almost perfect line. So Ouimet had to play above and to the right of the hole, leaving the hardest of all putting combinations, a down-hill, side-hill putt. It was as about as difficult a putt as a man was ever called upon to make. He went for the cup as if he had been trying a practice putt. Over the wet, slippery green rolled to a fast smoothness the ball started on a perfect line, curved in at exactly the right spot and struck the back of the cup with as welcome a cluck-cluck as I have ever heard.

But that wasn't all. He had gotten his three on a bogey four hole—the hole that next day cost Vardon any chance for the championship, as the Englishman took a five there—but there was still another hole to play and a hard one, calling for fine golf to register the needed four. Ouimet had a good drive and played a fine second shot over a road guarding the green to the edge of the bank, where the ball struck in the rain-soaked turf and stopped dead. There was a dip in the green between his ball and the cup with the hole up the slope. On this shot I would have used a putter to follow the roll of the ground and get up fairly close. But Ouimet elected to use a mashie, and when he pitched the ball landed six or seven feet short—not an exceptionally long distance away but the most trying distance imaginable when one needs that putt badly. He had already wriggled out of one close call and was up against another—one shot left to tie Britain's two golfing kings and keep his country on the golfing map. It was that one shot, or America passed, to let England fight out



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America's championship on American soil.

He walked up to his ball with an easy, steady stride, barely took a look at the hole, wasted no time in getting set, and with three thousand of his followers almost breaking apart under the strain he putted boldly for the center with a clean, free tap that could have come only from muscles under perfect mental control.

And when that putt dropped I realized then that I had never felt a regular thrill before—that the others were all counterfeits.

A RECORD PUTT.

From the viewpoint of psychology these two putts of Ouimet's were the most wonderful I ever saw. But from the physical side of things I once saw Walter J. Travis, the veteran, sink the most wonderful putt it has ever been my lot to witness.

The occasion was a Metropolitan Championship at Garden City with Travis and Wilder of Boston in a hard match. Travis was four down and four to play, hanging on by a thin thread of hope. But Travis settled down and won the fifteenth and sixteenth holes, leaving himself only two down with two holes left. He had to win both, of course, to even get a half. But his rally seemed to be fading out at the seventeenth hole and those who had wagered four to one against Wilder—one man I know had bet two hundred dollars to fifty dollars on Travis—were looking on with sick expressions. For all Wilder needed was a half here to win the match. And after playing three shots he was only four feet from the cup. And Travis on his third shot was barely on the green, thirty feet away.

The battle seemed to be over beyond any hope, for Travis was not only thirty feet away but he had one of the trickiest and hardest greens on the course to putt over. And even if he made the putt the odds were that Wilder would also make his from that distance. Travis had no chance to try for a straight putt. There were two decided breaks in the slope of the green, one to the left and one to the right. And between these two mounded slopes there was a narrow gap between knolls. It was impossible to follow the line of this gap because the cup was set back of a knoll to the left, blocking entrance in that direction.

He had only one way to go, and that was to take the mounded slope to the right. The Old Man walked up to the cup and studied the line carefully from that angle. Then he walked slowly back, studying the lay of the ground along the line he must take. He had to figure all this tricky slope to the inch, and to the inch for thirty feet. For any slight break off the right line would probably put him three or four feet away at the finish.

After a careful survey he walked back to his putt and with a free tap sent the ball spinning along. It took the slope to the right, wound its way along this raised mound and, winding, turning, twisting up-slope and down-slope, it broke in at exactly the right spot, about twenty-eight feet away, and it then plumped squarely into the center of the cup, taking its last run from a decided down-hill spin where

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Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechanical Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Running
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Autumn term commences Sept. 10th, 1914
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Headmaster

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Head Master

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Educate your boy in the country.

FOUR VACANCIES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Rev. A. W. MACKENZIE, M.A., Headmaster
LAKEFIELD, ONTARIO.

the green sloped off abruptly toward the hole. I've never seen another like it.

The effect was so startling that Wilder, being human, promptly missed his four-footer and then lost the next hole, leaving the match all square. He rallied after this and fought an even fight at the thirty-seventh, thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth holes, but at the fortieth Travis sank another hard putt for one under bogey and won the match.

THE EFFECT OF ONE SHOT.

The effect of one good shot or one bad shot is often startling. In the Metropolitan Open Championship held at Englewood in 1911, Gilbert Nicholls was playing his last nine holes. He got a four on the tenth, playing at only a steady clip up through here. The eleventh hole there is four hundred yards along. Nicholls put away a good drive, and on his second shot used a mid-iron. The ball started on a line for the cup, and a second later a shout came from those around the green. He had holed in two from one hundred and sixty yards away! From that point no golfer that ever lived could have touched him. He finished the nine in thirty, breaking all previous records by two strokes and winning the championship in a walk. After that one two he picked up two other holes in two, playing with such confidence and daring that it seemed as if he couldn't miss from any distance.

Last September at Brookline in the American Open, I followed one of the leading professionals competing there. He had been moving along steadily until he finally came to one of the most treacherous greens. The hole was a long one, over four hundred yards. His drive was a beauty. He played a wonderful second shot on the green about four feet above the cup. He had this putt for a three. If he could make this hard hole in three, he would probably be off on an inspiration dash, a hard man to head off. The green was as fast as lightning and the putt was down-hill. He putted, missed and the ball, like a man grasping for a hold as he rolls down an embankment twisted and rolled on by the cup and traveled twenty feet before it stopped. He took three putts to get back in the cup. In place of getting a three he got a six, and from that point on faded out of the championship fight. That one shot had destroyed all his confidence, had given him a deadly fear of the greens and he was through.

A 269-YARD CARRY.

There is still another class of golf shot, not so interesting, as they lack the mental side, but wonderful from the physical power required. An example is the shot Ed. Ray played at the sixteenth hole at Shawnee. This hole is about two hundred and sixty-eight yards from the tee. It is guarded by a deep brook, and beyond the brook a decided up-hill slope. Before Ray came up, Vardon, McDermott and Al Smith, all long hitters, took drivers after clean wallops struck the side of the bank and fell short. The shot had to be nearly all carry, as the ground was so

from recent rains and the up-hill slope prevented much run. When Ray stepped up he took a look at the hole and then stepped back, called his caddie and replaced his driver, taking out a cleek. The crowd around gasped—and then laughed. But Ray knew what he was about. Weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, with broad, sloping shoulders that denote great physical power, he ranks among the longest drivers in the world. With a trem-

endous swipe he hurled the head of that cleek into the ball, and when it landed on a full carry the white pill was within ten feet of the cup. He had carried brook, slope and everything else in the way with a cleek, where other long players had failed with a club that is supposed to get twenty yards more distance.

But, after all, it is the shot played with the brain and heart rather than with the arm and shoulder that counts most.

Railroad Conquest of Africa

How the Iron Way is Rapidly Conquering the Jungles and Deserts of the Black Continent

(From the American Review of Reviews.)

England, France and Germany are all actively engaged in developing their African Colonies by means of railroad construction. Mr. Lewis Freeman, the writer of the present article, shows how Africa will probably be able to boast of a half dozen transcontinental lines from coast to coast before many years have passed.

AFRICA has been aptly described as an "annex of Europe," and in no respect does this appear more clearly than in its railway development. The Boers,—though largely at the instigation and under the direction of the British,—built a few hundred miles of line in the Transvaal in the '90s, but of the many thousands of miles of rails that have been laid since the downfall of Krueger's republic, there is not one but has been financed by bankers, built by engineers, and operated by managers from beyond the Mediterranean.

Because this impulse of development has come almost entirely from nations whose African ambitions are constructive rather than destructive,—nations which, unlike the Dutch and Spanish are too far-sighted to exploit their colonies after the fashion of mines, on a take-out-but-not-return basis,—this growth has been a healthy and vigorous one. The purely strategic line, such as was rushed so feverishly in Asia twenty and thirty years ago to threaten or guard now this frontier and now that, is decidedly the exception in Africa.

It is true that Britain laid track at the rate of a mile a day across the burning sands of the Sudan in order to allow Kitchener the sooner to come to grips with the Mahdi, and that France did not neglect to weave reinforcing strands of steel rails into the mesh of the political net it was casting about Morocco, and that Germany is not blind to the fact that the spike-helmeted troops that can be marshalled on the banks of Lake Tanganyika when the Dar-es-Salaam line from the East Coast is completed may make possible a new delimitation of Central African frontiers in case of emergency; but the fact remains that, above and beyond its strategic purposes, each one of these railways had a distinct commercial *raison d'être*, a mission of its own to perform in the develop-

ment of the regions to or through which it penetrated. Practically all the rest of the African railways are commercial lines pure and simple, with no suspicion of strategic import attaching to their construction.

CONTINENTAL ROAD-BUILDING.

Africa is building close to 2,000 miles of road railway a year at the present time, and five years from now may be adding new lines at a 50 or 100 per cent. greater rate. That continent will never have the great aggregate mileages of Europe, Asia, or North America, nor do any parts of it bid fair to attain the density of construction of the United States or Europe; notwithstanding this, a carrying out of its practicable and probable projects at their present rate of progress will give it one and possibly two north-to-south lines traversing its whole length before any such consummation is effected in Asia, Australia, or either of the two Americas. At the present time Asia has one east-to-west transcontinental railway, South America,—practically,—two, and Africa none. Yet it is possible,—probable,—that the latter continent may be able to boast a half-dozen lines from coast to coast before either of the others can lay claim to half that number.

The reason for this is to be found in Africa's unique geographical position. There are four great, but more or less surmountable, physical obstacles to railway construction,—mountains, rivers and lakes, deserts, and ice and snow. The latter, when bordering on the perennial, is the worst of these, and Africa chances to be the only one of the great continents which has no regions of long or perpetual winter. It is not likely that railways will ever be built to reach the ice-bound extremes of North America and Asia, but in Africa, which has no frigid belt, there are no extensive regions,—not even in the Sahara,—in which the shriek of the locomotive may not, and probably will not, be heard before many years.

THE BRITISH AS PIONEER BUILDERS.

In any survey of African railway development, the work of the British is entitled to first consideration, both because they were the pioneers and because



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the sum total of their construction is greater than that of all other nations combined. Railway building was inaugurated in Africa in 1852, in that epochal decade in which Europe, America, and India, awakening all at once to the incalculable possibilities of steam transportation on land, began feverish construction at many points at almost the same time. Since then African railroads have not been in the world's eyes.

The first line started was that from Alexandria to Cairo, Viceroy Abbas Pasha following the precedent set by his illustrious predecessors, the Pharaohs, to the extent of taking the right of way without payment and having the work done by "corvee" or forced labor. While an iron bridge was in course of construction across the Nile at Kafr el Zayat a steam ferry was employed, and the loss of a train which fell into the river at this point on May 16, 1858, stands as one of the first great railway disasters on record.

Although, as on all African and Asiatic lines, the third-class is the most important part of the passenger business, the first-class traffic of the Egyptian railways is probably of more importance than that of any other system on the continent. This is due to the great winter tourist season on the Nile, which, for several months, rivals in brilliancy those of the Riviera and California.

BEGINNINGS OF THE CAPE-TO-CAIRO LINE.

The first link of the Cape-to-Cairo line is that formed by the Nile trunk of the Egyptian State Railways, and the second is that of the main line of the Sudan Government Railways. The former ends above the First Cataract, near Assuan, and the latter begins at Wadi Halfa, below the Second Cataract. The intervening distance,—ultimately to be bridged by rail,—is a two-days' steamer voyage up the Nile. The 575 miles of line from Halfa to Khartoum,—one of the wonders of the railway world,—is the first extensive piece of desert construction ever attempted. It wasn't much of a railway to begin with, but it gave Kitchener's khaki-clad "Tommies" and red-fezzed Egyptians with their deadly machine-guns, a very substantial lift toward the field of Omdurman. As a result of this whirlwind campaign the power of the Mahdi was destroyed, Gordon was avenged, the peace of Upper Egypt was assured, and the "one insurmountable obstacle" on the Cape-to-Cairo route was bridged for all time.

The South African railway system is by far the most extensive and important on the continent; indeed, the three administrations—the Cape Government, the Central South African (representing the Transvaal and Free State Governments), and the Natal Government,—taken over and consolidated under state management at the time of the South African Union in 1910, form one of the largest systems under the direction of a single man in the world.

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shower bath. Beyond the Zambesi luxuries are dispensed with, and one finds it best, as in India, to carry his own bed. Meals are more expensive in Rhodesia than on the southern sections, and the long intervals between ice plants forces frequent recourse to canned dainties, and even staples, to fill out the menu. The through fare of \$80 for the 2300-mile journey from Cape Town to Elizabethville, the present railhead in the Congo, is, however, very reasonable.

In addition to its great systems in the temperate regions of Africa, Great Britain has also built railways in each of its tropical colonies on the east and west coasts. The most widely known of these, if not the most important, is the so-called Uganda Railway, which penetrates from Mombasa, a few degrees south of the Equator on the East Coast, to Port Florence, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, a distance of 584 miles.

FRENCH RAILWAYS.

Most extensive work has been carried on by the French at Senegal and in French Guinea. France's greatest center of railway activity, however, is in the north where, in Algeria and Tunisia, between state and private systems, there are already nearly 4,000 miles of line in operation, a large part of it of standard gauge. These are all well-built, modernly managed lines, and in their principal physical features have little to differentiate them from the railways of the mother country. Indeed, one of the important broad-gauge lines,—the Algeria-Oran, Philippeville Constantine—is owned and operated by the great "P. L. M." Company which controls so extensive a mileage in southern France.

France's most ambitious railway project is one by which a line starting from the Mediterranean will be thrown across the Sahara to the healthful and well-populated states of Wadai and Kanem in the Lake Chad region, on through the Congo, using any available Belgian construction as a part of the main trunk, to connect with the Rhodesian Railways in the vicinity of the Katanga border. This route, it is pointed out, because it is entirely by land, and because Algiers is thirty-six hours nearer Paris and London than Alexandria, would make the journey to South Africa several days shorter than by the Cape-to-Cairo, which will, for many years, use lake and river steamers for a quarter of its length.

GERMAN ENTERPRISE.

Germany's African railways, like its colonies, are too new to give much indication of what their future is going to be. Nearly all of them have been built in tropical country of great unhealthfulness, and because German militarism is the last thing to promote frictionless relations with the natives, labor has been a serious problem from the first. The most important line under construction is that from the populous port of Dar-es-Salaam, on the coast of German East Africa, to Ujiji, at the northern end of Lake Tanganyika. Practically the whole 800 miles of this finely built meter-gauge railway is now completed and trains should be run-



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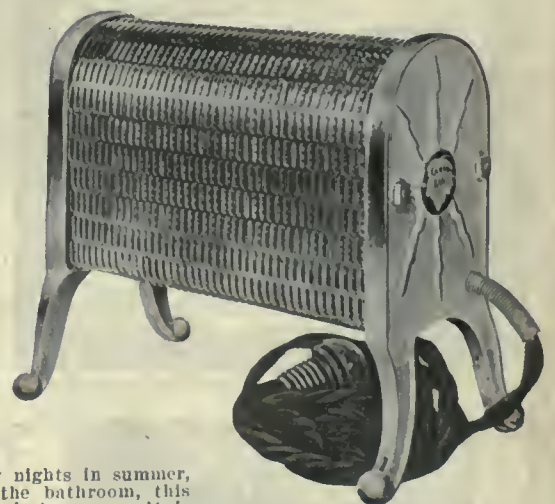
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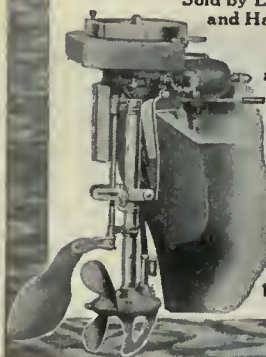
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ning by the fall of this year, about the same time that the Cape-to-Cairo railhead rests at Kituta, at the southern end of the lake. The steamer service already in operation on the lake will link up German East Africa with the 10,000 miles of British lines to the south, as well as making it possible, traveling by Belgian railways and river boats, to continue on across the continent to the mouth of the Congo.

BELGIAN LINES.

Belgian railway activities in Africa are principally directed to linking up navigable stretches of the great Congo with short lines, and in extending various foreign systems which have penetrated to their frontiers. The 250-mile line from Matadi to Leopoldville, on the lower Congo, is one of the most brilliant pieces of construction in Africa. This remark-

able bit of meter-gauge line, which put the upper Congo in steam communication with the coast, is a monument to its builder, Colonel A. Thys, the great Belgian engineer.

IN PORTUGUESE TERRITORY.

The railway from Lobito Bay on the west coast to Elizabethville in the Congo, is now nearly completed, and will open a new short cut from Europe to Central Africa. This line is largely a British enterprise, and will be close on a thousand miles in length. It passes through what is believed to be the richest copper bearing district in the world. Another ten years bids fair to see the richly mineralized plateau to the southwest of Lake Tanganyika as heavily gridironed with rails as is South Africa to-day. The beacon of progress will be the locomotive headlight.

A Great Surgeon and Sanitarian

An Account of the Man Who Made the Panama Canal Possible

From The Technical World Magazine.

A vote of one thousand distinguished scientific men was taken by the TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE as to who are the twelve greatest scientists of the present day. One of the chosen twelve is Surgeon-General Gorgas, an account of whose work in connection with stamping out of yellow fever in the Panama Canal zone is here given.

AT FIRST, I tried to find out things about Gorgas from Gorgas, but I gave it up. I beheld in him a man who could not talk about himself. Then I asked friends about him (he has no enemies, at least none who will confess the fact); and they at once fell to talking about his charming manner, his love of humanity, his sympathy with suffering and sorrow. It was difficult to get them off this strain, but at length one man who had worked with the little army doctor for ten years said thoughtfully:

"He is the most thorough man I ever knew."

"He never loses sight of his objective," analyzed another.

"He is absolutely unmoved by slights, praise, success, defeat—anything except sickness and suffering," spoke up a third.

"He loves his joke; and folks would rather go to his house than anywhere else on the Zone," chimed in a fourth.

Well, here was the personality of the "man who made the canal possible" coming out at last. The quiet, white-haired, white moustached army doctor, with the bronzed wrinkled face and gentle voice was a positive sort, after all. He had interests, apparently, other than the mosquito, the rat, and the tropic house fly. And I began to take an interest in William C. Gorgas, the man, where before I had only been concerned with Surgeon-General Gorgas, the greatest sanitarian in the world's history.

Gorgas always had to meet the ques-

tion of money in Panama. You couldn't see the results of his expenditures readily and visiting congressmen did not realize that the groups of blooming children, the healthy workers, the clean floor of the Zone were concrete illustrations of what Gorgas had done. Sibert could point to the giant structures of Gatun; Gaillard, to the deepening chasm of Culebra; and Williamson could show the locks of Miraflores and Pedro Miguel as proof of where the money went. Gorgas could have organized an excursion through the French cemeteries as a concrete negative proof of what he was accomplishing, but he didn't do that. He patiently plugged ahead, trying to make the committees understand, and slowly but surely winning their understanding and appreciation and the undying gratitude of the American people.

In sanitation, particularly, genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains, and Gorgas is a genius. His work was thorough. The achievements of this patient, philosophical, kindly doctor were based upon the experience of Walter Reed, the army doctor who cleaned Havana by attacking mosquitoes. Gorgas was one of Reed's assistants in Cuba, and to him fell the task of applying the discoveries of this doctor in the Canal Zone. The result is the Panama Canal, built on the failures of four hundred years and at a cost of human life marvelously small in comparison with the tremendous sacrifices of the French. The Havana campaign was Gorgas' raw material. He forged the tools that purified the Zone and that will forever rob the tropics of their terror for the white man.

First, he kept the American workers in the Zone alive. That was the greatest of his exploits. Then he made the zone a sanitary paradise and attracted to it

the best and most efficient workmen of the world.

During the nine years of the prosecution of canal work by the French, 1,041 persons died of yellow fever in Ancon Hospital alone. As the Jamaica negro is not susceptible to yellow fever, these figures apply only to the whites, mostly Frenchmen. Throughout the Isthmus, during those nine years, at least twice as many Frenchmen died of the disease. The French averaged 1,606 white employees at any one time on their rolls and General Gorgas believes they lost in the nine years not only one hundred and twenty-five per cent. of their average force (as the figures indicate), but probably many more.

What is the record of death under Gorgas? The average white force of the Americans has been 6,449. Had the ratio of the French prevailed, 4,433 white men would have been in their graves on those crawling hillsides at the end of five years of digging.

Still Colonel Goethals says that the Zone is not a white man's country.

"We get lazy here after a while," he said to me as he busied himself with the thousand details of his daily job.

"You don't look it," said I.

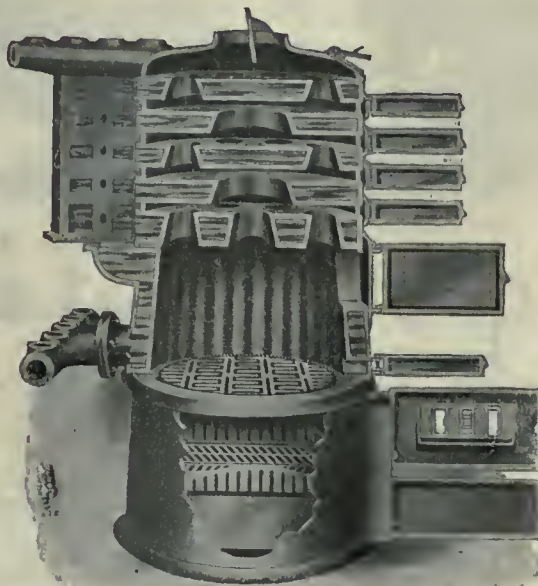
"Well, I get away some—and I was born in a keener climate," he replied with a laugh; "but a generation of American children born here would become as lazy as the natives, if they remained all their lives." But you cannot induce William C. Gorgas to say that the Canal Zone is not a white man's country.

The tropic climate, of course, plays its part in enervation; it is advisable for all "white folks," say the doctors, to come into a more bracing atmosphere at least every two years. But the fevers and plagues of ten years ago have vanished as the mists on Toboga Island vanish when the sun rises in the Pacific.

Gorgas says now, looking back on his ten years in the Zone that the Panaman and West Indian learned early what was required of them in the sanitary line. His real troubles came with his superiors, he says, in securing co-operation and support. After that, aside from the gigantic amount of manual labor involved, Gorgas professes that his job with Nature and human beings was easy. But the task he tackled with the fever immunes of Panama and the West Indian islands was not child's play. Although it has long since been proved that fevers come from mosquito bites and not from dirt, it was necessary to general health and working conditions that the Panaman and West Indian be kept clean, and Gorgas achieved that miracle. Gradually the fearful smells that used to desecrate the soft tropic airs of that land have been dissipated in Panama and Colon; the zones of repulsion in the streets of the cities and around the thatched huts of the jungle are almost gone.

Everyone by this time knows the history of the mosquito in the Panama Zone. Swamps were drained; no fresh water was allowed to stand or collect in pools near human habitation; morasses that could not be effectually drained and tiled were covered with oil; brush and shrub-

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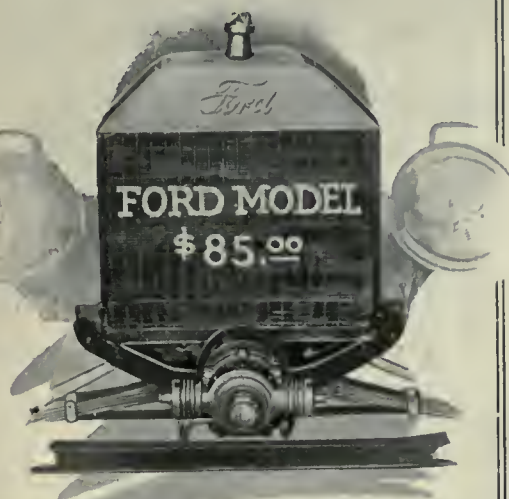
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bery were cut away within one hundred feet of all dwellings; the Zone was divided into sanitary districts, in which an inspector and assistants were placed, and these men were held responsible for the health of the people in their district.

Simple, isn't it? And simple, too, was the leading of men armed with oil cans through all the swamps and morasses of that boggy land. Simple, perhaps, was the precise regimen of the great hospital at Ancon and the convalescent's paradise on Toboga Island. Perhaps it was simple,

too, to think of screening in all the houses and providing swinging shelves, depending on oil twine, for food, so that the ravaging roaches and ants might not defile and consume it. But the French, the most brilliant medical scientists in the world, did not do these things, and as a consequence, they died by the thousands, and all that is left of their great canal dream are the tombs and the historical paragraphs and the narrow waterway crossing the Atlantic entrance as one chugs up to Gatun.

Justice to All

A Novel Los Angeles Experiment

From Everybody's Magazine.

Elsewhere in this issue of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE an account is given of a new procedure lately instituted in Great Britain whereby the needy plaintiff or defendant in an action can obtain legal advice and assistance free of charge. Here we have on account of an experiment along similar lines which is being tried in Los Angeles.

SOME months ago the city of Los Angeles awoke to the conviction that courts of justice do not invariably dispense that commodity. As a new city charter was in process of preparation by a freeholders' committee, the time seemed right to provide for any desired changes, and to this committee was entrusted the task of framing a provision for the establishment of the office of Public Defender, a functionary who should be as active in the defence of an accused person as the district attorney was in his prosecution.

Two men in Los Angeles, practically unknown to each other, had been working along parallel lines of activity during some years. One was David Evans, a practising attorney of the city, a member of the free-holders' committee aforesaid. To him fell the actual work of framing the provision for the Public Defender. He is known as the father of this law. The other is Walton J. Wood, who was appointed to the office a short time after the legislature of California ratified the charter.

Wood had returned some time previously from the practise of law in the Philippine Islands. He had gone there immediately upon his graduation from Leland Stanford University, and he returned with innumerable instances of judicial wrong at his tongue's end. He was appointed a deputy city attorney, and had been preparing the way for Evans' charter provision long before that provision had been talked of, by preaching judicial equality and human rights wherever he could find one, two, or three people who would listen to him.

When David Evans presented the draft of the new charter it contained a section that read specifically as follows:

Upon request by the defendant or upon order of the court, the Public Defender shall defend, without ex-

pense to them, all persons who are not financially able to employ counsel, and who are charged in the Superior Court with the commission of any contempt, misdemeanor, felony or other offence. He shall also upon request give counsel and advice to such persons in and about any charge against them upon which he is conducting the defence, and he shall prosecute all appeals to a higher court or courts, of any person who has been convicted upon any such charge, where, in his opinion, such appeal will, or might reasonably be expected to, result in the reversal or modification of the judgment of conviction.

This section also provides for the prosecution of civil suits, minor actions, liens for wages, and the like, in the cases of persons unable to institute an action and pay counsel fees on their own behalf, and to defray all such costs of action out of the county treasury in the usual manner.

"Since January 6th, nearly every person accused of crime in the Superior Court which in this state is a court of record, upon being arraigned has called for the services of this office," said Mr. Wood. "That seems to speak eloquently for the need of just such an office. This, naturally, excepts those able and preferring to employ their own counsel. In cases where we have been called for, it has always been where the judge has given the accused his choice between our services and those of an attorney appointed by the court. In less than two months we had forty-five cases of persons accused of felony, and the civil cases are averaging over a hundred a week. We have four lawyers and two assistants here and so far no one has found time to loaf."

As to the actual working of the plan, Los Angeles feels she has established an efficacious improvement upon the former one-sided application of justice. She has learned, as have most other cities, that the law as usually administered is a highly imperfect engine, and that the complexity of human life has bred legal complexity and inefficiency in its turn.

It is fairly obvious that the Los Angeles experiment is in actuality a blanket in-



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SIDNEY MACALL—Ariadne of Allan Water.

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BY CANADIAN AUTHORS

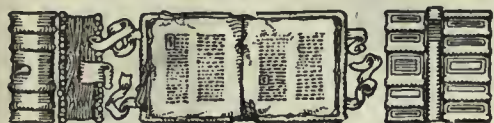
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dictment of the whole machinery of the law as applied to criminal prosecution; for if a prosecutor's duties are largely judicial, so are the individual lawyer's, no matter in what capacity he may be acting. In essence the lawyer is admitted to the bar under the administration of an oath binding him to uphold the law and labor diligently in the behalf of justice. In a word he is supposed to act, not primarily in the interest of his client, be it state or person, but in the interest of impartial right. Were this true in practice as it is in theory, it is conservatively estimated that nine-tenths of existing legal controversy would be absent. Mr. Wood believes, from his experience as Public Defender, that such impartiality is impossible, or at least impracticable, so far as criminal cases are concerned.

"I believe it to be impossible for a prosecutor, anxious to fulfil his duty, to act with equal fairness to the accused and the accuser," he says. "In every criminal prosecution one citizen is arrested at the instance of another, and the law provides an officer to take the side of the complaining witness. It can not be doubted that the public demands convictions from the district attorney; demands that he prosecute vigorously; demands that he represent but one side of the issue, and the law practically so provides in practice. Indeed, were it true that the district attorney could adequately represent both sides there would be no need for either prosecutor or defender, for the judge could handle the situation alone in almost every case.

"And there is another phase, largely psychological. Prosecuting attorneys are daily pitted against able lawyers em-

ployed by persons of means, or commanding means. In this country we have many such exhibitions. These prosecutors necessarily become wary, skilful in meeting legal trick with legal trick, vigorous in conduct of a case, resourceful in technicality. It would not be natural, were it possible, for them to change suddenly the habit thus formed when an indigent defendant appears. In support of this view I may cite a decision rendered by a Supreme Court judge in this state last February.

"It is to be regretted," said this judge, "that prosecuting counsel in the heat of a contest and his desire for victory sometimes forgets that he owes the defendant a solemn duty of fairness, as he is bound to give the state full measure of earnestness. We have no doubt that in the present case the prosecutor's demeanor and his improper questions deprived the defendant of that fair trial which should have been his under the law."

In effect the city of Los Angeles by its action has announced to the world at large what the world has long been aware of; that under existing conditions the law is a purchasable commodity, not in the sense of wrongful influence, but because the longest purse may buy the services of the ablest lawyers, the highest-priced experts, and the most complicated and efficacious machinery with which to block or invoke legal results.

In effect the city of Los Angeles has said:

"We shall so order the conduct of our courts that no man, be he merchant prince or pauper laborer, shall say an advantage has been had over him when placed on trial for his life, his liberty, or his possessions."

Best Selling Book of the Month

Gilbert Parker's "You Never Know Your Luck"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

Although not first in the list of best selling books in Canada for the past month, Sir Gilbert Parker's "You Never Know Your Luck," not in the list at all last month jumped up to second place, Locke's "Fortunate Youth" retaining the lead. A year ago "The Judgment House," by Parker, was the best selling book in Canada and the fact that this author was represented among the top-notch sellers twice in one year indicates the strong hold he has upon the Canadian reading public. In this newest tale he returns to the Canadian West, the scene of the book that was his first big success.

FOR the second time within a year a book by Sir Gilbert Parker is included in the list of six best selling novels in Canada and while the latest story is by no means as ambitious an undertaking as "The Judgment House," it has the verve and straightforward interest of his earlier tales and, as with them, the setting is the Canadian West, that limitless storehouse of inspiration for fiction writers, of whom Gilbert Parker was the pioneer.

In the proem to "You Never Know Your Luck," a picture is presented of "A sea of gold, with gentle billows tell-

ing of sleep and not of storm, which, like regiments afoot, salute the reaper and say: 'All is fulfilled in the light of the sun and the way of the earth; let the sharp knife fall.'

Arcady? Look closely. Here and there, like islands in the shining yellow sea, are houses—sometimes in clumps of trees, sometimes only like bare-backed domesticity or naked industry in the work-field.

* * *

Not Arcady; and yet many of the joys of Arcady are here—bright, singing birds, wide adventurous rivers, innumerable

streams, the squirrel in the wood and bracken, the wildcat stealing through the undergrowths, the lizard glittering by the stone, the fish leaping in the stream, the plaint of the whippoorwill, the call of the bluebird, the golden flash of the oriole, the *honk* of the wild geese overhead, the whirr of the mallard from the sedge. And, more than all, a human voice declaring by its joy in song that not only God looks upon the world and finds it good.

Thus is the reader ushered along into chapter one and an introduction to a heroine, all gold, who is wonderfully in keeping with the golden land that is her home. And true gold does she prove to be to the end of the tale.

Kitty Tynan is described as nothing else than a symphony in gold—hair, cheeks, eyes, skin, laugh and voice all the more beautiful as she looks out from her home over the "field of the cloth of gold." She is thoroughly in tone with the scene. However, the story, as its sub-title states, is one of "a matrimonial deserter" not primarily of golden Kitty Tynan, but what a blessed influence in the subsequent life of the one to whom the title does apply, did Kitty exert! He was Shiel Crozier, born to wealth as the heir of Castlegarry, in County Kerry, Ireland, but came to financial grief that drove him from home, choosing to cut himself away from kith and kin and country rather than live on the bounty of his wealthy young wife with whom he was not in tune.

As J. G. Kerry he started anew and aright in Askatoon and was one of the boarders at the home of Mrs. Tyndall Tynan, mother of Kitty. The mother was the widow of an engineer who had lost his life on one of the new railways of the West and the pension that came to the widow was not sufficient, so for seven years at the time of the opening of this story, she had kept boarders.

The father had been a man of intelligence which the daughter to a real degree had inherited; "but the mother, as kind a soul as ever lived, was a product of southern English rural life—a little sumptuous, but wholesome and for her daughter's sake at least, keeping herself well within the moral pale in the midst of marked temptations."

Here, for five years, Crozier, as J. G. Kerry, had made his home in which time no communication passed between him and his wife back in the home land.

Then came a crisis in his life in which the machinations of one Burlingame, whose enmity he had earned by crossing a vile purpose of that pusillanimous individual, played an important part.

Burlingame was a lawyer and it so transpired that Kerry was a witness at a trial and Burlingame was able by cross-examination to make him reveal facts of his life before coming to Askatoon and that his real name was Shiel Crozier.

Subsequently Crozier tells the Tynan household his whole story. His life had been such that he had naturally drifted into a set whose passion was betting. As a boy he would bet on any conceivable thing and at church would try to guess the number of the hymn that was on the

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sheet in the vicar's hands before he gave it out. After serious reverses had come a time when things balanced pretty nicely and he had married. But ill-fortune had followed and eventually, in spite of a promise made to his wife never to bet on a horse race again, he had picked such a sure thing in "Flamingo," at the Derby, that he had staked his all on that horse in the certain confidence of recouping his fortune. The advent of a mad woman who pulled down Flamingo as the horse was on the home stretch for victory, lost the race and practically the last of Crozier's money. What he had left was sufficient to take him to Askatoon.

Before leaving, a letter from his wife had been placed in his hands by her brother. Crozier had guessed its contents and for five years had kept the letter unopened.

How that letter, with the marvelous self-sacrifice of Kitty Tynan, was the means, by her instrumentality, of bringing about the reconciliation of Shiel Crozier and his wife, at the same time checkmating the nefarious efforts of Burlingame and the group he represented, who wanted to freeze Crozier out of a syndicate that in the end made him a wealthy man, forms the climax of the story.

Following is a brief personal sketch of Sir Gilbert as written by himself and recently published in England:

"My father was a British officer of artillery, who first went to Canada in his very young manhood, at the time of the Rebellion of 1837, and went out again before troops were finally withdrawn from the Dominion. When they were withdrawn he decided to settle there.

"While I was taking my university course, I was tutoring and lecturing at twenty and twenty-one. I fancy that it was easier for me to speak then than it is now. Eloquence is the easiest thing to acquire—thought is a different acquisition altogether.

"I did not begin to write for the public till I landed in Australia, a boy of twenty-one. I had no intention of staying there, but had gone to the South Seas on a trip for my health with the money I had saved.

At twenty-one I lectured in the chief cities of Australia, made a big journey in the interior, and was about to sail for England when I was offered the post of associate editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, at a salary which, including payment for extra work, represented four figures. I omitted to state that I landed in Australia with £60.

"I had the good fortune when in connection with the *Sydney Morning Herald* to make trips as its special commissioner to different parts of the South Seas.

"Then I began to write plays. Play-writing, not fiction, was my first appeal to the general public.

"George Rignold, who was famous for his acting of Henry V., produced three plays of mine, all of which were successful, and brought me in more cash than I had ever thought of having from the pen, and kudos beyond my modest dreams.

"I wish I had the heart-rending tale to tell of the attic or the garret, and the meal at the cab-shelter. I have not, but I did not work less hard for all that.

"In Australia I worked fifteen hours a day. To-day I suppose I fill in as many hours with hard work as any man in this country, systematically, determinedly and not allowing my feelings to control my will.

"*'Pierre and His People,'* which was my first book of fiction, produced in 1892, had followed a visit, after some years, to Quebec and the North-West of Canada. It was an immediate success, though not sensational in its sales."

CANADIAN SUMMARY.

1. The Fortunate Youth. Locke 134
2. You Never Know Your Luck. Parker 114
3. Diane of the Green Van. Dalrymple 96
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill . . 76
5. The Price of Love. Bennett 46
6. When Ghost Meets Ghost. DeMorgan 44

BEST SELLERS IN ENGLAND.

(Compiled for Bookseller and Stationer by W. H. Smith & Son.)

1. Judge's Chair. Eden Philpotts.
2. Lady Ursula's Husband. F. Warden.
3. The New Road. Nell Munro.
4. Dr. Ivor's Wife. Mary Kernahan.
5. Tents of a Night. Mary Findlater.
6. Vandover and the Brute. F. Norrils.



General Gorgas

See page 90

The Tortoise

Continued from Page 36.

difficulty restrained myself from laughing at the thought of how funny we three must have looked. The same idea had probably occurred to my companion for, in stealing a glance at her, I noted that the color had come back into her cheeks and that the corners of her mouth twitched suspiciously. Conscious of my scrutiny she turned her head. Our glances met and spontaneously we burst out laughing.

That broke up the pursuit. Larry could not stay there to be laughed at. He almost immediately threw on full speed and swung past us recklessly. He did not look at Alice in passing, but gave me the benefit of a stare that was positively malignant. He didn't say a word. He didn't need to; I could read his intentions in his glance and knew that I had made an active enemy.

Barlow made formal declaration of war the next day. I had returned to the store after lunch and was going through my mail which I had not had a chance to attend to before. The last letter I opened was from the business manager of the Star. It briefly notified me that the Star would find it necessary to cancel my advertising contract and that henceforth the use of its columns would not be open to me.

My first feeling was one of blank amazement. My account with the Star was a large one but, more important still, my advertising campaign had stirred up the other merchants in town to publicity work. The Star had seen prosperous days since I entered into the retail business. It was strange that Larry would intentionally take a step that spelled pecuniary loss to himself. That he had done so bore tribute to the intensity of the ill-will he had conceived for me.

The next feeling I experienced was one of dismay. My business had been built up very largely on advertising and, as the Star was the only daily paper published in town, it was very necessary to me. How I would keep my business up without the opportunity of daily appeals to the bargain-cupidity of the people of Martinville was a problem that I had not the nerve at once to consider. But I knew this was the problem I would have to meet unless by any chance I could wrest control of the Star from Barlow; for the note from the business manager, I knew, was in effect an ultimatum from Larry. He would never recede from that position.

After several hours of hard thinking I originated a plan of action and on the spur of the moment rushed out to put it into execution. Crossing the street I made my way up to the shop of old Jed Jarvis, who ran a one-horse job-printing plant in a gloomy little hole above a tobacco store and pool-room.

Old Jed was a drunkard, a scholar, a philosopher, and a socialist rolled into one; but whether drunk or sober, whether setting up type from his dust-laden case or discoursing learnedly on Plato and

Karl Marx, he was always sincere, amusing, and pretty much of a gentleman.

"The Star has washed its hands of me," I announced.

"How's that?" asked Jed, squinting at me over the top of his case.

"They won't accept any more advertising from me," I explained. "I suppose Anderson, the manager, is acting on instructions from the man higher up. Anyway I can't use the columns of the Star any more."

Jed spat disgustedly, emphatically, but nevertheless accurately, at the battered spittoon beneath his case.

"When they were making up that puny edition of mankind called Hiram Anderson, someone must have pied the brain form," he declared. "And that Star crowd call themselves journalists! Why the rag never showed any signs of life until you forced the other merchants here to advertise. Anyway, you're well out of the Star, son. A real newspaper presides in the parlor of public opinion but this imitation paper aims no higher than a voice in the scullery of peanut politics. It's spineless, spavined, pigeon-toed policy has always made me ashamed to call myself a journalist!"

"We're going to start a sort of opposition paper," I said. "And we'll make you editor, Jed."

The old printer sat up very straight at that.

"Son," he said, almost tremulously, "it's always been my ambition to have a regular column in which to tell the dear, benighted, chuckle-headed public what I think about 'em. I've felt the spirit of Horace Greeley and George Brown stirring in me for half a century. Give me a medium of utterance and I'll turn this town upside down."

He did. We put out a small single sheet paper, sixteen inches by twelve, and called it the Daily Blast. Jed Jarvis took the front for two columns of skits on local matters and I used the back for my advertisement. I gave Jed two dollars a day and paid for the paper and supplies. Jed wrote all the matter and set the whole sheet up by hand. I hired a couple of boys to distribute copies of the paper each night to every home in town. It cost me more than I had been paying the Star but I soon realized that it was worth every cent that I paid out.

Martinville had never been accustomed to candid comment on local topics, the policy of the Star being opposed to frank utterance, except where certain interests were to be served. Jed Jarvis' caustic remarks and outspoken criticisms of all things official set the town rocking. He had a dry wit all his own and a power of withering sarcasm that soon brought people to the point where they looked for the arrival of the Blast as the event of the day.

My advertising was read as never before and this, added to the sympathy which

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the action of the Star earned for me, made the next three months particularly busy and profitable ones.

I had to act in the capacity of editorial censor, as otherwise Jed would have plunged us into endless trouble. But one day I was called out of town and the inevitable happened. The preceding day Jed had said to me:

"Hadn't we better pitch into Barlow a little now? It's his turn."

"No," I had replied, "not yet."

When I returned next night the first item I read in the Blast had to do with my erstwhile chum. It ran as follows.—

"Our enterprising young financial magnate, Lawrence Barlow, is reported to have secured a working control of the stock of Union Electric. This was quite to be expected of Larry, but one cannot help speculating as to the nature of the scientific porch-climbing methods that he adopted to secure this stock."

In explanation it may be stated that the Union Electric Co. controlled the light, power and traction situation in town. As the corporation had succeeded in extracting perpetual franchises from the council, the stock was considered to be of exceptional value and when a man was lucky enough to own some Union Electric he generally locked it away in his safe and scoffed at offers of purchase.

I knew there would be trouble over Jed's rash comment, and it was not long in coming. Barlow got me on the telephone early that evening.

"I've just got one thing to say to you, Haven," he remarked in a voice that vibrated with suppressed feeling. "You're responsible for that low scurrilous rag called the Blast. I'm going to put you out of business and I'm going to jail Jed Jarvis. That's all!" And he rang off.

Barlow's next move followed rapidly. Dunderdale, the messenger for the bank I did business with, brought me the first word.

"That vacant store down the street's to be fitted up," he announced.

"What for?" I asked.

"I guess you're to have opposition," said Dunderdale.

"Any idea who it is?"

"Of course I'm not telling you but—" said the messenger in a cautious whisper—"it's whispered that Barlow is financing it. Bucknell will be manager."

In two weeks the new store was fully launched under Bucknell's name. Everyone in town knew, however, that it was Barlow who was backing it; and there were few who did not guess at his motive.

I realized from the first the seriousness of the situation. The stock carried in the opposition store, paralleled my own to the last detail. They cut prices to the bone, sometimes offering quick-selling lines at prices which I knew were below the actual cost of the goods. They advertised heavily, employed a high-priced window-trimmer and spared no expense to make the store attractive.

If I had attempted to follow the pace, my ruin would have been accomplished in rapid order. It was a game at which I

-----STYLES-----



carried to extremes, are usually ridiculous.

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Ask your Druggist

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SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, TORONTO

would have no chance of ultimate victory, for Barlow could keep on throwing in money until I was forced to surrender. If I met one cut, he could go me one better.

Recognizing this, I decided at once that I would adopt a passive attitude and allow the opposition to run its course. I stopped buying goods, discontinued the Blast and all other forms of advertising and lightened up my expenses in every possible detail. I did not drop my prices a single copper. With the money on hand I figured that I could keep the store open for three months and pay all expenses even if I didn't sell a cent's worth of goods. If the worst came to the worst I could call upon Uncle John for further ammunition to aid me in standing siege.

Bucknell soon had practically all the trade of the town. No consideration such as friendship for me or disapproval of the tactics of Barlow could withstand the lure of the low prices offered at the new store. Some of my old customers would drop in and price goods which they required.

"I'd like to buy from you," they would say, "but you're asking half as much again as Bucknell's. Can't you meet the price?"

"You'll do me a kindness," I would reply, "if you buy as much stuff at these bargain prices as you can. The more they sell the more they lose; and the more they lose the quicker they'll go out of business and leave me alone. I don't blame you in the least for dealing there. But it would be suicide for me to follow their lead."

A few of my best customers continued to deal with me but there were some days when I didn't sell a dollar's worth of goods.

I hung on for three months, grimly waiting to see how long Larry's desire for revenge would keep the upper hand over his natural cupidity. By the end of the third month my bank account was getting perilously low.

For the next few weeks, Larry threw all pretence to the winds, and took hold of the business himself. He certainly made things hum, selling a volume of goods by sheer force of colossal price cutting which hurt the dry goods business in town for a good year afterward. He oversold the town.

But as I had gone to Uncle John for further backing, this whirlwind campaign did not bring me any closer to the verge of backing out. I figured that I could pay my expenses for four months more if Larry continued his attempt to effect my commercial extermination at the gait he was then going.

But Larry had had just about enough. He had expected me to meet him half way in the fight and nothing but a quick decision had been in his mind when he tossed his hat into the mercantile ring. He had not stopped to count the cost. Bucknell had shown his usual lack of judgment and in the matter of expenses the total had reached such a figure that Larry must have spent some bad nights going over the sheets. I feel sure that after the first month Larry regretted his

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Gain Time, Comfort and Contentment by Cleaning with a Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner! It means Freedom from the Heavy Task of Sweeping and Dusting!

9 A.M. and the day's work done! Not a bit of dirt, dust or lint to be found. All the floor coverings have been cleaned and purified. The home fairly glows with sunny freshness. And time gained to spend in the alluring green outdoors.

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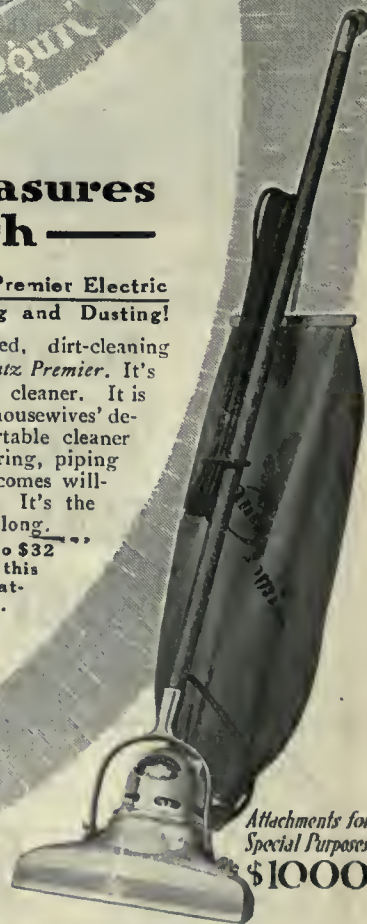
9 pounds of concentrated, dirt-cleaning energy—that's the *Frantz Premier*. It's more than a mere vacuum cleaner. It is the logical answer to the housewives' demand for an efficient portable cleaner at the right price. No wiring, piping or installing expense. It comes willing and ready to work. It's the cleaner you have desired so long.

The price of the FRANTZ PREMIER has been reduced from \$35 to \$32 in the Dominion of Canada. Our multiplied output (100,000 this year) and efficient factory methods enable us to make this attractive price to you, and without any sacrifice of quality. Profit by this big saving.

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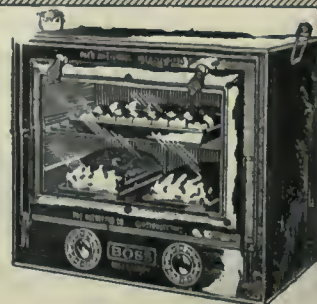
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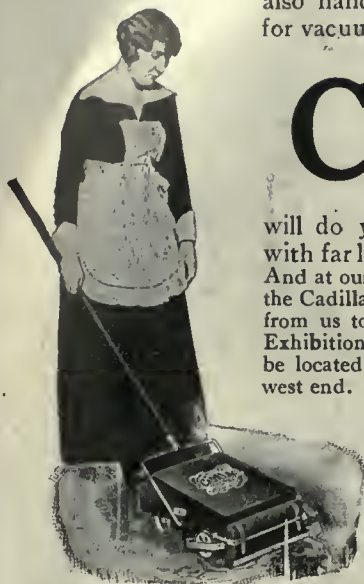
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will do your housecleaning quicker, better and with far less trouble than by the old-time methods. And at our booth, we will demonstrate the superiority of the Cadillac Machines. Let this be a personal invitation from us to you to visit us at The Canadian National Exhibition (August 29th to September 12th). We will be located underneath the Grand Stand, first entrance, west end.

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impetuosity in taking on the fight. This led to his desire to bring it to a quick finish—and consequently he was beaten from the start.

At the end of the first four months, a traveler gave me the tip that Bucknell had stopped buying goods. Larry left town ostensibly on a business trip, but in reality, I believe, to avoid facing out the failure of his attempt. And two weeks later the store was closed.

I immediately resumed publication of the *Blast*, and business flowed back to my store pretty much as though no interruption had occurred. The interruption, so I learned afterward, had cost Larry a good \$8,000. I had lost over \$1,000 myself; it was a costly victory.

I knew enough about Larry Barlow to realize that he was not through with me by any means. He returned to town surcharged with animosity and I waited in daily expectation of the attack breaking out in another quarter. I considered my position carefully, but could not see a single breach in my defences. But there was a breach; and Larry did not take long in finding it.

The owner of the store I occupied was a retired farmer of considerable means named Withrow. My lease expired on the first of the year and, when I went about the first of December to see about a renewal I experienced a distinct shock.

"Can't renew," said the owner. "I've given an option of the property until the first of the year, and expect it will be taken up."

"Barlow, of course?"

"Yes, Mr. Barlow holds the option."

There were only two other stands in town where I could carry on business with any degree of profit to myself, and I lost no time in getting around to see the owners. At both places I got the same answer. They had given options on their property and could not entertain any proposition from me. Larry had done his work with characteristic thoroughness.

Thoroughly dejected, I dropped in to talk it over with Jed Jarvis, who had gone back to his work of editing the *Blast* with renewed vim. Jed received the news quite philosophically.

"I heard something to-day that will make old Withrow weep real tears when he finds out about it," he said. "Union Electric are going to add a new car line for the North Ward people, as you know. I'm told the new line will branch off your corner. Do you see what that means? That corner will become the busiest in town, and the value of the property will go up at least 50 per cent. nice profit for Barlow, eh?"

"That's the best piece of news I've heard!" I exclaimed. "I think I see my way out of this mess now."

Without pausing to enlighten the printer as to my plans, I hurried back to see Withrow again. His chagrin on learning the news was quite as poignant as Jed had predicted.

"The young scamp! He's swindled me!" he exclaimed, with tears in his voice, if not in his eyes. "And there isn't a loophole anywhere for me to get out of my bargain!"



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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

"I'll find one," I said. "Will you give me a lease for five years, provisional on my finding some means of preventing Barlow from taking up that option?"

"If we can agree on terms," assented Withrow.

The next day, having settled up matters satisfactorily with Withrow and perfected a plan of action, I called on Adam Handy, the leading real estate man in town.

"I'm afraid I'll have to move, Mr. Handy," I said. "My lease on the present place is up at the first of the year, and Withrow doesn't seem inclined to do anything for me. It would cost a lot to fix that place up. I had intended to put in a new store front and improve the interior generally and, in fact, I went so far that an architect is coming up from Toronto to-morrow to look the building over. After he sends in his report I'll make up my mind definitely, but I think I can say now what it will be. I'll be compelled to move, I'm afraid. So you might look up another store for me."

"What's the matter with the building?" asked Handy, an extremely fat man, with shrewd, little eyes which were said to possess the uncanny faculty of seeing inside the pockets and check-books of prospective customers. He worked hand-in-glove with Larry Barlow on all real estate deals, and had, as a matter of fact, secured the option from Withrow. His interest in the building, therefore, was sufficient to put a certain amount of anxiety into his tone.

"I don't want to say anything about the place, especially as I'm likely to move out at once," I replied. "But, just between you and me, Mr. Handy, I'm glad the building inspector never dropped around there."

"Huh! What's that?" asked Handy, all interest now. "The building isn't dangerous, is it?"

I hesitated a moment.

"Of course not," I replied, with an air of suddenly assumed caution. "But it's just possible the inspector's report might make a difference in the price the property would bring. Well, we're both busy men, Mr. Handy, so I'll trot along. You might let me know in a few days what you can do for me."

I could tell by the expression of Handy's face that my purpose had been accomplished. The next day the architect arrived, and I had him go thoroughly over the building with the idea of giving me a report on it. In addition, he was to prepare plans for a new front and a complete renovation of the main floor. I took pains to have him conduct his outside examination during the busiest time of the day, when he would be sure to be noticed. And I stuck right at his elbow.

Early next morning, the town building inspector dropped over to see me. John Connel was a big, lanky fellow, with a long, rosy neck, a nose that protruded so startlingly that it gave him a top-heavy appearance and a lazy nasal drawl. He was a power in municipal politics, which accounted for his occupancy of the various offices of building inspector, health

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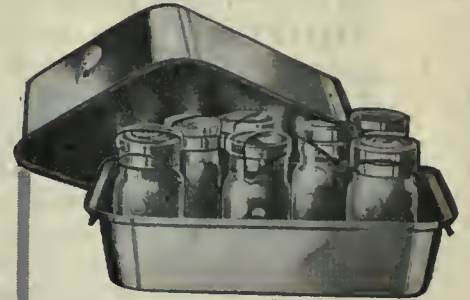


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Take out the jars one at a time and fill each to the top with the boiling syrup and seal. You will have peaches, perfect in shape and color—and with less work and fuel, if you use the

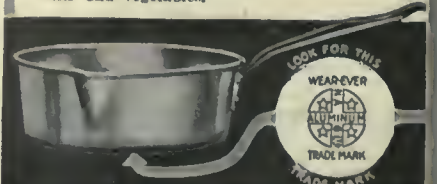
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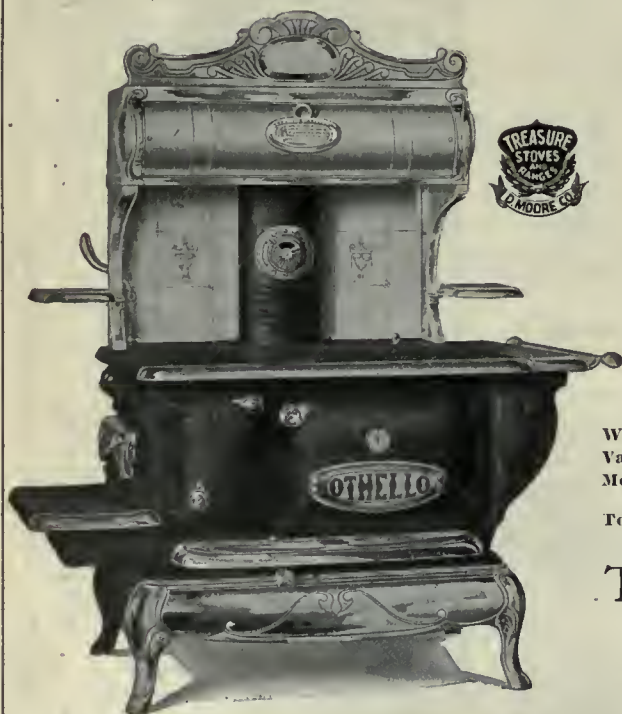


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and sanitary inspector and relief officer. What he didn't know about buildings would constitute almost a complete encyclopædia on the subject.

"What's wrong with this building?" he drawled.

"Nothing," I replied, sharply. "Why?"

"I've heard rumors that the place was in bad condition," he said. "Anyway, it's my duty as building inspector to look it over, and if it's in bad condition I'll be forced to make the owner fix it up."

"You wouldn't condemn it, would you?" I asked. "It would kill my trade if you did."

"Not necessarily," replied Connel. "Anyway, I'll look it over now."

"Why not wait for a week or so," I suggested. "I had an architect from Toronto going over the building yesterday, and his report will be in soon. You could take it and verify his findings. It would save a lot of work."

Connel accepted the suggestion eagerly. The plan would enable him to put in an accurate report without any effort on his part; and as he hardly knew a joist from a base-board, this way out relieved what might have been an awkward situation for him.

After he left I indulged in a quiet laugh; for I could see my way clear now. It was obvious that Handy had gone to Barlow with his news, and that Barlow had sent the building inspector around. Anyone familiar with Larry's methods would know what his next move would be. If convinced that the building was in bad condition, he would let his option drop, have the inspector condemn the property, and then buy it in on a much lower basis. In the meantime, he would hush up the matter of the street railway extension.

I had arranged with the architect to get his report in by the first day of the year, and it took some diplomacy to stave the inspector off until that time. With Larry urging him on to get definite information, Connel kept dropping in every few days. I kept the coals of Connel's suspicion fanned by elaborate efforts to impress him with the safety of the building.

Early in the last week of the year, I went down to see Handy again.

"I must have a new store at once," I told him. "It's very urgent, Mr. Handy. My lease expires next week."

"I haven't been able to find anything that will suit you," he replied. "What's the matter? Won't Withrow give you any satisfaction?"

"He seemed anxious to sell," I replied. "In fact, he hinted to me yesterday that he had practically closed a deal to get it off his hands."

"By the way, any word from that architect yet?" asked Handy, in a casual tone.

"No report yet. Of course, I've heard from him."

"Perhaps the new owner of the store will renew your lease," suggested Handy, craftily.

I pretended to walk into the trap.

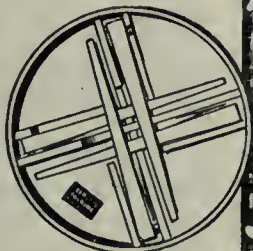
"No, I don't want to renew," I said. "I want a new store."



As Handy as a Tray

and not much heavier. Serve tea wherever you choose. Find the cosiest corner, pull up the Peerless Folding Table and your favorite chair. *There!* The

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can be opened out or folded up and put away in a moment. Perfectly rigid for all it is so light and handy. Six big men can stand on it without breaking it.

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"Then, the architect's report will be a bad one?"

"I'm sure I can't say," I stated, hurriedly. "There's nothing wrong with the store, I'm sure. But it doesn't suit me at all. It was never built for the dry goods business."

On the last day of the year the report of the architect arrived. Withrow notified me at noon that Barlow had allowed the option to drop. I at once telephoned to Connel to come up.

"Well, what's the architect say?" asked Connel, wrapping his long legs around an office stool and casting a deprecating glance around the place.

"Just what I expected he would say," I replied. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with the store. The foundations are in excellent condition, the walls are firm and the floors show no signs of sagging. In short, he is prepared to guarantee the building good for at least ten years more."

Connel was too stunned to speak. He picked up the typewritten report mechanically, and started to thumb over the leaves.

"I've signed up a five-year lease on the premises," I added, "and will let contracts for some renovations in a day or so. You might tell Barlow about it, Connel."

To be Continued.

The Toes of Toinette

Continued from Page 41.

The *Falcon* skidded over the graveled boards of the long 52nd Street pier between the canal barges, stopping a few feet this side of a waiting automobile, which they entered. Toinette was silent and desperately sober. Rodd saw her under lip tremble.

"If I should forget myself—if I should fail!" she whispered. "If the *maestro* should guess! Oh, he would be more miserable than ever! 'Twould be the climax for him!"

At the stage door the manager himself, the most important accomplice, his manner breathing a generous yet astute cosmopolitanism, received them.

"I am not too late?" Toinette asked.

"Not, but watch your steps—watch the steps which Valerie could not possibly do—the ones no one in the world but you can do, little one," he said; and passed her into the mysteries behind the scenes with a bearish pat on the head, while he bade Rodd follow him. At a door he stooped for his guest to precede him, and Rodd looked out on the auditorium through the frame of the manager's box, where sat a lean, withered man, and with him a girl, in ballet costume. The manager signaled to her with uplifted finger and she took her cue.

"It is time for me to go on, father," she said.

"Your triumph, Valerie! I shall hear them as they praise you. No, it is *my* triumph!" he answered, coughing with



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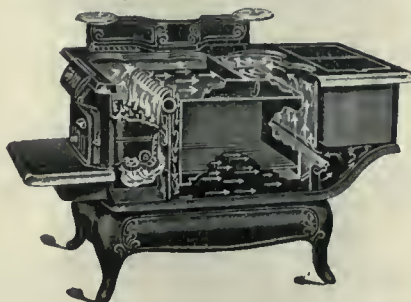
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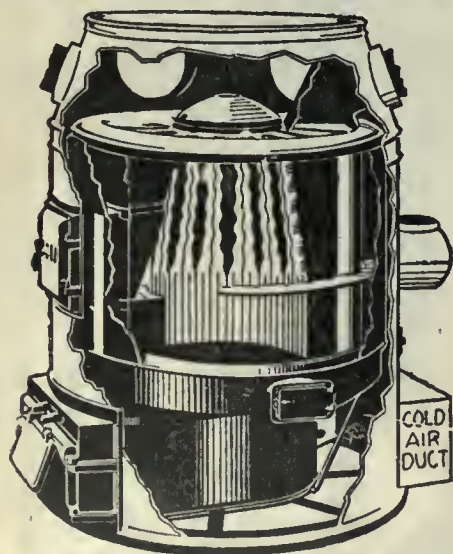
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the words; "mine and Felicite's! Most of all is it hers! And then I go back to Arizona content"

Valerie went to the door, but there she paused and sank softly down on the step to wait while her comrade played her part. Rodd seated himself between the *maestro* and the manager.

The chorus fluttered away from the centre of the stage; the tinsel king of a basso rested on the arm of his chair, pulling his false beard, and the tenor prince stood near, while the soprano peasant girl whom he loved stood among the people.

Thus the court awaited the dancer. She appeared from the wings, but not with the smile of Toinette, crying, "I love to dance for you, for I have a spark in my feet!" It was the make-up smile of the professional without inspiration. People settled back, thinking, "Now we shall see what we have seen scores of times, all according to the bill." But as her feet took life a rustle ran through the house.

The *maestro* had his hand to his ear listening for the thip-thip of the toe-touches in the mighty silence. His daughter, watching fearfully from her place at the entrance to the box, saw his face glow with happiness.

"Training! My training!" he said. "Application is better than genius! Now, will you believe me, my mischief Toinette, who would not practice?"

Toinette, keeping in psychic touch with the mood of the many-headed, critical monster watching her, had given just enough to insure a hearty encore. The audience instinctively felt the magnetism of a reserve force under control. It was hungry, expectant, leaning forward when she returned. At the command of ten thousand eyes calling for her art, she forgot herself. She let the spark in her toes have its abandoned way in the spell of the music's enchantment. When she stopped, the monster drew a long, deep breath and through the film of her make-up Rodd saw the fairies' frolic playing for an instant in her natural smile. Then her face turned ghastly with the realization of her error as she ran into the wings in panic; while an old gentleman near the box sprang up and cried:—

"It is, it must be Toinette!"

The thunders now rising from pit to arch drowned his voice. But the discriminating ear of the *maestro* had already heard the truth. He fell limp, all the life out of his body and face.

"No! no!" he said incoherently. "It is not all art. It is the thing born in you! That step! I can hear if I cannot see! No other foot had the bones, the muscles, to do that step except the foot I found in front of the bakeshop!"

Valerie, to whom his words were inaudible, took her cue and sprang forward, touching his shoulder.

"Are you pleased, father?" she asked, half-strangling in her effort at triumph. The *maestro* pushed her away from him tragically.

"No, it was not in nature. We were to be denied our hope, Felicite and I, to make a great dancer of our child. But Valerie," he gasped, "I did not think, with your mother's blood and mine, that you—you

would play such a trick to the shame of art and truth!"

"Father!" Valerie sank at his feet. Her simple loyalty had not the resourcefulness to invent any explanation.

Rodd, with a realizing sense of the situation, found himself playing a new part which, in his philosophy, was guaranteed by the views of Toinette about the righteousness of some lies.

"Maestro," he said gently, putting that strong hand of his on the teacher's shoulder, "you forget how a child's love for her blind father may give her the spark!"

The maestro shrugged his shoulders. They could say, if his weak lungs could not, that he understood how the accomplices in the plot would come to the rescue of his daughter.

"But proof is the only way," continued Rodd. "Toinette was on the stage at thirty in Philadelphia. It is now eleven forty-five. How could she be in two places at once? If you could take the train with Valerie you would find her sound asleep after her evening's work, I am sure."

The maestro's emaciated figure was revitalized with hope, and the "big, terrible, knowing, good manager," who could not have been a great impresario if he had not had art enough in his heart to understand the maestro, quashed his engagements as decisively as Rodd had and remarked, in the most casual way:—

"A good idea; I've got to take the twelve-thirty to Philadelphia. Maestro, will you come? It is on the way to Arizona, too."

"Oh, if you are right," said the maestro, "how happy I shall be forever, dreaming of Valerie's triumph!"

Inside the housing of the *Falcon* on the way back, Toinette removed the grease paint and was her young self again.


"The spark of my toes makes its poor little bow to the spark of your motor," she said, as Rodd bade her good-night on the roof of the Aragon; "and wherever you go may the *bon Dieu* watch over you!"

A Business Man in Politics

Continued from Page 42.


sisting on proved merit as the price of connection with the colonial service. Shirt-sleeves administration, as Americans call it, was the regime installed by the fearless innovator who learned to "hustle" in the frenzied din of Wall Street.

Dernburg is in his fiftieth year. Stocky of build, square-shouldered, with a grizzly brown beard framing a set of heavy jaws, determination and force are writ large across his physiognomy, which bears distinct traces of Hebraic extraction. He is descended from a long line of Hessian-Rhenish ancestors, so famed for intellectual attainments as scholars, rabbis, lawyers and writers, that bright men in the region were described as having "Dernburg heads." As a lad of nineteen, Dernburg was sent to study banking methods in New York, where he served a three-year's apprenticeship. Returning to



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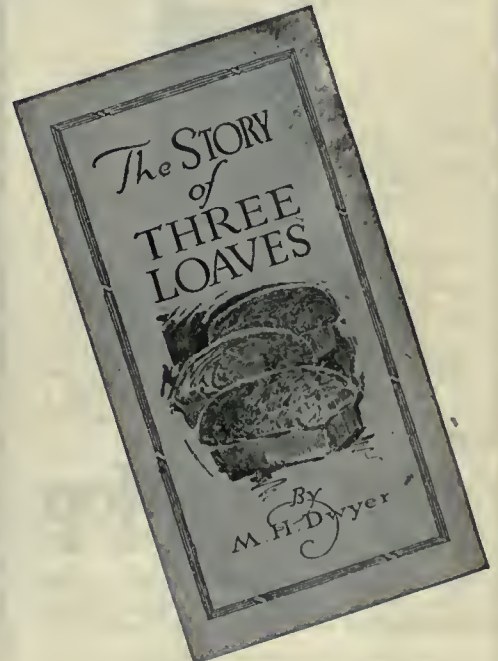
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Berlin as a clerk in the Deutsche Bank, young Dernburg speedily revealed the organizing ability which was, at forty-two, to call him into the councils of the Empire.

About this time the Deutsche Bank founded the first trust company in Germany for the purpose of salving wrecked financial and industrial concerns. Herr Dernburg was made managing director. He had conducted his affairs only a few months when he attracted national attention by skilful resuscitation of some practically defunct mortgage-banks which wiseacres had abandoned as hopeless cases. The economic crisis of 1900, which drove the Leipziger Bank and other staunch German commercial craft into dry-dock to repair leaks, gave Dernburg his great opportunity. He was summoned to the chief directorship of the Bank fur Handel und Industrie, better known as the Darmstadter Bank, where he enjoyed full scope for the exercise of his daring strokes of financial genius. They were admitted harsh, revolutionary and staggering in their audacity, but almost always effective. Herr Dernburg was in the midst of his banking career, when asked to bring his sledge-hammer and axe to the Colonial Office. He responded to the call on the express condition that he should be permitted to continue swinging them in his new field of usefulness.

He did not forthwith convert the colonies into El Dorados. They continued to reveal an insatiable appetite for subsidies, but they ceased to be mere playgrounds for civilian and military martinetts, and began to attract the attention of genuine colonizers—bankers, shippers, merchants, farmers and traders. "Colonial fatigue," an old-time German malady, grew less. The sand-wastes of Africa and the Pacific were no longer looked upon merely as so many millstones around the Imperial neck.

During all these strenuous months of loyal and effective service, Dernburg's foes were remorselessly at work. The Catholic Centre party, which he had humbled at the very outset of his career, had long coveted his scalp. Through the years they had gathered many an ally outside their own ranks, for Dernburg the Ruthless had the gentle art of making enemies. Prince Bulow, under whom the Colonial Secretary had taken office and enjoyed much latitude, was no longer Chancellor. Clericalism had again become the power behind the Governmental throne. Dernburg's head was one of its first demands. Since the summer of 1910 he has been what a distinguished United States Senator once described himself to be—a statesman out of a job.

Lure O'Gold

Continued from Page 33.

added his heavier clothes to the pile, but Murphy stopped him with a succinct: "No weno. Sun'll burn yuh up." The mockery of a breeze, a breeze direct from nether depths at that, stirred up the sand blowing it into their smarting faces, filling eyes and nose and hair. It sifted down the interstices of their clothes so that every step was a fresh torture as the edged particles were ground between rough flannel and tender skin. Once, Disham had not seen or heard the other for an indefinite period of time, whether it had been hours or minutes he knew not. Too tired, too fearful of falling over if he turned to look, he plodded on. At last the whip of conscience made him turn, to receive with a feeling of as near relief as his benumbed mind could encompass, the dull stare of his partner a few paces behind. In the offing, a buzzard hung poised, awaiting, so it seemed to his lacklustre eyes, the inevitable end. He wondered idly how long it would be before his mates in the unseen distance would come to the feast in answer to the discoverer's earthward flight. "Ten minutes? An hour perhaps? The eyes first. Ugh! And so they too would join the ghastly caravan of Los Pinos, and go, unhonored and unsung, into oblivion. Except Murf. The widow might shed a tear for him. Himself too: If *she* should ever know, up North."

All became a blur. There was a spring and he would have drunk. He remember-

ed vaguely something about poison. "But that was hundreds of years ago. That was the French party," he muttered to himself.

And then Murphy kicked him, as hard as his own faltering legs would allow; withal kindly. He got no water there. Murf held to him with the desperation of despair. Of tried and true villany was Murf, to keep his pal from the good water so. What said these strange shapes, these twisted mockeries of good honest maple? Why ran the funny lizards so, scuttling from his feet to blink at him from the cool shade of a pebble? If he too were only smaller that he too might seek the shade.

III.

THE sound of Murphy's voice aroused him.

"Now God be good to me but I see more gold than ever I see since I come to the State o' Nevada."

He was addressing the auriferous dental attachment of the cyanide company's doctor.

"Glory be! The bye's come to! Dearie me. I do be mortal glad." It was the widow Shea who spoke. This time Disham welcomed her honest kiss. She, for her part, was softly sobbing as she stroked his skinny face.

Murf, in the fine wisdom of an unconscious mind, had babbled of a woman waiting. And the listeners, eking this out by adroit questioning, soon had her at

the bedside, to stem the torrent of the desert's aftermath.

A few days saw them crawling around spying out the land. Old deer and Indian trails they found, that might or might not have been made by their French friends, also a solitary devotee of sluice box and pan getting colors from a bar that he insisted must have been worked over by the Indians generations ago. Whereat our trinity smiled knowingly and took new courage. Murphy insisted that the cyanide mill was running on the mother lode that had furnished the placer gold of the earlier day. His talk was all of the "little place" now.

Where there should have been an old stream bed that nursed on it's breast a hide full of placer gold, was a level space composed of earth wash and covered with boulders, all of which indicated that erosion, in the course of years, had filled the ancient creek bed with the scourings of the hillside above. At its lower extremity there trickled out a puny stream of unknown origin and hidden passage.

Here, by map and instrument, old landmarks and new science, should be the place.

Here, from the mouth of the tiny stream, working upwards, the triumvirate labored for days in a miniature Culebra Cut, sliding, ever sliding. The widow Shea would not be denied her portion. Despite Disham's protests, she took part with pick and shovel, clad in roomy overalls and high boots, at the task of trenching up the course of the bed rock. And always at bed rock, they found the small stream under foot, but so muddy as a result of their operations that they had to go elsewhere for drinking water.

Day followed day of hard and grinding shoveling. The widow's fat hands blistered and broke many times before they took on their layer of hard callous. The tears rolled down her cheeks in grimy rivulets as she shoveled, but with grim determination she hung on, despite Disham's angry arguments. She was treasure mad.

It was Murphy who made the great discovery.

Murphy's hatless head, red tonsure all on end, projected over the edge of the ditch, as he held aloft between shaking fingers an irregular shaped nodule of dull yellow, at which he stared with blazing eyes, gasping like a fish out of water.

Dropping all else, the three of them set to with frantic haste at extending the course of the trench. Murphy labored where he had found the solitary nugget; the other two above.

Night coming, they worked by candle-light until dawn—to face failure with the morning. Murphy had aged ten years over night. The sparkle had gone from his eyes and every line of his figure spoke dejection. The widow's hands were scarred, and the nails worn to the quick from over many frantic struggles with wedged rocks. Her face was but a brown smudge of ochre, down which the tired tears were digging out twin rivulets of regret. They had for their night's labor the one original nugget and a scrap of hide.



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It was maddening to Disham, with his engineer's brain. "How?" "Why?" were questions that hammered at the door of his mind with sledge-like insistence. He sought the solace of the tangible, the machinery of the mill. There he noticed a fact, hitherto ignored: the cyanide bath from the zinc boxes flowed in the direction of their work.

"Murf! Oh, Murf."

At the call, that discouraged individual plodded wearily up the short trail.

"Do you see where the cyanide solution goes?"

Murphy looked, and looking, sat down heavily.

It was the same muddy stream that they had been wading in at their work below.

He rubbed a dirty hand over dazed eyes—"But it cudn't do it, Kid. It's too weak tub ate up that cache."

"Too weak! Not on your life. Take a look at this mill. No slimes; no sluicing. It's a pure sandstone ore, and doesn't make slimes because it's treated coarse. The sand tanks are emptied by shoveling from traps in the floors because they haven't sufficient water to sluice. That solution, Murf, is as strong here as it leaves the mill as it is up at the sand tanks, and it has been running through our gold all these years. Heavens!" and Disham flung himself down beside his companion.

The widow crawled painfully up the steep ascent. "What now?"

"We've found the gold, or, rather"—correcting himself—"we've found where it has gone to."

"You do be talking like old Nick had it. Where is it?" and she looked around, bewildered.

"It's any place and every place from here to the Gulf of California, and it's part of the seven seas," bitterly.

"Well, God rest it. 'Tis rest I want meself more'n gold this day," and fell to silent weeping.

Disham rose to his feet. "I must write a letter. I am sure you will both be glad to know"—he spoke disconnectedly—"I had a letter. She—the girl—you know—at home, says that nothing makes any difference now. I shall meet her in Salt Lake." And he was gone.

Murphy turned a haggard face to the sun above, and shook a savage fist at the luminary. "Ye bald-headed bat! What've I ever done to you that you should treat me so? I——"

"Murf! Oh, Murf, dear, don't be after takin' on so." The widow touched his sleeve entreatingly. "What about the little place, Murf? An' me——?"

Murphy turned to her. The hard lines of his face melted into softer ones as he looked at her questioningly, and withal, in dumb appeal.

"Yes, Murf, I heard yez. Ye talked so for days when I first came: times ye wandered an' now divvle a word. The byes here do be tellin' me they're wantin' a boardin' place that bad. An' the super a-wantin' another shift-boss."

"Oh, Murf," and she took him in her arms.

R. J. Campbell, Crusader

Continued from Page 21.

searchings." Thus the voice of one who was thought calm, dignifiedly orthodox and quiescent. That clarion call shattered faiths, severed tenets, broke concord and set up Babel on a small scale. And amid the clamor of tongues, amid the revilings and cavilings, the sneers and jeers, Campbell gave to the world his almost incoherent message.

"We are God's chosen few.

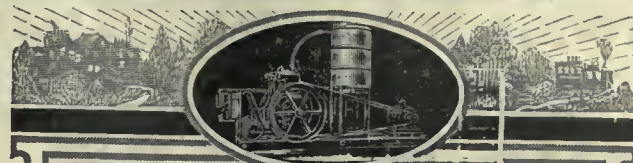
All others will be damned.

There is no place in Heaven for you
We can't have Heaven crammed!"

So wrote Swift, prince of satirists, years ago. The world hasn't changed much. Religion is still something snobbish. Campbell knew it, and attacked it. His call was really a challenge of faith. Here was the church, smug and self-complacent in its following of doctrine and creed which had been framed in centuries far back. Probably the challenge could never have been flung out by one who was other than Campbell, vacillating between the formality of the Established Church and the ultra-freedom of Nonconformity. He hurled the charge at folk that they were condemning men to hell and admitting men to heaven—in so far as any human can do these things—after judging them by standards that were applicable to a world of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. "You forget that things are different to-day. You forget the part that environment plays in the production of crime. You forget that we are dealing to-day with men and things and influences and happenings of which the Church of the centuries that are gone had no cognizance." This, in effect, was his message. He pleaded for broad-mindedness, for toleration, for charity. He vented illimitable anger on those who made broad their philacteries. He condemned, lock, stock and barrel, the attitude of the Pharisee. Who is any man, what is any man, that he can afford to cry down and accuse his brother? Who so white, that he can afford to point the finger of judgment at someone a trifle blacker? Before uttering the verdict, the judge must have clean hands himself. The mote may not be pointed out in another until he who points gets rid of the beam in his own eye. It is refreshing to be able to condemn, but does the condemnation come from one who is irreproachable? In a word, Mr. Campbell pleaded for a religion that would enable men to excuse rather than to accuse. The accusing isn't for men, till they have advanced every extenuation which is possible.

"THEY STAB YOU IN THE BACK."

Religious England was amazed. It was—if one may use the word in such a connection—simply flabbergasted. How dare this young man get up and preach leniency towards sin, when Doctor Torrey had been preaching hell and damnation for years? How dare this young man unsettle con-



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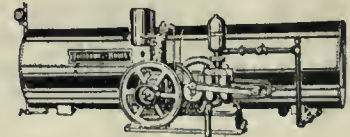
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viction and disturb spiritual complacency? This was the attitude of the great majority, friend and foe alike. It is not nice to have your peace of mind destroyed and find the destroyer a comparatively young man. Religious England decided to "get after" Campbell. It hounded him through the religious press. "They don't burn you at the stake to-day," said he; "they stab you in the back." There was a measure of truth in it. Campbell had an unholy time of it at the hands of his critics. Not even politics furnishes such a field for recrimination as religion, particularly such religion as was the creed of those whom Campbell had offended. It is not natural that people would allow a young Samson to come and tear down their temple without strong opposition. When an incendiary lights a fire and burns down a fabric which is the dear and cherished possession of someone, the instinct is for revenge. The churches would have none of Campbell. Truth to tell, they didn't know quite what to make of him. I don't think he knew quite what to make of himself. Only, he was sure that things were wrong. The world was going round on a wrong principle, as far as one of its main departments were concerned. His was the voice of the man who felt that things were not right, but who yet knew not just how they were wrong. The crusade which he led was the crusade for the conquest of his own difficulty as much as for the victory over the obstacles of others. He prayed for the light; then he went out to seek it. He bared his arm for the tremendous task, and never stayed it. He has never stayed it, for his work goes on. He is the outlaw of orthodoxy, but it is something more than cheap notoriety that he is after. Sometimes, perhaps, he wishes he could be quiet and feel free of restlessness, of the necessity for wrestling. Sometimes, perhaps, he hankers after conformity with creed, adherence to shibboleth, concurrence in ordered system. But if he had them, he would be existing, not living.

THE EXTREMIST SETS THE PACE.

A certain amount of the storm, first no bigger than a man's hand, and latterly of gigantic proportions, has died down. The stormy petrel creates less interest, perhaps, than it did a few years ago. But who is to say that it will not create another disturbance? Whatever else Mr. Campbell did, he caused men to think, and think deeply. The extremist sets the pace. If we had no ultra-Radical in the person of Lloyd George, we should have no Radicals. If we had no plu-perfect Socialist in the shape of Keir Hardie, we should have none at all. The extremist has his place, if it is only as an ignition spark. If Mr. Campbell didn't get people to agree with him in suspending judgment because environment and other witnesses for the defence had not been called, he did get men to think on more charitable lines. By his attack on their faith he put them on the defensive for their faith. They weighed it in the balance and if it was not as much wanting as he would have had them believe, they found it was in need of reformation.

And so, Campbell goes on, a tireless Perseus with a vague, vague message; a

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ball of fire, dropping terrible sparks; a swollen river, overflowing its banks; the embodiment of the seeking world, seeking and searching after *lux in tenebris*; another voice crying in the wilderness, that will not be still.

Things that Count

Continued from Page 20.

lives. But for all his efforts the defeated candidate proved nothing absolutely. There were hints and suggestions of corruption that made the Bishop sick at heart as he listened from the obscurity of a back bench. The invisible hand of Richard had been too sure to leave any exposed joint in the armor of his party. Those who swore to having been bribed were convicted of perjury on the oaths of others as questionable as themselves. Greek met Greek in the witness box, and the Judge's face grew darker as the inquiry proceeded. Then, after fruitless days, he abruptly closed the court, stating that the Commission's finding would be published within a week.

Richard was jubilant. As a matter of evidence, nothing had been proved. There remained a bad taste in the mouths of many right-thinking men, but the new administration was apparently rapidly substituting the more palatable flavor of honest government. That was his view of it. The Bishop was silent; he felt otherwise.

The finding of the Commission was the talk of the city for a day—that only. A brief document, very much to the point; it held, in short, as Richard had predicted, that nothing was proved. Then came a trenchant suggestion that certain things had not been disproved. The claims of the defeated candidate were rejected, but there followed the opinion that the laws governing election disbursements might be advantageously amended for the greater protection of the public.

Widdifield read it and groaned in spirit. The clarity of Gair's phraseology was a frank acknowledgment that Richard had covered his political tracks. That was all.

A week passed. The Bishop struggled with a humiliation he felt to be self-imposed, and a pique he knew to be unreasonable. Then he went to the wanderers', half hoping and half fearing to meet the Judge. As he walked up the steps he saw Gair's huge frame resting loosely in a leather chair by the window. Again that curious, detached, self-accusing wave engulfed him. He passed on to the smoking-room and waited in a boyish, nervous expectancy.

Presently he was conscious of a footstep, a large heavy muffled tread, and a great arm slipped into his own. Then, gazing studiously at the carpet, but seething inwardly with sudden relief, he wheeled automatically and the two strolled toward the dining room, linked in the contentment of a wordless union. There was no need for speech, but he breathed deeply as the big arm fell away from his own at the entrance to the dining room. Peters saw them coming, a rejuvenated, reanimated Peters, for whom the softly shaded

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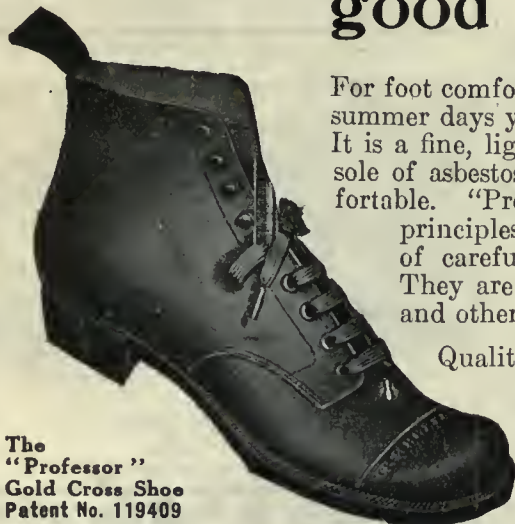
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lights took on at that moment a clearer, brighter radiance. He bent over them with a solicitude that was akin to tenderness. "I can recommend the—the—" His voice fluttered. The golden age was not yet dead.

Gair beamed across the table. "Shall we leave it to Peters?"

Widdifield nodded. He did not really want food; he was getting all he wanted.

Peters vanished. Blue eyes twinkled, and a huge face, its pink skin bronzed by the Catskills, beamed at the Bishop. "You didn't come up this summer. We missed you. Mary and her husband spent August with me."

Widdifield looked up. "Her husband—Really! I'm sorry I couldn't get away."

"Mary told me she saw you," pursued the Judge.

The Bishop's brow's wrinkled. "How is she?"

"Feeling happier and better; in fact, she's going to be very happy." He caught the question jumping into the Bishop's eyes. "For family reasons," he added contentedly. "Lamont is delighted. He's become almost human. Never saw such a change in anyone in my life." Gair hesitated a moment. "You knew, of course, that she thought she was in love with another man?"

"She admitted it. That's what I was afraid of most."

The Judge put down his glass. "You had no idea of who it was?"

"No. She didn't tell me."

Into Gair's mind flashed the vision of Mary as she sat on his veranda and told him about herself and Richard Widdifield. He had listened quietly, a paternal judiciary. In a burst of remorse she had told him all, of their meetings, of her pride in his progress and ambition, of the void in her life that she had once believed Richard alone could fill. Then of her talk with the Bishop, of his sympathy and tenderness, of the weight of her own burdened consciousness as he revealed something of the deeper meaning and responsibility of life. And, last of all, she had told him of the exquisite promise that at last was awakening her soul and leading her to springs of undreamed joy. And, remembering all this, Gair looked across into the face of his old friend and felt, as never before, how that delicate spirit must have drooped for years beneath the slings and arrows of uninterest and forgetfulness which a diffident world poises against those who have forsworn the glitter of its baubles. Widdifield had enough to carry, without the addition of a retrospective regret, and Widdifield had done noble work. So the Judge settled back in his chair and gathered the slight black-coated figure into the benignant beam of his smiling blue eyes.

"It's just as well," he said happily, "because it doesn't matter—now." Then, his voice drifting into its deepest, mellowest rumble, he added, "Bless you, old friend."

Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

Continued from page 27.

"Much pleasanter than you had, I fear," replied Madelyn.

The Senator sighed. "As a matter of fact, I found sleep hopeless; I spent most of the night with my cigar. The suggestion of meeting your train came as a really welcome relief."

As we stepped into the waiting motor, a leather-lunged newsboy thrust a bundle of heavy-typed papers into our faces. The Senator whirled with a curt dismissal on his tongue when Madelyn thrust a coin toward the lad and swept a handful of flapping papers into her lap.

"There is absolutely nothing new in the case, Miss Mack, I assure you," the Senator said impatiently. "The reporters have pestered me like so many leeches. The sight of a head-line makes me shiver."

Madelyn bent over her papers without comment. As I settled into the seat by her side, however, and the machine whirled around the corner, I saw that she was not even making a pretence of reading. I watched her with a frown as she turned the pages. There was no question of her interest, but it was not the type that held her attention. I doubted if she was perusing a line of the closely-set columns. It was not until she reached the last paper that I solved the mystery. It was the illustrations that she was studying!

When she finished the heap of papers, she began slowly and even more thoughtfully to go through them again. Now I saw that she was pondering the various photographs of Senator Duffield's family that the newspapers had published. I turned away from her bent form and tapping finger, but there was a magnetism in her abstraction that forced my eyes back to her in spite of myself. As my gaze returned to her, she thrust her gloved hand into the recesses of her bag and drew out her black morocco notebook. From its pages she selected the four newspaper pictures of the murdered secretary that she had offered me the night before. With a twinkle of satisfaction she grouped them about a large, black-bordered picture which stared up at her from the printed page in her lap.

Our ride to the Duffield gate was not a long one. In fact I was so absorbed by my furtive study of Madelyn Mack that I was startled when the chauffeur slackened his speed, and I realized from a straightening of the Senator's bent shoulders that we were nearing our destination.

At the edge of the driveway, a quietly dressed man in a grey suit, who was strolling carelessly back and forth from the gate to the house, eyed us curiously as we passed, and touched his hat to the Senator. I knew at once he was a detective. (Trust a newspaper woman to "spot" a plain clothes man, even if he has left his police uniform at home!) Madelyn did not look up and the Senator made no comment.

As we stepped from the machine, a tall girl with severe, almost classical features and a profusion of nut-brown hair which fell away from her forehead without even the suggestion of a ripple, was awaiting us.

"My daughter, Maria," Senator Duffield announced formally.

Madelyn stepped forward with extended hand. It was evident that Miss Duffield had intended only a brief nod. For an instant she hesitated, with a barely perceptible flush. Then her fingers dropped limply into Madelyn Mack's palm. (I chuckled inwardly at the ill grace with which she did it!)

"This must be a most trying occasion for you," Madelyn said with a note of sympathy in her voice, which made me stare. Effusiveness of any kind was so foreign to her nature that I frowned as we followed our host into the wide front drawing room. As we entered by one door, a black-gowned, white-haired woman, evidently Mrs. Duffield, entered by the opposite door.

In spite of the reserve of the society leader, whose sway might be said to extend to three cities, she darted an appealing glance at Madelyn Mack that melted much of the newspaper cynicism with which I was prepared to greet her. Madelyn crossed the room to her side and spoke a low sentence, that I did not catch, as she took her hand. I found myself again wondering at her unwonted friendliness. She was obviously exerting herself to gain the good will of the Duffield household. Why?

A trim maid, who stared at us as though we were museum freaks, conducted us to our rooms—adjoining apartments at the front of the third floor. The identity of Madelyn Mack had already been noised through the house, and I caught a saucer-eyed glance from a second servant as we passed down the corridor. If the atmosphere of suppressed curiosity was embarrassing my companion, however, she gave no sign of the fact. Indeed, we had hardly time to remove our hats when the breakfast gong rang.

The family was assembling in the old-fashioned dining-room when we entered. In addition to the members of the domestic circle whom I have already indicated, my attention was at once caught by two figures who entered just before us. One was a young woman whom it did not need a second glance to tell me was Beth Duffield. Her white face and swollen eyes were evidence enough of her overwrought condition, and I caught myself speculating why she had left her room.

Her companion was a tall, slender young fellow with just the faintest trace of a stoop in his shoulders. As he turned toward us, I saw a handsome, though self-indulgent face, to a close observer suggesting evidence of more dissipation than

was good for its owner. And, if the newspaper stories of the doings of Fletcher Duffield were true, the facial index was a true one.—If I remember rightly, Senator Duffield's son more than once had made prim old Boston town rub her spectacled eyes at the tales of his escapades!

Fletcher Duffield bowed rather abstractedly as he was presented to us, but during the eggs and chops he brightened visibly, and put several curious questions to Madelyn as to her methods of work, which enlivened what otherwise would have been a rather dull half-hour.

As the strokes of nine rang through the room, my companion pushed her chair back.

"What time is the corner's inquest, Senator?"

Mr. Duffield raised his eyebrows at the change in her attitude. "It is scheduled for eleven o'clock."

"And when do you expect Inspector Taylor of headquarters?"

"In the course of an hour, I should say, perhaps less. His man, Martin, has been here since yesterday afternoon—you probably saw him as we drove into the yard. I can telephone Mr. Taylor, if you wish to see him sooner."

"That will hardly be necessary, thank you."

Madelyn walked across to the window. For a moment she stood peering out on to the lawn. Then she stooped, and her hand fumbled with the catch. The window swung open with the noiselessness of well-oiled hinges, and she stepped out on to the verandah, without so much as a glance at the group about the table.

I think the Senator and I rose from our chairs at the same instant. When we reached the window, Madelyn was half across the lawn. Perhaps twenty yards ahead of her towered a huge maple, rustling in the early morning breeze.

I realized that this was the spot where Raymond Rennick had met his death.

In spite of his nervousness, Senator Duffield did not forget his old-fashioned courtliness, which I believe had become second nature to him. Stepping aside with a slight bow, he held the window open for me, following at my shoulder. As we reached the lawn, I saw that the scene of the murder was in plain view from at least one of the principal rooms of the Duffield home.

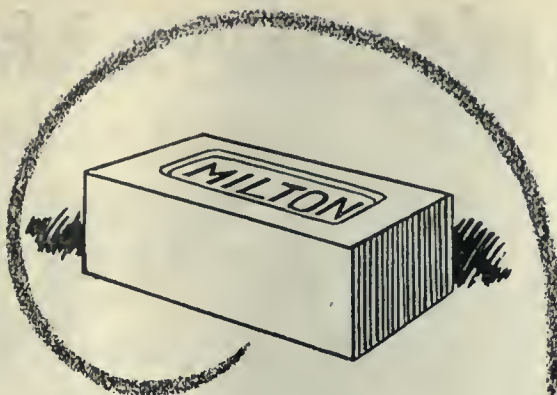
Madelyn was leaning against the maple when we reached her. Senator Duffield said gravely, as he pointed to the gnarled trunk, "You are standing just at the point where the woman waited, Miss Mack."

"Woman?"

"I refer to the assassin," the Senator rejoined a trifle impatiently. "Judging by our fragmentary clues, she must have been hidden behind the trunk when poor Rennick appeared on the driveway. We

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found her slipper somewhat to the left of the tree—a matter of eight or ten feet, I should say."

"Oh!" said Madelyn listlessly. I fancied that she was somewhat annoyed that we had followed her.

"An odd clue, that slipper," the Senator continued with an obvious attempt to maintain the conversation. "If we were disposed to be fanciful, it might suggest the childhood legend of Cinderella."

Madelyn did not answer. She stood leaning back against the tree with her eyes wandering about the yard. Once I saw her gaze flash down the driveway to the open gate, where the detective, Martin, stood watching us furtively.

"Nora," she said, without turning, "will you kindly walk six steps to your right?"

I knew better than to ask the reason for the request. With a shrug, I faced toward the house and came to a pause at the end of the stipulated distance.

"Is Miss Noraker standing where Mr. Rennick's body was found, Senator?"

"She will strike the exact spot, I think, if she takes two steps more."

I had hardly obeyed the suggestion when I caught the swift rustle of skirts behind me. I whirled to see Madelyn's lithe form darting toward me with her right hand raised as though it held a weapon.

"Good!" she cried. "I call you to witness, Senator, that I was fully six feet away when she turned! Now I want you to take Miss Noraker's place. The instant you hear me behind you—the instant, mind you—I want you to let me know."

She walked back to the tree as the Senator reluctantly changed places with me. I could almost picture the murderess dashing upon her victim as Madelyn bent forward. The Senator turned his back to us with a rather ludicrous air of bewilderment.

My erratic friend had covered perhaps half of the distance between her and our host when he spun about with a cry of discovery. She paused with a long breath.

"Thank you, Senator. What first attracted your attention to me?"

"The rustle of your dress, of course!"

Madelyn turned to me with the first smile of satisfaction I had seen since we entered the Duffield gate.

"Was the same true in your case, Nora?"

I nodded. "The fact that you are a woman hopelessly betrayed you. If you had not been hampered by petticoats—"

Madelyn broke in upon my sentence with that peculiar freedom which she always reserves to herself. "There are two things I would like to ask of you, Senator, if I may."

"I am at your disposal, I assure you."

"I would like to borrow a Boston directory, and the services of a messenger."

We walked slowly up the driveway, Madelyn again relapsing into her preoccupied silence and Senator Duffield making no effort to induce her to speak.

IV.

WE HAD nearly reached the verandah when there was the sound of a motor at the gate, and a red touring car swept into the yard. An elderly, clean-shaven man, in a long frock coat and a broad-brimmed felt hat, was sharing the front seat with the chauffeur. He sprang to the ground with extended hand as our host stepped forward to greet him. The two exchanged half a dozen low sentences at the side of the machine, and then Senator Duffield raised his voice as they approached us.

"Miss Mack, allow me to introduce my colleague, Senator Burroughs."

"I have heard of you, of course, Miss Mack," the Senator said genially, raising his broad-brimmed hat with a flourish. "I am very glad, indeed, that you are able to give us the benefit of your experience in this, er—unfortunate affair. I presume that it is too early to ask if you have developed a theory?"

"I wonder if you would allow me to reverse the question?" Madelyn responded as she took his hand.

"I fear that my detective ability would hardly be of much service to you, eh, Duffield?"

Our host smiled faintly as he turned to repeat to a servant Madelyn's request for a directory and a messenger. Senator Burroughs folded his arms as his chauffeur circled on toward the garage. There was an odd suggestion of nervousness in the whole group.—Or was it fancy?

"Have you ever given particular study to the legal angle in your cases, Miss Mack?" The question came from Senator Burroughs as we ascended the steps.

"The legal angle? I am afraid I don't grasp your meaning."

The Senator's hand moved mechanically toward his cigar case. "I am a lawyer, and perhaps I argue unduly from a lawyer's viewpoint. We always work from the question of motive, Miss Mack. A professional detective, I believe—or, at least, the average professional detective—tries to find the criminal first and establish his motive afterward."

"Now, in a case such as this, Senator—"

"In a case such as this, Miss Mack, the trained legal mind would delve first for the motive in Mr. Rennick's assassination."

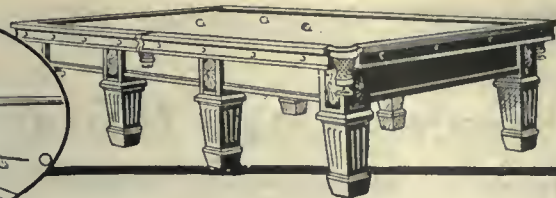
"And your legal mind, Senator, I presume, has delved for the motive. Has it found it?"

The Senator turned his unlighted cigar reflectively between his lips. "I have not found it! Eliminating the field of sordid passion and insanity, I divide the motives of the murderer under three heads—robbery, jealousy and revenge. In the present case, I eliminate the first possibility at the outset. There remain then only the two latter."

"You are interesting. You forget, however, a fourth motive—the strongest spur to crime in the human mind!"

Senator Burroughs took his cigar from his mouth.

"I mean the motive of—fear!" Madelyn



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said abruptly, as she swept into the house. When I followed her, Senator Burroughs had walked over to the railing and stood staring down at the ground below. He had tossed his cigar away.

In the room where we had breakfasted, one of the stable boys stood awkwardly awaiting Madelyn Mack's orders, while John Dorrence, the valet was just laying a city directory on the table.

"Nora," she said, as she turned to the boy, "will you kindly look up the list of packing houses?"

"Pick out the largest and give me the address," she continued, as I ran my finger through the closely typed pages. With a growing curiosity, I selected a firm whose prestige was advertised in heavy letters. Madelyn's fountain pen scratched a dozen lines across a sheet of her note-book, and she thrust it into an envelope and extended it to the stable lad.

As the youth backed from the room, Senator Duffield appeared at the window.

"I presume it will be possible for me to see Mr. Rennick's body, Senator?" Madelyn Mack asked.

Our host bowed.

"Also, I would like to look at his clothes—the suit he was wearing at the time of his death, I mean—and, when I am through, I want twenty or thirty minutes alone in his room. If Mr. Taylor should arrive before I am through, will you kindly let me know?"

"I can assure you Miss Mack, that the police have been through Mr. Rennick's apartment with a microscope."

"Then there can be no objection to my going through it with mine! By the way, Mr. Rennick's glasses—the pair that was found under his body—were packed with his clothes, were they not?"

"Certainly," the Senator responded.

I did not accompany Madelyn into the darkened room where the corpse of the murdered man was reposing. To my surprise, she rejoined me in less than five minutes.

"What did you find?" I queried as we ascended the stairs.

"A five-inch cut just above the sixth rib."

"That is what the newspapers said."

"You are mistaken. They said a three-inch cut. Have you ever tried to plunge a dagger through five inches of human flesh?"

"Certainly not."

"I have."

Accustomed as I was to Madelyn Mack's eccentricities, I stood stock still and stared into her face.

"Oh, I'm not a murderess! I refer to my dissecting room experiences."

We had reached the upper hall when there was a quick movement at my shoulder, and I saw my companion's hand dart behind my waist. Before I could quite grasp the situation, she had caught my right arm in a grip of steel. For an instant I thought she was trying to force me back down the stairs. Then the force of her hold wrung a low cry of pain from my lips. She released me with a rueful apology.

"Forgive me, Nora! For a woman, I pride myself that I have a strong wrist!"

"Yes, I think you have!"

"Perhaps now you can appreciate what I mean when I say that even I haven't strength enough to inflict the wound that killed Raymond Rennick!"

"Then we must be dealing with an Amazon."

"Would Cinderella's missing slipper fit an Amazon?" she answered drily.

As she finished her sentence, we paused before a closed door which I rightly surmised led into the room of the murdered secretary. Madelyn's hand was on the knob when there was a step behind us, and Senator Duffield joined us with a rough bundle in his hands.

"Mr. Rennick's clothes," he explained. Madelyn nodded.

"Inspector Taylor left them in my care to hold until the inquest."

Madelyn flung the door open without any comment and led the way inside. Slipping the string from the bundle, she emptied the contents out on to the counterpane of the bed. They comprised the usual warm weather outfit of a well-dressed man, who evidently avoided the extremes of fashion, and she deftly sorted the articles into small neat piles. She glanced up with an expression of impatience.

"I thought you said they were here, Mr. Duffield!"

"What?"

"Mr. Rennick's glasses! Where are they?"

Senator Duffield fumbled in his pocket. "I beg your pardon, Miss Mack. I had overlooked them," he apologized, as he produced a thin paper parcel.

Madelyn carried it to the window and carefully unwrapped it.

"You will find the spectacles rather badly damaged, I fear. One lens is completely ruined."

Madelyn placed the broken glasses on the sill, and raised the blind to its full height. Then she dropped to her knees and whipped out her microscope. When she arose, her small, black-clad figure was tense with suppressed excitement.

A fat oak chiffonier stood in the corner nearest her. Crossing to its side, she rummaged among the articles that littered its surface, opened and closed the top drawer, and stepped back with an expression of annoyance. A writing table was the next point of her search, with results which I judged to be equally fruitless. She glanced uncertainly from the bed to the three chairs, the only other articles of furniture that the room contained. Then her eyes lighted again as they rested on the broad, carved mantel that spanned the empty fire-place.

It held the usual collection of bric-a-brac of a bachelor's room. At the end farthest from us, however, there was a narrow, red case, of which I caught only an indistinct view, when Madelyn's hand closed over it.

She whirled toward us. "I must ask you to leave me alone now, please!"

The Senator flushed at the peremptory command. I stepped into the hall and he followed me, with a shrug. He was closing the door when Madelyn raised her voice. "If Inspector Taylor is below, kindly send him up at once!"



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"And what about the inquest, Miss Mack?"

"There will be no inquest—to-day!"

Senator Duffield led the way down stairs without a word. In the hall below, a ruddy-faced man, with grey hair, a thin grey beard and moustache, and a grey suit—suggesting an army officer in civilian clothes—was awaiting us. I could readily imagine that Inspector Taylor was something of a disciplinarian in the Boston police department. Also, relying on Madelyn Mack's estimate, he was one of the three shrewdest detectives on the American continent.

Senator Duffield hurried toward him with a suggestion of relief. "Miss Mack is up-stairs, Inspector, and requested me to send you to her the moment you arrived."

"Is she in Mr. Rennick's room?"

The Senator nodded. The Inspector hesitated as though about to ask another question and then, as though thinking better of it, bowed and turned to the stairs.

Inspector Taylor was one of those few policemen who had the honor of being numbered among Madelyn Mack's personal friends, and I fancied that he welcomed the news of her arrival.

Fletcher Duffield was chatting somewhat aimlessly with Senator Burroughs as we sauntered out into the yard again. None of the ladies of the family were visible. The plain clothes man was still lounging disconsolately in the vicinity of the gate. There was a sense of unrest in the scene, a vague expectancy. Although no one voiced the suggestion, we might all have been waiting to catch the first clap of distant thunder.

As Senator Duffield joined the men, I wandered across to the dining-room window. I fancied the room was deserted, but I was mistaken. As I faced about toward the driveway, a low voice caught my ear from behind the curtains.

"You are Miss Mack's friend, are you not? No, don't turn around, please!"

But I had already faced toward the open door. At my elbow was a white-capped maid—with her face almost as white as her cap—whom I remembered to have seen at breakfast.

"Yes, I am Miss Mack's friend. What can I do for you?"

"I have a message for her. Will you see that she gets it?"

"Certainly."

"Tell her that I was at the door of Senator Duffield's library the night before the murder."

My face must have expressed my bewilderment. For an instant I fancied the girl was about to run from the room. I stepped through the window and put my arm about her shoulders. She smiled faintly.

"I don't know much about the law, and evidence, and that sort of thing—and I'm afraid! You will take care of me, won't you?"

"Of course, I will, Anna. Your name is Anna, isn't it?"

The girl was rapidly recovering her self-possession. "I thought you ought to know what happened Tuesday night. I was passing the door of the library—it was fairly late, about ten o'clock, I think

—when I heard a man's voice inside the room. It was a loud angry voice like that of a person in a quarrel. Then I heard a second voice, lower and much calmer."

"Did you recognize the speakers?"

"They were Mr. Rennick and Senator Duffield!"

I caught my breath. "You said one of them was angry. Which was it?"

"Oh, it was the Senator! He was very much excited and worked up. Mr. Rennick seemed to be speaking very low."

"What were they saying, Anna?" I tried to make my tones careless and indifferent, but they trembled in spite of myself.

"I couldn't catch what Mr. Rennick said. The Senator was saying some dreadful things. I remember he cried, 'You swindlers!' And then a bit later, 'I have evidence that should put you and your thieving crew behind the bars!' I think that is all. I was too bewildered to—"

A stir on the lawn interrupted the sentence. Madelyn Mack and Inspector Taylor had appeared. At the sound of their voices, the girl broke from my arm and darted toward the door.

Through the window, I heard the Inspector's heavy tones, as he announced curtly, "I am telephoning the coroner, Senator, that we are not ready for the inquest to-day. We must postpone it until to-morrow."

V.

THE balance of the day passed without incident. In fact, I found the subdued quiet of the Duffield home becoming irksome as evening fell. I saw little of Madelyn Mack. She disappeared shortly after luncheon behind the door of her room, and I did not see her again until the dressing bell rang for dinner. Senator Duffield left for the city with Mr. Burroughs at noon, and his car did not bring him back until dark. The women of the family remained in their apartments during the entire day, nor could I wonder at the fact. A morbid crowd of curious sight-seers was massed about the gates almost constantly, and it was necessary to send a call for two additional policemen to keep them back. In spite of the vigilance, frequent groups of newspaper men managed to slip into the grounds, and, after half a dozen experiences in frantically dodging a battery of cameras, I decided to stick to the shelter of the house.

It was with a feeling of distinct relief that I heard the door of Madelyn's room open and her voice called to me to enter. I found her stretched on a lounge before the window, with a mass of pillows under her head.

"Been asleep?" I asked.

"No—to tell the truth, I've been too busy."

"What? In this room?"

"This is the first time I've been here since noon!"

"Then where—"

"Nora, don't ask questions!"

I turned away with a shrug that brought a laugh from the lounge. Madelyn rose and shook out her skirts. I sat watching her as she walked across to the

mirror and stood patting the great golden masses of her hair.

A low tap on the door interrupted her. Dorrance, the valet, stood outside as she opened it, extending an envelope. Madelyn fumbled it as she walked back. She let the envelope flutter to the floor and I saw that it contained only a blank sheet of paper. She thrust it into her pocket without explanation.

"How would you like a long motor ride, Nora?"

"For business or pleasure?"

"Pleasure! The day's work is finished! I don't know whether you agree with me or not, but I am strongly of the opinion that a whirl out under the elms of Cambridge, and then on to Concord and Lexington would be delightful in the moonlight. What do you say?"

The clock was hovering on the verge of midnight and the household had retired when we returned. Madelyn was in singularly cheery spirits. The low refrain which she was humming as the car swung into the grounds — "Schubert's Serenade," I think it was—ceased only when we stepped on to the verandah, and realized that we were entering the house of the dead.

I turned off my lights in silence, and glanced undecidedly from the bed to the rocker by the window. The cool night breeze beckoned me to the latter, and I threw the chair back a pace and cuddled down among the cushions. The lawn was almost silver under the flood of the moonlight, recalling vaguely the sweep of the ocean on a mid-summer night. Back and forth along the edge of the gate the figure of a man was pacing like a tired sentinel. It was the plain-clothes officer from headquarters. His figure suggested a state of siege. We might have been surrounded by a skulking enemy. Or was the enemy within, and the sentinel stationed to prevent his escape? I stumbled across to the bed and to sleep, with the question choicing oddly through my brain.

When I opened my eyes, the sun was throwing a yellow shaft of light across my bed, but it wasn't the sun that had awakened me. Madelyn was standing in the doorway, dressed, with an expression on her face which brought me to my elbow.

"What has happened now?"

"Burglars!"

"Burglars?" I repeated dully.

"I am going down to the library. Someone is making news for us fast, Nora. When will it be our turn?"

I dressed in record-breaking time, with my curiosity whetted by sounds of suppressed excitement which forced their way into the upper hall. The Duffield home not only was early astir, but was suddenly jarred out of its customary routine.

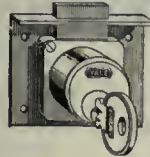
When I descended, I found a nervous group of servants clustered about the door of the library. They stood aside to let me pass, with attitudes of uneasiness which I surmised would mean a wholesale series of "notices" if the strange events in the usually well regulated household continued.

Behind the closed door of the library were Senator Duffield, his son Fletcher, and Madelyn Mack. It was easy to appreciate at a glance the unusual condi-

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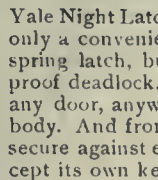
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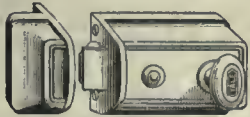


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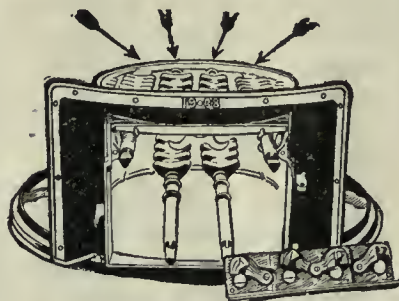
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tion of the room. At the right, one of the long windows, partly raised, showed the small round hole of a diamond cutter just over the latch. It was obvious where the clandestine entrance and exit had been obtained. The most noticeable feature of the apartment, however, was a small, square safe in the corner, with its heavy lid swinging awkwardly ajar, and the rug below littered with a heap of papers, that had evidently been torn from its neatly tabulated series of drawers. The burglarious hands either had been very angry or very much in a hurry. Even a number of unsealed envelopes had been ripped across, as though the pillager had been too impatient to extract their contents in the ordinary manner. To a man of Senator Duffield's methodical habits, it was easy to imagine that the scene had been a severe wrench.

Madelyn was speaking in her quick, incisive tones as I entered.

"Are you quite sure of that fact, Senator?" she asked sharply, as I closed the door and joined the trio.

"Quite sure, Miss Mack!"

"Then nothing is missing, absolutely nothing?"

"Not a single article, valuable or otherwise!"

"I presume then there were articles of more or less value in the safe?"

"There was perhaps four hundred dollars in loose bills in my private cash drawer, and, so far as I know, there is not a dollar gone."

"How about your papers and memoranda?"

The Senator shook his head

"There was nothing of the slightest use to a stranger. As a matter of fact, just two days ago, I took pains to destroy the only portfolio of valuable documents in the safe."

Madelyn stooped thoughtfully over the litter of papers on the rug. "You mean three evenings ago, don't you?"

"How on earth, Miss Mack—"

"You refer to the memoranda that you and Mr. Rennick were working on the night before his death, do you not?"

"Of course!" And then I saw Senator Duffield was staring at his curt questioner as though he had said something he hadn't meant to.

"I think you told me once before that the combination of your safe was known only to yourself and Mr. Rennick?"

"You are correct."

"Then, to your knowledge, you are the only living person, who possesses this information at the present time?"

"That is the case. It was a rather intricate combination, and we changed it hardly a month ago."

Madelyn rose from the safe, glanced reflectively at a huge leather chair, and sank into its depths with a sigh.

"You say nothing has been stolen, Senator, that the burglar's visit yielded him nothing. For your peace of mind I would like to agree with you, but I am sorry to inform you that you are mistaken."

"Surely, Miss Mack, you are hasty! am confident that I have searched my possessions with the utmost care."

"Nevertheless, you have been robbed! Senator Duffield glanced down at the

small lithe figure impatiently. "Then, perhaps, you will be good enough to tell me of what my loss consists?"

"I refer to the article for which your secretary was murdered! It was stolen from this room last night."

Had the point of a dagger pressed against Senator Duffield's shoulders, he could not have bounded forward in greater consternation. His composure was shattered like a pane of glass crumbling.

He sprang toward the safe with a cry like a man in sudden fear or agony. Jerking back its door, he plunged his hand into its lower left compartment. When he straightened, he held a long, wax phonograph record.

His dismay had vanished in a quick blending of relief and anger, as his eyes swept from the cylinder to the grave figure of Madelyn Mack.

"I fail to appreciate your joke, Miss Mack—if you call it a joke to frighten a man without cause as you have me!"

"Have you examined the record in your hand, Senator?"

Fletcher Duffield and I stared at the two. There was a suggestion of tragedy in the scene as the impatience and irritation gradually faded from the Senator's face.

"It is a substitute!" he groaned. "A substitute! I have been tricked, victimized, robbed!"

He stood staring at the wax record as though it were a heated iron burning into his flesh. Suddenly it slipped from his fingers and was shattered on the floor.

But he did not appear to notice the fact as he burst out, "Do you realize that you are standing here inactive while the thief is escaping? I don't know how your wit surprised my secret, and don't care now, but you are throwing away your chances of stopping the burglar while he may be putting miles between himself and us! Are you made of ice, woman? Can't you appreciate what this means? In the name of heaven, Miss Mack—"

"The thief will not escape, Mr. Duffield!"

"It seems to me that he has already escaped."

"Let me assure you, Senator, that your missing property is as secure as though it were locked in your safe at this moment!"

"But do you realize that, once a hint of its nature is known, it will be almost worthless to me?"

"Better perhaps than you do,—so well that I pledge myself to return it to your hands within the next half hour!"

Senator Duffield took three steps forward until he stood so close to Madelyn that he could have reached over and touched her on the shoulder.

"I am an old man, Miss Mack, and the last two days have brought me almost to a collapse. If I have appeared unduly sharp, I tender you my apologies—but do not give me false hopes! Tell me frankly that you cannot encourage me. It will be a kindness. You will realize that I cannot blame you."

Senator Duffield's imperious attitude was so broken that I could hardly believe it possible that the same man who ruled

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a great political party, almost by the sway of his finger, was speaking. Madelyn caught his hand with a grasp of assurance.

"I will promise even more." She snapped open her watch. "If you will return to this room at nine o'clock, not only will I restore your stolen property—but I will deliver the murderer of Raymond Rennick!"

"Rennick's murderer?" the Senator gasped.

Madelyn bowed. "In this room at nine o'clock."

I think I was the first to move toward the door. Fletcher Duffield hesitated a moment, staring at Madelyn, then he turned and hurried past me down the hall.

His father followed more slowly. As he closed the door, I saw Madelyn standing where we had left her, leaning back against her chair, and staring at a woman's black slipper. It was the one which had been found by Raymond Rennick's dead body.

I made my way mechanically toward the dining-room, and was surprised to find that the members of the Duffield family were already at the table. With the exception of Madelyn, it was the same breakfast group as the morning before. In another house, this attempt to maintain the conventions in the face of tragedy might have seemed incongruous; but it was so thoroughly in keeping with the self-contained Duffield character that, after the first shock, I realized it was not at all surprising. I fancy that we all breathed a sigh of relief, however, when the meal was over.

We were rising from the table, when a folded note addressed to the Senator, was handed to the butler from the hall. He glanced through it hurriedly, and held up his hand for us to wait.

"This is from Miss Mack. She requests me to have all of the members of the family, and those servants who have furnished any evidence in connection with the, er—murder" — the Senator winced as he spoke the word — "to assemble in the library at nine o'clock. I think that we owe it both to ourselves and to her to obey her instructions to the letter. Perkins, will you kindly notify the servants?"

As it happened, Madelyn's audience in the library was increased by two spectators she had not named. The tooting of a motor sounded without, and the tall figure of Senator Burroughs met us as we were leaving the dining-room. Senator Duffield took his arm with a glance of relief, and explained the situation as he forced him to accompany us.

VI.

IN the library, we found for the first time that Madelyn was not alone. Engaged in a low conversation with her, which ceased as we entered, was Inspector Taylor. He had evidently been designated as the spokesman of the occasion.

"Is everybody here?" he asked.

"I think so," Senator Duffield replied. "There are really only five of the servants who count in the case."

Madelyn's eyes flashed over the circle.

"Close the door, please, Mr. Taylor. I think you had better lock it also."

"There are fourteen persons in this room," she continued, "counting, of course, Inspector Taylor, Miss Noraker and myself. We may safely be said to be outside the case. There are then eleven persons here connected in some degree with the tragedy. It is in this list of eleven that I have searched for the murderer. I am happy to tell you that my search has been successful!"

Senator Duffield was the first to speak. "You mean to say, Miss Mack, that the murderer is in this room at the present time?"

"Correct."

"Then you accuse one of this group—"

"Of dealing the blow which killed your secretary, and, later, of plundering your safe."

Inspector Taylor moved quietly to a post between the two windows. Escape from the room was barred. I darted a stealthy glance around the circle in an effort to surprise a trace of guilt in the faces before me, and was startled to find my neighbors engaged in the same furtive occupation. Of the women of the family, the Senator's wife, had compressed her lips as though, as mistress of the house, she felt the need of maintaining her composure in any situation. Maria was toying with her bracelet, while Beth made no effort to conceal her agitation.

Senator Burroughs was studying the pattern of the carpet with a face as inscrutable as a mask. Fletcher Duffield was sitting back in his chair, his hands in his pockets. His father was leaning against the locked door, his eyes flashing from face to face. With the exception of Dorrence, the valet, and Perkins, the butler, who I do not think would have stirred out of their stolidness had the ceiling fallen, the servants were in an utter panic. Two of the maids were plainly bordering on hysterics.

Such was the group that faced Madelyn in the Duffield library. One of the number was a murderer, whom the next ten minutes were to brand as such. Which was it? Instinctively my eyes turned again toward the three women of the Duffield family, as Madelyn walked across to a portiere which screened a corner of the apartment.

Jerking it aside, she showed, suspended from a hook in the ceiling, a quarter of fresh veal.

On an adjoining stand was a long, thin-bladed knife, which might have been a dagger, ground to a razor-edge. Madelyn held it before her as she turned to us.

"This is the weapon which killed Mr. Rennick." I fancied I heard a gasp as she spoke. Although I whirled almost on the instant, however, I could detect no signs of it in the faces behind me.

"I propose to conduct a short experiment, which I assure you is absolutely necessary to my chain of reasoning," Madelyn continued. "You may or may not know that the body of a calf practically offers the same degree of resistance to a knife as the body of a man. Dead flesh, of course, is harder and firmer than living flesh, but I think that, adding the thickness of clothes, we may take it for granted that in the quarter of veal before

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us, we have a fair substitute for the body of Raymond Rennick. Now watch me closely, please!"

Drawing back her arm, she plunged her knife into the meat with a force which sent it spinning on its hook. She drew the knife out, and examined it reflectively.

"I have made a cut of only a little more than three and a half inches. The blow which killed Mr. Rennick penetrated at least five inches.

"Here we encounter a singularly striking feature of our case, involving a stratagem which I think I can safely say is the most unique in my experience. To all intents, it was a woman who killed Mr. Rennick. In fact, it has been taken for granted that he met his death at the hand of a female assassin. We must dispose of this conclusion at the outset, for the simple reason that it was physically impossible for a woman to have dealt the death blow!"

I chanced to be gazing directly at Fletcher Duffield as Madelyn made the statement. An expression of such relief flashed into his face that instinctively I turned about and followed the direction of his glance. His eyes were fixed on his sister, Beth.

Madelyn deposited the knife on the stand.

"Indeed, I may say there are few men—perhaps not one in ten—with a wrist strong enough to have dealt Mr. Rennick's death blow," she went on. "There is only one such person among the fourteen in this room at the present time.

"Again you will recall that the wound was delivered from the rear just as Mr. Rennick faced about in his own defence. Had he been attacked by a woman, he would have heard the rustle of her dress several feet before she possibly could have reached him. I think you will recall my demonstration of that fact yesterday morning, Mr. Duffield.

"Obviously then, it is a man whom we must seek if we would find the murderer of your secretary, and a man of certain peculiar characteristics. Two of these I can name now. He possessed a wrist developed to an extraordinary degree, and he owned feet as small and shapely as a woman's. Otherwise, the stratagem of wearing a woman's slippers and leaving one of them near the scene of the crime to divert suspicion from himself, would never have occurred to him!"

Again I thought I heard a gasp behind me, but its owner escaped me a second time.

"There was a third marked feature among the physical characteristics of the murderer. He was near-sighted — so much so that it was necessary for him to wear glasses of the kind known technically as a 'double lens.' Unfortunately for the assassin, when his victim fell, the latter caught the glasses in his hand, and they were broken under his body. The murderer may have been thrown into a panic, and feared to take the time to recover his spectacles; but it was a fatal blunder. Fortune, however, might have helped him even then in spite of this fact, for those who found the body fell into the natural error of considering the glasses to



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be the property of the murdered man. Had it not been for two minor details, this impression might never have been contradicted."

Madelyn held up a packet of newspaper illustrations. Several of them I recognized as the pictures of the murdered secretary that she had shown me at the Roanoke." The others were also photographs of the same man.

"If Mr. Rennick hadn't been fond of having his picture taken, the fact that he never wore glasses on the street might not have been noticed. None of his pictures, not even the snap-shots, showed a man in spectacles. It is true that he did possess a pair, and it is here where those who discovered the crime went astray. But they were for reading purposes only, the kind termed a .125 lens, while those of his assailant were a .210 lens. To clinch the matter, I later found Mr. Rennick's own spectacles in his room where he had left them the evening before."

Madelyn held up the red leather case she had found on the mantel-piece, and tapped it musingly as she gave a slight nod to Inspector Taylor.

"We have now the following description of the murderer—a slenderly built man, with an unusual wrist, possibly an athlete at one time, who possesses a foot capable of squeezing into a woman's shoe, and who is handicapped by near-sightedness. Is there an individual in this room to whom this description applies?"

There was a new glitter in Madelyn's eyes as she continued.

"Through the co-operation of Inspector Taylor, I am enabled to answer this question. Mr. Taylor has traced the glasses of the assassin to the optician who gave the prescription for them. I am not surprised to find that the owner of the spectacles tallies with the owner of these other interesting articles."

With the words, she whisked from the stand at her elbow, the long, narrow-bladed dagger, and a pair of soiled, black suede slippers.

There was a suggestion of grotesque unreality about it all. It was much as though I had been viewing the denouement of a play from the snug vantage point of an orchestra seat, waiting for the lights to flare up and the curtain to ring down. A shriek ran through my ears, jarring me back to the realization that I was not a spectator, but a part, of the play.

A figure darted toward the window. It was John Dorrence, the valet.

The next instant Inspector Taylor threw himself on the fleeing man's shoulders, and the two went to the floor.

"Can you manage him?" Madelyn called.

"Unless he prefers cold steel through his body to cold steel about his wrists," was the rejoinder.

"I think you may dismiss the other servants, Senator," Madelyn said. "I wish, however, that the family would remain a few moments."

As the door closed again, she continued, "I promised you also, Senator, the return of your stolen property. I have the honor to make that promise good."

From her stand, which was rapidly as-

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suming the proportions of a conjurer's table, she produced a round, brown paper parcel.

"Before I unwrap this, have I your permission to explain its contents?"
"As you will, Miss Mack."

"Perhaps the most puzzling feature of the tragedy is the motive. It is this parcel which supplies us with the answer.

"Your secretary, Mr. Duffield, was an exceptional young man. Not only did he repeatedly resist bribery such as comes to few men, but he gave his life for his trust.

"At any time since this parcel came into his possession, he could have sold it for a fortune. Because he refused to sell it he was murdered for it. Perhaps every reader of the newspapers is more or less familiar with Senator Duffield's investigations of the ravages of a certain great Trust. A few days ago, the Senator came into possession of evidence against the combine of such a drastic nature that he realized it would mean nothing less than the annihilation of the monopoly, imprisonment for the chief officers, and a business sensation such as this country has seldom known.

"Once the officers of the Trust knew of his evidence, however, they would be fore-armed in such a manner that its value would be largely destroyed. The evidence was a remarkable piece of detective work. It consisted of a phonographic record of a secret directors' meeting, laying bare the inmost depredations of the corporation."

Madelyn paused as the handcuffed valet showed signs of a renewed struggle. Inspector Taylor without comment calmly snapped a second pair of bracelets about his feet.

"The Trust was shrewd enough to appreciate the value of a spy in the Duffield home. Dorrance was engaged for the post, and from what I have learned of his character, he filled it admirably. How he stumbled on Senator Duffield's latest coup is immaterial. The main point is that he tried to bribe Mr. Rennick so persistently to betray his post that the latter threatened to expose him. Partly in the fear that he would carry out his threat, and partly in the hope that he carried memoranda which might lead to the discovery of the evidence that he sought, Dorrance planned and carried out the murder.

"In the secretary's pocket he discovered the combination of the safe, and made use of it last night. I found the stolen phonograph record this morning behind the register of the furnace pipe in Dorrance's room. I had already found that this was his cache, containing the dagger which killed Rennick, and the second of Cinderella's slippers. The pair was stolen some days ago from the room of Miss Beth Duffield."

The swirl of the day was finally over. Dorrance had been led to his cell; the coroner's jury had returned its verdict; and all that was mortal of Raymond Rennick had been laid in its last resting place. Madelyn and I had settled ourselves

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in the homeward bound Pullman as it rumbled out of the Boston station in the early dusk.

"There are two questions I want to ask," I said reflectively.

Madelyn looked up from her newspaper with a yawn.

"Why did John Dorrence bring you back a blank sheet of paper when you despatched him on your errand?"

"As a matter of fact, there was nothing else for him to bring back. Mr. Taylor kept him at police headquarters long

enough to give me time to carry my search through his room. The message was a blind."

"And what was the quarrel that the servant girl, Anna, heard in the Duffield library?"

"It wasn't a quarrel, my dear girl. It was the Senator preparing the speech with which he intended to launch his evidence against the Trust. The Senator is in the habit of dictating his speeches to a phonograph. Some of them I am afraid, are rather fiery."

The Fortunes of the Cawthras

Continued from Page 24.

Dublin, who was practising medicine in the village of Bondhead at the time. He was a man of ability and of strong personality, a fitting mate for such a woman as Miss Cawthra, who combined in her person all those striking characteristics which have made the women of the family so conspicuous. Dr. Mulock died in 1848, at a comparatively early age, leaving five children. His widow thereupon returned to Newmarket, where she brought up her family.

Mrs. Mulock is recalled as a woman of wide sympathies. Throughout her whole Newmarket life she took a prominent part in conducting charitable works for the benefit of those in need. This work she began during the cholera period, when this disease was brought to Toronto and thence to Newmarket by immigrants. It left many widows and orphans, and these were the objects of her constant care. She died in 1882 in Los Angeles, California, whither she had gone to spend the winter with her youngest daughter and her brother, Joseph.

THE CAREER OF SIR WILLIAM MULOCK.

Of her five children, the eldest, John, a lad of great promise, was carried off at an untimely age by an attack of scarlet fever. William, the second son, is well-known throughout the length and breadth of Canada as Sir William Mulock, former Postmaster-General of the Dominion and now Chief Justice of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice of Ontario. He was born in 1843, became a lawyer in Toronto, and soon stepped into a foremost place among the legal practitioners of the city. His political career is familiar to most people. For many years he represented North York in the House of Commons and, following the Liberal victory in 1896, was called on to assume the portfolio of Postmaster-General. In this capacity he instituted reforms that characterized his regime as probably the most progressive in the history of the department. For his services in securing penny postage he was accorded a knighthood.

Apart from politics, Sir William has probably bestowed most attention on university affairs. He was elected to the Senate of the University in 1875, and five years later became vice-chancellor, an office which he filled for twenty years or

until his duties at Ottawa prevented the further satisfactory discharge of its duties. During this time he personally did a great deal to advance the cause of university federation, and undoubtedly the bringing of such institutions as Knox College, Wycliffe College, St. Michael's College, Victoria University, the Ontario Agricultural College, the Toronto School of Medicine, etc., into alliance with the University was largely the result of his efforts. Thus education, as well as philanthropy, owes much to him.

The other surviving children of Mary Cawthra are Mrs. Boulton, the widow of William Boulton, who served the Imperial Government for many years as engineer-in-charge of railway construction in India, and Mrs. Monk, wife of G. W. Monk, formerly representative of the County of Carleton in the Legislature and now vice-president of the Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Co. A third daughter, Sarah Mulock, since deceased, married George W. Lount, of Barrie, brother of the late Mr. Justice Lount, of Toronto. Both Mrs. Boulton and Mrs. Monk inherit their mother's kindly disposition. Mrs. Boulton has taken a deep interest in the work of the Infants' Home, of which she is president, whilst her sister is on the directorate of the Home, as well as on the board of the Western Hospital.

THE OLD CAWTHRA HOME.

Up to this point, the investigation into the genealogy of the Cawthra family has been limited to the descent through the person of John Cawthra, of Newmarket. The founder of the family had other sons, however, two of whom played their part in the early history of Toronto. These were Jonathan and William. The former died at a fairly early age and unmarried. The latter succeeded to the bulk of his father's property, and by virtue of diligence and saving accumulated a large fortune. He it was who, about the year 1855, acquired the property at the north-east corner of King and Bay streets, and there erected what was at the time the finest residence in Toronto. The building, which still stands and is now the head office of the Sterling Bank, is a dignified and solid piece of architecture, being conspicuous among those more modern neighboring buildings in which the utilitarian has almost eclipsed the æsthetic.

William Cawthra married a sister of the late James Crowther, of Toronto, thus forming a link with another of the moneyed families of the olden times. He had no children to inherit his rapidly-expanding wealth, and on his death in 1879 he bequeathed all his property to his widow. Mrs. Cawthra later on married W. A. Murray, the dry goods merchant, but retained control of her resources, which under her careful management continued to grow in value. She outlived her second husband by a few years, herself passing away in 1897.

A CONSIDERABLE LEGACY.

The death of Mrs. Cawthra-Murray now left the bulk of the Cawthra fortune, derived direct from the founder of the family, subject to the direction of her will. There were certainly not lacking grand-nephews and grand-nieces enough on whom to bestow the money, but the old lady had already centred her affections on one of the grandsons of her former husband's niece, Mary Cawthra Mulock. This was the second son of Sir William Mulock, named Cawthra after his grandmother, and at the time a lad of thirteen. Something about him had evidently impressed Mrs. Cawthra-Murray, for she bequeathed to him unconditionally the bulk of her property, valued then at about four million dollars.

CAWTHRA MULOCK A WORKER.

As possessor of the bulk of the Cawthra fortune, Cawthra Mulock is entitled to more than a passing reference in any article dealing with the Cawthra family. That he has not become one of the idle rich, dissipating in profitless pursuits the wealth which fortune thrust upon him, is much to his credit. Toronto's youngest millionaire is a worker, who has already made a name for himself as a successful promoter and an astute financier. He possesses much of his father's sane conception of the obligations of wealth, and he has shown himself to be generous and open-handed in assisting worthy causes. Altogether, at thirty years of age, he has made a very favorable impression, and is to be regarded as one of the influential financiers of the day in Canada.

Considered as a family, the Cawthras may be said to be characterized by a notable reserve. They live very quietly, their names rarely figure in the social columns, they do not court the notoriety which so generally accompanies the possession of unusual wealth. They themselves disclaim any extraordinary talents or capacities, merely maintaining that such wealth as they have has not come to them because of any special aptitudes, but because of the natural increment in value of their property. This desire not to parade their possessions assuredly merits respect.

It has been mentioned that only one member of the family has so far gone in for public life, and that only for a limited period. Some reference, however, should be made to the military achievements of the family. When the War of 1812 broke out, at least two of Joseph Cawthra's sons volunteered in the defence of their country. These were John and Jonathan. In the attack on Fort Detroit John assisted

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in conveying the heavy guns across the river, while at the Battle of Queenston Heights he had at least two hair-breadth escapes from death. In one instance, being ordered from the rear to the front of his company, he had barely stepped out of his place when the comrade who replaced him was shot in the leg. In another he had only just cautioned Colonel Macdonnell against rashly exposing himself, as he seemed to be doing, when he was called on to assist in carrying that officer to the rear, mortally wounded.

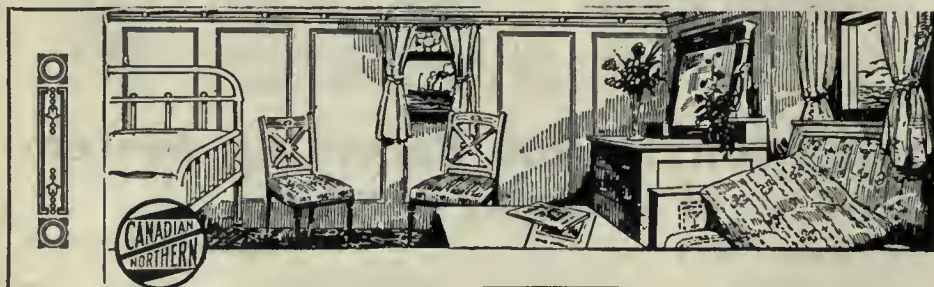
There is a natural, and one must admit, an entirely pardonable curiosity on the part of the public to know just how various wealthy people have made their money. In the case of the Cawthras, two agencies have been at work rolling up the value of their possessions. The first of these has been the natural increment in real estate values in Toronto. This is not to say that the family have been speculators in the sense of having bought either land or buildings with a view to making substantial profits over a period of years. They were rather investors and, having money on hand, their favorite way of salting it down was to put it into real estate, not so much vacant land, as land and houses. In process of time they and one or two other families were said to own Toronto, their landed possessions in the city being very extensive.

There could be only one result. As the city grew and real estate prices advanced with ever-increasing momentum, the Cawthras' property rapidly expanded in value. They had been early on the scene, and their holdings were in the very centre of the city. Almost before they knew it, they had passed into the millionaire class. The younger generation began to realize on the investments of the older generation, and the profits were immense. It is said that the family own comparatively little real estate at the present time, but there can be little doubt that the Cawthra fortune is largely the outcome of the immense increment in land values in Toronto during the past century.

There was another cause contributory to the accumulation of their wealth, and it is just possible that it should have been mentioned first, as after all it stands at the basis of the whole financial fabric. This was the saving habit. The Cawthras have always been savers, even down to the present generation. The habit was certainly marked in the case of the founder of the family and his sons. Had they not saved, there would have been no capital for investment, and without capital, no amount of natural increment would have availed.

The Cawthras have always been eminently fair in their financial operations. They were never extortionate in their demands for rent. They undoubtedly did not exact the interest charges on money loaned on mortgage that they might have done. They were content to lay dollar on dollar, fairly, slowly and surely.

So, to the industry and frugality of the founder of the family, to the continued care and thrift of his sons and his sons' sons, the present generation owes the accumulation of a fortune that places them in the front rank of the moneyed families of Canada.



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The Business Outlook

What Conditions Will Prevail in the Event of European Powers Being at War—Canada May Profit Through Higher Prices for Wheat

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is quite impossible, writing at the beginning of August to indicate with any degree of confidence the course of business. Every day changes the outlook. Mr. Appleton postulates war and indicates the possible effects on business in Canada. If war does not actually occur he expresses the opinion that the crisis of late July unsettled confidence to such an extent as to deter the return of active business and lower money rates.

WHATEVER view may be taken of Austria's cause for declaration of war against Serbia the grim fact has to be admitted that the action taken has certainly changed the business outlook for the entire world. In so far as newspaper despatches have provided information it would appear that Austria's attitude is very arbitrary and will not generally speaking, find favor in English-speaking communities. At the present moment it is impossible to divine what may ultimately be the result of Austria's action and her attitude. It is quite out of place here to discuss European politics in detail, but we have to take cognizance of them in gauging the trend of business in Canada.

Until the gloomy developments of late July conditions in Canada were full of promise. Bank deposits were increasing, bank clearings swelling, and confidence appeared to be gathering momentum. The one serious cloud on the outlook was Ulster. A Toronto broker very correctly stated that the Irish question was the pivotal point on which business would turn. Grave as is that question, for a time overshadowed by the larger European issue, it will continue to be a source of uneasiness until finally settled.

THE LATE JULY CRISIS.

Canadian business men, and those of other nations, have before them a situation which has no precedent in history. Never has it been found, as in the case of the financial crisis of the last week in July, necessary to close the door of so many stock exchanges in so many parts of the world. The evidence that nations are financially dependent one upon the other may not be fully conclusive, but the facts appear to point that way. When the prospect of war produces consequences so violent what can be expected if a conflagration starts in Europe involving all the large powers? War to-day, in the case of the first-class powers, cannot be contrasted with war of a decade ago. Appalling as were the results of the Balkan war they were produced by antagonists not equipped with the fighting machinery, or the wealth to secure it, such as would be brought into action in the case of a contest between powers now growling at each other. We might ask if Canadian business men have reason to anticipate such an outbreak?

At the moment of writing the general

opinion of leading bankers in Canada is that war is possible. Cables received by them from the best informed sources on the European continent and London were to the effect that the worst was feared. Under the circumstances brief reference to the immediate circumstances to which the trouble is attributed will be in place.

It is generally conceded that Austria incurred the suspicion of Russia when contrary to the spirit of the Berlin Treaty of 1876 she conquered Bosnia and Herzegovina. Between the races of the Balkan peninsula and the Slavs of Russia there is national sympathy. If the Government of Russia desired it might not be possible for them to restrain the national impulse of the greater race to protect its little sister, Serbia, against what appears to be unwarranted aggression by powerful Austria. If Russia acts on behalf of Serbia it is generally understood and believed that Germany will stand by Austria. France and England are, under the terms of the triple entente obligated to aid Russia. Under the circumstances as they appear to Canadians at the close of July, it is quite reasonable to anticipate a general European war. The thought of it is repellent. Military preparation and development of armaments generally for the past decade, are but the kindling out of which a disastrous and unprecedented conflagration may be started.

EFFECTS ON CANADIAN BUSINESS.

So far the effect of the crisis in Europe has been to destroy confidence in security prices. So great was the rush to sell Canadian securities held abroad that the governing committees of the Montreal and Toronto exchanges thought it best to close. Undoubtedly, that was the correct policy to follow. The banks did not call loans, a decision generally acted upon, and recognized that the prices quoted immediately preceding the closing of the exchanges should stand until the panicky conditions subsided. In Europe the banks were faced by a run of savings depositors. To what extent, could not be ascertained at the time of writing. So excited was Europe and so great was the demand upon the cables that little information of a reliable character was given publicly. It seems to be obvious, however, that the public of Europe anticipate war and in consequence are withdrawing their savings from the banks. What is done with the gold withdrawn is difficult to state. It

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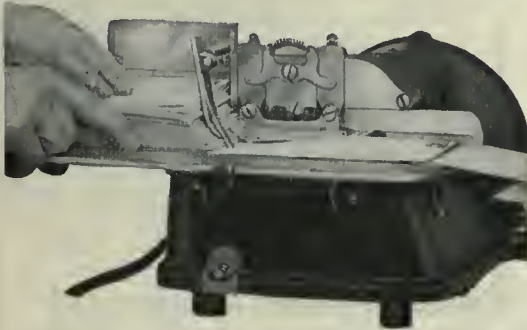
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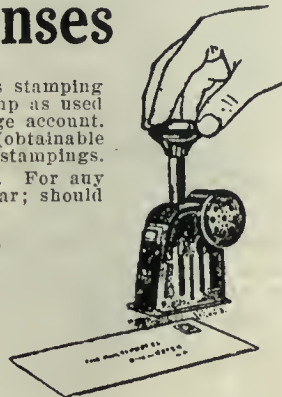
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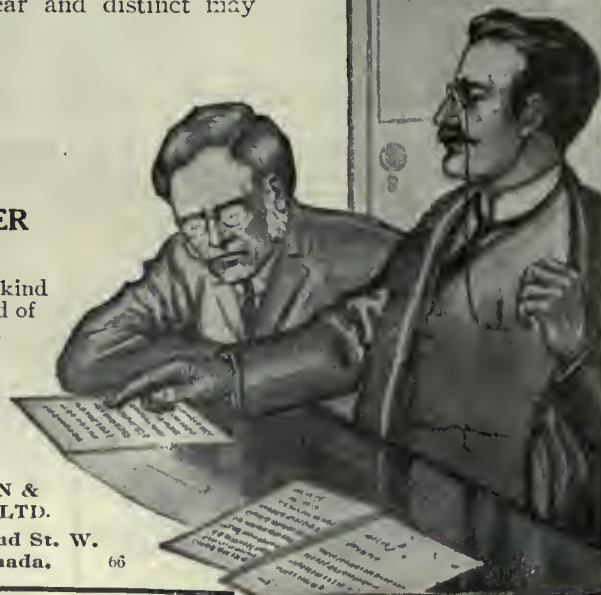
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CONSEQUENCES TO CANADA.

It will be noted that beyond the falling of security prices in Canada as a result of the disturbed financial market of Europe, the only other effect was a sharp advance in the prices of cereal products. Tangible evidence of unrest in the strictly financial world is furnished by the stock market quotations, but in addition, general confidence has been severely shaken. This is regrettable, but in so far as Canadian business is concerned, it is not likely to suffer to the same extent as that of European countries. The Dominion is fortunate in its geographical position and is fortunate also in having resources and products which will be in acute demand when war checks the productive forces of Europe. If war does eventuate on a general scale in Europe, and no Canadian business man hopes for such a consummation, there is no doubt but that the price for Canadian wheat would increase very materially. Russia is one of the largest wheat-producing countries in the Empire and Austria-Hungary is another important one. The wheat crop of Russia in 1913 was estimated at 962,587,000 bushels and that of Austria-Hungary, 229,368,000. These two countries alone produced over 25 per cent. of the world's total product.

If these two countries become involved in a struggle it may last for a period extending over more than one harvest and would diminish production. With modern appliances, however, the battles may be quickly decided. But little is known as to what effect these new appliances would have. Armies are not likely to be massed as they were in the past. Whether the struggle is to be one of a few months or a few weeks is a matter of conjecture. There is no precedent to guide us.

Just as soon as it is known that a general war is unavoidable the banks would pursue a most cautious policy. They would each be thrown on their own resources very much in the same way as business men will be. New money will not be available to the banks nor to those with whom they do business. This means that the banks will be able to take care of their customers for the most ordinary everyday wants very much in the same way as they did during the crisis of 1907 when the New York banks suspended specie payments. That is all that could be expected of them.

Happily the banks in Canada were never in a better position to take care of the country. Their reserves are high—much more so than they were a year ago. But with credit over the whole world so violently uprooted they would have to take the greatest possible care of their depositors' money, and this they will do at all hazards. It is quite possible also that in the case of Great Britain being drawn into the struggle Canadian resources in gold and credit would have to be drawn upon. If war is to be, the only course open to business men is to move with extreme caution and nurse every resource at their command. Interest rates would

be high and to get new money for capital outlay would be impossible. Construction work generally would most likely abruptly cease and thus precipitate much unemployment. The people would have to be fed when the price of foodstuffs was high. When a large percentage of the able-bodied men of the country are thus maintained they are not buyers on a scale likely to quicken the pace of slow-moving industrial wheels. Depression will certainly follow a general European war. In one respect Canada will profit; her farmers will get a higher price for their wheat. But this advantage will not offset the loss from trade contraction.

CROP PROSPECTS.

At the time of writing the prospects of a normal crop in the Canadian West are not of the best. The latter days of July were very hot and dry. The consequence is that deterioration has taken place. The possibility of 160,000,000 bushels of wheat remain. If for this product the farmers get a higher price it will not leave conditions in the West unfavorable.

If Canada profits by the misfortune of Europe, the United States, to a greater extent, will benefit from high prices for cereals, the crop of which this year is exceptionally heavy. Farmers there would be able to buy to a very much larger extent than they have been able to do for some time. On the other hand, however, the hostilities in Europe, if they eventuate, would demoralize trade to some extent, and until the latter can be determined the trade loss in the States would hardly be counterbalanced by the change of the farmers. Canada, however, is a much greater, relatively speaking, agricultural country than the United States; that is a larger proportion of her people are engaged in agricultural pursuits and her industries are less proportionately than those of the States. However, Canada would suffer through trade loss to some extent. On the whole both countries would benefit by a period of higher prices for cereals.

We do not for a moment anticipate that the depression in Canada, if war should ensue, would be appreciably greater than at the present time. Business generally has been fairly well purged of inflation. It is now down to the core and it is doubtful if such a calamity as a European war could further pare down the economies resorted to.

CANADIAN BANKS.

It is exceedingly fortunate that Canadian banks held such a strong position when the world was faced with the European crisis. Bank reserves were strong and although the unprecedented event, the closing of the stock exchanges took place, no financial embarrassments were announced. This is an excellent record for the Dominion and is some evidence of the business health which now prevails. In commercial circles there are the usual number of failures, possibly a few more than usual, but none of an alarming or unsettling character. Taking into consideration the untoward events which have occurred Canadians may congratulate themselves upon being to a certain

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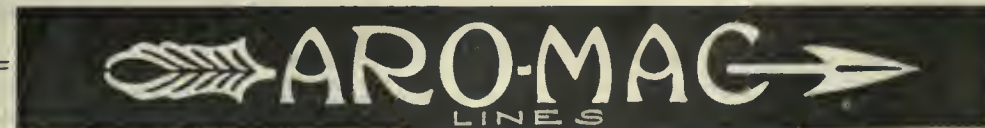
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extent immune from further depression. Possibly good may come out of the trouble which ensued, inasmuch as it was the final jerk which took the last drop of water out of Canadian stocks. There are times when the movements of the stock exchange are some indication of what

business conditions are and what they are likely to be. In times of panic, however, they are not. Stocks were sold at prices that were far from being an approximate measure of their intrinsic value, and when such a condition arises, the exchanges are better closed.

At Five o'Clock in the Morning

Continued from Page 9.

their minds. We are in Eden just now. One can say what he thinks in Eden without being ridiculous. You are divinely fair, Eve. Your eyes are stars of the morning—your cheek has the flush it stole from the sunrise—your lips are redder than the roses of paradise. And I love you, Eve."

Mollie lowered her eyes and the long fringe of her lashes lay in a burnished semi-circle on her cheek.

"I think," she said, slowly, "that it must have been very delightful in Eden. But we are not really there, you know. We are only playing that we are. And it is time for me to go back. I must get the breakfast. That sounds too prosaic for paradise."

Murray bent still closer.

"Before we remember that we are only playing at paradise, will you kiss me, dear Eve?"

"You are very audacious," said Mollie, coldly.

"We are in Eden yet," he urged. "That makes all the difference."

"Well," said Mollie. And Murray kissed her.

They had passed back over the fern path and were in the pasture before either spoke again. Then Murray said:

"We have left Eden behind—but we can always return there when we will. And although we were only playing at paradise, I was not playing at love. I meant all I said, Mollie."

"Have you meant it often?" asked Mollie, significantly.

"I never meant it—or even played at it—before," he answered. "I did—at one time—contemplate the possibility of playing at it. But that was long ago—as long ago as last night. I am glad to the core of my soul that I decided against it before I met you, dear Eve. I have the letter of decision in my coat pocket this moment. I mean to mail it this afternoon."

"Curiosity knows no gender," quoted Mollie.

"Then to satisfy your curiosity, I must bore you with some personal history. My parents died when I was a little chap, and my uncle brought me up. He has been immensely good to me, but he is a bit of a tyrant. Recently he picked out a wife for me, the daughter of an old sweetheart of his. I have never even seen her. But she has arrived in town on a visit to some relatives there. Uncle Dick wrote to me to return home at once and pay my court to the lady. I protested. He wrote again—a letter, short and the

reverse of sweet. If I refused to do my best to win this Miss Mannerling he would disown me—never speak to me again—cut me off with a quarter. Uncle always means what he says. That is one of our family traits, you understand. I spent some miserable, undecided days. It was not the threat of disinheritance that worried me, although when you have been brought up to regard yourself as a prospective millionaire it is rather difficult to adjust your vision to a pauper focus. But it was the thought of alienating Uncle Dick. I love the dear, determined old chap like a father. But last night my guardian angel was with me, and I decided to remain my own man. So I wrote uncle Dick, respectfully but firmly declining to become a candidate for Miss Mannerling's hand."

"But you have never seen her," said Mollie. "She may be—almost—charming."

"If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?" quoted Murray. "As you say, she may be—almost—charming; but she is not Eve. She is merely one of a million other women, as far as I am concerned. Don't let's talk of her. Let us talk only of ourselves. There is nothing else that is half so interesting."

"And will your uncle really cast you off?" asked Mollie.

"Not a doubt of it."

"What will you do?"

"Work, dear Eve. My carefully acquired laziness must be thrown to the winds. I shall work. That is the rule outside of Eden. Don't worry. I've painted pictures that have actually been sold. I'll make a living for us somehow."

"Us?"

"Of course. You are engaged to me."

"I am not," said Mollie, indignantly.

"Mollie! Mollie! After that kiss! Fie, fie."

"You are very absurd," said Mollie; "but your absurdity has been amusing. I have—yes, positively—I have enjoyed your Eden comedy. But now you must not come any further with me. My aunt might not approve. Here is my path to Orchard Knob farmhouse. There, I presume, is yours to Sweetbriar Cottage. Good morning."

"I am coming over to see you this afternoon," said Murray coolly. "But you needn't be afraid. I will not tell tales out of Eden. I will be a hypocrite and pretend to Mrs. Palmer that we have never met before. But you and I will know and remember. Now you may go. I reserve

to myself the privilege of standing here and watching you out of sight."

That afternoon Murray strolled over to Orchard Knob, going into the kitchen without knocking, as was the habit in that free and easy world. Mrs. Palmer was lying on the lounge with a pungent handkerchief bound about her head, but keeping a vigilant eye on a very pretty, very plump, brown-eyed girl who was stirring a kettleful of cherry preserve on the range.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Palmer," said Murray, wondering where Mollie was. "I'm sorry to see that you look something like an invalid."

"I've a raging, ramping headache," said Mrs. Palmer, solemnly. "I had it all night and I'm good for nothing. Mollie, you'd better take them cherries off. Mr. Murray, this is my niece, Mollie Booth."

"What?" said Murray, explosively.

"Miss Mollie Booth," repeated Mrs. Palmer in a louder tone.

Murray regained outward self-control and bowed to the blushing Mollie.

"And what about Eve?" he thought helplessly. "Who—what was she? Did I dream her? Was she a phantom of delight? No, no; phantoms don't milk cows. She was flesh and blood. No chilly nymph exhaling from the mists of the marsh could have given a kiss like that."

"Mollie has come to stay the rest of the summer with me," said Mrs. Palmer. "I hope to goodness my tribulations with hired girls is over at last. They've made a wreck of me."

Murray rapidly reflected. This development, he decided, released him from his promise to tell no tales. "I met a young lady down in the pond pasture this morning," he said, deliberately. "I talked with her for a few minutes. I supposed her to be your niece. Who was she?"

"Oh, that was Miss Mannering," said Mrs. Palmer.

"What?" said Murray again.

"Mannering—Dora Mannering," said Mrs. Palmer loudly, wondering if Mr. Murray were losing his hearing. "She came here last night just to see me. I haven't seen her since she was a child of twelve. I used to be her nurse before I was married. I was that proud to think she thought it worth her while to look me up. And mind you, this morning, when she found me crippled with headache and not able to do a hand's turn, that girl, Mr. Murray, went and milked seven cows—" "Only four," murmured Murray, but Mrs. Palmer did not hear him—"for me. Couldn't prevent her. She said she'd learned to milk for fun one summer when she was in the country, and she did it. And then she got breakfast for the men. Mollie didn't come till the ten o'clock train. Miss Mannering is as capable as if she had been riz on a farm."

"Where is she now?" demanded Murray.

"Oh, she's gone."

"What?"

"Gone," shouted Mrs. Palmer, "gone. She left on the train Mollie come on. Gracious me, has the man gone crazy? He hasn't seemed like himself at all this afternoon."



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mined courage and after some hours' fighting retired in an orderly way to Battleford to defend it against a counter attack. But Cut Knife and the news of Batoche took the heart out of Poundmaker, and he remained in Camp till he later, on May 26th, just as our column under General Strange was coming into close grips with Big Bear and his murderous band. But we shall leave that story for the next article.

Twisting Trails

Continued from Page 16.

"Wait," exclaimed Milford, as the other raised the bottle to his lips. "Fill this," and he pushed a glass across the table. The geologist filled it to the brim, as is the woods custom, and drank. Milford helped himself to a like amount and then pushed the bottle across the table toward George.

"Now that's somethin' like it," he beamed. "You're first rock-tapper ever saw's was good fellow."

He pushed the bottle and glass toward the geologist again. It was filled to the brim and downed. The girl sat silently in a corner, watching the men. She was not frightened but she looked continually at the man Milford evidently addressed as a geologist, apparently trying to determine just what sort of man he was.

Milford took the conversation in hand and the visitor, although he tried several times, was prevented from saying anything to the girl. Milford orated at length, punctuating his remarks frequently with drinks, in which the other men joined.

Suddenly, in the midst of a harangue on the future of the district in mining, his head fell forward onto the table and his sentence ended in a heavy snore.

"Will you do me a favor?" asked Rea, springing to her feet and hurrying to the geologist. She had been the first to see that Milford could not be a factor in immediate developments.

"Most certainly," agreed the young man, startled by the sudden animation on the girl's part. "In fact, that is—"

"Then come with me at once," she interrupted, hurrying out of the door. He followed. George remained in his chair, looking at the bottle.

"Do you know where the Whisky Jack mine is?" Rea asked.

"Yes."

"Can you take me there immediately?"

"Why, yes, but—"

"Then call your canoe man and come at once. It is imperative that we hurry."

"But it is eight miles and getting late. Don't you think we had better wait until morning. There is no danger for you here," and he pointed to the cabin.

"No, no," cried the girl, looking into the darkness over the lake and listening for a moment. "If we go, it must be at once. Don't let us lose time. We can talk on the way."

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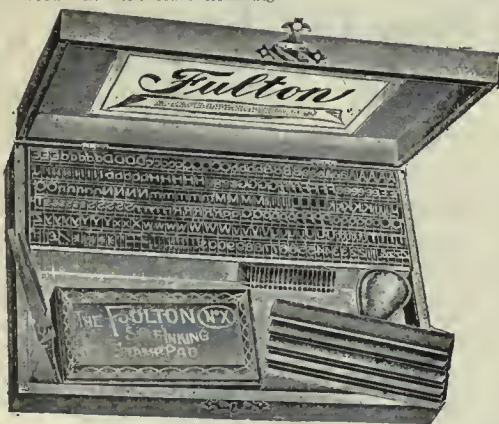
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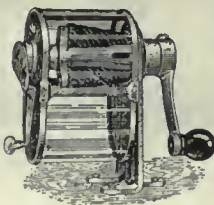


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The geologist was silent for a moment, thinking.

"George," he finally called.

The canoeman came out of the door and the girl led the way to the water. On the sand she stopped and listened. Fowler had said he would return Thursday night. Then they caught the faint sound of a paddle against the gunwale of a canoe.

"It is too late!" Rea cried, grasping the geologist's arm and hurrying back toward the cabin. "Come, quickly."

She led the way up the bank.

"Let me advise you to spend the night here," the geologist again suggested, "and allow me to take you to the railroad in the morning. You see, I know something—"

"No, no," said Rea. "It is kind of you, but you don't understand. A great deal depends upon my getting to the mine at once, as quickly as possible. Will you take me?"

The sound of an approaching canoe became more plain. She laid a hand on his arm.

"Please," she said.

Her face was upturned near his. In the dim light he could see in it anxiety, suspense.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Come with us. Our canoe is across the island," and he led the way down the trail behind the cabin. As they disappeared in the darkness a canoe grated on the sand and a man stepped out.

"Milford!" he called, looking at the lighted cabin.

"Milford!" he repeated.

There was no reply, and he hurried up the bank. Then, cautiously, he crept to a window. Inside he saw the woodsman, arms outflung and head down on the table. Through the open door he could hear his heavy breathing.

The man rushed in and shook him.

"Milford!" he shouted. "You fool! Wake up!"

One glance at the open doors of the two empty rooms and he turned savagely.

"You drunken fool! Wake up! Where's the girl?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE canoe passed silently, quickly, from the island and then circled around it. When out of hearing distance, the geologist smiled:

"And now, captain, what are the plans?"

"Of course, in this deserted country," Rea replied, "I can't very well have a sanity commission appointed to prove that I am in my right mind. Will it be too much to ask you to believe it, just on my own assertion?"

"My dear young lady, insanity never accompanies such a determined chin. But we are begging the question. It is not your sanity but your wisdom that I have questioned."

Rea gauged him thoughtfully. This man was not a silly boy to be led aside by light badinage. Rather he must be a one-ideal scientist, always asking why and always reaching the heart of things. But he had shown himself a generous one and that would again have to be her protection.

"I know," she whispered, "that this is not customary. But I shall again have to ask a favor. I know you are a gentleman and by that I know you will be satisfied that you are in the right. A great deal depends upon what I have to do to-night. There is no danger connected with it. I can't explain more, even if it were wise to talk out here on the water."

"That is perhaps all I have a right to ask," agreed the geologist.

Evidently the girl had some plan which she was intent on carrying out. She had shown that she had courage and he decided that he would not detract from anything she might hope to do.

"I must ask you," he said, however, "that you promise not to expose yourself to any danger."

"I promise," Rea replied, as they slipped along in the darkness.

She could occasionally see the strong profile of the man as he bent to the paddle. It was generous of him, she thought, to put himself in her service and he had a disconcerting way of going directly at a thing when once awakened. But something must be lacking for a man of his age to settle down to the study of rocks. However, he was the mean to an end and it made no difference to her whether he tapped rocks or sold bonds.

But, in spite of herself, again and again returned this inexplicable desire to fit the man to the work or, rather, the work to the man. If only, she thought, he were not just an academic geologist. She had heard that some geologists had real experiences, were concerned in big deals. The thought bore a train of doubts. What if, after all, he were a mining geologist? There was only one mine in the vicinity. Had she played into Fowler's hands?

But a glance at the strong face before her dispelled her suspicions. It was too frank a face. She gave herself a little shake. These groundless doubts were unlike her and she turned to watch for the dim shore line.

George beached the canoe under some dark rocks two hundred yards from the mining company's dock. The geologist stepped out and helped Rea to her feet.

"I have one more favor to ask," she said. "Wait for me here. I will not be gone more than half an hour. I can't explain, but you will do as I ask?"

The geologist hesitated.

"No," he said. "I fear you are taking a risk. Can't I accompany—?"

"No, no! You must not," exclaimed the girl. "Please remain here."

She ran up the bank before he could reply.

To Be Continued.

LIGHTING BY WIRELESS.

A specially-designed electric-light bulb, constructed in accordance with the plans of Marconi, was illuminated by wireless waves supplied from a 100-h.p. plant six miles distant, recently. The success of the experiment, which is not yet adapted to commercial use, is a forerunner, according to Mr. Marconi, of the use of wireless in both lighting and heating houses, as well as for giving a means of supplying power to aeroplanes in flight.

National Affairs:

Three Years of Conservative Government

Continued from Page 7.

by the Dominions Royal Commission, which is taking evidence in Canada. As regards ocean traffic, too, new arrangements in regard to marine insurance have been made and it is hoped that if shippers will co-operate a Canadian Lloyd's may yet be formed. An actual reduction of insurance to the port of Halifax has also been accomplished. Measures have been passed to improve the pilotage service, define navigation rules, to make Canadian coasts and steamship routes safer by the establishment of wireless stations, lights and buoys.

Agriculture as the basic industry must always be an important legislative and administrative subject for any Government in a young and fertile country such as Canada. The Borden Government has devoted during the first three years of office, over 150 per cent. more of its revenues towards expenditures connected with agriculture than the preceding administration. Two important Acts of Parliament having to do with agricultural matters have been introduced in the three years, and both have passed with little opposition. One was the Agricultural Aid Act of 1912, which set aside half a million dollars to assist provincial Departments of Agriculture to improve and extend their work and to give to the farmers of their provinces the lesson of modern and scientific agricultural methods. Following the granting of this temporary assistance to the industry, Mr. C. C. James, former Deputy-Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, made an investigation and report as to agricultural conditions throughout Canada, the result of which was the introduction of the Agricultural Instruction Act of 1913. By this measure \$10,000,000 will be distributed, mainly according to population, amongst the provinces during the succeeding ten years, this money to be used to increase the efficiency of agricultural colleges and other means of educating the farmer not only to make his living, but to live after he has made it.

Manufacturing has been fostered through the activities of the Trade and Commerce Department, which has established a system for obtaining information as to the possibilities of all the world's markets, and through the administration of the tariff. Without provoking controversy on this very controversial subject, let it be said that the present Government came into power on the policy of a reasonable protective tariff and that it has been consistent in its administration of customs' duties. Tariff assistance has been given to the building up of Canadian manufacturing industries where it has been demonstrated that it was necessary; for instance, provision has been made for the protection of steel manufacturers with a view to encouraging the



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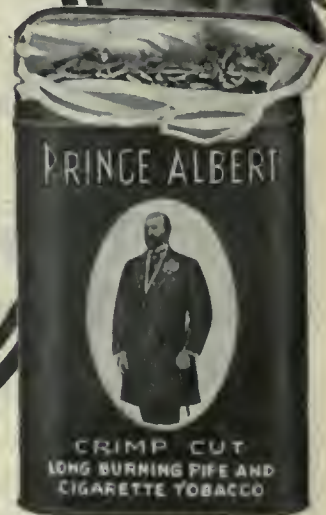
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manufacture of structural steel and wire rods in the Dominion. Yet on the other hand when cases arose where it was to the best interests of the Canadian people as a whole that the tariff should not be allowed to press too heavily on any one section of the community, duties were lowered. A notable example was the temporary reduction of the duty on cement during the building season of 1912 and the permanent reduction of the duty in May, 1913, to 10 cents per hundred pounds or less than the duty which was to have prevailed under reciprocity. The farmers of the prairies needed cement and the Canadian manufacturers were not in a position to supply it. And again in 1914, that the price of agricultural implements to the consumer might be as low as possible, consistent with the retention of their manufacture in Canada, a reduction in the protective tariff on these products was made.

The record of the present Government's accomplishments is wide in scope. It ranges from the revision of the Bank Act and the passage of the loan and trust company bills, all three measures designed to put Canadian commerce on an improved legal basis, to the reduction of the cable rates to the British Isles. It embraces the establishment of the Parcels Post, and the inauguration of a greatly improved mail service between Canada and Great Britain, and, in another sphere of Government activity, the improvement of Canada's militia system with the result that some 15,000 more men are trained every year in her active militia. It means, also, that for the first time in the history of Canadian parliaments, in the granting of railway aid by a Canadian Government a precedent has been set which calls for Government participation in the fruits of the enterprise to which it lends assistance. The reference, of course, is to the guaranteeing of \$45,000,000 worth of bonds for the Canadian Northern Railway. In return for that service Canada receives forty per cent. of Canadian Northern stock, or almost a half interest in the whole road.

The Borden Government came into office during a year of normal prosperity. It is now carrying on its administrative activities during a season of that world-wide financial stringency and universal trade slackening, the periodic recurrence of which is an unsolved mystery of economics. Thus the Government in three years has passed through storm and fair weather and the best measure of its navigating ability is that the ship of state, after this severe test of its timbers, has been brought into port at the end of this period with a six million dollar reduction in the national debt of Canada.

These are the outstanding features, perhaps, of the three years of Conservative administration. Of course there is also the great silent routine work of Government departments, which goes on from year to year, under one administration or another. Time must tell that tale and its best record is found in the fact that least is heard of it, for good administration means few complaints.

"U.S.S. Pinafore"

Amusing Gilbert and Sullivan Reminiscences

A very successful Americanized adaptation of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Pinafore," was lately produced at the New York Hippodrome. A recently published history of the Savoy Theatre, London, where all Gilbert and Sullivan's operas were performed gives an account of a previous effort at Americanization that was thwarted by Gilbert.

A CERTAIN American impresario, whose patriotism excelled his judgment, suggested to Gilbert that, while "H.M.S. Pinafore" had decidedly caught on in New York, he guessed that they could heap up a bigger pile of dollars if an American version of the piece were prepared.

"Say, now Mr. Gilbert," said our American friend, "all you've got to do is, first change H.M.S. to U.S.S., pull down the British ensign and hoist the Stars and Stripes, and anchor your ship off Jersey beach. Then in place of your First Lord of Admiralty introduce our navy boss. All the rewriting required would be some new words to Bill Bobstay's song—just let him remain an American instead of an Englishman. Now, ain't that a cute notion, sir?"

Gilbert, pulling at his moustache replied, "Well—yes—perhaps your suggestion is a good one; but I see some difficulties in carrying it out. In the first place, I am afraid I am not sufficiently versed in your vernacular to translate my original English words. The best I could do would be something like this improvisation:

"He is Ameri-can,
Tho' he himself has said it;
'Tis not much to his credit
That he is Ameri-can—
For he might have been a Dutchman,
An Irish, Scotch, or such man,
Or perhaps an Englishman;
But in spite of hanky-panky,
He remains a true born Yankee,
A cute Ameri-can."

The New York impresario was delighted—vowed it would save the situation and set New York ablaze.

Mr. Gilbert replied that after two minute's careful consideration he did not think it would do at all. He was afraid that such words might disturb the friendly relations existing between the United States of America and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Besides, my friend," Gilbert added, "you must remember I remain an Englishman. No, sir; as long as 'H.M.S. Pinafore' holds afloat she must keep the Union Jack flying."

"Quite appreciate your patriotic sentiments, Mr. Gilbert," replied the American, "but say,—ain't it c'rect that 'Pinafore' was translated into German?"

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'Amor am Bord,' it was not easy for any one to imagine that the ship had been taken from the English."

Another American story is told, this time involving the genial composer of the music and his encounter with the band that played in the theater when Sir Arthur Sullivan himself came to conduct the work.

These gentlemen were all under the strict control of a musical trade-union. A scale of charges was laid down for every kind of instrumentalist, according to the nature and degree of his professional engagement. For example, a member of a grand-opera orchestra must demand higher pay than one who was engaged for ordinary lyric work, such as musical comedy, and so on, down to the humblest class of musical entertainment. Accordingly, when the announcement went forth that the opening performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" would be conducted by Mr. Sullivan, and the manager of the theater had taken pains to impress upon his orchestra the greatness of the honor that would be theirs of playing under the baton of England's most famous composer, the bandmen showed their appreciation of such distinction by demanding from the management increased salaries on the grand-opera scale. There seemed likely to be "ructions." Whereupon, Arthur Sullivan, with characteristic tact and sang-froid, addressed the men in modest terms. Disclaiming any title to the exalted honors they would thrust upon him, he protested that on, the contrary, he should esteem it a high privilege to conduct such a fine body of instrumentalists. At the same time, rather than become the cause of any dispute or trouble among them, he was prepared to cable home to England for his own orchestra, which he had specially selected for the forthcoming Leeds Festival. He hoped, however, that such a course might be avoided. The Americans promptly took the gentle hint and agreed not to charge extra for the honor of being conducted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

Sir Arthur, we are told, "even when he became famous, knew the value of a soft answer for silencing criticism as well as turning away wrath":

Sullivan was not above suspicion of having stolen a bar or two, here and there from another musician. He himself was ever the first to plead guilty to such soft impeachment. But it may be asked, is it a more unpardonable offence to paraphrase a musical theme than to parody a proverb? Surely the composer of "Princess Ida," when he played an occasional joke at the expense of Handel, was guilty of no greater fraud than the author who "respectfully" perverted Tennyson. On one occasion, when accused of having plagiarized Molloy's "Love's Sweet Song" in his "When a Maiden Marries," in "The Gondoliers," Sullivan replied: "My good friend, as a matter of fact, I don't happen ever to have heard the song you mention, but if I had you must please remember that Molloy and I had only seven notes to work on between us."

The Patriarch of the Peerage

Interesting Personality and Piquant Career of Britain's Oldest Noble

From Ideas.

The Earl of Wemyss, the oldest peer in Britain, has lately passed away. The accompanying character sketch was written a week or two previous to his decease. With his passing was broken the last link connecting us with the old Georgian period.

ONE doesn't hear much of the Earl of Wemyss in these days. His lordship, alas, is realizing the truth of the Biblical axiom that "a man's days after fourscore years shall be but anguish and sorrow!" It is one of the terrors of extreme old age that one outlives not only one's own generation but one's own posterity. Lord Wemyss will shortly enter his ninety-seventh year, and though he remained uncommonly fit until a few months ago, I hear that his lordship has been severely stricken by the death of his daughter, Lady Lilian Yorke. And though not less than a hundred members of the higher aristocracy were preening themselves that their noble head would live to be a hundred, and thus be the first peer to be a centenarian, I fear that happy consummation is not so likely as it appeared six months ago. However, Lord Wemyss comes of tenacious stock, and his fine, straight-figured, lusty-lunged personality may carry his through till 1918! We sincerely hope so, anyway, for his lordship is one of the most interesting characters of his time, and deserves well of his country. He is the last British peer who had a personal acquaintance with the old Georgian royalties!

LORD WEMYSS' EFFORT TO STEAL A MARCH ON DR. GAISFORD.

The Right Hon. Francis Wemyss-Charteris-Dougless, eighth Earl of Wemyss and also Earl of March, had for father a Lord-Lieutenant of Haddingtonshire, who married the Lady Louisa Bingham, a daughter of an Earl of Lucan. Lord Wemyss was born heir to half-a-dozen fine estates in Scotland and England, and as Francis Charteris he went to Eton before anyone now living can remember. Queen Victoria had but just come to the throne when Lord Wemyss proceeded to Oxford, and as the Charterises have always been staunch supporters of the Hanoverians (although they got their coronets from King Charles I.), the young Queen sent an invitation to Lord Wemyss to her state ball. Now the headmaster of Christ Church was then Dr. Gaisford, to whom Lord Wemyss applied for leave to go to town "to see a doctor about his lame leg."

Lord Wemyss went to the Queen's ball at Buckingham Palace, and doubtless enjoyed it all the more because it was a "stolen pleasure." But his youthful lordship forgot that there were such things as *Court Circulars*, and when, therefore, he encountered old Gaisford in Oxford the



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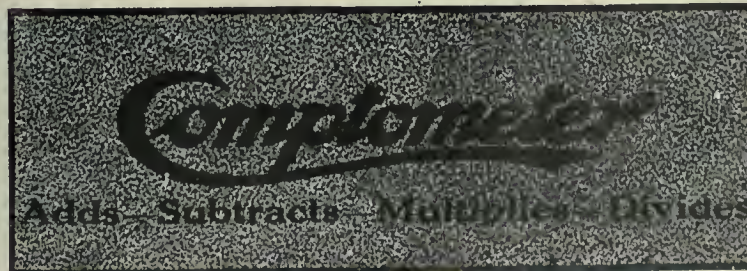
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next day he was astounded to be received with the remark, "I was not aware, Mr. Charteris, that dancing was a cure for lameness!" Lord Wemyss never tried to steal a march on "Old Gaisford" again!

"A FIGURE FROM A GEORGIAN PICTURE GALLERY!"

Lord Wemyss, as can easily be imagined, conjures up memories of bygone days with everyone who meets him. That is, perhaps, unavoidable. When you remember that he went into Parliament for his own pocket-borough in Gloucestershire well over seventy years ago, and knew all the Premiers from Peel to Gladstone, it is not difficult to imagine that those who converse with him listen in silent wonder to this Grand Old Man who seems to have stepped down from the walls of a Georgian picture gallery. To this day Lord Wemyss wears the tight-waisted coats of the early Victorian era—of a style, by the way, which he has lived to see revived under the George that is! Lord Wemyss was in the Parliament that repealed the Corn Laws, and recalls with ease the great scenes in the House in the days of Cobden and Bright, before even the Balfours and Cecils were heard of there. Naturally enough, therefore, his lordship enjoyed a prestige amongst the politicians of the last half of Queen Victoria's reign which gave him a right to "take liberties" in Parliament which no other man dare think of.

LORD WEMYSS' LIBERTIES IN LORDS AND COMMONS.

And Lord Wemyss took them. Lord Wemyss was no respecter of persons! Even royalty—aye, even the Cecils—had to take from him retorts and gibes that they would not easily have pardoned in anyone else. Lord Wemyss was a braw Scot, with a Scotch accent and a Scotch acidity of temperament. When the late Marquis of Salisbury (thrice Prime Minister of England) made a speech which Lord Wemyss didn't agree with, he up and told the Prime Minister, "The Noble Marquis is talking d——d nonsense!" And Lord Salisbury had to take it lying down! It would, of course, be impossible to narrate the story of Lord Wemyss' political career in this article. In the Commons he served under three Speakers whose names are now almost forgotten—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Brand. And he was no "backwoodsman," either! Few Britishers to-day remember what they owe to Lord Wemyss. He was in the Commons for over forty years, took part in every movement during the great Victorian era, and more than once a Government has owed its defeat to him.

THE EARL DENOUNCING THE ROYAL DUKE.

A volume might be written upon Lord Wemyss' political career which would surpass in interest any other political "Life" since Beaconsfield's. Not many men now living can say they ever saw a member of the House voting in his kilts and tartan, but Lord Wemyss did so once, having been called upon to attend the House in a hurry while at a Scottish ball. Not many members of the Lords are left who heard the old Earl condemning the

late Duke of Cambridge (who was for forty years Commander-in-Chief of the British Army). At last, overcome by his own indignation, the earl stopped impatiently and said, "But how can I criticize a man behind his back?" And the lords burst into a peal of laughter, for the Royal Duke was sitting right in front of the earl!

LORD WEMYSS KNOCKS OFF KING EDWARD'S SILK HAT.

The Duke of Cambridge was not the only member of the First Family to feel the sting of a blow from Lord Wemyss. Even King Edward had to take a dose of it, and the occasion was historic. Lord Wemyss was addressing the Lords, the then Prince of Wales being in the seat before him. Suddenly the fiery old laird shot out his arm, and away went the Prince's silk hat. The whole house roared and no one enjoyed the joke more than the future King Edward, who laughed delightedly, but promptly changed his seat! And, ten years ago, when Lord Wemyss practically retired from active political life, he ended up his remarkable career in the Lords by sitting down upon his own "topper," much to the delight of his brother peers!

LORD WEMYSS AS FATHER OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

But the work for which the name of Lord Wemyss should be engraven deeply upon stone is the great Volunteer movement, of which he is certainly the "father," and may justly be said to be the founder! For over half-a-century the "Old Brigade" of Volunteers have been reminded of Lord Wemyss' part in the formation of the Volunteers of Britain by the Elcho Shield, the greatest British shooting trophy, which was presented by Lord Wemyss (then Lord Elcho) in 1862. All his life Lord Wemyss has been associated with volunteer soldiers—in Scotland the Royal Archers, and in England the London Scottish. In his youth his younger brother, Walter, fell for his country at Balaclava; and his own son, the Hon. Alan Dudley Charteris, of the Coldstream Guards, died of severe wounds received at McNeill's zarea in the Soudan campaign in 1885. That reminds us again of the pathetic period to which very old age has brought his lordship. One by one his sons and daughters have preceded him to the Unknown.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that Lord Wemyss, old as he was, decided to be lonely no longer, and, when well over eighty, wedded a lady who was twenty years younger than his lordship's own eldest son! And a real romance of happiness has this lordly union proved!

FORWARD TO THE IDEAL.

Things are not really worse, but men's hopes, aspirations and expectations are greater than they used to be.—Sir E. Grey.

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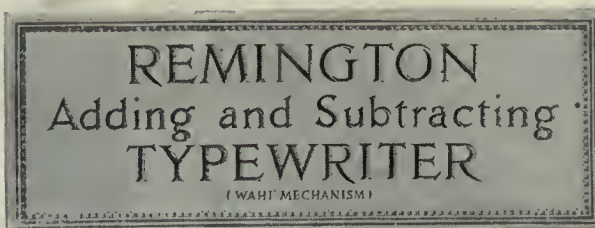
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IF CANADA WERE INVADED

By Harry W. Anderson



Canadian
"Kilties"
at Valcartier.

CANADA'S brief and busy War Parliament was at an end. For the first time in over a century—since Sir Isaac Brock called together the members of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada in the early days of 1812—Canadian legislators had met to deal with the grim issues involved in actual warfare. They had done their work unitedly and well. Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier had stood shoulder to shoulder.

Through the open doors came the sound of distant martial music—in turn the roll of the National Anthem, a real prayer now; the throb of *Rule Britannia* an inspiration and a determination; the strains of *O Canada*, the testimony of Dominion participation. Even as Parliament was finishing its legislative labor the citizen soldiery were hastening to their stern task.

Clad in his khaki uniform, the Minister of Militia rose to inform the House of the spirit that dominated Canada. Over 100,000 Canadians had already volunteered for service. Only 22,000 were needed at the front at the present time, but incoming trains were bringing 27,000. "They are climbing on the trains so persistently that we can't keep them off," commented the Minister, laconically. The silence was broken by hearty cheering.

Then, unexpectedly and spontaneously, the war came home. The personal dominated Parliament. Members talked in husky tones.

"While giving heed to the words of the Divine Book, 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off,'" declared Dr. Michael Clark, at the close of a thrilling sentence, "we have solemnly determined that, come what may, in this fight there can be no let-up. We must fight to its termin-

ation—victory for what we believe to be the right."

"He speaks from the heart," exclaimed the Minister of Militia warmly. "I may tell the House something it probably does not know. Our colleague from Red Deer has given his son to the service of his country." Again the cheering of the members broke forth afresh.

Sir George Foster was the last speaker. He began in a voice that was barely audible. "We are met in Parliament as a band of Canadians," said he. "That generosity which sometimes lies more or less concealed in partisan or racial disputes, has burst all those ignoble bonds, and the feeling of pure patriotism, love of country, and devotion to what the flag symbolizes, has come to the front disfigured by no mean or petty purpose."

"The one solemn thing for us to remember," proceeded the veteran, "is that there is more to war than the first march out of the troops, the first blare of the trumpet, the first flaunting of the flag. What there is more to war has been demonstrated by Belgium in these last thirteen or fourteen days, when the homes of their citizens have gone up in flames, when their wives and their children have given up their lives, and when their own bodies, as strong and valiant as ours, have been shattered by the grim weapons of war. We have not had that experience. *BUT IT MAY YET BE OURS.* My word to this country to-day is, to put on the full armour of courage and confidence, not to be daunted by a temporary reverse, or by a series of reverses, but to feel sure that justice will burn bright and strong in

proportion to our readiness to make the necessary sacrifice, and as the fires of this sacrifice burn away all that is selfish in our country, our people and ourselves."



Canadian artillery corps on the march.

"*BUT it may yet be ours.*"

What did Sir George Foster mean? He is not an alarmist. Neither is he a militarist. In his speech

there was no exaggerated rhetoric to raise the mind to a state of visionary excitement. His words do not intoxicate.

His is one of the calmest, keenest, and most lucid minds. But he calls—and calls solemnly—for courage, for preparedness,

a country with a population growing at the rate at which hers has been increasing, with a water-borne commerce

for confidence. Is this Dominion equal to the task of repelling hostile invasion?

For years Canada has been coming to recognize the fact that



The Atlantic seaboard. This map shows how well nature has constructed defences against a possible enemy.

greater than Japan's, with a national outlook broadening daily, and with potential resources that make this century assuredly hers, could not rest content with relying on the British navy for the defence of her seaboard and her commerce, her shipping and her communications, but must face the problem of naval defence. In the existing situation her Government has availed itself of the Naval Service Act and placed her navy, the Niobe and the Rainbow, with the two recently purchased submarines on the Pacific coast, at the disposal of the Admiralty for coast defence. The call for recruiting found her maritime men ready and willing. On both her ocean coasts she has a splendid maritime population. A generation ago Nova Scotia alone was the home of one of the largest fleets of wooden vessels in the English-speaking world, owned and crewed by natives of that province, and found on every sea. All that flotilla has vanished, and to-day Canada's deep-sea commerce, and no small share of even her coasting trade is done by Norwegian ships and men. Many Nova Scotians who followed the sea have migrated to New England or New York to find more profitable employment in the fisher smacks out of Gloucester, the pogie-hunters out of Rhode Island, or the freighters out of New York, and it is a matter of record that considerably more than half the men making up the Gloucester fishing crews are natives either of Nova Scotia or Newfoundland.

But Canada has no sufficient or effective naval defence on either of her continental shores to defend her against hostile invasion. That is a problem she yet must solve or else occupy such an ignoble role as her dependent status would imply, with the further alternative of relying on the still more ignoble plea that the inviolability of her territories is guaranteed by the Monroe doctrine.

Yet Canada, independent of military or naval aid from without, would require "some taking." Suppose the worst, which God forbid! Germany at the end of a terrible war has dictated terms to France at Paris, and with Austria, has driven back the Russians far within their borders. Submarines and aircraft have reduced the numbers of the British fleet. Britain, in self-preservation, must use her every available warship to protect her home coast. The world-conquering Kaiser casts envious eyes upon Canada. The Marconi operator at Glace Bay picks up a code message which tells him that fifty German transports, convoyed by five battleships and eight cruisers are heading for the Gulf. What then?

PACIFIC IS SAFE.

Invasion must come by the Atlantic. The Pacific is safe. There is only one way into the inside western waters of the Gulf of Georgia, the gulf that sepa-

rates the great Island of Vancouver, on which the city of Victoria sits, and its sister groups of smaller islands, from the mainland. That way, as Bonnycastle Dale pointed out in a recent article, is through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, straits one hundred miles long and tapering to twelve miles in width, commanded by Esquimalt, the British naval station on the Pacific, and by magnificent modern cannon. Even waiving the question as to whether this international waterway between Canada and the United States could be traversed by hostile ships of war bent on attacking the north coast of America, the toll which invaders would have to pay to those guns would be staggering, while the narrow passages of the northern entrances could easily be mined against the navies of the world. Moreover, the task of a foreign pilot on that coast, with the lights of the marine service extinguished, would be a momentous one. And back of marine disaster land invasion would be confronted by the Rocky Mountains, with their marvelous natural fortifications. None but a mad-man would seek to invade and conquer Canada from the Pacific.

Any attack must come from invasion on the Atlantic coast. Here the enemy must silence the garrisons at the forts of Halifax and Quebec to even make a successful landing. Then a huge task lies before them. The size of the country, the huge tracts of almost unsettled and rocky land, the comparatively poor railway facilities present a gigantic military problem. What the Boers were able to do to embarrass the British in the South African war Canadians would do over again with infinitely greater advantage and natural assistance than was possessed by the yeoman armies of Paul Kruger.

Canada's voluntary militia is not to be sneered at. General Sir John French, now commander-in-chief of the British



Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, who would have charge of defence arrangements.

forces in Europe, in 1910, and General Sir Ian Hamilton, last year, both at the conclusion of thorough inspections which covered the entire Dominion, testified to efficiency and strength of the Dominion's citizen soldiery.

Under Section 10 of the Militia Act, the whole manhood of the nation, between the ages of eighteen and sixty years, is "available for service in the militia." The rapidly expanding population of Canada stands already at nearly eight millions, of whom it was assumed by Sir Ian Hamilton that about one million males were in all respects fit for active service. This number, less the active militia, forms the reserve militia of the country, for which no sort of military organization at present exists. The custom of keeping up muster rolls of those liable for service, which obtained until comparatively recently, is now in abeyance.

Approximately, according to Sir Ian Hamilton's report, 29,000 riding horses and 26,000 draught and pack animals would be needed for the field army alone. In Canada there are in all some 2,400,000 horses of all sorts, of which about 20 per cent., or rather less than half a million, are believed to be suitable for military purposes. Under the Militia Act the number can be taken under requisition. Owing to the expense entailed, little has yet been done towards inspecting and registering the horses of the country. Nor have any steps been taken towards classifying motor cars and motor lorries.

The relation between stocks of arms, ammunition, clothing and stores on hand and stocks required on mobilization show some deficiency in howitzers for the field army and in equipment, but are generally up to standard.

The strength of the Canadian militia in actual training is as follows:

TRAINED IN 1913.

	Officers.	Other Ranks.
Permanent Force.....	55	2,190
Active Militia.....	4,198	50,353
Total	4,253	52,543

For 1914 these numbers have been considerably increased, while Sir Ian Hamilton found the requirements of the war organization to be as follows:



A map of the Pacific seaboard, showing the impossibility of invasion there. A few battalions could hold the Rockies against an army.

	Officers.	Other Ranks.
Field Army.....	5,500	143,000
Garrison Troops.....	400	10,000
Total	5,900	153,000

If, therefore, mobilization of the Canadian army was suddenly required it would be necessary to find some 2,100 officers and 110,000 other ranks from the militia forces of the country in order to complete the field army and garrison troops to the war establishment duly sanctioned by Parliament.

The Canadian Army is organized for war as follows:

Field Army—

- Seven mounted brigades.
- Six divisions.
- Three mixed brigades.
- Lines of communication units.

Garrison Troops—

At Halifax, Quebec and Esquimalt. The liability of the Canadian military forces is strictly territorial. Not an officer or man, either permanent or non-permanent, can, in his capacity as a Canadian militiaman, volunteer for service overseas, either in peace or war, as provided by Section 69 of the Militia Act. The primary duty of Canada is held to be to make all reasonable provision, up to the limit of its resources, for defence against invasion of its own territories.

Are, then, Canada's military forces adequate for home defence? The first factor, of course, is the fighting force to be encountered; the next, the time in which that force can get to work. A state entering into war from its normal condition of peace is at a terrible disadvantage when pitted against the state which is ready,

and even engaged in warfare. For the ways of war are changing just as fast as, or faster than, the ways of peace. The railway and the wireless are busy eating into space and time. Distance is ceasing to serve as any material protection. Operations which formerly took months are now carried out in weeks, and will be carried out in days—perhaps hours.

The task of Canada's home defence that falls on the active military forces, as Sir Ian Hamilton conceived it in his report, would be:

(a) To protect the vitals of Canada, the chief towns, the arsenals and military stores, the ports on the coasts and the main railway systems, against raids, great or small.

(b) To delay the enemy's main attack until the reserve militia can be assembled and knocked into some sort of military shape.

In point of time the first of these tasks is clearly the most pressing. Every detail of mobilization as affecting men, horses, stores, transport, etc., must be thought out so as to enable the units to be standing ready at their war stations within as few hours as possible after the outbreak of hostilities, and all plans for the movement of the troops by rail carefully matured.

In 1910 Field Marshal Sir John French reported as follows: "At present it would not be possible to put the militia in the field in a fit condition to undertake active operations until after the lapse of a considerable period." Last year General Sir Ian Hamilton reported progress. "Since 1910," he said, "great progress has been made in many directions. Organization is

Continued on Page 142.

The Manicure Girl

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Ball of Fire," "The Jingo," etc.

Illustrated by HELGER HAMRE

"YOU don't have to ring 'em to tell all the counterfeits," observed the Hotel Belveigh manicure girl as she opened a bundle of emery paper. "Only last week I had one in here that was old enough to have fed Methuselah his fennel tea, but the help an old man can get from ugliness doctors and tailors that ought to have been taxidermists, makes anything they show at the Hippodrome look easy. The minute I caught sight of that saucy little freshman hat and the college-cut clothes, I knew the whole play before the curtain went up, and I wouldn't look in Billy's direction. He was already joshing more than was good for him. You know Billy. He's the boss barber and wants to buy me a plain gold ring and a piano-player, but poor Billy isn't a man of his word. He promised he'd do anything in the world for me, and reneged on the only request I made. He wouldn't change his face.

"Of course the first thing Mr. Neverdie did when he kittered down into my chair was to squeeze my hand. That was a terrible shock to me, I guess, since it only happens from nine to twenty times a day, and I hardly knew what to do—only just how to stop it. I shifted his hands into and out of the ninety-eight-cent near-cut-glass bowl so often he fell to it that the programme had been changed without notice, and then he took the number. Billy snickered out loud, and I shot a glare at him that ought to have shrunk him to the size of a one-lunged peanut; but it didn't. He only swelled up and watched for more. He's a regular cut-up, Billy is, and of course he knew there was more coming. These past-due flirty boys get so callous to turn-downs that nothing

short of a brick makes a dent in them, and pretty soon I saw him watching my hair and my eyes, and I got ready.

"Do you know," said he, "you look exactly like Maxine Elliott?"

"Of course I know it," I handed him back. "Maxine comes in here nearly every day and asks me to quit it, but I won't."

"That made him pause for the crossing, anyhow, and I got three minutes farther on the way.

"What a lonesome city this is!" he put in next, and I knew it was no use trying to save him a chill. He wouldn't be satisfied till he got froze stiff.

"Why did you slip away from him then?" I asked.

"From—" he began, and then he stopped. He wasn't so slow after all. He'd been going to ask 'from whom,' but he had a flash of second sight and knew I'd hint that it was either his guardian or his keeper.

"What a cross little dear you are!" he said, and patted my hand.

"Just see what I have to put up with, though," I explained, and then I jabbed him one under the thumb nail that set him jumping all over. That jab was for the 'little dear.'

"Wouldn't you think he'd guess his line had been disconnected after that? He didn't. He was puncture proof, and when he got up to go he leaned over the table to me and said:

"What do you think of a nice evening at the theatre to-night, and maybe a bird and a bottle after?"

"Fine!" I chirruped. "I like to read about it; but if you're hunting some poor but honest working girl of fatal beauty to share it you'd better hurry, for the hour is growing late. For me, not! I'm going to spend this evening with my own grandfather."

"I hadn't supposed it could be done, but the red began to creep under his make-up, and then I felt a little bit sorry. It's wrong to hit a cripple, anyhow, and as he went out I sunshined at him just so I wouldn't feel like so much of a grouch myself.

"That very evening, as I passed out through the parlors, I saw my Methuselah's uncle, about five years younger in his silk tile and open-faced vest, talking to a real toppy mother and daughter who wore enough happy harness to stock a new Tiffany's. The younger one was such a picture that I swung up close to see if it was hand-painted or only a chromo, but that's once I had to send a wireless apology, for her complexion was put on from the inside and would stand scrubbing. She looked perfectly happy except for one thing; all she wanted was something interesting to happen. She was real willing to go right away from there to find it, too,



THE MANICURE GIRL.

"I put on all my kill-em-deads from the plumes down—This time it was me for the chilly quart."

but the other two had their chins on pivots and smiled continuously without pain. 'Anyhow,' I thought, 'Father Time is now back in his own precinct and they'll take care of him if he gets to wandering in his mind.'

"The next morning, bright and early, before I even had my wraps off, who should come prancing into the barbor shop but my Mr. Sear-and-yellow to have his face ironed, and with a nerve tall enough to make the Singer Building look like a hitching post he lifted the roof off his toupee to me. I escaped him when he went out, though because I was busy with one of the worst kind—a merchant from Darkest Indiana who had come to New York to buy last year's latest styles, and who was explaining how much he missed his wife so I would go to the theatre with him and let him tell me about her.

"It helped some that afternoon to have a real one drop in. He was a tall, living-picture built young man, and looked so solid he could have had his clothes pressed right on him without hurting. His hands were not a bit pretty; they were better than that; they were good to look at. They were a man's hands, big and strong and brown, but well shaped enough, too; the kind that can hold a high stepper down



THE GIRL.

"She was such a picture that I swung up close to see if it was hand-painted or only a chromo—but her complexion was put on from the inside."



THE MAN.

"He was a tall, living-picture built young man, and looked so solid he could have had his clothes pressed on him."

to an even trot through ten miles of fireworks. It was a nice, firm, warm hand, but it didn't know I held it, and that interested me right away. It makes me mad if they do, and I'm disappointed if they don't. He just sat as quiet as a half dozen raw and looked a hole in my pompador till Billy hung up the receiver of the telephone and came over to me with:

"Two-o-two wants you as soon as you can come."

"I never in my life saw anybody light up the way that young fellow did. All at once he looked like Coney on opening night."

"Two hundred and two!" he said. "Go right up to her. Don't mind me. I can wait."

"I glanced up at him and he looked awfully good to your Aunt Bessie. His face had turned a little bit pink and his eyes had lost that far-away look in a hurry."

"Her! Of course it was a Her in two-o-two! But from the way this young fellow acted I could tell that this was an extra special Her of the very best brand, the choice and pick of the whole Her flock so far as he was concerned."

"It won't take me but a little bit to get through with you," I said.

"No, I can wait," he insisted. "I'd rather wait. To tell you the truth, I want to see you after you come back down," and he stammered and stuttered like a young married man doing his wife's first shopping with girl clerks. Finally he blurted out: "Would you mind taking a little note up there for me?"

"A note!" I said, putting on my toppest air. "I don't think the house would permit it. You can call a bell boy from here, and he'll take it up."

"He fidgeted again, and the more he fidgeted and the redder he got the more I liked him."

"You see, it's this way," he explained. "There's two ladies up there, and I want the younger one to get the note without the older one seeing it." Then he got so red I began to feel real motherly toward him. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills big enough to stuff a Teddy bear.

"Smother that, young man," I said. "Once in a while I like to do a personal favor just to jolly myself along that me heart's in the right place. I tell you what you do. You scratch off your note and give it to me, and I'll think about what I ought to do on the way up. I'll be gone from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. Will you be here?"

"Would he! If I felt as certain of going to heaven as I was that this young man would be right there when I got back, I'd never worry about my conduct as long as I live."

"My! I do love to see a plot thicken, and when I got up to two-o-two you couldn't scratch this one with an installment solitaire; for there was the girl with the complexion that wouldn't come off, and she was prettier in a kimono than she had been in her grand opera stunners! Her mother was there, too, and when I came in they were in a gab-fest up to their pompadors, and blowing and pawing for shore so hard they never noticed me but went right on. Anyhow, you're supposed



MR. PASSAY.

"The help an old man can get from ugliness doctors and tailors that ought to have been taxidermists, makes everything they show at the Hippodrome look easy."

to wear blinkers and ear cotton around a hotel, so I went dead and got busy. The girl stopped long enough to give me a real human smile as she gave me her nails to do, and then she said:

"But, mother, just think! Mr. Passay is older than father would have been at this time!"

"Mr. Passay is young in everything but years," her mother came back, in that dead level tone of voice the hard-hearted father uses in the Bowery thrillers. "He is reaping the reward, in his splendid preservation, of a clean, Christian life. He is a gentleman, he is wealthy and can give you social position. Why, child, he is the leading member of the famous Passay family, first cousin to the Vandercahshes, connected by marriage with the Whiteners. He's devoted to you, and all his daughters are grown up and out of the way."

"Yes, and they'd all take great pleasure in calling me mother!" objected the girl.

"They wouldn't dare show their faces near yours when they said it," snapped



THE MOTHER.

"He found himself looking square into the blazing eyes of mother."

her mother, 'besides, you could stand that for a few years.'

"That's the trouble," said the girl. "He'd never die. He's proved that already. I won't have him, mother, and that settles it!"

"You're an ungrateful child, Grace!" wailed the mother. "You'd rather have that young adventurer that I forbade to bother us any more. You have no proper pride at all."

"Adventurer!" said Grace, and I liked the way her eyes snapped. "Mr. Hardy has a fifty-thousand-dollar ranch, and a nice little house in a nice little city near by, and money in the bank. And he made it all himself. His social position is good enough for me. It's better than father's was when you married."

"Well, the old lady began to drip at the eyes right away. Her daughter was ungrateful—again. She had no proper pride—again. She was forgetting a solemn obligation. Her father on his very deathbed had told Grace to mind her mother, and what was she doing now? And the old lady retired to the bath-room for first aid to the weepers, scared for fear her eyes would show red at lunch."

"By that time your Aunt Bessie had her mind made up good and plenty what to do."

"This Mr. Hardy," I guessed, putting a dab of rouge on the prettiest little finger nail I ever saw. "If he's a young man with two shoulders and several white teeth, I think he's down in the barber shop right this minute, spoiling his finger nails, waiting till I come back. See if his name's on this," and I slipped her the note.

"Say, she lit up like a Belasco sunrise! 'I didn't know he was here,' she said, but it wasn't to me she said it, and she just fairly ate that note without salt or pepper."

"You may tell Mr. Hardy that I cannot write a note just now," she said, "but to please send up his card to mother and me right after luncheon. I'll see that he's received."

"You'll win," I told her. "I've got a bet on you."

"When I told young Hardy the stunt that was cut out for him he turned the color of his collar and got perfectly limp."

"Cheer up," I said. "The returns are not all in yet, and if there's any way your Aunt Bessie can help stuff the ballot boxes, all her other engagements are off."

"That night he was waiting to walk out to the car with me, and beaming like a custard pie. He simply had to recite it all to somebody, and I was the only audience he could nail."

"I saw her," he said, "and I'm to see her once more, though I guess that will be about all; at least that's what I was given to understand, and rather plainly. There's no chance for me."

"Don't tear up your ticket before the bell rings," I told him. "When does this interview come off?"

"To-morrow night," he said. "I'm to take them to the theatre."

"That's when I decided to wedge in. I can't keep out of it. It all comes from my East Side bringing up, where, whenever there was a midnight fight, every man in the block yelled out of the window for

them to wait till he got his shoes on. If there was anything doing we all wanted to be in it.

"Tell you what you do," I said. "After the theatre you bring your crowd over to Churley's for a bite of supper, and I'll get up a little play for you that'll beat any show on Broadway. Don't get there too quick. Mosey out of the theatre slow, and be sure you're the last ones out. Go back to your seat for something to kill more time. When you get into Churley's I'll have a table saved for you. That's all you have to do except sit with your back to me."

"Of course he was crazy to know what was coming off, but I wouldn't tell him. I wasn't quite sure myself, yet, but the next morning I was, for my passé Mr. Passay waltzes in as usual to have his wrinkles pressed out, and the smile I gave him would have melted this whetstone brick ice cream that they put up for picnics. He was so tickled I thought he'd do a head spin, and by the way Billy frowned I knew I'd done a perfectly scrumptious job on grandpa. After he had his morning face put on of course he came toddling right over to me, and my, but I was the giddy young thing! It only cost me two glances and another smile to have a theatre invitation for that night, and at five o'clock I hiked home and put on all my kill-'em-deads from the plumes down. When Uncle Antique saw me in the uniform I felt sorry for his respectable family, but I will say he knew how to do the honors, and the way he tucked me into my seat you'd have thought I was the Queen of Sheba.

"I enjoyed the show while I was there, too—everything in this world looks so good to me nowadays that I could almost enjoy the toothache—but just before the all-get-busy chorus at the end I got real peevish and made him leave. Of course the next move was the bird and

the bottle, and without letting him know that I was doing the driving I guided him right across to Churley's. The head rusher over there is one of my best trained pets, and as we went inside I dropped behind and spoke to him.

"Frank," I ordered, "get us two tables next to the wall, and when there's a certain party of three comes in—a nice-looking young couple and an old lady—I'll give you the nod and you give them the other table."

"Frank was on in a minute. We took

where I sat I could keep my eye on the door, and as Frank started back with Mr. Hardy and Grace and Ma he caught my nod. I kept grandpa busy just then so that he never turned around, but they saw us. The two young ones were wise in a second and the tableau was peaches and cream to them; but Mother had the shock of her life, for just as Frank seated her at the end of the table where the whole pantomime was in full view, I had grandpa pawing for my hand, and cackling, plenty loud enough for Mother to hear,

that I was positively the only original package of genuine joy!

"Of course Mother lorgnetted me for keeps, and if there was a basting thread about me that hadn't been pulled out she saw through it. If I'd been innocent I'd have shriveled up under that searchlight, but I wasn't. I was perfectly wicked and proud of it, and having the time of my life. So was grandpa. I let him wobble on and on, getting farther and farther away from an alibi all the time, with Mr. Hardy and Grace all but stuffing napkins into their mouths to keep from screaming. Grandpa got more kittenish every minute. He didn't notice any more whether I was drinking or not, and every glass of the foolish-water he took made the lights turn rosier, until at last he got too confectionery and then I a-rose in off-ended dignity.

"Sir," said I, "with you at your age I thought I should be suf-

ficiently chaperoned, but as it is I must go home a-lone! Good evening."

"I paused just at the end of the other table to say that 'Good evening,' and of course the long-lost old man turned around to look at me. Instead, he found himself looking square into the blazing eyes of Mother, and the curtain was down. The last I saw as Frank sent our waiter over to him with the check, was grandpa huddled in his chair, blinking his eyes.

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"They saw us—Mother had the shock of her life for I had grandpa pawing for my hand and cackling."

the far table, and I managed it so grandpa would have his back to the other one. Say! I must be awful slow to learn, for I'd rather have foam than bubbles any day; but this time it was me for the chilly quart. I sipped mine slowly, though, and by touching glasses ever so often I coaxed grandpa on to be the real human sponge. When my special audience came in, the second quart was frosting the silver pail, while grandpa was only twenty-five and getting younger every second. From

The Advent of the Citizens' Hotel

PEOPLE who are accustomed to travel, and nowadays there are few who lack the opportunity, are painfully aware that the standard of hotel accommodation in the average Canadian town or village is uncomfortably low. While prepared to accept some inconveniences, the traveler is not inclined to gloss over deficiencies in cleanliness or to minimize the evil effects of poor cooking. Both these defects are characteristic and need little further comment. If to them be added a certain amount of slovenliness in the service and a tendency to let the house run down at the heels and become the favorite resort of all the town loafers, the picture pretty accurately fits the case of a large number of Canada's provincial hotels.

And the criticism applies not only to the hotel with the bar, but quite often to the one without the bar—that modern and often colorless institution, the temperance hotel. As a matter of fact the average temperance house is so poorly run that the contention of the opponents of local option that the abolition of the bar ruins the hotel business seems to obtain some justification. So far as appearances go neither wet nor dry are what they should be and there is room for a good deal of improvement in the case of both.

Fortunately there are exceptions and it is these exceptions that in the comparison put these ordinary hostelries in such an unfavorable light. Here and there throughout Canada one does come across something more satisfying in the hotel line and these well-conducted inns are like oases in the desert. What traveling man is there but can name half a dozen or more hotels to which he gladly hastens, if he can, when night approaches or the weekend is at hand? Such and such a hotel, he will inform you, bears a reputation for good management, such another for the hominess of its appointments; this one is famed for its table and that for its up-to-date arrangements. But, alas, the number of these delectable places, to which the weary traveler turns so longingly, is la-

The Story of How the Business Men of Canadian Towns and Villages are Grappling With the Problem of Better Hotel Accommodation



Views of the Renfrew Hotel, the successful enterprise of Renfrew citizens.

By W. A. CRAICK

mentably small; though fortunately on the increase.

It is of some of the foregoing exceptions that this article aims to treat. Conditions have reached such a pass in many towns that it has been necessary for the inhabitants to take drastic steps to better their local hotel accommodation, if they would hold their place in the march of progress. It happens in a number of cases that these conditions have been accentuated by the passing of local option. The abolition of the bar has frequently turned otherwise well-managed houses into wretched excuses for hotels. The old-time boniface, who knew his business, would give up in disgust when the bar was closed and his place would be taken by some well-meaning but incompetent person, who knew almost nothing about how to conduct a hotel. Result, the hotel accommodation in such a town, from being passable, would often degenerate into second or third rate.

This is why one finds the new idea of what may be called the citizens' hotel so much further advanced in local option

centres. Out of mere self-defence and almost as it were to keep their name on the map, certain towns have had to grapple with the problem as a sort of civic issue. With the bar (leaving aside the moral aspect of the case altogether) they might have tolerably good, if not first-class accommodation. Without the bar, the chances would be that the standard would be lower and the town suffer in consequence. To overcome this the notion of a hotel owned and controlled by citizens and maintained on a high level of efficiency was then evolved.

THE CITIZENS' HOTEL.

There are several instances of the so-called citizens' hotel, especially in Ontario. The town of Renfrew in the Ottawa Valley has perhaps the most conspicuous example and, as the story of its evolution contains a good deal of human interest, it may well be told first. Renfrew, as a good many people are aware, is the home-town of M. J. O'Brien, the millionaire contractor, who has always taken a fatherly interest in its welfare, having given it an opera house a few years ago and assisted most generously with other public undertakings. After local option carried in Renfrew a couple of years ago, it was whispered about by opponents of the measure that had it only been defeated, Mr. O'Brien would have erected a first-class hotel in the town. So persistent were these rumors that he was asked if there was any truth in them. His reply was that he had never said he would build a hotel himself, but had intimated that he was prepared to join other citizens in doing so, quite irrespective of whether the town was "wet" or "dry." The only serious obstacle he could see was the difficulty of getting a competent manager, since in efficient management lay the success of the entire venture.

A Toronto commercial man visited Renfrew shortly after this and in conversation with the citizen who had interviewed Mr. O'Brien, took occasion to complain about the wretched hotel accommodation in the town. The citizen immediately informed him of what the big con-

The dining room of the Ingersoll Inn.



MAKING A TEMPERANCE HOTEL PAY.

The contention has frequently been raised that a temperance hotel cannot be made to pay, as the bar is the main source of revenue. Nevertheless the Ingersoll Inn, without a bar is already on a paying basis. The revenue lacking from this source has been equalled by increasing the patronage through improved service. It is a recognized fact among bonifaces that in any well conducted hotel, the real profit is made from the rooms. No matter how carefully managed the dining-room service may be a loss is inevitable there; but profits result when the rooms are kept filled. Recognizing this fact, the management of the Ingersoll Inn refurnished their rooms for guests throughout and improved the service so materially that the rooms are filled every day of the week. In fact, the need for enlarged room accommodation is now being faced.

tractor had said, explaining that if they could only get their hands on a competent manager, Renfrew would not likely be long without improvement. Three months later the Toronto man again appeared on the scene and announced that he had found the manager they wanted.

In this simple way was laid the chain of events that led to the erection and recent opening of Hotel Renfrew. It would be superfluous to enter into all the details surrounding the financing of the undertaking, the drawing up of the plans, letting of contracts and erection of the building. Suffice it to indicate a few of the outstanding features. After information had been obtained as to the probable cost of a hotel, a stock list was opened and three prominent citizens set out to get promises of subscriptions. They succeeded in raising tentatively \$26,000, subscriptions being promised not alone by temperance people but by all classes of the community, for one and all seemed to recognize the need of having a first-class hotel in the town.

FINANCING THE SCHEME.

Then a meeting was called of those who had put their names to the list and it is significant that the O'Brien Opera House was needed to accommodate the crowd. The mayor of Renfrew occupied the chair, Mr. Smallfield, editor of one of the local papers, who had taken a prominent part in the movement, outlined the proposals and a provisional committee was named to apply for a charter and take up the matter of site, architect and plans. Subsequently a permanent board of directors with Mr. Smallfield as president was appointed.

The enthusiasm with which the project was swung along may be grasped when it is said that each director took a personal interest in the planning of the building. Some of them were extensive travellers and on their trips they kept their eyes open for ideas, which were duly submitted to the building committee. The result was that when tenders were called for on the first plans and specifications,

so elaborate were the proposals that the price asked for the building alone was \$80,000. The committee pared down the specifications twice after that and eventually reduced the price to \$47,000, at which figure the contract was let. A lot valued at \$5,000 was provided by Mr. O'Brien, who took stock in the company for that amount in lieu of payment in cash, also advancing the funds, over and above the amount subscribed, to complete the undertaking.

Hotel Renfrew, as opened with a public celebration last April, is a handsome three-storey building of buff-yellow tapestry brick, containing forty bedrooms. It was built and equipped almost entirely by local labor and the furnishings were purchased through local merchants. A sort of civic esprit de corps was engendered by the work, each artisan feeling that he was indeed doing something for the good of the town in putting his best effort into the task. The result is a well-constructed, good-looking, up-to-date hotel, of which Renfrewites are justly proud and which for the size of the place is probably the finest building of its kind in Canada. The point worth noting, however, is not so much the excellence of the hotel as the circumstance that 150 citizens of Renfrew, realizing the need, dug down into their pockets for the money, and, for the welfare of the town, threw themselves heartily into the work of erecting and equipping what is really a citizens' hotel.

Another excellent example of the manifestation of civic interest in hotel accommodation was displayed last year by the business men of Ingersoll. This town lies in the center of a wealthy farming district in Western Ontario and possesses several thriving industries. Up to the time that local option went into force a year or so ago, there were numerous places of public entertainment in the town, hotels of varying degrees of comfort and discomfort, but none that merited the appellation of first-class. Travellers, as a matter of fact, steered clear of the town at night-fall and only remained, if no escape was possible.

This condition was considerably aggravated when the passing of local option closed the bars and reduced the earning power of the hotel proprietors to such an extent that one after the other found it necessary to shut up his premises. By May, 1913, there was not a single hotel doing business in the place, which meant that even had they wished to remain over night in the town, travellers could not get

a bed or meal there, except perhaps at some private boarding house.

The situation was even worse than that which confronted the citizens of Renfrew and called for quite as strenuous measures. As in the eastern town, so here, a company was organized to meet the emergency. The Ingersoll Hotel Corporation, in which a large number of the business men of the place took stock, was formed and at once took steps to secure possession of the largest hotel building in the town. By paying \$3,750 to the former leaseholder and securing a new lease of the property with an option to buy later on at a fixed price, they took over the building.

Improvements were at once undertaken at a cost of nearly nine thousand dollars. The building was painted on the outside and thoroughly renovated within. All the old floor-coverings were taken up, the wall scraped, papered and decorated, the woodwork cleaned and painted, the plumbing renewed and even some of the window sills and casings replaced. A fine large open fireplace constructed of cobble-stones was placed in the lobby and the first two floors were completely refurnished throughout. New silverware, china, linen and other necessities were provided for the dining-room, improved kitchen furniture was secured, a better system of electric lighting was installed and brass bedsteads with high quality mattresses were placed in each bedroom.

HOTEL BECOMES CIVIC CLUB.

As the Ingersoll Inn, this rejuvenated hotel is now known far and wide as one of the best-equipped and best-managed small hotels in Canada. And it has wrought quite a change in the town. Now, instead of running away from Ingersoll at night, the travelling man is glad to be able to spend the night there. The twenty-one guest rooms are nearly always occupied and over Sunday there are usually to be found several travellers who are quite well satisfied to put in the week-end under the roof of the Inn. Locally the Hotel has become a sort of club, for the business men meet there, societies hold their gatherings in its rooms and church organizations make use of its equipment.

When it leased the hotel property, the Hotel Corporation also secured an adjoining building which it fitted up at the same time as a farmers' hotel, with a boarding and sale stable attached. This is called the Oxford House and, though less elaborately furnished than the Inn, it is clean and comfortable. The local

The cosy sitting room of the Ingersoll Inn.



CREATING A NEW ATMOSPHERE.

The success of the Ingersoll Inn has been due to several causes not the least of which has been the air of home-like comfort that pervades the place. The management have created a new atmosphere; they have capitalized the charm of home comforts. Mr. J. A. Coulter, president of the company, tells of having two traveling men tell him on separate occasions one morning of the pleasant time they had spent the previous evening around the big cobble-stone fireplace in the sitting room—eighteen men—discussing public questions without any of the interruptions that occur when all or some in the company are drinking. Mr. Coulter believes that a large share of the success of the Inn has been due to the fact that the traveling man has come to appreciate a home atmosphere in a hotel.

merchants say it is one of the best institutions Ingersoll ever had, for it is extensively used and greatly appreciated by the drovers, agents, buyers and other people who come to the town to do business with the country people of the district. They now make the Oxford House their headquarters and the farmers meet them there, thus bringing customers to the stores of the local merchants.

BOWMANVILLE BLAZED THE WAY.

If Renfrew and Ingersoll have two of the latest examples of citizen-owned hotels, it was perhaps the town of Bowmanville that blazed the way and showed that the scheme was feasible. Bowmanville's experiment dates back seven years. In 1907 the local option movement was stirring the town and a vote on the question was imminent. As usual, the opponents of the measure advanced the argument that, if the citizens wiped out the bars, local hotel accommodation would deteriorate to such an extent as to be prejudicial to the town's best interests. Indeed, it was even hinted that there might be no hotel accommodation at

all. That there was ground for this fear was evident for, from possessing nine to ten hotels a few years previously, the number of places of public entertainment had dwindled to two.

Bowmanville's business men recognized the weight of the argument and appreciated the fact that, if local option carried, they would be seriously handicapped. As a body they were favorable to the temperance cause and they accordingly were all the more inclined to destroy the force of the anti's argument, if it could be done. The only way to do this effectively was to guarantee that the town's facilities for entertaining the travelling public would not suffer, were local option to carry. A temporary company composed of leading citizens was formed, each of whom put up a cheque for one hundred dollars, with the understanding that in case of need the money should be employed in the operation of a citizens' hotel.

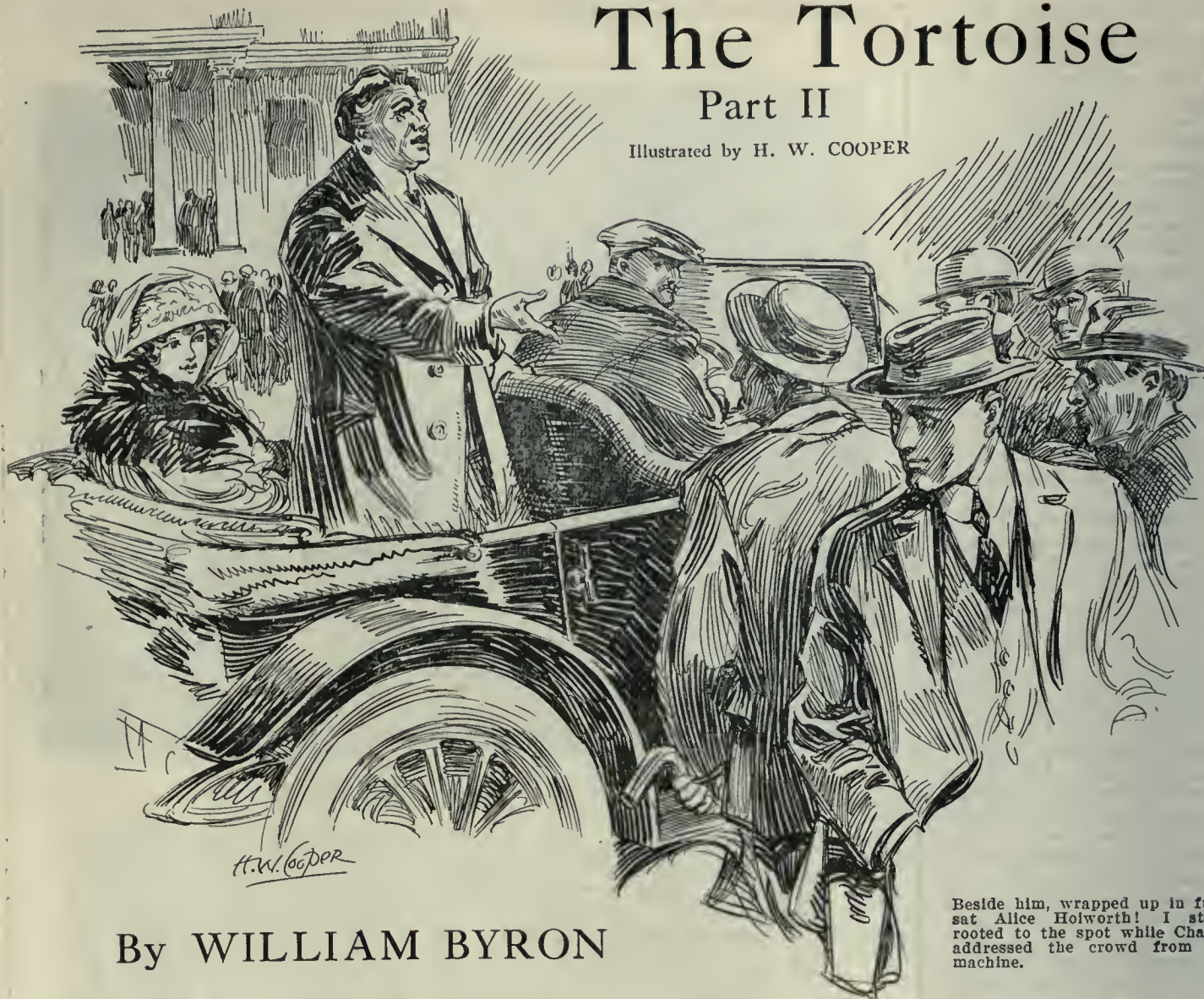
The local option by-law carried and the expected happened. Before the measure became operative the hotel men began to

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The Tortoise

Part II

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER



By WILLIAM BYRON

Beside him, wrapped up in furs, sat Alice Holworth! I stood rooted to the spot while Charlie addressed the crowd from the machine.

FROM the night of my memorable drive with Alice Holworth, I realized fully that I loved her. The boyish adoration had ripened into an intensity of feeling that seemed at times to leave no room in my mind or being for anything else. This love disturbed and puzzled me to no small degree. I had always been a methodical sort of fellow, cool and dispassionate at all times. Rivalry in sports at school or the sterner clashes of business had never aroused in me anger or excitement. But with the growth of my love for Alice Holworth, new thoughts and emotions stirred in me. I felt that I would fight for her—madly, savagely, to the very end. The thought of her belonging to another man was sufficient to plunge me into bitter melancholy or rampant pugnacity. It was a clear case of atavism. I had reverted to the most primitive of types.

This feeling caused me to enter the fight with Larry Barlow almost with eagerness. Barlow was the only rival that I had, so far as I knew, and on that account I took a zest in the contest. His final discomfiture became not a business success but a personal triumph.

During the year that followed Barlow's vain attempt to close me out of business, I called on Alice regularly. She

encouraged me, I think, though at times a fancied aloofness in her manner almost drove me to despair. Alice had developed from a fluffy-haired, slender girl into a very handsome and gracious woman, blessed with most accomplishments and doubly blessed with that rarest of gifts, a gentle, discerning tactfulness. She had always liked me, I think; and now she undoubtedly took a pleasure in my society. Whether her interest went any deeper was a question that I pondered more often than I did the figures on my ledger.

I had long since gotten over the stage-fright period when a glance from beneath those long lashes of hers would subject me to an attack of galloping paralysis. Still, it took me three months to get my mind made up to propose to her. I realized so completely how much too good she was for me that I was frightened at the enormity of my own presumption. Finally, however, I decided to test her opinion on the matter.

It was on a cold evening early in December that I slipped on my great coat and my resolution at the same time. The Holworth home was in upper town and, as I wended my way in that direction who should I run into but my old chum, Charlie Cutshaw, striding along over the

slippery walks with the fine air of physical superiority that made him a marked figure wherever he went. Charlie had finished his law course some years before and had been engaged since with a Toronto firm. Within the past fortnight he had returned to Martinville and had hung out his shingle.

"Hello, Harry," he greeted, as we fell into step. "How's the native son? I hear you've developed into quite a merchant prince. Fairly rolling in money and all that, eh?"

"Not exactly," I replied. "I'm not quite out of the woods yet, but I can see the open space ahead of me now. But what has brought you back? I thought Martinville would be hardly a big enough field for you, Charlie."

"Well, it's just this way," boomed Charlie, in his old expansive way. "You can break into politics easier in a small place than a big city. Back here in Martinville I should have no difficulty in getting a start. I don't mind acknowledging that I'm building big hopes for a political career,—er—Haven. Just let me find a seat and I'll guarantee to make them sit up at Ottawa."

He talked along with all the grandiose optimism that had made him cock of the walk at school, telling me what he would

do and what he wouldn't do—but chiefly the former. Finally, as we kept right along together, curiosity got the upper hand.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To make a call," I answered. "Where are you off to?"

"Same thing."

"Perhaps," I suggested, with a sinking of the heart, "we're going to the same place."

"The saints forbend!" said Charlie with candid disfavor. "I object to splitting calls. It's whole hog or nothing with me."

But we were. We turned in at the gate of the Holworth house without comment on either side. I rang the door bell and Charlie glared as though he resented my taking the initiative.

"Good evening, Harry," greeted Alice, who had come to the door herself. She looked particularly charming that evening and was wearing something new—whether a dress or merely a new collar or such, I couldn't say. I missed the details but got the general effect. Could it be that she had discerned—? "I'm delighted that you have brought Charlie with you."

"Brought me, nothing," said Charlie. "I came myself. And I don't like this 'brought' business at all, Alice my dear. Has old sobersides Harry here been calling on you?"

"Why, I see him sometimes," replied Alice, with a smile. And, glory be, the smile quite unmistakably was for me.

"Well, it's got to stop. Harry, this is your last call," said Charlie, with a jaunty masterfulness that made me long to put the gloves on with him. "I serve notice that from now on I intend to monopolize the time of this young lady. Trespassers will be prosecuted."

"Don't go too fast," I said darkly. "It may take a little of your time to work up that law practice of yours."

"It's coming already. I've got nicely started on the high road to fame and fortune. Why it's even been suggested that I run for mayor this year, and I'll acknowledge that I'm thinking the idea over."

He was off. He was the same old Charlie, acknowledged boss as a boy, arrant braggart, domineering and selfish, but strong and capable and a mighty handsome figure of a man, with his leonine head of fair wavy hair, his square hewn face, bright blue eye and broad shoulders.

Talk? Charlie could make a loquacious book seem mute and constrained. The flood-gates of his conversational powers once opened, there was little chance for me. He breezed along, settling political issues,

laying down social mandates, giving interesting bits of his personal history and falling on me like the proverbial ton of bricks whenever I ventured into the conversational area. That Alice was a little fascinated by it all I could plainly see, and it nettled and alarmed me.

"Now as to my running for mayor," babbled Charlie, about the time I looked at the clock and discovered it was nearly ten already, "it looks as though I'm needed there. You know these old busybodies in town who call themselves reformers are out to get a new council in. The crowd in power were thinking of putting up Halbery this year for mayor, but he's got in bad on a few deals recently and it's a certainty that the reform crowd would make a set on him. So a candidate is needed who would appeal to the people and yet be above attack of any kind. I'm the rising lawyer of the town so it's perhaps not strange that they've thought of me."

I woke up at this. "Don't get mixed up with that city hall crowd, Charlie," I urged. "If you run for mayor with Connel and Harvey and Shandler Cone behind you, your chances for a career in this town will be ruined. You don't want to be the tool of Larry Barlow, do you?"

"What's Barlow got to do with my running for Mayor?" demanded Charlie.

"Just this. The town used to be run by the three crooks I've just named, but during the last couple of years another member has been admitted to the cabinet. Larry Barlow is a power in civic politics here now, if he isn't actually the boss."

"When I'm mayor of Martinville, I'll be boss," said Charlie, with finality.

I did not propose to Alice that night. I stayed late for the purpose but Charlie stayed also. We finally left together after Mrs. Holworth came into the room and shook hands with us, gazing rather fixedly at the clock the while.

Before proceeding any further with my narrative it will be necessary to give some particulars of the situation in town with reference to civic politics. It may seem improbable that a city as small

as Martinville would have "boss" rule, but such nevertheless was the case. As far back as I could remember the best men of the town had considered themselves above civic politics and the control of the city hall had fallen into the hands of a "ring." If it were suggested to a man of good standing and undoubted probity that he stand for alderman, the invariable answer would be: "Do you think I would get mixed up with that gang at the city hall?"

For a number of years civic affairs had been administered by a triumvirate of slippery celebrities who unobtrusively manipulated the wires that controlled all civic expenditures. The first of these was John Connel, the inspector of everything from rubbish to rum shops. The second was Jim Harvey, an excessively fat and unctuous specimen of politician who controlled the vote of the north ward and got as his share of the patronage all contracts for street watering, garbage collection, and so on; in fact Jim Harvey had staked down and registered his claim on everything in the way of public service that offered to the enterprising grafter a chance for nicking the public purse. The last member of the estimable trio was a meek-looking little lawyer named Shandler Cone, behind whose rabbit-like blandness of countenance lurked a degree of cunning that no one would suspect—until they had had dealings with him. Cone kept a dingy little office above a tobacconist's store but seemed to have no clients. He was a bachelor, living alone in a tumble-down cottage that no one ever entered but Cone himself. All civic contracts, by-laws and agreements were drawn up by him and he sunk the jokers so far below the surface that they remained hidden until the time for operation arrived. It has always been my opinion that Shandler Cone was the brains of the organization.

Of recent years, however, Larry Barlow had wedged his way into civic politics and, as Jed Jarvis put it in the Blast, "the trio of tainted trust had been converted into a quarrelsome quartette." It

is probable that in many respects Larry had become the real boss of the town. No part but the "lead" would have satisfied Larry.

About the time that Charlie Cutshaw and I came together, as already narrated, a section of the citizens had started a movement to oust the grafting element from the civic life of Martinville, and a hot election was promised. I was strongly in sympathy with the reform movement but had been disappointed, as had many others, in the men selected to lead the fight; Smith, the produce merchant



I got the first sheet off the press, capturing it after a struggle with Jimmie Wallace.

who led the First Baptist choir but whose piety was sometimes challenged by those who dealt with him, Cotton a retired minister whose continual agitation had wearied the town, Antley who could talk an audience of confirmed insomnia sufferers into a state of dreamless coma, and others of like ilk.

During the month that ensued before the elections I worked hard in the reform cause and was very much disappointed to find that Charlie enlisted himself on the other side. His candidature for the mayoralty was given out early and it was apparent from the first that he would run strong. Charlie was well liked in town and everyone thought highly of his ability. He backed up his candidature by some rattling good speeches that "got across," as the politicians say. Reduced to the test of literal transcription Charlie's speeches might not have appeared powerful in print, or even grammatical, but when delivered with the spell of his handsome personality behind them, they certainly took with the crowds. He proved a lively candidate.

Despite the time that he necessarily had to put to the campaign, he was generally at the Holworth's when I called there. My declaration had to be postponed time and again and finally I decided to leave it off indefinitely. I dreaded to tempt the fates while the influence of my rival was so strong. For, as candidate for so exalted an office, Charlie was undoubtedly an object of interest and I could see that he attracted Alice strongly. I cannot say that she was less friendly with me than she had always been, but it takes a jealous lover to find out when a rival star has swung into the firmament.

The reform candidate for mayor was an honest but not exactly brilliant lawyer who had served a term or two in the council years before. Harry Ware was not what might be termed a strong candidate but I had felt confident from the first that the whole reform ticket would be swept in and that Charlie would be beaten. As polling day drew near, however, this feeling of certainty gradually disappeared. The defects in the organization of the reform element became more marked every day. In fact they had no practical organization whatever. The men at the head of the movement had as much notion of running a campaign as a Cherokee Indian has of Greek roots. No meetings were held except in the churches, no arrangements had been made for livery rigs, the canvassing committees did their work in a haphazard way; and all through the campaign, the Star fought viciously for the "machine." The candidates put up on the reform ticket were not the type of men who would be picked as likely to make good civic administrators. The question began to simmer in the public mind, In what respect would incompetent honesty prove a better form of government than greedy competence? I could see that question every-

where and knew that it was going to cost the reform ticket a lot of votes.

Nevertheless I was not prepared for what followed. The voting was held on New Year's day and the splendid organization of the "stand-patters" was soon very much in evidence. Every livery rig in town had been pressed into service for conveying voters to the polls while, to compete against this, our people had a few family democrats out. They did not think it incumbent upon them to see that those who had promised to vote for a civic housecleaning got out and did so.

At five o'clock the polls closed and at a quarter to six the first division was heard from: Wade 68, Cutshaw 73. And thus it went, the two candidates running neck and neck, first one in the lead and then the other. At half-past six Wade had 33 majority, with two polls to hear from and it looked to the crowd as though the old lawyer had beaten his younger rival. At the same time it was evident that most of the old council board had been returned. Lack of organization had beaten the housecleaning ticket. Some had been elected, of course, but the old crowd would have a working majority and to all intents and purposes the result was as good as a sweep.

A large crowd had gathered in the square before the city hall, where the returns were read out. Interest, of course, centered in the race for the mayoralty

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Tortoise" is a series of business stories, each more or less complete but with a connected train of narrative running through them. The third installment will deal with certain business transactions, involving a struggle for the control of a large corporation. The interest in the three-sided duel between Barlow, Cutshaw and Haven will intensify in the third story of the series.

and a loud cheer broke out when the vote from one of the two remaining polls gave Charlie a majority of 17.

"The young cock will win yet!" shouted an adherent in the crowd.

Almost immediately afterwards the clerk appeared on the city hall steps and announced, amid complete silence: "Polling subdivision 19, Cutshaw 101, Wade 71. Cutshaw is elected on an unofficial count by 14."

There was great enthusiasm on this announcement. I had been standing toward the outskirts of the crowd and was turning away for home when an automobile pulled up not ten feet from me. In the tonneau sat the new mayor of Martinville, smiling happily and quite plainly in two minds as to whether the occasion called for calm dignity or exuberant enthusiasm. And beside him, wrapped up to the chin in furs, sat Alice Holworth!

I stood rooted to the spot, while Charlie addressed the crowd from the machine, Three lusty cheers and a tiger followed; and through it all Alice seemed to be enjoying the situation immensely.

I plodded home wearily. All zest had gone out of life for the time being. Alice's presence in the car could be construed in one way only; that Charlie's star was

in the ascendant. And the reason was quite clear to me. Alice was of the temperament that is attracted by achievement. The importance that attached to Charlie as candidate for mayor, and his participation in a brisk campaign, had captured her interest. I realized to the fullest how far from spectacular is the running of a dry goods store.

And then suddenly a resolution came to me. I would do something spectacular myself. I would achieve something besides a good profit in my dry goods store. I would head a movement that would put the civic machine out of business at the next election!

"A rotten town this," said a voice behind me.

It was Jimmy Wallace, a reporter on the Star—an undersized fellow of unquenchable energy who had become known around town on that account as "Go-Devil" Wallace. As far as anyone had ever been able to find out, Wallace never slept. No matter how late the hour he was always to be seen on the streets. If you got up before the sun, Wallace would be ahead of you, talking to a belated policeman or chatting with milkmen. He dragged the town for news items like a fine hair brush. I had become rather intimate with him and had learned one thing; Wallace was a man of ideals.

"Rotten?" I said. "Didn't the results suit you? The crowd backed up by your paper won out."

"Do you suppose for a second that I believe in the policy of the Star?" asked Wallace, explosively. "I've kept my mouth shut and have gone on working for my weekly envelope all through this campaign. But do you see this letter? It contains my resignation."

"What's the matter?"

"Matter? I've been bottling up my contempt for the policy of the Star so long that I can't hold it in any longer. I know enough about the inside workings of civic government in this town to put a few men in jail. And I'm not going to stay quiet any longer. If the town knew what I know there would have been a different story to tell to-day."

"What we need is a second paper here," I suggested.

"A second paper—run on independent lines—would rip this old town open," went on Wallace with staccato fervor. A second paper—it's something I've dreamed of for years. With a paper to back us up we could run these grafters out of business next year!"

I had a long talk with Wallace during which he initiated me into some of the secrets of the civic government of Martinville.

The next day I called upon Silas Hennesly, a contractor, who had accumulated a huge fortune—basing the estimate, of course, on Martinville standards. Hennesly had heavy pouches in the place of cheeks, a forehead that wrinkled continuously and a nose that turned broadly and aggressively upward. Put a spiked

Continued on Page 134.

Putting a Transcontinental Together

HERE is a map of America.

There lies the Atlantic and yonder the Pacific. Between the two oceans must run a modern railroad. No matter about mountains or muskeg, fuming rivers or tangled forest, the rails shall pierce them or bridge them straight as a die, and Pullmans shall slip across them so buoyantly that dainty fingers will not spill a cup of tea.

How would you set about it?

Let a contract for the whole business? You cannot do that. Railway contractors smile on five hundred miles sometimes, but I do not know the address of a firm having three or four hundred millions to spend on one job and wait for the principal until doomsday.

Transcontinentals are not put together like skyscrapers. Anyone with money can own "the highest-in-the-world" because the technical difficulties have been pretty well cut and dried by precedent. But transcontinentals are not rushed through on precedent. They begin with—let us say—a sentiment, developed by financial statesmanship, and achieve maturity by science, compromise, faith—so many intangible things that no contractor living could quote a fixed price for a complete road.



In the mountains the engineers follow the beds of rivers wherever possible. This shows a line following the Fraser Valley in B.C.

By ROBSON BLACK

Based on an Interview With W. H. Grant, Superintendent of Construction for Mackenzie, Mann & Co., Builders of the Canadian Northern Railway

goal of "the long haul." For the present, therefore, a nation of eight million people has spent, or assumed obligations for, nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars on transcontinentals in perfect confidence that the mortgage will not score the necks of succeeding generations.

The surveying, or locating, of a great railroad is immensely more complex than running the lines of a township. The survey engineer must be financier as well as scientist. He does his locating in obedience to the standard practices of his profession, but all *rules* fall second to "fixed charges." Not only must he lay out a good road but a practical, profit-paying road as well.

Three transcontinentals, in the proper meaning of the term, belong to Canada. The Canadian Pacific came into being because three-quarters of Canada's habitable area was dependent on pack mules and canoes. But the West loomed too big for a monopoly and the Canadian Northern sliced off the upper areas for its own, tapped brand new country, built up cities and towns, and populated hundreds of valleys. Even then it seemed a prodigious task for a pair of railways and the Grand Trunk Pacific joined its brethren for the

According to the topography of the country he plans his campaign of path-finding. In the mountains he follows the beds of rivers for they represent the lowest points of drainage, and therefore the lowest grades. On the level prairie he may need little more than a compass or a school map, for the natural obstacles are few. The stiffest survey problems are found in regions like the north shore of Lake Superior—rocky, swampy, undulating, forest-covered country where a half-dozen possible locations may be hit upon,



A generous bite off the side of a mountain to let the line through.



Foundations in position for bridge to be erected across low-lying section

and only the *best* will do. To get the Canadian Northern across the five hundred and fifty miles between Sudbury and Port Arthur a few years ago, four parties of from fifteen to seventeen men apiece spent five years determining the one best route, and nothing but the future can prove that they actually got it.

The practical complications of surveying the road in comparison with actual construction are in much the same ratio as their cost; five hundred dollars per mile covered the total expense of the five years' survey referred to, while railroad construction on this continent strikes an average of about \$50,000 a mile inclusive of everything but rolling stock.

When the survey parties finish their work in a stretch of virgin territory, the only perceptible signs of their passing are a row of stakes and a narrow trail of tree stumps. These may lead up hill and down dale, cross a morass and run smash into a precipice. But the company of construction engineers tramping at the heels of the pathfinders see no hill or dale, no morass, no precipice—see only a level layer of steel and ties striking a faultless horizontal in thousand-mile progressions.

Construction engineers sandwich their services between the finished survey and the commencement of actual building. The contractor has not yet been asked to tender, for nobody so far knows the details of surface geology, the approximate quantities of rock cutting, the number or height of bridges, the problems of tunnels—and the company's permanent staff of engineers are on the job to get such foundation facts for the specifications.

The chief engineer plans his work upon what is now a more or less fixed code. Every seven or eight miles a resident engineer is stationed with a rodman and axeman. Their duty is to put in grade stakes, showing the cuttings necessary for excavation. Every thirty or forty miles comes the division engineer, a supervising officer, and he, in turn, reports either to the district engineer, when there is one, or to the chief.

Enter the contractors: Down at head office they have been browsing for weeks over maps of the route. They have measured distances, calculated quantities of machinery and supplies, marked off the nearness or remoteness of other railroads to the centre of operations, and figured how many tens of thousands of real money must be spent to freight-in plant and supplies in advance of the working gangs. Accessibility of a route is a

highly-involved piece of calculation in which a millionaire contractor may easily add a few millions to his fortune or squander his bank account down to the last sixpence. Of the latter misfortune, railroad history cites not a few picturesque cases.

When the Canadian Northern contract for 550 miles between Port Arthur and Sudbury on the new transcontinental was let to a single firm, one of the stipulations was that in a trifle over two and a half years from July, 1911, a train should pass from end to end. That meant one of the stiffest undertakings in the record of Canadian railroading. The nearest rails, those of the Canadian Pacific, from which supplies could reach the route lay fifty to one hundred miles to the south, except for one contact point of the Algoma Central which crossed at right angles. There was, of course, a Canadian Northern connection at either end of the surveyed line, but to limit construction to those two points would have necessitated impossible delays in the final completion. Moreover, in wooded, irregular countries, building operations can seldom be carried on economically for more than fifty miles ahead of steel; transport of supplies for working gangs a greater distance from the new-laid track is so costly as to offset all other considerations. In addition, no company or contractor will submit to the handicap of building a line leisurely from a single point, if it can be attacked by duplicate outfits in several sections. To the contractor there is the advantage of wholesale economies and to the company the great boon of ending dead interest-charges months or years in advance of the

date achievable under old-fashioned practice. From four points of the Canadian Pacific line to the south, the contractors carried out a scheme of toting supplies fifty to a hundred miles direct north during the dead of winter. The venture was worthy a British army corps. Through tangled bush and bog, an absolutely roadless country, temporary highways were built at a cost of a thousand dollars a mile, and hundreds of teams tramped the long course upward to the survey stakes that spotted the country from east to west. All of two winters they lugged mammoth machines in sections through the forest, storing up vast quantities of food hundreds of miles in advance of the nearest camps of workers. Commissariat, says Kitchener, is half the battle. In railway conflict it is more than half. It is the contractor's first question-mark.

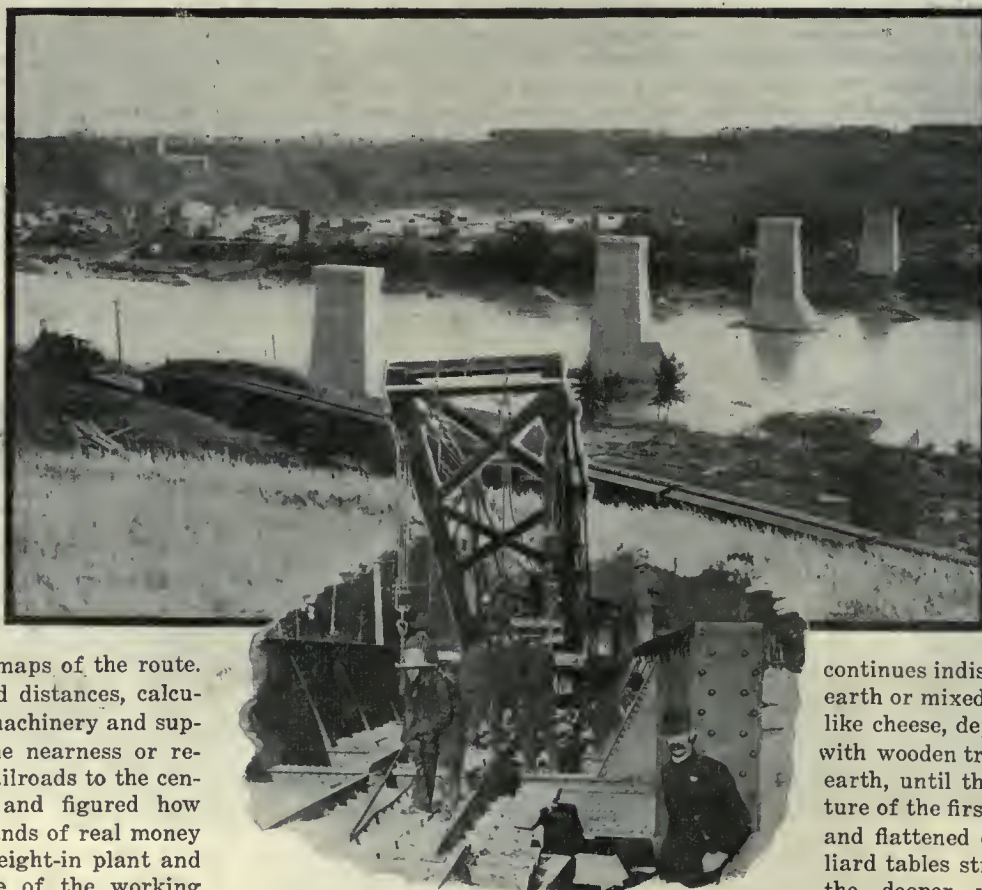
In construction work proper, the head contractor sub-divides his undertaking into four, five, or ten-mile sections according to the outfits owned by the lesser tenderers. Seldom does a contractor handle with his own outfit more than a few hundred miles. Prices are gauged as "piece work" entirely and paid for by the cubic yard. Thus, rock cutting enjoys a special high quotation which tapers down through such classifications as mixed rock, shale, earth and sand.

THE FIRST MORNING'S WORK.

With gangs of navvies, time-keepers, foremen, cooks, steam-shovels, Mexican mules, and a babble of foreign tongues, the whistle blows for the first morning's work. The right-of-way stands cleared of trees and brush to its full width. Guide

stakes indicating the engineer's estimate for excavation or for height have already been placed in position mile upon mile. The big steam shovels are wheeled into position. The scoop takes a shy at the first clod—and the tourney is on in deadly earnest. Excavation is the first duty and provides most of the material for bank filling. In modern operations the steam shovel is the great economizer of labor, but the pick and shovel brigade

continues indispensable. Hillocks of earth or mixed rock are pared down like cheese, depressions are bridged with wooden trestles or filled in with earth, until the contortions creature of the first surveyor is subdued and flattened off like a million billiard tables struck end to end. For the deeper valleys necessitating sometimes the crossing of wide



Two stages of bridge building for a transcontinental railway.

rivers, the contractor furnishes bridge foundations, but the steel bridges themselves are erected by the manufacturers under supervision of the company's engineers.

With the excavating, the bank filling and the grading finished up, we have a fairly good impression of the "first storey" of a railroad line. Now arrives the track-laying machine, an ugly, noisy splurging mass that tosses off two miles per day of parallel rails—just about as fast as navies can strew the wooden ties beneath its feet. Quickly as new rails are bolted to the ties, the machine plods forward to the extreme end of the track, spins out two more rails, and so the mad race goes from dawn to dark.

Back a few miles on the still tingling steel, with rattling chains and whirling drums, the ballasting train spreads a binding of rock and earth in the interstices, so that swaying moguls may pound across at sixty-an-hour and leave the road without a scar.

WHY COST IS SO HIGH.

Simultaneous with track-laying and ballasting, the contractors fence the right-of-way, erect the telegraph poles and wires, leaving to the company the construction of tanks, roundhouses and stations. When one considers how many processes enter into one little mile of railroad, how enormous the expenditure of labor, how relentless the appetite for supplies and more supplies, little wonder that \$35,000 to \$50,000 disappears with every mile, or that \$60,000 to \$70,000 gets into limbo for every 1,760 yards of progress in the mountains.

This is a new age of railroad building. Keener standards of traffic require developed theories of engineering. It used to be that folks stood open-mouthed to see twenty loaded freight cars hitched to one sweating locomotive. Nowadays the moguls thunder through with 100 cars, or 5,000 tons of backward pull. The advantage of superseding the five engines and twenty cars each with one mogul and its train of 100 cars is self-evident. The displacement of four train crews is only a contributory item. To get the 5,000-ton caravan between Winnipeg and Quebec would be impossible on any but the finest standard of construction; it would balk at probably fifty grades on the first thousand miles and worry the traffic management with continual calls for assistance.

FLATTENING OUT THE KINKS.

So the hundred-car train has to be preceded by a decided reduction of grades from end to end of the road. The phrase "reduced grades" sounds very simple, but the problems underlying it have piled extra millions of cost for every enterprising company in America. Commonly in the



A huge railway bridge shown in course of construction and when completed—Around the camp fire at night.



earlier days, and indeed on many lines at the present time, grades ran from one to one and a half per cent. and track curvature was permitted to reach ten or twelve degrees. The Canadian Northern has held its gradients down to four-tenths of one per cent., and the curvature to from four to six degrees. In street parlance, it means that the "kinks" in the railroad, a few years back have been flattened out, sometimes at enormous cost, and "slopes" have been made so gentle that any engine capable of starting its train on level ground can climb with ease from Atlantic to Pacific. What such a feat means to the economical hauling of freight is simpler to comprehend than were the problems which first had to be solved by the survey and construction engineers. To cite one radical change in modern railroad building made necessary by low gradient standards: 25,000 to 35,000 cubic yards of embankment per mile are required for the high-class road of to-day where seven or eight, or ten thousand yards sufficed to bear up the traffic and meet all demands of a few years ago.

Perplexing as some engineering difficulties in mountain work may prove, exasperation seldom faces a railway builder until he comes to a sink hole. As frequently happens, a railway is built across a stretch of meadow which bears all the usual tests and is endorsed as the best route. Trains may run over it for years,

until one day the embankment is increased to eliminate a grade and, under the increased strain, the surface of the meadow caves in. Then we have that phenomenon of a sink hole which no railway engineer likes to anticipate. I have known 80,000 cubic yards of rock to be dumped into a hundred and fifty feet of bog before it gave signs of filling up. The reason, of course, is that we had unwittingly carried our line across a relatively thin surface above an underground lake. When the sink hole appears, the only recourse is to fill it up, for the location of the line cannot very well be altered at that

stage, even if a thousand carloads must be poured in before the track finds itself on a solid foundation.

The constant effort to minimize our dependence on manual labor by the use of ma-

chinery has been to some degree successful, but the savings thereby accomplished have not at all kept pace with the higher demands for wages and supplies. One might think that with the increase of pay-sheets the railways would be the gainers in greater efficiency, but exactly the opposite has proved true. The men who are getting \$2.25 to-day are actually giving a smaller return of service than they did on the \$1.50 scale of ten years ago. Lack of qualified labor has been a sore aggravation to the railway builder these many years. In the first days of the Canadian Pacific and in the beginnings of the Canadian Northern, the heavy immigration of Irish and Scotch and Swedes solved the labor problem to the railway man's satisfaction. Such men are unprocurable to-day, having gravitated to occupations offering higher rewards. In their place have come southern Europeans, a distinctly inferior physical and mental type, but they are the best that offer and in the absence of automatic devices must be employed in tens of thousands.

Wireless messages were exchanged between President Wilson and the Emperor of Germany on June 19, 1914. The distance spanned by the wireless waves is estimated at 4,062½ miles.

Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

By HUGH C. WEIR

4—The Bullet From Nowhere

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Madelyn Mack series has proven one of the most pronounced magazine successes of the year. Original, entertaining, subtle, these stories are the best detective fiction offered to the public. Next month the series will reach a climax in "The Purple Thumb," undoubtedly the best story of the lot and one of the most intense and mystifying detective stories ever written. "The Purple Thumb" is a masterpiece running over 10,000 words in length—and every sentence full of absorbing interest.

At her elbow the telephone rang shrilly. Mechanically Madelyn took down the receiver. Almost with the first sentence she could see her features contract.

At the wistful note in Weston's voice, the vivacious Miss Morrison glanced away quickly.

"I should not think that would apply to your case!" she said lightly. "If all reports are true, Monty Weston has won almost as great a reputation as a heart-breaker as he has as a trust-breaker!"

"You flatter both my social and my legal ability!" Weston laughed. He glanced at his watch. "By Jove, it's after eight! Where are Hilda and Bob Grayson?"

He turned so suddenly as he put the question that his companion gazed at him in surprise. The second of the two women in the group, Muriel Thornton, smiled shrewdly.

"Hilda went up-stairs a moment ago," she volunteered. "As for Bob," she paused significantly as the shadow deepened on Weston's face. "Where is Bob?" she added artlessly.

The rivalry of Weston and Grayson, the struggling young architect, for the favors of Hilda Wentworth had too long been a matter of gossip for the point of the question to pass unnoticed.

Wilkins, the fourth member of the group, essayed an eager answer in the pause that followed.

"Bob had a business engagement in his rooms, I believe, and left directly after dinner. He was to have been back by eight, though."

Up-stairs, the music still continued. Homer Hendricks had reached the finale of the overture, and Rossini's majestic strains were rolling out with the sweep of a lashing surf.

Weston strolled to the door.

"'William Tell' is nearing the end, I fancy. Listen!"

The speaker was right. It was the end—but not the end that either the musician or his audience were expecting.

Above the crash of the music rang out the sudden, muffled report of a revolver!

From the piano came a long, echoing discord, as though the player's arm had fallen heavily to the keys.

And then silence—a silence so intense that the low breathing of the group in the library, stricken suddenly motionless, sounded with strange distinctness!

For a moment the quartet stood staring at one another, helpless, dumb, under the spell of an overwhelming bewilderment.



toward him with swift enthusiasm.

"Doubly so! To think that a man who can make music like that is also

rated as the leading corporation lawyer in the State!"

Weston shrugged. "Yes, he calls his piano only his plaything."

The girl lowered her voice. "Is it true—you know this is my first visit here—that he is as eccentric as we read in those sensational newspaper articles?"

A slow smile broke over Weston's face. "That depends on your idea of eccentricity, Miss Morrison. Some persons, for instance, might deem his present performance the height of oddity. Hendricks never plays except when he is alone in his own music-room with the door closed!"

"Really!" The girl's eyes were wide with her amazement.

"And again"—Weston was evidently enjoying the other's naive curiosity—"the fact that Mr. Hendricks has condescended to join our theatre party to-night suggests another of his peculiarities. I believe this is the first evening in ten years that he has left his piano before midnight! But then this is a special occasion."

"Hilda Wentworth's birthday?" the girl interjected.

Weston nodded.

"All of the affection of a lonely bachelor without a domestic circle of his own is bound up in Homer Hendricks' love for his niece. And I happen to know, Miss Morrison, how very much alone such a man can be!"

LOUDER and louder, as though the musician had abandoned himself to the wild spirit of his crashing climax, the pealing strains of the "storm scene" from "William Tell" rolled out from the keys of the mahogany piano, through the closed doors of Homer Hendricks' music-room, and down the stairs to the waiting group below.

The slender, white fingers of the musician quivered with feverish energy. Into his thin, pale face, white with the pallor of midnight studies, crept two dull spots of hectic color. His eyes glistened with the gleam of the inspired artist, who behind the printed music sees the soul of the composer.

Save only for his short, pompadored red hair, bristling above his forehead like a stiff, wiry brush, and his chin, too square and stubborn for a dreamer, Homer Hendricks, who made the law his profession and music his recreation, presented all of the characteristics of the picturesque genius.

The group in the library had crowded close to the hall door, as though fearing to miss a note in the rolling climax from the piano above. Montague Weston, tossing his neglected cigarette aside, was the first to break the spell.

"He's a wonder!" he breathed.

The girl in white at his elbow glanced

Miss Morrison fell back against the wall, panting like a frightened deer, her eyes staring up the winding stairway as though they would pierce the closed door above and see—what?

Of the two men, Weston was the prompter to act.

Jerking his companion by the elbow as though to arouse him to the necessity of the situation, he sprang out of the doorway, taking the steps to the second floor two at a bound.

John Wilkins, glancing hesitatingly at the women, followed more slowly at his shoulder.

From the end of the upper hall came the sound of running steps as the men reached it. A tall, slight, fair-haired girl, in a green satin evening gown, clutched Weston's arm with a wild, questioning stare.

For the first time Wilkins sensed the spell of tragedy. In the girl's eyes was a gleam of undisguised terror.

"The shot?" she burst out. "It came from—"

Weston nodded shortly, even curtly, as he jerked his head toward the door of the music-room, still closed, and followed the motion with a quick step. Wilkins reached forward and touched the girl's shoulder awkwardly.

"Don't you think I had better escort you below, Miss Wentworth?"

The girl shook off his fingers impatiently.

Weston's hand was on the knob of the music-room door. He turned it abruptly. A puzzled frown swept his face, and he turned it again more violently. The door was locked.

Hilda Wentworth darted to his side, tearing his hand away almost fiercely and beating the panels sharply with her knuckles.

"Uncle! Uncle! It is I, Hilda!"

The silence was unbroken.

The girl redoubled her efforts, tearing at the wood with her fingers and raising her voice almost to a shriek.

Then of a sudden she stepped back, turned with a low, gasping wail, and sank into the arms of a tall, broad-shouldered young man with the build of an athlete, who sprang up the stairs past Wilkins' hesitating figure just in time to catch her.

Weston glanced at the newcomer with a swift hardening of his lips. "Lend a hand here, Grayson!" he jerked out. "We've got to break in this door!"

"In Heaven's name, why?"

"No time for questions, man!" Weston's tones were curt. "Hendricks is in there. We heard a shot. We don't—"

"A shot?"

The words might have been a spur. The speaker lowered the body of the fainting girl to the floor, and sprang to the door with a vigor that made the others stare in spite of the tension of the mo-

ment. Poising himself for an instant, he launched his body toward the oaken panels. There was a sharp splintering of wood.

Weston muttered a low cry of satisfaction and joined him in a second assault. The door shivered on its hinges.

The girl on the floor raised herself on her elbow and watched the two with a white, strained face.

The men drew back with muscles taut and hurled themselves a third time toward the barrier.

II.

THIS time the attack was successful. The door fell inward so abruptly that they were thrown to their knees.

Before they could rise, a satin-clad figure sprang past them from the hall and threw itself with a cry on the body of a man in evening clothes, huddled on the floor.

Just above his left ear showed a gaping bullet-hole, from which a thin stream of blood was already trickling down on to the rug beneath him.

His eyes were fixed in a ghastly stare which permitted no second question as to his condition. Homer Hendricks was dead!

Weston raised the girl to her feet with the commanding gesture of a strong-minded man in a sudden emergency.

"Hilda—Miss Wentworth—you must let us take you down-stairs. This is no place for you."

"Oh, Uncle! Poor Uncle!" sobbed the girl unheeding.

Grayson was still standing by the shattered door, with his hands clenched as though in a quick, nervous spasm.

At Weston's words he approached the girl with an added sentence of entreaty.

She nodded dully, flashed a last, despairing glance at the body on the floor, and suffered him to take her arm without resistance.

There was a certain suggestion of intimacy in the action, which brought a sudden scowl to Weston's features, as he said crisply:

"Of course, Grayson, you will explain to the ladies. As for the rest of it, you had better have them remain until—"

"The police?" Grayson finished inquiringly. "Shall I telephone?"

Weston hesitated, with a glance at Wilkins. The latter was still maintaining his position in the doorway as though fearing to enter.

"The police?" he repeated huskily. His eyes were riveted on the body of Hendricks as though held by a magnet. "I—I suppose so. This is awful, gentlemen!"

The attitude of the three men in the face of the sudden tragedy was curiously suggestive of their characters—Weston, with the crisply directing demeanor of the man accustomed to leadership; Grayson, frankly bewildered, with his attention centered on the girl's distress rather than the harsher features of the situation; Wilkins, passively content to allow another to direct his actions.

Hilda Wentworth gathered up her skirts and gently released herself from Grayson's hand.

In her face was a forced calmness, to a close observer more expressive of inward suffering than even her first outburst of grief.

As Grayson made a move to follow her, she turned with a low sentence. "I would prefer that you stay here, Bob!"

Her inflection, and the glance which accompanied it, brought another swiftly-veiled scowl to Weston's face. He strode to the end of the room and did not turn until Wilkins had led Miss Wentworth to the stairs.

Grayson, in the center of the apartment, had dug his hands into his trousers-pockets and was watching him curiously.

"A beastly bad business, Bob!" Weston spoke nervously, in odd contrast to his former curt tones. Grayson jerked his head almost imperceptibly towards the motionless body on the carpet.

"What on earth made him do it?"

"Him do it?" There was an obvious note of surprise in Weston's voice.



"Is it fate, or providence, or just naturally Devil's luck that traps the transgressor?" asked Madelyn.

Weston darted a swift glance around the room and toward the stairs. The women below were evidently not yet aware of the situation.

Wilkins from the hall was surveying the scene like a man in a nightmare, with a face from which every vestige of color had fled.

"Heavens, Bob, can't you see it's not—not *that*?"

Grayson recoiled as from a blow.

"Not suicide?" His tone raised itself with a shrill suddenness. "Why, man, it must be! You don't mean, you can't mean—"

Weston lifted his eyebrows questioningly. "Do men shoot themselves without a weapon, Bob?"

Grayson sprang abruptly past the form of Homer Hendricks, and turned his eyes fiercely across the adjacent stretch of carpet.

Weston watched him somberly.

"Are you convinced?" he queried at length.

Grayson pushed back the only chair in that end of the room, saw that it concealed nothing, and then, seizing an end of the elaborately carved piano, in front of which the body of the dead man rested, tugged until he forced it an inch from the wall. His eyes swept the crack thus exposed, and he stepped back with a gesture of bewilderment.

"Have you found it?" Weston ventured. There was the barest trace of a sneer in his voice.

Grayson sprang across at him and clutched his shoulder.

"The weapon, man! Where is it? I say it *must* be here!"

Weston glanced at the other's flushed features calmly.

"I told you, Bob, there was none. Or, perhaps, you think that a dead man can rise to his feet and toss the gun that has ended his life out of the window?"

"The window?" Grayson muttered. Weston's sneer escaped him.

Darting to the three windows of the music-room, he flung back the drawn curtains of each in turn. They were all locked, and neither the glass nor the curtains showed a mark of disturbance.

Weston followed his movements with folded arms.

"There is still the door, Bob. And remember that is the only other possible exit." He hesitated. "If you will take the trouble to raise it from the floor, you will discover a fact which I learned some minutes ago. The key was turned from the *inside* and not from the *outside*!"

Grayson glanced at the other for a long moment in silence; then, stepping across the carpet with the resolution of a man determined to accept only the evidence of his own eyes, he raised the shattered panels until the lock was exposed.

The key, bent by the force of the fall, was still firmly fixed on the inward side of the door!

Grayson rose from his knees like a man groping in a brain-whirling maze.

"Sit down, Bob!" Weston pushed across a chair and forced the other into it. "We've got to face this thing coolly."

"Coolly!" Grayson's voice rose almost to a hysterical laugh. "Good Heavens! Are you a man or a machine? You tell me that Hendricks did not kill himself—"

"Could not!" Weston corrected in a level tone.

"And now," Grayson burst on unheeding, "you show me that he was not—"

"Murdered!" Weston completed calmly. "That is where you are wrong. I have



shown you no such inference!"

Grayson passed his hand wearily over his brow.

"We are not dealing with spirits, man! You forget that the windows are fastened, the door locked—"

"I forget nothing!" said Weston coldly.

Grayson kicked back his chair impatiently. "Then, if Hendricks' murderer has not vanished into thin air, how—"

"That, my dear boy," said Weston softly, "is a question which these gentlemen may be able to answer for us!"

As he spoke, he motioned toward the hall.

Wilkins had appeared at the head of the stairs with two newcomers, both of whom were obviously policemen, although only one was in uniform.

Wilkins paused awkwardly at the door, with his hand on the shoulder of the man in civilian clothes.

"Lieutenant Perry, of headquarters," he announced formally, "Mr. Weston and Mr. Grayson!"

Weston extended his hand with a subtle suggestion of deference which brought a gratified flush to the officer's face.

He was a short, stocky, round-headed man with all of the evidences of the stubborn police bulldog, although the sugges-

tion of any pronounced mental ability was lacking.

His eyes swept the body of the dead man and the details of the room with professional stoicism. Motioning to his companion, he knelt over Hendricks' stiffening form.

"Bullet entered at the left ear," he muttered. "Death probably instantaneous!" He straightened with the conventional police frown. "Where's the weapon, gentlemen?"

Grayson was silent, content that Weston should act as spokesman. The latter flung out his hands.

"We thought you could find it for us!" he answered shortly.

"Then you have not found it?" There was a flash of suspicion in the lieutenant's voice.

"We have not!"

The lieutenant jotted down a scrawling line in his note-book.

"Are we to believe this murder, then?" he rasped.

"I should prefer that you draw your own conclusions, lieutenant!"

For an instant the officer's pencil was

poised in the air, then he closed his note-book with a jerk, thrust his pencil into his pocket, and walked quickly to the closed windows, and then to the door. A growing coldness was apparent in every movement.

"Help me here, Burke!" he snapped to his subordinate. "Stand back, gentlemen!" he continued with almost a growl as Weston made a motion as though to assist.

The next moment the broken door was raised slowly back against the wall. The lieutenant's eyes fell on the lock with the twisted key. With a grimness he did not attempt to conceal he whirled on the two men behind him.

"What kind of a yarn are you trying to give me?" His hand pointed first to the locked door and then to the fastened windows. "Do you think I was born yesterday? Come, gents, out with the truth!"

"The truth?" said Weston curtly.

The lieutenant bristled. "Just so—and the sooner you let me have it the better for all parties concerned! First you tell me there is no weapon, and would have me infer that Mr. Hendricks did not kill himself. Then I find that the room is locked as tight as a drum and there is no possible way for any one else to have fired the shot—and escape. Do you think I am blind? You are either covering up the fact of suicide, or trying to shield the murderer!"

Lieutenant Perry paused, quite out of breath, with his face very red and his right hand clenched with the violence of his emotions.

The turn of affairs was so abrupt and unexpected that Grayson stood speechless. Weston had made an angry step forward,

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Canadian Women in the Arts

The Third Article of a Series

By MADGE MacBETH



Juliette Gauthier. Her debut made a great sensation in Florence.



Madame Franz Knoote (Eva Gauthier), a famous singer who has toured the world.



Madame Irene Pawloska—a brilliant Canadian prima donna.

IT is with pardonable pride that we thrust our thumbs into our national waistcoat armholes and distend our national chest, when we cast our eyes over the list of names which deservedly come under this heading. In the field of literature and art, on the stage—concert operatic and dramatic—we have our representatives, many of them so internationally famous that they are claimed by the world at large, and it is forgotten to give Canada the credit for being the country of their birth.

We, also, have several prominent women who, though born elsewhere, have adopted Canada, and have been adopted by her; and who shall say they are not Canadians?

A LOVER OF NATURE.

Mary Evelyn Winch is one. She was born in England, but came to Canada some twenty-five years ago, settling in Toronto. She studied there and then went back to London to attend the Grosvenor Art School under Walter Donne. She also studied miniature painting and went for several months to the Continent to work.

Her love of everything beautiful in nature expresses itself on her canvases. She has a charming little home in the Lake of Bays and when not actually at her easel, she is paddling about the lake drinking in the natural wonders on every side. Suddenly, out will come materials; she will "make a few notes" of cloud effects, of purple shadows on the still, warm water, or of winking lights on the trees. Then she can hardly wait to get home, to work.

Her cottage, which she says was built around a perfectly adorable rough stone fire-place, is attractive to all sorts and conditions of creatures. One summer, she had her front steps literally chewed away by a ground hog, which could not absent itself from the vicinity, and

birds of all descriptions seem to consider the place their very own. Miss Winch was elected a member of the O.S.A. in 1901 and possibly the best known of her works hanging in the National Art Gallery is the "Mill Race," bought by the Advisory Arts Council in 1909.

Mary Heister Reid is another artist who had adopted Canada. Her flower studies are well known and *Chrysanthemums*, presented by the R.C.A. to the Gallery, is one of her most delightful pieces of work. Mrs. Reid has the distinction of adding A.R.C.A. to her name, being elected to that body in '96. She was born in Pennsylvania but came to Canada in 1886 and made her home for some years in Wingham, Ont.

Laura Muntz is also an A.R.C.A., and was born in our Mother Country, but she came to Canada when a very small child, and is as surely ours as though she had been born in Montreal. Her work was awarded honorable mention in the Paris

Salon of 1895, won the silver medal at the Pan-American Exposition, and a bronze medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition held at St. Louis.

INTERPRETER OF TREES.

Mrs. Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A., has been spoken of as an interpreter of trees, and one whose work proves that trees have spirits. Like Mrs. Reid, she has the joy of working with a talented husband, a critic and adviser. Both she and her husband are particularly sympathetic to budding artists, and always ready to hold out a helping or a guiding hand. Mrs. Knowles was born in Ottawa, and has made many beautiful miniatures.

THE WORK OF FLORENCE CARLYLE.

Anyone who has visited the Gallery in Ottawa will remember the large canvas entitled "Gray and Gold," by Florence Carlyle.

The story of her climb into an enviable position in the artistic world should inspire any who may be prone to lay down their tools and grow discouraged. To begin at the beginning, she was born in Galt, her father, a nephew of Thomas Carlyle, inheriting much of the cleverness and the abstraction of that erratic genius. He was a public school teacher and moved to Woodstock, where the young artist grew up. But there was a large family, and school-teaching is not conducive to luxurious living. Most of what surplus there was went toward the education of the boys, old Dr. Carlyle considering that girls could acquire what was necessary in the practical performance of domestic duties. But so determined was Florence to study art, that she gave painting lessons, when as she, herself, confesses, she did not know the first thing about it! This is rather an exaggeration, for she al-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the third article of a series on prominent women of Canada. It deals with certain fair daughters of the Dominion who have made shining marks in art, music or letters, telling how they achieved their successes and giving chatty anecdotes about them. Succeeding articles will go into other fields and tell of Canadian women who are making a success in the business and professional world.

ways knew something about it. The main thing is, however, that she saved up enough money to take her to Paris, and by dint of rigid economy she stayed there four years. She came back to Canada, after exhibiting in the Paris Salon several times, and opened a studio first in London, Ont., then Toronto and then New York, doing portraits mostly. She had an amusing experience in the latter place when two men came to her studio one day to give an order for work, and thought her another artist entirely. But she got the work. About that time, a well-known picture dealer, who felt as though he had "discovered her, offered her a "one man exhibition" in his gallery. He wanted about forty canvases, and she could not meet the demand, having sold most of what she had on hand.

Lean years followed; it looked almost as though a fine career would be nipped in the bud. Miss Carlyle was called home to Woodstock owing to illness of a member of her family, and there she lived for a long time, working against the most crushing odds. Her studio was a corner of the barn, lighted by two windows which let in rain as well as sun. Chickens used to walk about the floor, and in winter a small stove alternately scorched itself into a livid red, or went dead black. The cook had an irritating way of interrupting a delicate bit of work by announcing that there were no potatoes for dinner or that she couldn't wash without soap.

Finally, poor health made a rest imperative; she dropped everything in a measure, and went to England. There she discovered a picturesque little cottage and picked up lost strength. She never sits to work; says it is impossible for her. She stands hours at a canvas if the mood is upon her; but she does not wait for a mood, to get to work. A certain amount is done every day, even though it has to be a painted out on the morrow. The picture which won the Osborne prize, was done in a day! For weeks Florence Carlyle had tried to coax an inspiration for the work; nothing came—nothing of worth. Finally, on the very last day, she accomplished what another would have required a week to do. The critics were unanimous in awarding the prize; there was only a little discussion as to whether or not it should be given outside the States.



View of Mary Evelyn Wrinch at work and at play.

Mary Wrinch's beautiful cottage at Britannia, Lake of Bays.

DEPICTER OF CHILDREN

If children ever looked at the signatures which decorate the corners of the pictures they study with such delight, they would be familiar with the name of Estelle M. Kerr. Perhaps they are; personally, I was satisfied with the picture of the princess with golden curls, when I was a child. The illustrator was as separate from it, as I was from the princess.

Miss Kerr insists that she has had an unpicturesque career. There's a bad pun and a fib to begin with! She has made pictures (and puns, too, for all I know) ever since she was a youngster. She first turned her attention to the il-



Estelle Kerr, an artist who is best in her drawings of child life.

lustrating of children's books while studying art in New York. But, as is almost invariably the case, she did not meet with rousing receptions from art editors. She says that many a day, portfolio of drawings under arm, she has tramped down town to submit her work, only to fall into a blue funk on the editorial doorstep and turn back! At last, one fine, lucky morning, she got an order to illustrate a story for a children's syndicate. The drawing appeared simultaneously in several American newspapers, and for it the illustrator received the truly staggering sum of two dollars! Heigho, for the

road to fame and wealth!

On the strength of this affluence, Miss Kerr went to Paris, and stayed two years but, by her own very frank admission, she did not find the atmosphere conducive to commercial art; Paris has lots of other sides than the much-idealized Latin Quarter. So she devoted herself largely to life-drawing and painting. It was some time after her return to Toronto that she seriously took up illustrating as a profession. One of the most appreciated of her works is "A Child's Garden of Stories," both written and illustrated by herself. She has contributed constantly to the St. Nicholas, and, in fact, all the leading periodicals which use children's material. I remember meeting her at a tea once, at which our hostess introduced her as "the lady what writes and explains what she writes, both at one and the same time, together!" Of course, everybody laughed, but I was vastly impressed.

Miss Kerr is best in her drawings of child life and she handles her pen and crayon best; she has a good feeling for design and has done a great number of individual book plates. Also many posters and magazine covers, but she leans toward painting, I fancy, and will devote more and more of her time to that fascinating work. If she gives up illustrating entirely, there will be a collection of much aggrieved children, however.

CANADA'S LEADING STAR

No name is better known nor more beloved than that of Margaret Anglin, a study of whom appeared in this magazine recently. Therefore, mere passing mention is now made of our favorite Canadian actress. She has lately bought a summer home on Blue Sea Lake, Quebec, and she has concluded arrangements with the University of California, where-

by she will present Greek classics at the Greek Theatre during the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

THE SUCCESS OF LUCILE WATSON

A Canadian whom we do not get an opportunity of seeing as often as we should is Lucile Watson. Fortunately for her, and the reverse for us, she plays a long run in one of the leading American cities, and does very little touring. Lucile Watson was born in Ottawa, and was left motherless at quite an early age. Her mother, having met with financial reverses, went on the stage and was a member of Rose Coghlan's company at the time of her death. She was heavily insured and left what should have been a tidy little sum for her small daughter. But a poor speculation melted it away in a few hours. Lucile Watson need not have turned a hand for the purpose of her own support. Warm-hearted and generous to a fault, herself, she had friends who were only too anxious to prove their friendship and take her into their homes. But she refused. She took what little money she had and went to New York, to a dramatic school, convinced that diligent application would achieve success for her in the long run. She did work hard; and her success was not so very long delayed. Clyde Fitch, always on the lookout for new talent, discovered her, and gave her a part in his play called "The Girl with the Green Eyes." From then until the time of his death, she never lacked an engagement. Once he wrote her, when she was taking a holiday in Ottawa: "I have a new play, and in it there is a part for you. It is not a catty part, this time, either."

The budding actress used to rebel at times at always taking "catty" parts that was her own word for them and rather a strong word, for they were, more correctly, character parts of an indifferently pleasing nature; and it was a tribute to her histrionic ability that she was able to play them, for nothing more foreign to her own disposition could possibly be imagined.

Speaking briefly of Lucile Watson's work, she possesses that rare quality so necessary for making a leading lady "lead." A well-known producer once remarked that it was harder to get second ladies than it was to get stars, or words to that effect. Her part is played with such delicate precision that no effect of another's is marred or shadowed. Try throwing some one else into first place, consistently and artistically, and you will learn how hard it is.

Personally, the actress under discussion is a lovable, grown-up child, with a child's unflagging enthusiasm, whole-souled affection and tireless energy. Everything is "a party" to Lucile Watson, and she flies about the city or the country with such vigor as to almost sap her less energetic friends. She "blows" into a room, into rehearsals or elsewhere. Gone from your presence, you wonder what causes the drabness, the flatness.

She tells of a wild experience she had last spring when she left New York to spend the week-end with her husband, Rockliffe Fellows (also of Ottawa), in Atlantic City. She was caught in a



Florence Carlyle and a view of her artistic home in England.

paralyzing blizzard in Philadelphia on her return, and found that she could not make the performance on Monday night. And things looked black for Tuesday, too. However, after holding the curtain, she did appear on the second day much to everybody's relief. She had no understudy, and when it was learned that she could not get back for Monday night, the leading lady's understudy had to take her part and play it. It was given her at five o'clock on Monday afternoon!

Excitement being stimulating to some natures, Miss Watson went on another week-end trip later in the season. She paid her visit in a country place, and arrived at the station on Monday afternoon, only to learn that the train which



Agnes C. Laut, famous writer and lecturer—"fair, frail-looking, with a delivery any man might envy, and a grip on her audience."

should have left Boston at four o'clock, was two hours late, and would not get to town in time for the performance. Of course this, following so close upon the heels of the other disaster, dismayed her until the original idea of hiring a racing machine struck her. No sooner said than done. Picture the reposed actress, trailing on the stage with clinging draperies and dawdling through her lines—picture her tearing along a country road, which rolled out behind her like white tape from a machine, flying hair, smarting eyes, gasping for breath. Ninety-two miles, she did, at a clip of sixty per, with a perfectly strange man, who grit his teeth, crouched at the wheel and—drove! I neglected to say that the machine had no windshield and it was cold, even in the early summer, so that the actress had a croak in her voice for several days. In the first instance, she was harshly fined an eighth of her salary, and in the second, when she did get to the theatre in time, the owner of the machine charged her twenty-five dollars for the drive.

At present Miss Watson is playing in the great success, *Under Cover*. She opened in New York in August, after playing a long run in Boston; her husband, Rockliffe Fellows, leads the special company putting on the same play again in Boston, and H. B. Warner, of *Jimmy Valentine* and *"Ghost Breaker"* fame, is taking it to Chicago.

A CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA

Before leaving the footlights, we must mention Madame Irene Pawloska, the soprano who won her way to fame with the Montreal Grand Opera Company. Her career is remarkable in more ways than one. She had always wanted to sing, ever since she could remember, but her mother, an exceptionally fine musician, would not let the child use her voice, for fear of spoiling it. When she was eleven years old, she was taken to Albani, who predicted a glowing future for her. Three seasons ago, she was engaged to sing with the above named opera company, without having had any study for the voice, at all!

Two years later, Madame Pawloska went to Paris and studied with Maitre E. Duvernoy, and Signor Baldelli, "the latter," as she says, "a truly great master." While in Paris, Henry Savage heard her sing and engaged her for the leading part in "Sari."

The fortunate young prima dona pronounces this "Shari"; it is the last of Kalman's Viennese operettas, and was produced last year, for a short time in English, on this side. Madame Pawloska thinks that "comic opera" is not a suitable description of it; it is grand opera in lighter form.

MUSIC—AND THE GAUTHIERS

To Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier the musical world can give its thanks for these celebrities.

Madame Eva Gauthier was married about two years ago to Herr Franz Knoote, of The Hague, but she is continuing her enviable career. She is a native of Ottawa, eldest daughter of M. and Madame Louis Gauthier, and from

Continued on Page 105.

The Hope Chest: By G. Frederick Clarke

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER

IF I had not been in the habit of taking long cross-country walks it is very doubtful if I should ever have been able to tell about the Hope Chest—of the strange, vicarious position in which I found myself a few months ago. But here it is, and if there are any who question its veracity, you have but to walk out the Old York road as far as G—, and you will at least see the house and the old man, and then you must believe that this is true.

Many times during my walks had I noticed the old, rambling mansion standing back from the highway just before you come to Glenside but had got nothing more than a cursory glimpse through the hedge and trees surrounding it as I hurried past.

There is no other habitation within half a mile.

It was an evening in mid-June. The sun had dipped in a blaze of angry glory below the western sky and almost immediately, as though they had been awaiting his absence, masses of dark, heavy clouds marshalled themselves on the northern horizon and quickly overspread the blue, while grim mutterings of thunder reverberated across the heavens.

Already a few drops of rain were making indentations in the road dust, and, having no desire whatever to be out in the tempest which I knew was brooding, I made my way as quickly as possible to the old house I have mentioned. It was one of those strange freaks of fate, I fancy, that caused me to be just where I was that night; otherwise, I should, as I have said before, perhaps never have had my strange experience.

In a few moments I was before the high iron gate, which, peaked up in tortuous scrolls, seemed to me, to extend a cold cheerless welcome.

I pushed back the reluctant bolt and entered. The gate moved back into place with many protestations, and I wondered if it had been used lately or if the house was inhabited. Little did I then know what my presence would unfold or how soon I should hasten with beating heart into the night again.

It was now almost dark.

The wind was wailing pitifully through the great pine trees flanking the graveled walk. I could make out the old house with its faded red gables, a relic of a day that bespoke infinite toil, of old Puritans perhaps, who had builded with backward-bending thoughts to the home land until custom had knit them with the new soil. They all have their traditions, these old houses, telling in halting, plaintive, palsied speech of days and customs long since fled.

No sign of smoke from the broad chimneys told of life. On many of the windows were fastened white shutters. A

door, bronzed with time, thrust out from its centre a great brass knocker which I lifted and let fall with a dull clank. For a long, long time I heard the echoes shivering inside. Presently, however, footsteps came shuffling along the hallway, a key was turned, the door swung open, and a face, aged and marked heavily with the years, framed itself in the opening, while a pair of puzzled, wrinkled eyes peered down at me. I don't think I can ever forget that face. I was awed and yet attracted to the old man, as I made known my wants. I noticed him start when I began speaking; his tall form seemed to shrink for a moment and his lips parted in a low exclamation, then he put out his hand and grasped my arm. He said:

"Come on in, Harry. I'm—I'm glad to see you. Come on in, boy."

I stopped with my foot on the top step: "Pardon me," I hastened to say. "My name is Tappen—Charlie Tappen. You mistake me for someone else."

He looked at me dully for a moment, and

EDITOR'S NOTE. — There is strength in everything that Frederick Clarke writes, although he invades many fields. In the accompanying story he introduces a weird theme with an undercurrent of sadness; and the vigor of his style and diction is apparent in every sentence. MacLean's has obtained more of Mr. Clarke's work and can promise stories for succeeding issues, that will eclipse anything that he has yet done.

his gnarled hand loosened on my arm. Then he said slowly, with an effort it seemed: "Your pardon, Mr. Tappen. I thought—I thought—Pardon me again; come in, sir."

I followed and he led the way through a hall whose cold cheerlessness struck me even as I marveled at the old man's strange manner. At the other end he pulled aside some heavy curtains disclosing a different scene. A long table stood in the centre of the room. From a great oak sideboard a single candle shed a feeble light, sending shadows over the massive furniture and the grandfather clock whose pendulum jarred monotonously on the quiet. I wondered when laughter had last echoed through this old house, when young love had last made gay. I wondered what secrets it held. I had a keen desire to rummage to the very garret and revel in its romance.

My companion turned, peering at me. "Sit down, lad, sit down," he commanded, and laughed; if a low, mirthless chuckle could be called a laugh. "The old lady's to bed," said he, "we retire early, as you know, Harry, but I'll see if I cannot get you something to eat."

Again he had called me Harry. I thought then that it was a habit of his, that all strangers were Harrys to him; but I was soon to know different.

I tried to explain that I was not hungry, that I but sought shelter from the storm and would go as soon as it cleared, but

he shook his grey head, and, hesitating with his hand on the door knob, said: "You wasn't always so easily satisfied, Harry; and you have no reason to go. Stay the night, lad, and I'll wait on you as though you were a king. Yes, as though you were a king."

I half jumped from my chair; but the door had closed upon his aged form and I sank back again. He was mad, surely. My first impulse had been to run from the house, and, despite the rain, make my way to town.

Once, the huge clock gave a choking sob—I had almost said a yawn—and struck the half-hour. It was so old that its worn face seemed to have gathered a pensive, knowledgeable grace.

My host soon returned with some cold meat, bread and a pot of jam, which he placed before me with a subservient air. "It's lucky you came when you did, Harry; it's pouring outside—a terrible storm."

I listened. Against the leaded panes the wind was blowing in fierce gusts; the rain coming in a perfect deluge. "Thank you," I said, and shivered. Madman or no, I would not dare the storm that night.

So I took the chair he had placed for me and suddenly found myself possessed of an appetite. He seated himself before me and watched me eat, watched my every movement with his keen wrinkled

eyes. Once, a crafty look crept over his face and he said:

"Is there anything special you came for, Harry?" And before I had time to grasp his meaning he startled me again.

"I suppose you know Lily's dead, Harry?" I gulped my tea. "I—I don't know what you mean," I stammered. My name is Tappen—Charlie Tappen. No doubt I strongly resemble someone you know," I replied affably, and tried to smile. "I'll go as soon as the storm eases up," I added.

His brows contracted. "You were always an actor, Harry," he complained. "But Granny will be anxious to see you in the morning. She always had a weakness for you. So come, I'll show you to your bed, the old bed you used to like in the garret." For a moment I had thought of refusing; but the crafty look had given place to one of wistful entreaty and, gazing on his benevolent old face, I said: "Certainly, certainly I'll go to the garret." It had been better had I refused point-blank and dared the storm, but a curiosity, my love for the unusual, overpowered.

He picked up one of the heavy candlesticks and I followed him into another room, and up a peculiar winding stair to the top of the house, wondering who I was supposed to be and who Lily was.

We entered a long, narrow garret that ran the entire length of the house, in one corner of which a big four-poster stood, the coverings immaculately white.

The old man touched my arm. "Just as you left it, Harry," he said. "Granny always said you'd come back to see us and explain. She never blamed you entirely."

I heard what he said; but my eyes were traveling over the room. On pegs driven into the heavy rafters hung quaint patterned dresses. In a window niche stood a spinning wheel. I could almost imagine it crying out were it disturbed in its sad, neglected repose. Sadly, with dumb keys pleading a friendly hand, an old harpsichord had stood the march of respectable time. On the floor at its base lay a sword with a strange, basket hilt. I have cause to remember it.

I was lost for a moment, my mind groping backward through the years, trying to place this thing and that with an older day, when suddenly a vague uneasiness possessed me. I was again conscious of the wind that moaned and whispered outside, as though the souls of some of the ancient owners of the place pleaded entry and then hastened along the eaves with baffled mutterings, and I stepped back startled, as a hand was laid on my arm and my host said: "What did you come back for, Harry? Do you want money, or what is it that brings you here to disturb the peace of an old man?"

"You old lunatic!" I almost cried. "I'm not Harry! I never saw this place before, or you!" I own that my declaration was unreasonable, realizing as I did that I was dealing with a man with some strange mental aberration, but his continual harping on the subject had somewhat unsettled my nerves.

He grasped my arm with a strength that surprised me.

"Come over here, Harry," he commanded, "I have something to show you, something to tell you—about Lily."

I followed him to the other end of the attic, where we stopped before a huge, brass-bound chest. I see it now, a massive, oaken affair, to which were riveted thick brass bands. The lid was fastened with a heavy padlock. On the top in strange unintelligible hieroglyphics were several odd figures. I wondered from whence it had come.

The old man stooped, and inserted a key in the lock. Turning the rusty bolts, he raised the lid and pointed with trembling fingers to the contents.

"It's Lily's 'Hope Chest,'" he said

sadly, motioning me to a chair that stood a few feet away. "Lily's Hope Chest; can't you see her, Harry, loving—loving, always loving and gentle?"

I stared at him, fascinated. "You killed her, Harry," he said.

A terror seized upon me for a moment; but I gazed at my accuser, who seated himself and whose head had drooped to his chest, a picture of intense grief.

"Harry," he continued, "do you realize how Lily loved you? You don't lad, because no man is capable of appreciating fully the depths of a woman's love. It has been well said that man's love is of life a thing apart, and woman's—her whole existence. It was so with Lily. I don't know why she should have loved you. It wasn't because of your goodness, Harry. Maybe she thought her love would glorify you. I do not know."

"I say, Harry, why did you make love to her? Was it your love of conquest, because she was delicate and frail and imaginative? After winning her affections you were not satisfied, but must needs break her heart by indifference."

He stopped a moment. I had been listening to his story with a feeling that somehow, it was I, who had done her and him the great wrong.

He got up again and hunted in the depths of the huge chest and presently placed before me the picture of a girl.

It was the sweetest face I ever looked upon. I have no words to portray its loveliness; the delicate features, the blue-violet eyes, the pathetic mouth and the sweet, noble forehead, or the hair that, demurely drawn back from brow and ears and fashioned in a quaint, almost prim knot on the crown of her head, gave her childish face an eager, almost spiritual look. The face of that girl is stamped on my memory. I can only say that she reminded me of a rare, delicate sea-shell that would crush with a harsh movement of the hand.



"She was so sweet—so sweet," the old man crooned, "and we loved her so. Just a little, delicate girl, Harry, and you a big, strong man. And you made her love you and then treated her like a cur."

"Such a little thing she was," he repeated. "It was love, love for everything that grew or breathed. She knew every bird that sang and every flower that bloomed; and she loved you as though you were her god."

"How she loved this old garret; before you entered her life she would come up here and deck herself in those old dresses and parade back and forth like a queen. What a fairy she was, arrayed in some quaint old dress, all flounces and lace—and we thought to see her wedded—some day."

"And you came, conceited, filled with the confidences of many successes. I don't even believe you thought you loved her; you were only catering to your great vanity."

A note of withering scorn had crept into the old man's speech; his body at times seemed to gain additional height as he gesticulated with quick, nervous movements.

"And this—this old chest," he went on. "One day she went to town and came back with her great eyes shining like twin stars. 'And you can't guess what I've got, Dad,' says she."

"And she told me how she had gone into an antique shop, and seeing an old brass-bound chest, had fallen in love with and purchased it. And she danced about me like the strange, bewitching fairy she was, and kissed me, and asked me if I minded the least little bit," because if I did, it would take from her great joy. And I told her no. God knows I would have given my life to make her happy."

"And she told me, with her face hid against my breast that she called her new purchase her 'Hope Chest'; that from now on she would make little things and place them in it against the time of her marriage."

"And I jested with her, telling her that she would never have a lover; but she blushed the deeper and whispered that she new he'd come some day, and lifted her lips for me to kiss, and wound her arms about my neck and would not let me go, and teased me until I had loved her anew."

"I remember the following day the Hope Chest came, and she smiled on the carters, and they carried it to the very garret. And she showed me

He rose . . . caught up the sword . . . I jumped up and, grasping the heavy chair on which I had been seated, shoved it before my face.

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On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

4—With General Strange in the Big Bear Country

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, B.A.

Author of "The Making of Canadian West," etc. and formerly Lieutenant No. 1 Company, Winnipeg Light Infantry

WHEN the Riel Rebellion broke out in '85 a noted artillery officer, Major-General T. Bland Strange, was living, pensioned for distinguished service, on his ranch in Southern Alberta. Adolphe Caron, then Minister of Militia, telegraphed to him at once, asking him to take charge of military matters in all that district where the Indians were legion, and where ominous signs of unrest were becoming visible in the North. General Strange was an unusual type of man. Born in the East Indies of Scottish descent, he had been trained in England's schools and then had gone out to India to serve in the Royal Artillery. The mutiny was raging at the time and young Strange was one of the men specially mentioned for conspicuous courage and coolness at the siege and capture of Lucknow. He had afterward traveled the world over as an instructor in gunnery and, with headquarters at Quebec for some years, he had been in large measure the founder and organizer of the batteries, which in this same '85 campaign were giving a good account of themselves. Once in riots in Quebec City he as commandant of the garrison was living evidence of the value of having a seasoned soldier on hand at such a time.

Major-General Strange was a man of splendid appearance, bearing his years lightly. In manner he was bluff and curt enough, but he had withal a strong emotional nature and an underlying reverence for things sacred that made him a strong character—the kind of man every soldier likes to follow. He was an intense Imperialist and an ardent advocate of the federation of the Empire.

In Strange's brigade, to begin with were police and scouts under Major S. B. Steele, afterwards colonel of the Strathcona Horse, and now Deputy Adjutant-General in command of the Winnipeg district. Steel had made his way up from the ranks and was looked upon as an ideal frontier soldier, ready for any duty that presented itself. He gave abundant proof during the campaign of his disregard for his own personal safety.

One such instance—in which I figured—had its humorous side. It was on our first day's skirmishing with Big Bear's force north of Fort Pitt and while the men after a rush were lying under cover. Rigidly adhering to the drill book, I was at the proper distance behind my files and in the open as a consequence. I was sitting up looking around and waiting developments when some one behind me said: "You had better lie down. The Indians see you now and will pot you sure." I turned round to see who was speaking



Chief Crowfoot was a very distinguished looking Indian when arrayed in his full regalia.

and there was the gigantic figure of Steele on a horse seventeen hands high and as cool as on a parade. I was, of course, not under his command and he was simply giving me some friendly advice, but my look probably suggested that he was somewhat exposed himself for he laughed and moved on down the line.

No one who served with Steele was surprised when he won such distinction in South Africa. Just after the Boer War I had a letter from General Strange from England in which he had some sentences which indicated his well-known contempt for certain kinds of War Office red tape. He said: "I met our old friend Steele the other day. To qualify for something he is required to pass a theoretical examination at Aldershot, a queer thing for a man who has graduated in the school of war." And so it was.

Another fine soldier in our column was Major Perry, the present Commissioner of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, with headquarters at Regina. He came up from Fort MacLeod with a small detachment of police and brought along a nine-pounder which was specially useful. Perry did effective scouting work on both sides of the river, being constantly exposed to the dangers inseparable from that work in the enemy's country. He

was a man of splendid appearance, an unusually fine horseman and a general favorite. He was later on selected to command the Mounted Police contingent to the Queen's Jubilee in London. I saw him and his picked men on their way through Winnipeg—clear-eyed, alert, glowing with the strength of clean living in the prairie ozone, the finest looking body of men I have ever seen on parade.

We had also with us an irregular body of frontier scouts under Hattin and Oswald, and these with the 65th of Montreal and the Light Infantry of Winnipeg made up our brigade. As we had to drop off companies here and there to garrison different points beginning at Crowfoot Crossing, we had only a handful of men when we finally overtook Big Bear.

Our regiment went by C.P.R. train to Calgary, which was then a straggling shacktown on the great upland between the Bow and Elbow Rivers and within sight of the Rockies, which to our military imagination at that time looked like the tents of some giant host rising majestically above the plain.

We had to drop off a company at Gleichen or Crowfoot Crossing near by the Blackfoot Reserve under the famous chief, after whom the Crossing was then called. [It seems a pity that, in our craze for aesthetic modernism, we should be changing names with a history for names which mean nothing. No wonder that even Rudyard Kipling inveighed poetically against changing the name of Medicine Hat.] I saw Chief Crowfoot several times. He traveled free on the C.P.R. to Calgary as he liked, because it was worth while to cultivate his friendship when any night he and his braves might swoop down on the "fire-wagon road" and scatter



A view of Calgary taken in 1885 . . . "A straggling shacktown"

its rails on the prairie. Crowfoot was a very distinguished-looking Indian when he was arrayed in his full regalia. He said he would remain loyal, but one of our companies, left at the crossing, indicated to his braves that loyalty would be their best policy. One evening I remember, on the street in Calgary, old General Strange told the famous chief in very plain Saxon what would happen if any of his men came around his ranch while he was away.

While waiting at Calgary to get our composite brigade together one of the entertaining features was the breaking of bronchos for the use of the police and scouts on the line of our route. There were cowboys and ranchmen and ex-police-men aplenty volunteering to go with us—great, bronzed athletes, recharged with strength and bristling with arms, Winchester rifles and Colts revolvers, bowie knives and cartridge belts, great leather leggings called schapps, jingling Mexican spurs, roughrider hats and the cavalry swagger.

AFTER BIG BEAR.

We left Calgary, forded the Bow River and started on our walk of 210 miles to Edmonton. Where now we have a line of prosperous cities and towns the place then was a howling wilderness. We passed through bands of Cree Indians under Chiefs Cayote, Ermine-Skin and Bob-Tail. They were rather sullen but civil; for we marched through with bayonets fixed and the rifle at the slope. Edmonton was glad to see us for Big Bear's outbreak was only a little way north and on every side there were populous reserves ready for insurrection at any time.

Edmonton, now a great railroad centre and a most picturesque and busy city, was then a Hudson Bay Post with a scattered hamlet along the banks. Here more men were left and, some by flatboat, others by land, we went on in our chase after Big Bear.

Reaching Fort Victoria, which had been plundered by the Indians, we marched northwards toward Fort Pitt which the Indians were reported to be burning. On



Major-General Strange was a man of splendid appearance, bearing his years lightly. . . . He was an intense Imperialist.

the 23rd of May we buried the bodies and the charred remains of the nine men massacred at Frog Lake.

On the 24th the grizzled old general reminded us, as we fell in after a night of rain and storm, that it was the Queen's birthday, and that although we had no fireworks he hoped we would soon have fireworks with the enemy. When he called for three cheers for the Queen every ragged cap came off and the cheers might have been heard a mile away. He reminded us also that it was Sunday but that we could not halt for our usual service, yet that we were not to forget God. Up from the ranks came the swelling notes of the Doxology, led by Rev. John McDougall. And then we started out.

That day we made 41 miles and reached Fort Pitt, all of which was burning but two buildings. As we came to the top of the bank we found the body of young Cowan, a dashing Mounted Policeman, who with Corporal Loasby returned from scouting to find the fort surrounded by Indians. They made a rush to get through and Cowan was killed. Loasby's horse was shot and he himself wounded but, covered by the fire of his comrades from the fort, he rose and made the gate. The police who were with us gathered around the body of their comrade Cowan, dug a grave and buried him on the edge of the wilderness, firing three volleys. This rattle of musketry was the funeral sermon of a gallant lad who had met his death valiantly after the manner of his race.

We hurriedly put the two buildings into shape, left a company of the 65th to hold them and the next day after passing a point where Steele's men had had a skirmish the night before and had killed two of the worst Indians from Saddle Lake, we came within touch of the enemy as we discovered by their bullets whistling over our heads. After some skirmishing, the

Indians were driven from their position and retired to Frenchman's Butte where, along the sides of a conical hill, moated by morasses, they had dug their rifle pits in row upon row. Here the engagement lasted some hours. Gradually the firing from the Indians became much less. It was reported to General Strange that the Indians were getting round behind us to cut off our wagon train. Leaving some to hold the ground, Strange retired to the wagon zareba which was thus in danger with all our supplies. But when we came back next morning to Frenchman's Butte and got over to where the Indian camp was, it became evident that they had gone in the worst kind of panic. Many of their tents were left standing, great bales of furs, looted from the Hudson's Bay posts, flour and bacon and cooking utensils, etc., all lay around in the wildest disorder. Here a good many prisoners, who had escaped during the fight and the retreat of the Indians, came to us. They reported that a few more prisoners were still with the fleeing bands of Indians, who were now evidently scattering on several trails.

THE CAPTURE OF MACLEAN.

MacLean was Hudson's Bay officer in charge of Fort Pitt when Big Bear, after the Frog Lake massacre, laid siege to it. He was a man of wide experience and knew the Indians thoroughly. He saw that there would be little chance of Inspector Dickens, with a mere handful of Police, holding the fort, and he knew an effort to hold it would only mean bloodshed as well possibly as the annihilation of men, women and children. So MacLean went out to parley with Big Bear and, finding it was the best course, he sent back to the fort for his wife and children and the Hudson's Bay employees. These to the number of twenty-four went out to Big Bear's camp. One of the Mounted Police under Inspector Dickens, Corporal R. B. Sleight, kept a diary and from it we take the following description of what happened under date April 15th:

"Mr. MacLean went on hill to parley. Three scouts came galloping through towards Fort Pitt. Constable Cowan shot dead, Loasby badly wounded and horse killed. Shots fired from loopholes, two Indians killed and two wounded. Mr. MacLean and Francois Dufresne taken prisoners. Mr. MacLean wrote to his wife to come out and give herself up and all the Hudson's Bay employees, twenty-two in number surrendered to Big Bear. Impossible to hold the fort now, so we had to retire gracefully across the river in a scow and camped for the night, *not forgetting to bring the colors along*. Nearly swamped crossing, river being rough and scow leaking badly. General idea prevailing that we would be attacked going down the river. Took Loasby along. Thus ended the siege of Fort Pitt."

It lends pathetic interest to this extract from the diary to know that the po-



the great upland between the Bow and Elbow rivers."

lice, after terrible exposure going down the river, reached Battleford and that a few days afterwards Corporal Sleigh went out with Otter and was killed at Cut Knife.

And so from that day in April when they left Fort Pitt, the MacLean family had been prisoners with Big Bear and, despite the breaking up of the band at Frenchman's Butte, they were still held by some part of the retreating Indians. So we pressed on. Steele with the mounted men, accompanied by Rev. George McKay, before mentioned, went out to Loon Lake where there was a hot fight. But the prisoners were not there and Steele, having no tents or rations and one or two wounded men to look after, could not follow up. Then Middleton came and with all the mounted men tried to follow, but the morasses were impassable to the heavy cavalry horses. In the meantime our colonel got permission from General Strange to take 100 picked men of the Winnipeg Light Infantry and, crossing the Beaver River in birch canoes, struck north to a chain of lakes where it was supposed—and as the sequel showed the supposition to be correct—that the band holding the prisoners had gone. Just before leaving on this march, 100 Chipewyan Indians, who had separated from Big Bear after our fight, came in and surrendered to General Strange, passing in file and laying their guns down at his feet. There was a priest with them who, doubtless, had done his best to restrain them from the warpath.

The hundred of us who were picked for this special march north had to leave all baggage and tents behind and carry what we could on our backs. Some of the Indians who had surrendered came along with pack-horses to carry the rations and such like.

We had to sleep under the open sky and tramp through swamp and over fallen trees, but we got through to Cold Lake. Some of our Indians and scouts crossed the lake and found the band with the MacLeans and other prisoners. It was not hard to persuade the Indians now to give them up and so the prisoners were sent in to Fort Pitt, being met on the way by an escort under Capt. Sam Bedson, the officer of transport.

It was all over now and after a few days the brigades of Middleton and Strange gathered at Fort Pitt for a general review and to make arrangements for getting back home. Part of our regiment, the Winnipeg Light Infantry, remained at Fort Pitt for a few weeks to gather in the Indians who had been the ringleaders. The rest of us with the 90th, the Toronto Grenadiers, the Midland Battalion and a few others from the batteries left on the 4th of July on three steamers to come down by the Great Saskatchewan to Lake Winnipeg and so on home.

DEATH OF COL. WILLIAMS.

That night Colonel Williams, the gallant commander of the Midland Battalion and generally acknowledged to be the leader of the charge at Batoche, died on



Major S. B. Steele (after colonel of the Strathcona Horse) had made his way up from the ranks and was looked upon as an ideal frontier soldier.

board the steamer "Northwest." I had met him only a few days before at Fort Pitt being introduced to him by Capt. Hugh John MacDonald and was much impressed with his soldierly carriage and bearing. He appeared to be then in good health, but the word got round the next day or so that he was taken with some kind of brain fever which proved swiftly fatal. The next day we all landed at Battleford for the funeral, as the body was to be sent overland home. A military



Chief Big Bear who led the uprising of Indians around Edmonton.

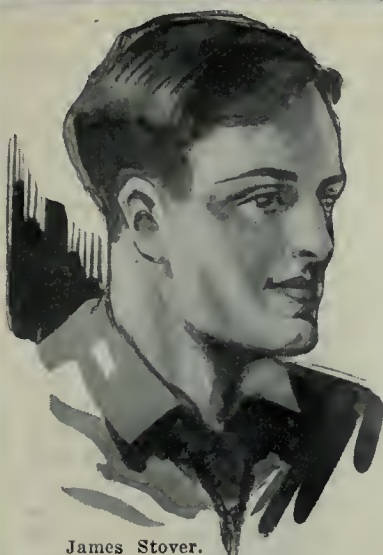
funeral is always a very impressive spectacle, but this of Col. Williams, on account of the place and all the circumstances was impressive to the point of pain. The plain board coffin, wrapped in the flag under which he had fought so well, was lifted on a gun-carriage, behind which a soldier led his riderless horse. His own regiment, the Midland Battalion, followed with arms reversed and the whole cortege numbered nearly 2,000 men. Brass bands were there with muffled drums and over the wild lonely prairie upland, pealed out the strains of the "Dead March" as, slowly and sadly into the stockade of the recently beleaguered fort, we followed the gallant dead. There the services were held by the chaplains, Rev. D. M. Gordon (now president of Queen's University) and Rev. Mr. Whitcombe. Strong men who had passed unmoved through many dangers wept openly as they thought of how the hero of the charge, that had crushed the centre of rebellion, on his way home where loved ones looked for his coming and with a name that would be enshrined in the memory of his country, had fallen so suddenly before the grim King of Terrors.

After that service we continued down the river past the ashes of Fort Carlton and on to Prince Albert where we landed for a space. The town seemed to be shadowed by the gloom that had fallen upon it through the death of so many of its foremost citizens at Duck Lake and badges of mourning were seen everywhere. But the people of Prince Albert to this day have cause to remember with noble pride the part their citizen soldiers took in the thrilling experience through which the country passed in that time of terrible anxiety and stress.

Below Prince Albert we came to the Forks where the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan pour together in one gigantic stream. Here we found the Hospital Barge—a scow or flat-boat roofed over with canvas and filled with the cots of wounded men from up the river—at hospital base where the seething City of Saskatoon now stands. The name that shines out against the background of that phase of the campaign is that of Nurse Miller, the Florence Nightingale of 1885, who, with her assistants, braved the wilderness in devotion to her noble work. With some difficulty the wounded were transferred to our steamer, the Marquis, and we continued down the mighty river. We stopped a while at "The Pas." It was quite a base for fur-trading in the winter but, as we saw it, the Pas was more or less of a swamp with a few Indians and a great many husky sled-dogs as the main features. The dogs, like great wolves, were more aggressive than the Indians and when you met one on the trail it was wisdom to step aside and give him the right-of-way. In recent years the Hudson's Bay Railway has put The Pas on the map and it has been duly exploited by the manipulators of real estate values.

At Lake Winnipeg we got lake steamers and barges into which the men were packed like herrings in a box, but men

Continued on Page 126.



James Stover.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Sumner is the owner of the Whiskey Jack mine. Heatley, a mining expert with his family, is making a trip through the mine district and is to send Sumner a report as to the mine's value. Upon this report depends Sumner's whole financial stability. Sumner's daughter, Helen, who is in love with a man her father disapproves of, accompanies the Heatleys, and a chance traveling acquaintance whom they meet, a Miss Rea Straine, also makes one of their party for the journey into the interior. She is mistaken for Helen and kidnapped by Milford, a woodsman, at the instigation of Mark Fowler, whom Sumner had appointed manager of the mine, and who turns out to be of bad reputation. Sumner receives a wire from Heatley saying Helen has disappeared. He concludes this is Fowler's work who for some reason wishes to prevent Heatley sending a report on the mine, and he wires James Stover, a friend, to search for Helen. Rea Straine makes no

effort to escape, though she becomes uneasy at the conduct of Milford who drinks heavily. In the course of an altercation with his Indian wife, Milford kills her. Rea then secures a canoe and escapes, meeting a young College graduate who is employed at the Whisky Jack mine and is returning with confidential letters for Fowler that he has secured off a passing train. She manages to give Loblaw, the graduate, the slip, leaving him stranded on another island and going off with his canoe and the papers. She then returns to Milford's Island and meets a geological surveyor who has put in for the night. Milford becomes drunk and Rea beseeches the surveyor to take her to the Whisky Jack mine. He consents and they reach the landing. Here Rea requests her companion to wait for her and, despite his remonstrances, disappears in the darkness.



Rea Straine.

Twisting Trails

Illustrated by
H. W. Cooper

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON Author "The Print of the French Heel"

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

IF Rea had never been at the mine before, she showed a surprising knowledge of the location of the buildings. Passing the warehouse at the dock, she went on up a dark road, passing a store and a log hotel. Nearly a quarter of a mile from the lake she turned off the road to a trail that led to a cabin set on a slight rise. The windows were dark, but the door stood slightly open.

Cautiously pushing it back, she entered. For a moment she stood perfectly still, listening. Certain that no one was asleep within, she walked quietly across the floor to a table beneath a window. First drawing the shade, she felt on the table for matches and a lamp. Finding both, she struck a light and looked about her.

In one corner was a bed, in another a large, home-made desk, with ledgers and papers piled about in profusion. Beside the desk was a small safe.

"Nothing difficult about that," she murmured.

She ran quickly through the papers and

letters on the desk. In a drawer she found a revolver, which she examined and replaced.

"They would be only in one place," she thought, as she turned to the safe.

On her knees before the door, her head bent that her ear might be near the lock, she began slowly to turn the bright, steel knob. For a minute she turned it carefully. Twice she heard a faint click and a smile of satisfaction displaced the frown of close attention.

There was a final click and her smile ended in a little laugh, which was silenced in a moment when she heard the knob of the cabin door turned.

Springing to her feet, she reached quickly for the lamp on the desk. The door opening behind her told that she was too late. Instead, she pulled open the desk drawer, reached within, and wheeled, the revolver in her hand.

There stood the geologist. He looked gravely at the girl, waiting for her to speak. But she remained silent, the weapon pointed at him.

"I have come to warn you that someone

is coming across the lake," he said.

"You promised not to follow me. I trusted you."

"I am sorry, but I did not understand and I thought that you would be interested in knowing that someone is coming to the mine in a canoe."

Rea lowered the revolver.

"I could have taken care of myself," she said. "I wish you would return to the shore and wait for me. I know it is a great deal to ask and that you must take much for granted. But please do so."

"Listen, Miss Sumner," almost commanded the geologist.

Rea started but did not speak.

"My name is Stover," he went on. "I was employed by your father to rescue you from Fowler or whoever he hired to kidnap you."

"How did you find me so quickly?" she demanded suspiciously.

"I received the wire yesterday afternoon in Port Arthur, caught a train and left Vermilion this morning. I knew that the most probable tool of Fowler would be Milford. If you had been kidnapped,

as your father suspected, Fowler would not be concerned directly. He is too clever for that."

"But Milford didn't recognize you."

"No. He never saw me. He came to this district since Fowler did. He was mixed up in a bad gang in Cobalt and, when I heard that he was near here and that Fowler was running the Whisky Jack, I pieced together several stray bits of information and saw the reason. Fowler needed him here."

"Why didn't you tell me before that my—my—father had sent you to search for me?"

"You hardly gave me time," he laughed, "and I thought, from your manner and actions, that, perhaps, you had some information that would help you in fastening your kidnapping on Fowler. I admired your pluck, and I knew that I could protect you, with the aid of George. Then, you promised not to run any risks. You were proving a capable leader and I was content to follow. Now I believe you are in real danger."

Rea considered him in silence. He spoke plausibly, he appeared to be honest, she wished that she could trust him. But there was one gap, one big hole, in his story. How did E. G. Sumner know that his daughter had been kidnapped when, in reality, she was safe with the Heatleys, wholly unconscious of what she had so narrowly escaped? With Helen Sumner safe, there could be no reason for her father sending someone to search for her. These thoughts required only a fraction of a second to rush through her mind. Then she asked:

"Did you see Mr. and Mrs. Heatley? They must have worried so."

"Mr. Heatley had just left Vermilion when I arrived. He was like a wild man, they told me in town. Mrs. Heatley is at the camp from which you were abducted. One of the men told me she was the only cool person in the outfit. They have employed every man they could find, white and red, and they have searched every bit of the bush near the camp. We really, for Heatley's sake, should get back as soon as possible."

As he spoke, Rea's first feeling was of admiration. He dissembled so thoroughly that she, an expert in the art, felt that she had met a superior artist. And

yet there was the haunting sensation of truth. She studied his face closely, trying to find some little thing that would betray him.

"I am in your father's confidence," he went on, "and responsible for your safety. If there is anything in which I can help you, I will be glad to do it. What is it you are after there?" and he pointed toward the safe.

"Fowler has been filing false reports about the mine," she replied, looking closely at him. It was a guess on her part, and it might show a crack in the mask of his honesty. Then, it was as good an explanation as any. "He has the true reports of the assayer. I am looking for them. He is trying to discourage my father and force him to sell. Probably he or some confederates expect to buy. When did my father learn I was kidnapped?" she asked suddenly.

"I don't know," Stover answered. "As I said, I was in Port Arthur when I got his wire yesterday. How long had you been on Milford's island?"

"Since Tuesday night."

"I was doubly interested in this errand," he continued, "not only on your father's account but on that of Jerry Forbes. I have known Jerry many years and he has written to me about you. I have sent my congratulations and now I am going to supplement them most enthusiastically."

He expected to see the girl blush but she did not. She was too busy thinking. Was this a trap? Yet he could not suspect anything. It was impossible. And yet, if he had just come from Vermilion, he must have known that Helen Sumner was not lost. Only one course was open—to continue to let him think that she believed him.

"I have heard Jerry speak of

you often and you are very kind," she said. "But, if someone is coming across the lake, it undoubtedly is Fowler and we must hurry. It will be much easier for me to get the papers while you watch the road from the lake. When you whistle I will step out and meet you."

"You must hurry," warned Stover, as he left the cabin.

Rea turned immediately to the safe and swung open the heavy door. It was empty except for some ledgers. The small door of the inner compartment was locked. Her first glance around the cabin fell on an ax in the corner and near the door. She brought it quickly and struck the lock a heavy blow. Then she inserted the bit in the crack and pried open the small steel door.

There was only one package in the little box, one long and thick and tied with red string. From her woolen outing shirt she pulled one exactly like it, compared the two for an instant and then slipped both into the front of her shirt.

With a quick motion she closed the doors and rose to her feet. But, as she reached the center of the room, there was a step outside.

There had been no warning whistle. It must be the geologist returning to report new developments or—

She could not afford to take chances. In a moment she had crossed the room. As the door opened, she had her back toward it and was looking at a shelf of books and mining periodicals.

"Good evening."

She turned to see a man looking at her with puzzled eyes. His voice was that which she had heard on the beach the first night at Milford's cabin.

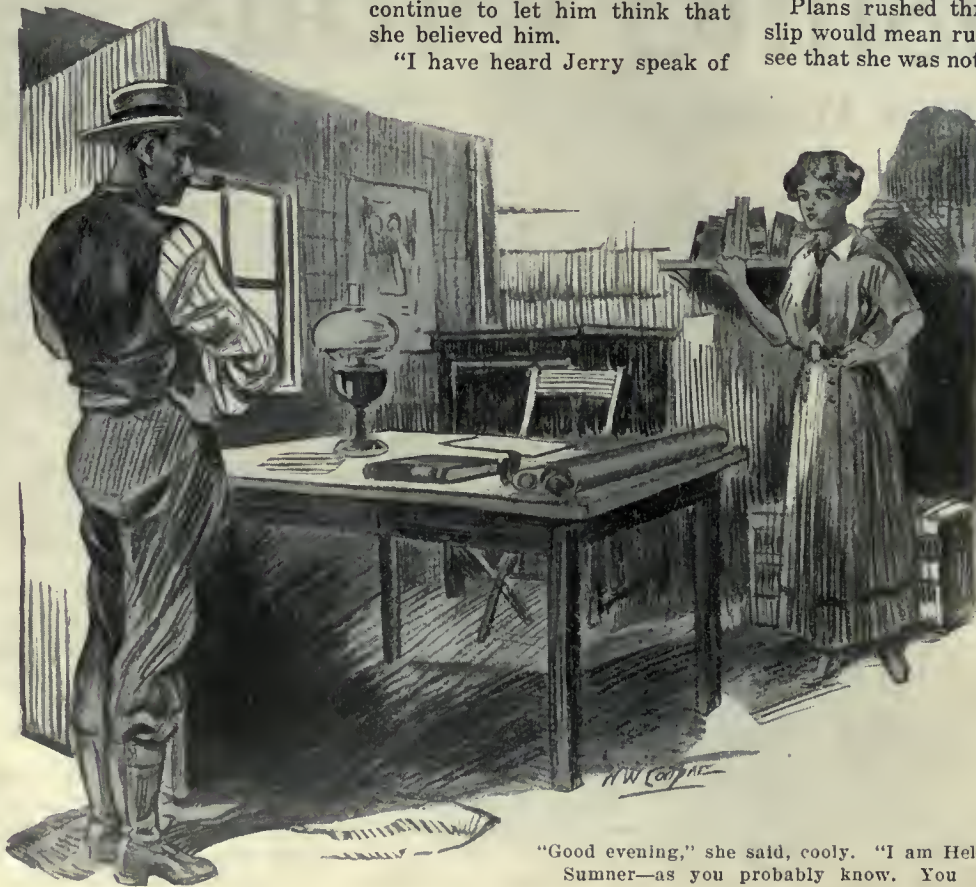
Plans rushed through her mind. One slip would mean ruin. Was he puzzled to see that she was not Helen Sumner, or did

he believed her to be Helen Sumner and was puzzled to know how she had reached the mine? Or had he discovered that Helen Sumner had not been kidnapped—the Heatleys should have reached the mine by this time—and who did he think she was? Had he heard that Milford had taken the wrong girl? That meant instant disaster.

Her only chance lay in carrying through the role she had assumed with the geologist. It was a gamble, the odds twenty to one, but she must wager.

"Good evening," she said, coolly. "I am Helen Sumner—as you prob-

"Good evening," she said, coolly. "I am Helen Sumner—as you probably know. You are Mr. Fowler, I presume."



ably know. You are Mr. Fowler, I presume."

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE Rea spoke she had appraised the situation. The man who called himself Stover, and who had posed as a geologist, had betrayed her. But whether Stover or Fowler knew she was not Helen Sumner she could only conjecture. However, she had started to play the role of the mining man's daughter and she must continue in it. In any event, it would puzzle them for a time, although Fowler would undoubtedly guess her real mission.

There was, too, the possibility, that Stover was employed by Sumner, as he had said. His coming to Milford's island would seem to prove that, though the disappearance of the real Helen Sumner was unexplained. It might have been that Heatley knew she had landed at the portage and was searching for her and that Stover had not understood the wild reports in Vermilion. Again, Fowler may have learned his mistake, or the mistake of Milford, and also have caused the abduction of the mine-owner's daughter. But she doubted this and, if Helen were not lost, why had Sumner sent Stover to look for her?

However, Rea had started in the role and she continued to play it. If Fowler had believed her to be Helen Sumner, no matter how great his desire to have her kidnapped, he would not identify himself with any such action. She was safe for the present. And then she remembered what he had told Milford, "I've heard she was a little fool."

"I took the liberty of entering your cabin because I knew you would care for me and see that I reached Vermilion," she said at last. "My father will be very grateful."

"How did you happen to come and how did you reach the mine?" asked the superintendent.

"I've had the most dreadful time. A man took me away in his canoe to his cabin on an island and kept me a prisoner. My father and Mr. Heatley must be frightened to death."

"Kept you prisoner!" exclaimed Fowler. "How could that be?" There is never anything like that happening in the bush."



In the crash of thunder and intense darkness that followed the crash, he turned and ran, dragging Rea by the hand. He thought he heard the report of a revolver.

"It happened to me and it was a terrible experience."

"But how did you get here?"

Rea noted that there was no acting when he asked this question and there came an unexpected little thrill that it was so. It was a point in Stover's favor.

"A geological survey man came to the island and I had him bring me here," she answered quickly, for she was thinking quickly. She must end the interview before too many questions were asked. The role of "the little fool" would help.

"I'm tired out, Mr. Fowler," she went on. "Isn't there a place where I can sleep to-night? It seems that I would rather sleep than anything else."

"Certainly. You may have my cabin. The assayer is away and I will sleep in his."

"Oh, thank you. Then in the morning we can arrange for me to get to Vermilion. You'll pardon me, but I'm so tired. Good night."

Fowler knew that he was dismissed but he lingered a moment on a pretext of providing for her comfort. But the girl refused to resume the conversation and he departed.

Outside the cabin, the superintendent looked at the sky.

"It will be blowing hard in the morning," he thought, "and canoeing won't be easy or safe. Then, the next day, I'll send her out with Ans-ee-quay-gee-sick. He'll lose her for two days more and that should be enough. I'll look him up to-night to make sure of him."

He started down the trail to the main road of the mining village. There he stopped short. The thought had suddenly come that the ax, which he generally kept in the corner behind the woodbox, had been leaning against the desk near the safe when he had entered the cabin. An easy chair, which he had left in front of the safe, had been moved toward the centre of the room.

"Foolishness!" he exclaimed. "The girl hasn't brain enough to open a safe. And how would she know what was in it?"

But the idea worried him and, when half way to the Indian's teepee by a trail cutting across to the lake through the brush, he turned almost in a panic.

"Hang on to yourself!" he growled. "There is no chance of that. How could she know?"

The barking of his dogs brought Ans-ee-quay-gee-sick to the door of his teepee. "B'jou, Anse," said Fowler.

"B'jou, b'jou," replied the Indian, looking calmly at the mining man.

"Anse, lady want go Vermilion. You take her to-morrow. Ken-don? She no want go quick. Two days, three days. Ken-don? She kaw-win niss-si-schin," and he tapped his head. "She say hurry, you no hurry. Mar-chon two days, three days. May be break canoe. Ken-don? Twenty dollars, you go, no say anything."

Fowler drew a bill from his pocket. "You go?"

"Kin-nee-butch kay-get," Anse replied. Although he understood English well, he had never been known to speak it.

"All right," said Fowler. "Come mine to-morrow morning. Big wind no go. Next day."

He turned back on the trail to the mine. Again he thought of the ax leaning against the desk and he hurried. Soon he was running.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER Fowler had closed the door, Rea sat listening. She heard his steps as he went down the trail to the road, heard him stop and then go on. She quickly blew out the light and opened the door. Down the road she could hear his heavy shoes striking against rocks as he hurried through the darkness.

The sky above her was black, and the brush and trees near the cabin were indistinguishable. There was a faint reflection, as of distant lightning and later a slight rumble of thunder.

Rea had no intention of remaining in Fowler's cabin that night if she could get anywhere else. She did not fear Fowler before the next day but to remain there, after he had opened his safe, would be out of the question.

But how could she get away? If she could have trusted Stover, it would have been simple but, now that he had permitted Fowler to catch her without a warning, she believed her suspicions of him were justified. He was a confederate or in the employ of the superintendent. His canoeman, George, was also out of the question, of course, although she might induce him to play square by a sufficient offer of money.

Again, she might remain in the cabin that night, get up at daylight and slip down the lake shore before anyone at the mine was awake. Then she could hide in the brush and run the chance of seeing someone in a canoe who could be induced to take her to Vermilion. It seemed the best plan and she closed the door and lighted the lamp.

As she prepared the tumbled blankets on the bed, there was a gentle knock at the door. She took the revolver from the door, held it behind her, and then called, "Come in."

The door opened and Stover entered. "Someone coming?" she asked coldly.

"No," he said. "I'm sorry but I could not warn you in time. I was nearly caught as it was. As I hurried down the path to the road I almost ran into him. There was no time to get back and I did not dare whistle. I remained near in case there should be any trouble. What is Fowler going to do and where is he now?"

"He has allowed me to have his cabin to-night and will see that I get to Vermilion in the morning. I am tired and wish to go to sleep now. Good night."

"But don't you see that you are putting yourself in a dangerous position? He can hide you again, or even worse. With whom will he send you to town?"

"He did not say. In any event, I don't see that there is anything that he can do now."

"And what will he say when he discovers that as he will in the morning?" and Stover pointed at the safe.

Rea did not answer. For the second time she felt that she could trust this man. Something which she could not define made her wish to give up the whole, disagreeable task and place herself absolutely in his care. She even admitted that, despite her anger because of his evident betrayal, she had felt safer when he returned to the cabin. She remembered the

strong profile she had seen against the sky as she had watched him paddle from Milford's to the Whisky Jack, his courtesy and generosity in doing as she had asked without question.

Then she remembered that he had strongly urged her to keep away from the mine. But perhaps he had only intended to take her to a new hiding place for Fowler. And, while her mind warned her against him, her heart urged her to accept him as a protector. Intuition, that much exploited quality of her sex, which she had constantly fought down in favor of cold logic and reason, urged her.

She was tired from the excitement, the physical exertion of the long paddle in the evening, from the strain of quick thinking, of meeting sudden and unexpected situations. The inherent womanliness of her forced itself through the tight barrier of self-possession, efficiency and courage she had built about herself; and she was a pretty, distressed, and more alluring young woman.

"Forgive me," she began, smiling for the first time. Somehow, she found that she wished to believe this man, this man who was no longer the spectacled scientist but a handsome, alert, competent young fellow who looked as though he had a heart and flesh and blood as well as a brain. "But you must admit that your actions have not been exactly corroborative of your declarations. I did not trust you after Fowler found me here, but now I understand. What would you suggest our doing? Starting at once for Vermilion?"

"We should get away from here, at least," he answered cheerfully. "There's a bad storm coming but it probably won't last long and we can get to the canoe and start immediately afterward. That will give us several hours ahead of Fowler if he discovers you have fled and should give chase. But, if he does catch us, there is nothing to fear. George and I can handle him. Did you get them?" And he indicated the safe.

"They are not there," she answered, "and I have searched everywhere. Perhaps there are no true reports."

"Perhaps, but it will make little difference. He won't last any longer than it takes the provincial police to get here and nab him. Come. We'll start."

In their eagerness to leave they forgot the lamp and, as they went out of the door, they heard running footsteps on the road.

"Someone's coming," Stover whispered, taking Rea's arm and dragging her out of the light.

He pulled her toward some dark bushes as the hastening footsteps were heard coming up the path. Then they stopped, breathless, just as Fowler, running, entered the shaft of light in the doorway. The superintendent stopped and looked cautiously inside.

"Gone!" they heard him exclaim, with an oath, as he rushed across the floor to the safe.

Carefully feeling his way, Stover backed through the brush, guiding Rea after him.

"We must get away quickly," she whispered when she felt that it would be

safe to speak. "He'll never let us get away alive when he finds out what I have done."

As they spoke they saw the light extinguished and then heard the creak of a foot on the doorstep.

"He's coming," whispered Stover, peering behind him.

The dark clouds had thickened until the storm was ready to break. As Stover finished speaking, the first sharp flash of lightning came. It revealed Fowler standing at his cabin door. At the moment of the flash he was looking directly at them. He started; and Stover knew that they were seen.

In the crash of thunder and intense darkness that followed the flash, he turned and ran, dragging Rea by the hand. He thought he heard the report of a revolver, but he did not stop until they had reached the road. Then he looked back. Another flash revealed Fowler just emerging from the path. He had not seen them and Stover and Rea ran up the road away from the lake. A third flash must have revealed them to the superintendent, for they heard two shots, and Rea, her hand in Stover's, felt him wince.

"He's hit you," she cried.

"Never mind 'till we get out of this. We must leave the road and circle back to the lake."

He turned off and entered the brush. Bursting through and dragging Rea behind him, he suddenly emerged in a cleared space. A distant lightning flash dimly revealed the entrance of a tunnel driven straight into a hill. Fowler, leaving the road behind them, could be heard crashing through the brush.

"There's only one thing to do," Stover whispered. And he led Rea to the tunnel's mouth.

Twenty feet inside he paused for a moment. Their pursuer was heard rushing on across the clearing. Fumbling for the sides of the tunnel and stepping cautiously, they silently made their way farther and farther from the entrance.

Frequently they paused to listen but they did not hear signs of pursuit. Satisfied that Fowler had not followed them into the mine, Stover stopped.

"Stay here while I go to the entrance to see if it is being guarded," he said. "It may be that Fowler thought we went on up the hillside. I hardly think he'll dare to enlist anyone else in the pursuit, as it might prove embarrassing to him if they caught us. We should have no difficulty in getting back to the canoe in this storm."

"Wait," said Rea as he started, "I'm sorry for having thought otherwise of you than I do now. I wanted to tell you—" and she groped in the darkness for his hand.

He remained silent nor did he return the slight pressure of her fingers. In the blackness he could feel the girl near him, could hear her gentle breathing. He thought of what she had done in the few hours since he had first seen her, of the courage and cleverness she had displayed. And then he thought of Jerry Forbes, the best friend he had.

"I had forgotten it," he said huskily. "It was only natural. I hope that my future actions will make you forget it."

Continued on Page 102.



THE HOMELAND'S CALL

BY RONALD McCASKILL

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion!
 Stir ye, awake from your dream;
 Hark to the world-flung challenge,
 List to the eagle's scream:
 Thrown in the teeth of the nations
 Terrible; menacing; grim:
 Hear ye the words of defiance,
 Hurl'd to the Empire's rim?
*"Stand from the path of my southern mate.
 Stand aside lest ye be too late
 And I tear thee limb from limb."*

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion,
 Hear ye his arrogant cry?
 "Where is there one to dare me,
 One who'll do battle and die?
 Fear I the bear that was conquered,
 Cowed by the small yellow man?
 Heed I the squeaks of an upstart
 I ground in the dust of Sedan?
*Who talks to me of the Lion's sway?
 A lion's cubs may be eagle's prey!
 And mercy is none of my plan."*

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion,
 What says thy mother's roar?
 "Who is this Teuton boaster
 To prate so loud of war?
 Long have I stood his insults,
 Long have I leashed my might
 But never brooked dishonored peace.
 The time has come to fight!
*Rise then ye whelps of the Lion's breed,
 Thy mother's call is the Empire's need
 And battle for the right!"*

"Send me the men from the Southern Cross
 Eager to do their part;
 Send me my sons from the frozen north,
 Men of the mighty heart.
 Give me the men from the sun-baked veldt,
 Bred to the rifle's crack;
 Send me alike both rich and poor;
 No fear that men I'll lack:
*Making one cause with my sons at home,
 Warring on land or on salt sea foam,
 To fight for the Union Jack."*

Decorations by Arthur Lismer

An Irishman Who Started Something

Being a Sketch of William Butler Yeats: By HUGH S. EAYRS

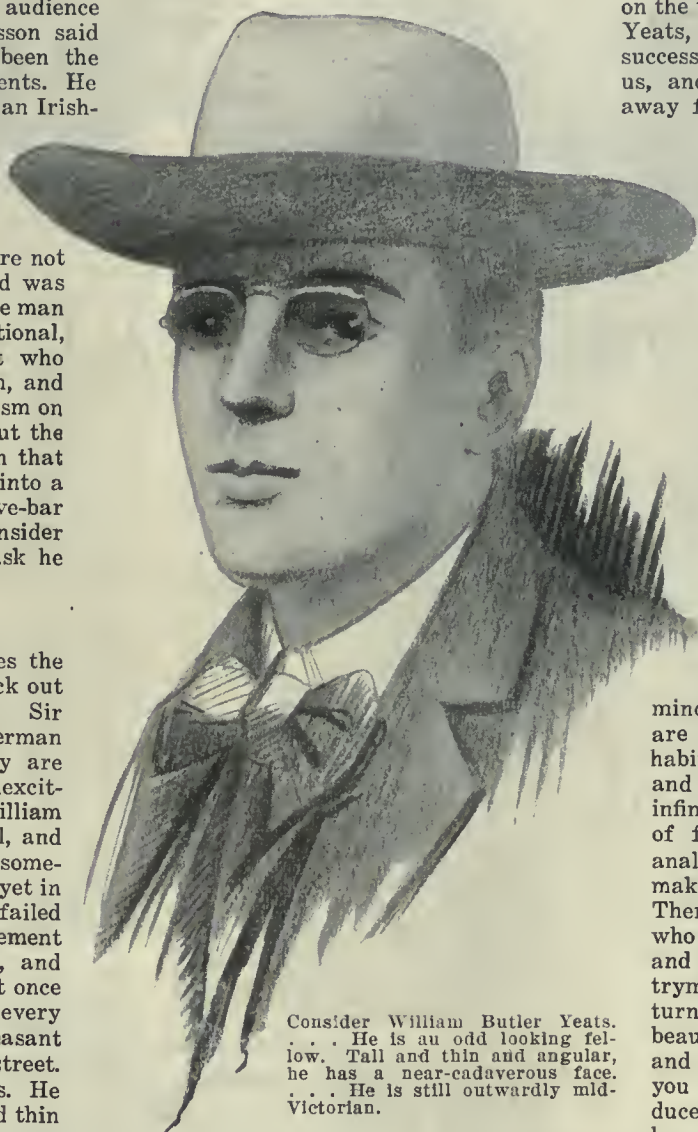
IN an address to a Toronto audience some time ago, Herbert Casson said that Irishmen had always been the sparking plugs of world-movements. He wasn't above admitting—though an Irishman himself—that sometimes the sparking plugs sparked spasmodically, and then flickered out, but he contended that the movements they started went on burning, and were not consumed, even though the wood was piled on the fire by others than the man who started the flames. The emotional, quick, and temperamental Celt who soars to the heights of optimism, and descends to the depths of pessimism on the slightest provocation, is about the most enthusiastic type of human that we know. Consequently he goes into a thing like a bull goes for a five-bar gate, and doesn't wait to consider whether he can complete the task he has set himself.

PERSONALIA.

But, since the exception proves the rule, you may look round and pick out exceptions. Lord Kitchener, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Superman Shaw are cases in point. They are matter-of-fact and stolid, and unexcitable; so they "get there." William Butler Yeats is at once a typical, and an unusual Celt. He has started something, and he is helping it along, yet in the one thing he started he has failed conspicuously. I refer to the movement for making an Irish literature, and an Irish drama, which shall be at once the pride, and the heritage of every Irish man and woman, from the peasant to the millionaires of Sackville street.

Consider William Butler Yeats. He is an odd looking fellow. Tall and thin and angular, he has a near-cadaverous face, the outstanding features of which, are a mouth cynical and at the same time sensitive and eyes drooping a little, as if he would tell you, that while you are seeing without perceiving, he is doing both. His hair—a dense black, lightened fringe-wise by a touch of grey—overhangs a long forehead, and provides something for its owner to trifle with ever and anon as he speaks to you, or harangues a crowd in a lecture theatre. Mr. Yeats is fifty years old but he has a touch of the fire and vim of youth which creeps out at intervals and which, accompanied by a flash of deep, dark eyes changes him to a modern Perseus—a man with a message.

Yeats is a man of peculiar habits. He is perhaps the most faithful representative of a type which was Victorian, but isn't at all in accord with the primness and smartness of 1914. Fifty years ago, an artist or a literary man must be a bundle of idiosyncrasies. He couldn't be complete without a shock of hair reminiscent of a mop, habitually soiled linen and a flowing tie which was a cross between a



Consider William Butler Yeats.
... He is an odd looking fellow.
... Tall and thin and angular,
he has a near-cadaverous face.
... He is still outwardly mid-Victorian.

shroud and a table-centre. And, of course, a velvet coat, preferably minus the buttons. Indeed the buttons *must* be a minus quantity. He must have a room, beg pardon, a "study," and there, in a dim religious light, with a decanter somewhere at hand, he was to turn out illegible copy on all sorts of odds and ends of paper. There are not many literary men or artists who subscribe to that idea to-day. Even Mr. Shaw is nearly immaculate in his dress! But Yeats is still outwardly mid-Victorian, though it would be unfair to hint that he is affectedly so. It just happens. And to tell the truth he looks outrageous in evening dress.

Raymond Blaithwaite tells how, and where, he found him, when he wanted an interview for his paper. He says that somewhere in the neighborhood of St. Pancras Station in London, he discovered the house where Yeats lived. Up two flights of stairs he discovered the room. Inside the room, in a corner, with a dingy candle (which was in accord with the rest of the room) stuck

on the table, he discovered William Butler Yeats, poet of life "as-it-is," more or less successful dramatist, unquestioned genius, and generally Bohemian, scribbling away for dear life, and no decanter at hand!

The best word to sum up this strange Irishman is a word which became fashionable—oh yes, there is a fashion in words—in England some three or four years ago. Mr. Yeats is weird. Much of a mystic, more of an idealist, he is yet most of all a meticulous realist, and superlatively, he is a seer. If you could get him to talk and express his views on a subject everybody has been expressing views about, ever since anybody ever had views to express—say a definition of beauty—you would be struck by the strangely dilated and other-worldly look which creeps into his eyes, and lights up his face, with a light that certainly never was on land or sea. It flashes through your mind that here is a man whose friends are not the friends you know; whose habitual confreres are fays and faeries, and curious creations of folk-lore, infinitely fantastic, and yet with a deal of fact that furnishes all sorts of analogies and parables which might make good rules to live and work by. There is only one other man I know who is at all like him in this regard, and that is his brilliant fellow-countryman, James Stephens. But to return to Yeats, and his definition of beauty. He puts his fingers together and sticks his jaw forward and tells you that beauty can never be produced in art without some ecstasy born of a struggle, either from some "morbidity" in a man's soul, or some stress of circumstances outside of himself. Mr. Yeats told that to a club of literary men in Toronto. I don't think many of them could elucidate to anyone else just what it means—although they all knew themselves.

PROVIDING FOR IRISHMEN.

The work of William Butler Yeats has been the founding of the Irish national theatre and the Irish national drama. He and J. M. Synge—whose poem "Dierdre" is, probably the finest poetic drama since Shakespeare—and Lady Gregory, got together and talked over the scheme of giving Irish people their own theatre in which Irish plays, written by Irish men and women, about everyday Ireland, past and present, should be acted by Irish players. Yeats went over to Paris and discovered J. M. Synge in a garret there, pretty well down and out. He brought him back to Ireland and pressed him into service. All three enthusiasts started

Continued on Page 110.

Be an Artist in Your Line:

By DR. ORISON
SWETT MARDEN

NO man who has tasted the joys of creative life, who has known the free delights of initiative, of intellectual expansion, can ever again content himself with imitation. He will never again stoop to drag himself through the mire of pretence and counterfeit. Veblen speaks of the "instinct of workmanship"—the instinctive intolerance of anything less than the best. There is only one road that the "man who knows how," the artist, can afford to travel and that is the straight and narrow one of invariably doing the best he knows how.

Did it ever occur to you that work is one of the most conspicuous features in human history. It is one of the chief forms of human expression. There is a dignity about the doing of work that no phase of idleness can ever achieve. There is an inalienable honor in the thorough performance of useful industry, whether it be in tilling the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics, or selling products behind a counter. An American president, when asked what was his coat of arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied: "A pair of shirt sleeves." A French doctor once taunted Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Flechier replied: "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles."

"Should my hand slack, I would rob God," declared Stradivari, the celebrated violin-maker. He said he did not need to put his name on the instruments he made, for they could not be counterfeited. And it was true. A Stradivari violin is known to this day by its quality, not its tag. Stradivari loved his work and into every detail of it put his best, his very soul, in joyous, creative effort. And the world still does him honor. Walt Whitman said truly, "The work is to the worker, and comes back most to him."

The very consciousness that you are trying to use your advantages, your vision, your particular ability, in work that will make the world a little better for your having lived in it, in furthering something that will eventually help the race, will make an artist of you and will give you a satisfaction which nothing else can. This consciousness will act as a perpetual tonic, an inexhaustible inspiration.

Fra Angelica painted on his knees. We may perhaps chauply question the anatomy of his angels, but the spirit of the artist is none the less in every line and tint. He put his personality, the fervor of his adoration and love into every brush stroke. No matter what the work, it is the way we do it that classes us either with the artists or the mere artisans.

"We sow a thought and reap an act, we sow an act and we reap a habit, we sow a habit and we reap a character, we sow a character and we reap a destiny." No truer word was ever spoken of the workers of the world. It is the initial thought—the attitude of mind in which the work is done that counts. "It's the set of the soul that decides the goal." It is not necessary to embroider scrubbing cloths nor hang horse stalls with Gobelins—to each line of work should be accorded what fitly belongs to the object in view, but thoroughness of application, purity of ideal, loftiness of standard can be discerned none the less.

WAS NEVER SATISFIED.

"During the nine years that I was his wife," said the widow of the great painter Opie, "I never saw him satisfied with one of his productions; and often, very often, I have known him to enter my sitting-room, and, throwing himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa, exclaim, 'I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live.'" It was this noble despair, which is not felt by vulgar artists, this pursuit of an ideal which, like the horizon, ever flew before him, that spurred Opie to higher and yet higher efforts, till he filled one of the highest niches in the artistic temple of his country.

Dr. Wayland took two years to compose his famous sermon on foreign missions; but it is a masterpiece, worth a ton of ordinary sermons.

Balzac, the great French novelist, sometimes worked a week on a single page.

Demosthenes would not speak on any

wrought as if God's eye were on the sculptor.

This is not superstition. The attitude of mind may be phrased in accordance with ancient myths, but the impulse toward thoroughness, the desire for perfection, the inability to find satisfaction short of expression of one's finest ability, is characteristic of the artist-soul.

Years ago, a high granite block was built in Boston. When it was completed, it was considered one of the best blocks in the city. To all appearance, it was as lasting as the granite of which it was built. Tenants were numerous. The builders had the utmost faith in it. They could "pile it full of pig lead" they said. But, alas! before it was half stocked with goods, it went down, filling the street with stones, bricks, broken timbers, and bales of goods; and several persons were killed. Why did it fall? Down in the cellar were a few feet of an old wall; to save a few dollars, it was left; and, when the enormous weight of the structure commenced to bear upon it, it could not stand the pressure, and the entire block fell in ruins. A hundred or two hundred dollars' worth of work saved in the foundation, over a hundred thousand dollars' loss in the end, and that was a trifle in comparison with the lives sacrificed, which no money could measure.

The artisan's standards are not only wholly utilitarian, but based on the estimate of the moment—the superficial estimate—not, "Will it last?" "Is it thoroughly good?" but "Will it pay?" "Will it do?" "Will it pass muster?" The artist has a plan, an end in view, an ideal.

An applicant for admission to Oberlin said he would like very much to go through college, but was rather dismayed, however, at the prospect of a four-years' course. He wanted to know if there wasn't a short course that would not give him the credit of a diploma, of having a college education. "Yes," said President King, "when the Almighty wants to make a squash He can make it in six months; but if He wants to make an oak it takes a hundred years."

The artisan aims to make a living, the artist to make a life. The most wonderful and famous achievement is not worth while, if the life of the man whose name it bears, is rotten at the core. The true artist is as thorough and genuine in his life ideas as in his work ideals.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

A clean life is the only one that will count in the long run. The only sort of life to live is the one from which we can get satisfaction when looking back upon it when near its close. Just as an artist views his work as an entirety, works at every stage of it with regard to its proportions when finished, so, when you are

EDITOR'S NOTE.—An artist is not merely a man who paints pictures and allows himself picturesque eccentricities of dress. There are artists in every line of human endeavor. There are lawyers, salesmen, bricklayers who can be ranked in the artist class. Just where the distinction lies between the man of common calibre and the artist is shown by Dr. Marden in the following article. Dr. Marden sounds an inspirational note to all men to fit themselves to be artists in their own line and to achieve the high success of artistic endeavor.

subject unless prepared; and for this many orators ridiculed him, and Pythias, in particular, told him that his arguments smelled of the lamp. Demosthenes retorted sharply upon him: "Yes, indeed; but your lamp and mine, my friend, are not conscious to the same labors."

The Athenian architects of the Parthenon finished the upper side of the matchless frieze as perfectly as the lower side, because the goddess Minerva saw that side. An old sculptor said of his carvings, whose backs were to be out of all possible inspection, "But the gods will see." Every one of the five thousand statues in the cathedral of Milan is

in doubt about your choice in any particular transaction, form the habit of asking yourself, "How would I like to look back on this thing at the sunset of my life. When I am near the end, how will it look to me then?"

Ah, then all the dishonest, unfair advantages you may have taken of others, all the selfish impulses, the yellow streaks, the mean actions, the underhand methods used in dealing with others, all of the regrets, the chagrins of your life will stand out with distinctiveness. At the time they were committed your mind was absorbed, to a certain extent you were mesmerized, hypnotized by the great life game. But when you have passed beyond the hurrying, the stress and strain of things, you see actions in their true light. The joy and the satisfaction of the good will be multiplied, the pain and the sting of the bad will be aggravated, in the perspective. Just as we feel a toothache more in the silence of the night than when our minds are busy with the routine of our day's work, so, in the quiet that comes at the close of life, the shoddy work we have put into the fabric of the days will show in a very different light from that in which we previously saw it.

The temptation of the hour is always to get on with as little effort as possible. The love of the money game becomes such a passion with many young men that they do not realize when they step over the moral lines, they do not realize it at the moment when they stoop to methods that are not worthy of their ability and advantages. They are committed before they know it to the cheaper methods, the tricks of the time-serving artisan, and they forget the ideals of the artist.

REACHING UP.

Now, the mere possession of an idea is a great safeguard. Even for a mediocre nature, the perpetual striving after a fixed goal, an unlowered standard, will gradually have an elevating effect upon the whole character.

The great thing is to function at your highest possibilities instead of at your lowest. There is nothing which has a more superb effect upon a human being who has climbed to something higher, who has had a taste of something better, who believes in getting up as well as getting on as has this very habit of reaching up.

There is a tremendous growth, expansiveness, in the constant upward effort that is never achieved by those with low-flying ideals.

No matter what your condition in life may be, no matter what particular work you do in order to get your living, if you are ever reaching up morally, reaching up in both thought and effort for something better, striving daily, hourly for something higher, grander, your life will open up marvelous resources which would never have been discovered otherwise.

Never be satisfied with reaching other people's standards. Nothing short of the achievement of his own ideal will ever satisfy the soul of the artist. Mental laziness is the chief cause of mediocrity and has been the ruin of many an artist.

One of the greatest cripples of power of all kinds is the temptation to think

other people's thoughts. Strangely enough, this is especially true of college men. Our colleges rightly lay great stress upon historical characters, but there is a corresponding danger in accepting their thoughts and philosophies without question to such an extent that we unconsciously adopt their views, their opinions, instead of evolving our own ideas and working on them. It is original thinking that makes strong men. It is the expression of his original individual thought and vision that marks the artist as distinct from the artisan.

If the college graduate could analyze his own views, his opinions, his convictions, he would find the source of most of them in the philosophies of those who have lived long ago. But as a matter of fact very few of the so-called great characters of history carried anything like the weight in their own times that their story carries now. If we had been their contemporaries we would probably have given them far less heed. But whatever distinction they achieved, we may be sure it was by thinking their own thoughts and following their own vision, rather than, sheeplike imitating and echoing others.

Regard for precedent is more due to mental inertia and the fear that springs from lack of self-confidence than to reverence of any just weighing of values.

AN INDEPENDENT MIND.

The attitude of the free, independent mind is always: "Why should I defer to this standard?" As the boy said about spanking: "Who started this thing anyway?" Most people, unconsciously, are really slaves of precedent. Millions of church people think it is sacrilegious, positively wicked, to break away from any old custom. Many mere formalities have, simply by reason of their long continuance, taken on a certain sense of sacredness. And when their discontinuance is proposed, those who have never learned to think, are instantly apprehensive lest the foundations of society be undermined. This is not the attitude of the artist, but of the time-serving artisan who has worked under the direction of others, for the commendation and regard of others, rather than of his own soul.

If we stop to consider the question, we would be surprised to find how largely our lives are governed by precedent. We assume, if we think of the matter at all, that there must have been a good reason for a custom that has been obeyed and followed by so many for centuries. And there may, indeed, have been such at the time, but we are living in a different state and time. Very few people have much opinion of their own ideas, or much respect for their own convictions. They are timid about formulating them and shrink from defending them.

Yet why should we regard other people's opinions as more worthy of adherence than our own? The men whose actions set up these old standards did not live in anything like the advanced stage of civilization we are living in, they had nothing like our advantages of education, of scientific knowledge. The world has pushed on long distances since these pre-

cedents were founded; why should we have such a reverence for them. Why not think our own thoughts, establish our own precedents? When some music critic of his time pointed out to Beethoven that there was no precedent for a certain arrangement of phrasing in his Ninth Symphony and that therefore it must be wrong, the old artist thundered: "Wrong, is it? Very well, hereafter it shall be right. I made it!"

The artist has no thought for commendation or reward. The artisan seeks both. The chief danger in all effort is that the completion and the task in hand will be considered of higher import than the methods employed in its accomplishment.

The very conditions which have contributed to the marvelous American supremacy, the almost limitless resources, splendid climate, the ambition, energy and determination of the American people, all these tended at the same time to develop an abnormal craving for mere mass and show of achievement—and its sign manual, money—until this has come to be considered as a national trait, bordering on disease.

This tremendous expenditure of energy in opening up and developing our resources has resulted in the general welfare of the nation as a whole, so far as comforts and luxuries are concerned, as well as a certain rugged stamina and sturdy independence of character, yet with it all it must be admitted that the great American prize—an opportunity for youth never before offered in the history of the world—has developed at the same time a selfish, grasping quality which is to a degree ingrained. It has tended to develop artisans rather than artists.

The artist is characterized as controlled by his vision, his ideal, his own inalienable inner standard of values. The earmark of the artisan is superficiality, the service of temporary, fleeting ends. His is the time-serving spirit, foreign to the spirit of loyalty, of heroic adherence to an ideal.

When the King of Babylon was in desperate straits for a prime minister who would not sell him out, a man whom he could respect and trust, the reason for his preferring Daniel out of all the other men who were recommended to him was that there was such an excellent spirit in him.

After all, the spirit in which we undertake our work is everything. There is no one thing which so influences an employer as the spirit in which an employee does his work. The employee who is loyal, kindly, anxious to excel, who does not grudge his effort, who is enthusiastic, energetic, is never among those slated for discharge. The right spirit is the quality which oftenest leads to promotion.

The spirit with which you face life as you enter the open door will have everything to do with what the future will have for you. Will this be the spirit of the artist or the artisan? The spirit that forges ahead, firm in confidence in its ideal, dauntless in the face of defeat, if so be that defeat lies in its road to ultimate victory; or the spirit that follows

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The Trail of Mooween: By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

WHEN Jacques Druille came in from his trapping grounds that spring, he brought with him on his raft a solitary black bear cub. For the first hundred miles of the journey the man carried the little creature in a caribou skin bag strapped to his broad shoulders, and all that could be seen of the cub was its small round head and bead-like eyes protruding from the neck of the bag.

The young bear rebelled at this imprisonment — noisily, and with all the force of his healthy young lungs. He bit at Jacques' leather braces, screamed like a child, snarled like a full grown grizzly, and behaved generally in a fierce manner. Jacques, negotiating the heavy raft through string after string of tumultuous rapids, dashed the sweat from his face and took no notice whatever. At times, when the going was clear and when the rage of the cub had apparently reached a limit, he would thrust his great thumb between the little creature's jaws and tell it to gnaw away till it felt better. This always soothed the cub. But as a rule the only attention the little creature received from dawn to sunset was an occasional—"Hold on, *mon fils!* You will have us all overboard."

When camp was made at sundown the cub was given his liberty, and showed not the least inclination to wander away while the scent of frizzling bacon filled the air. But while under way the raft was often half submerged, so that it was impossible for the woodsman to allow the cub the freedom of the deck.

"You would sure get swilled out, my son," he explained. "Or maybe I would not see you and kick you into the water. You savvy? You just got to stop where you are, anyway!"

At length the day came, however, when

the tumultuous headwaters were left behind and the last dangerous rapids passed. The raft glided slowly with the tide. Jacques tumbled the cub out of the bag onto its head—as usual. The mode of exit mattered not to the cub so long as it got out. Now he had the whole raft to explore.

The behaviour of lonely men is often strange, and the behaviour of Jacques was not exceptional when, with all solemnity, he elected the cub boss of the raft. "Rocks on the port side!" he would below. "Hi, there! Drop that bacon rind and attend to business. Is it for that I pay you?"

But the cub's sole ideas of business were to lie at the prow end of the

raft and watch the birds, or to lie flat on the logs, worrying an old moccasin or a scrap of bacon rind. Other playthings he possessed, a strange assortment—little scraps of stuff that had been left at various camping grounds, but which the cub, hildlike, had insisted on carrying with him back to the raft.

The old moccasin was his favorite toy, and sometimes he worried it so vigorously that it fell overboard. This happened on the first day of his freedom, and he promptly walked off the logs in pursuit of it. He received the fright of his life, and Jacques bellowed with laughter for fully an hour. Evidently thinking that the icy flood might pursue him, the cub had hidden under one of the sacks, and there sat and growled in his most terrible and disturbing fashion.

Never again did Mooween as the Indians had called him—make that mistake. When the moccasin went overboard he whimpered miserably, running up and down the raft in a vain endeavor to get nearer to it. And the kindly Jacques, having uttered many swear words in various tongues, would fish out the thread-

worn relic with the pole and with the threat that next time he would let it drift away, my son!

But they were good friends—the man and the little brown ball of bearhood that shared his raft. To the man the cub was a source of amusement through the long days, and to the cub the man was the fount of food and warmth and all things that were wholly delightful. The cub regarded the journey as part of the ordinary routine of life, but to Jacques it was the long, lonely trail which lay before him and his little Ninetta. Soon they would reach Lake Shimmergreen, with its thousand fairy islands, and the man's eyes would pierce the distance they could pierce so well, and a softness would come



Suddenly he became aware of a savage snarl behind him. Next moment a grip of iron closed upon one of his wrists, and it was he who now yelled in agony.

into them as the mists vanished with the dawn from the southern skyline.

And so, after many days, the great lake was reached, and Jacques set the canoe sail in the centre of the raft and with shining eyes watched it fill. The cub, appalled by the flapping sheet and by the sudden brilliant expanse of waters, retired to his invulnerable fortress under the packs, filled with vague misapprehensions. In less than ten minutes, however, he came to the decision that Jacques had set sail for his special amusement, and forthwith proceeded to worry it. This cost him a cuff across the head with the old moccasin, which sent him whimpering to his den, where, backed by a false sense of security, he growled a terrible threat at Jacques.

Two days later the white roofs of Shimmergreen settlement appeared to the south. The man grinned and rubbed his hands. The cub stared expectantly in the same direction but, being unable to see further than fifty yards, he settled himself to scratch his ear and leave the view to the skipper.

But, as the land came nearer, the cub saw something he had never seen before. It was a white gasoline launch, snorting its way through a vast fleet of canoes and, beyond the launch, was a timber landing stage thronged with men. Mooween sat at the prow, his ears acock, his forepaws dangling, and the men at the landing stage laughed and waved when they saw him. Jacques also appeared to have gone mad, and into the heart of the cub stole a sense of pending disaster. Then he saw dogs—many dogs, thronging the shore, the landing stage, the corduroy walk, and yapping viciously from the breakwaters. With an appalled glance at his master he hid his head under the packs, his hind quarters vastly conspicuous amidst the sun-faded lashings. Jacques ran the raft dexterously alongside the stage. There was his daughter awaiting him. "Ah, *mon ange!* I am here at last, at last!"

"French-Canadians!" muttered a tenderfoot, turning aside embarrassed.

"One could tell that from the girl's gay dress," responded his companion. "The man is Jacques Druille, an old-time trapper, whose hunting ground is somewhere beyond the surveyed region. Jingo—if that isn't a bear cub!"

The awe-stricken Mooween was peering out from his fortress, growling a terrible menace at the men and the dogs and the motor boats and indeed the whole hostile world that threatened to engulf him—especially the newly painted canoe which gleamed in the sunshine at the extreme corner of the hostile stage.

II.

THAT night Mooween, imprisoned in an outhouse amidst garden implements, buckets of whitewash and several squares of dusty honeycomb, made sleep impossible for the occupants of the cabin. It was not because he felt himself a prisoner, but because of the overwhelming strangeness of his surroundings. Nothing else to do he finally ate four

squares of bees' wax, and fell into the deep and heavy sleep of painless indigestion, which Jacques considered cheap at the price.

But very soon the bear cub became accustomed to his surroundings. Men and dogs lost much of their fearsomeness and one morning he was observed gleefully chasing a yellow malamute pup, round and plump as himself, over Jacques' onion beds. The game proved vastly amusing, and so a friendship cropped up between the cub and the pup.

Doubtless each imagined himself of the same breed and nationality as the other. The cub attempted to bark like the pup, which made him very ridiculous since he had no idea of such a sound. And one day, when the cub dropped seven feet from the top of a low ridge behind the clearing, just for the fun of the thing, landing like a rubber ball on the green turf below, the pup gravely followed. He fell on his neck and hurt himself badly.

The pup formed the habit of spending all his leisure time at Jacques' shanty, which meant, of course, that he lived there, and was heartily beaten by his master for it. His master was a young Canadian named Crombit, who was under the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. All the rough handlings he gave the pup did not interfere in the least with the latter's friendship towards Mooween. The little malamute was quick to learn that he was beaten not because he had done wrong, but because his master was angry, and such treatment only went to harden his none too timid spirit.

The pup, however, was not by any means Mooween's only friend. He possessed a great love for children, a strange trait of character in a creature of the woods, and yet a trait which in latter days proved the one redeeming point of grace in a fierce, unlovely beast. The sight of a child sent Mooween into ecstasies and, turning a multitude of somersaults, he would rush to the greeting. To the children of the settlement, he was a source of endless joy. Little Ninetta—for she was still a child—loved him exceedingly and, when the cub and the pup were tired of their games, they would waddle in and out of the house at her heels, Ninetta laughing gleefully at their good-natured jealousy.

She was a pretty pink little creature of eighteen, healthy and strong as a child of the northern forests should be, and there was hardly a youth in the settlement who would not have gladly laid his fortune at her feet. But Ninetta passed them by with laughter and coquetry, for she had already decided to throw in her lot with the handsome young dog driver, March Crombit. Crombit was known to be a hard traveler and a good servant to the company, but between times he was an idle, shiftless young fellow, with a marked leaning towards strong drinks and the card tables. Jacques had no fears in leaving Ninetta alone at the shanty while he was away at his trapping grounds, for she had many good friends and, with characteristic elusiveness, Crombit kept out of the way while the trapper was at home. Thus Jacques knew nothing of the great misfortune which was dawning upon his life.

Under a liberal and varied diet the cub thrived at a surprising rate, and his gambols with the yellow pup became more and more liberally punctuated by the painful yelps of the latter. Finally the pup discovered a place of security under the floor of the cabin, whither the cub could not follow, and there he sought refuge from his playmate when the pace became too hot for him.

Mooween was inclined to be equally rough when played with by Jacques or other men who visited the shanty, but quite different was his manner when playing with a child. The smallest infant might have rolled and tumbled with him without fear of scratch or bodily hurt, while those who imagine that animals possess no sense of humor would have changed their views had they witnessed such a game in progress.

On one occasion the malamute pup had been absent from home three days when it occurred to Crombit to "learn the young varmint what he was up against." As he entered the clearing the pup caught sight of him, and bolted for its hiding place under the cabin floor. Crombit pulled the little beast out and proceeded to thrash it unmercifully when suddenly he became aware of a savage snarl behind him. Next moment a grip of iron closed upon one of his wrists, and it was he who now yelled in agony.

It was the first time Mooween had attacked anyone, and he made no mistake about it. Crombit, fighting to defend his legs, was driven across the clearing, calling frantically to Ninetta to come to his rescue. In the meantime the pup had returned to his hiding place and was snarling defiance at his vanquished master.

Crombit was confined to his bunk for three days, and the incident caused no little talk in the settlement. It occurred to Jacques that the cub was now too big and strong to enjoy the freedom of the whole parish, and his sensitive feelings became injured on finding that many of his neighbors had forbidden their children to visit the hut.

"It ain't safe anyway!" observed a strong-minded, harsh-voiced woman as she passed the shanty one morning. "The brute's becoming a menace to the whole settlement."

Jacques, being a man of peace, quietly took the hint. A large cask was made into a kennel, a heavy leather collar and an absurdly heavy iron chain completed Mooween's captivity.

Ere a week had passed a change became manifest in the bear cub and Jacques, who knew more about wild creatures than his fellow beings, shook his head gravely. He recalled the days when last Mooween was a prisoner—the days when the little creature struggled and fought to escape from the deer-skin bag. "There are bears and bears," he explained to Ninetta. "Some of them will settle to captivity—others won't. It would be kinder to shoot Mooween than to make a captive of him."

But Ninetta, girl-like, would not listen to this grim alternative. At first the cub wrestled for hours on end to free himself from the chain. A hundred times he scratched a hole and buried it, but only to be jerked back once more as he made

another bolt for freedom. Then his spirit broke, and he submitted to captivity. He retired to the innermost corner of the cask, glowering out at the sunlit world with green and glittering orbs, all the fight gone out of him.

In these days Mooween saw nothing of the puppy, and even the children had deserted him. Now and then Ninetta paid him a visit and coaxed him out into the sunlight. Her soft arms were about his neck, and she made crooning noises in her throat—noises that should delight the heart of any bear cub. Mooween licked her hands and crept back into the kennel like a whipped cur, all her gentle entreaties failing to induce him to leave it again.

Other changes slowly took place as the days passed. Mooween's thick black coat lost its gloss, and became dull dusty-looking. He was losing self respect, and developed certain unclean habits that were hardly calculated to endear him to the hearts of his owners. Only his appetite remained the same, and since food was never too plentiful at Shimmergreen, the problem of finding grub for the bear became a more and more serious one.

Winter was once more drawing near and Jacques began to make preparations for departing to his far-off trapping grounds. One evening he took Ninetta's hand, his eyes soft with the great love that was in his soul, and told her something

that he knew would grieve her. Mooween had grown big and strong, and Jacques could not return happily to his trapping grounds leaving Ninetta to care for the brute. The fury with which the bear greeted the appearance of a visitor—especially Crombit—made the man realize what might happen if the cub lost his temper with Ninetta. One blow of the powerful forepaw might cripple the girl for life, or even kill her. So Jacques, on receiving the promise of the proprietor that Mooween should receive every care

and kindness, had arranged for the captive and his kennel to be transported to the back yard of the city hotel.

III.

JACQUES departed with a light heart to his trapping grounds, and as winter advanced Crombit and Ninetta were seen together more and more often. The dog driver was known to be drinking and gambling all his liberal earnings, but the child seemed blind to his faults and weaknesses. He had many friends among the

belt and cut a nine-foot cedar stick, shaping the end of it so that it resembled a lance. As he neared the kennel the cub gave utterance to an evil snarl and Crombit opened the carnival by dealing the unexpected animal a blow across the head. It rushed to the attack, but only to meet the sharp point of the cedar lance, while the man himself was well out of reach. Crombit used the spike with cruel force till screams of pain were mingled with the infuriated snarls of the captive. Finally the tortured creature sought the

refuge of its kennel, and Crombit returned home feeling some of the pride of a great and single-handed victory.

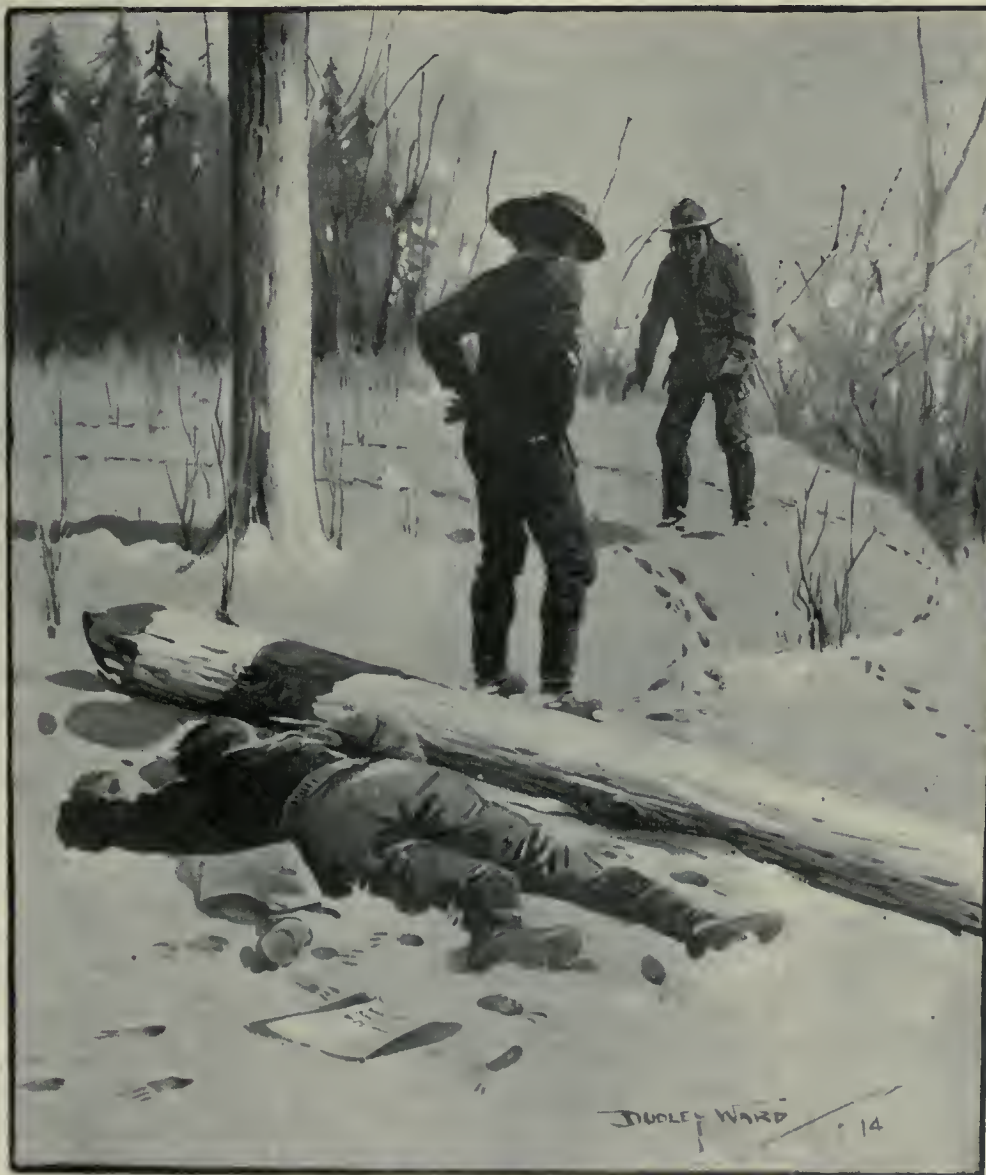
Thereafter it was unsafe for any male human to approach within reach of the cub, unless such male human happened to be a child. Then Mooween would sneak into his kennel as though ashamed of his abject plight, though when the child moved away he would look out and watch the departing figure with eyes of wistfulness. His hatred towards adult male humans was heartily reciprocated by many who came his way. Dog drivers cracked their whips at him, and many times a day he was submitted to the insult of having snow thrown in his face. There were men who delighted to see him in a fury, and all this did not tend to improve Mooween's attitude towards mankind.

A few months ago Mooween had been a general favorite, but it

seemed that to-day the whole world was set against him. It became a regular thing for Crombit, when he felt the manhood surge up within him after the consumption of much alcohol, to go out and belabor the poor creature, though he took good care not to venture within the trodden circle surrounding the kennel. The proprietor did not interfere; the bear was there by way of an attraction; and Crombit was a good customer.

One night, during the Christmas fest-

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"See here," said the Indian, "yellow dog circle around camp, one, two, three time, then go off into cedar swamp there. It soon come back, big bear following. It jump Crombit from behind."

men of the trails, and she was carried away by his handsome looks, infatuated by his pretty speeches. Her friends warned her and threatened Crombit, but while Jacques remained away no one could take active measures to divert the promised tragedy.

One night the young dog driver, thoroughly primed before leaving the saloon, happened to catch sight of Mooween sitting at the end of the chain in the hotel yard, and at once decided to pay off an old score. He went to the edge of the timber

Marie Dressler, the Inimitable: By MARGARET BELL

EXCESSIVE *avouirdupois*, accentuated so that it appears even more excessive, will extract a laugh from the most stone-faced of audiences. Nowadays, audiences are divided into two classes. The quantitative and the audience of quality. Naturally, the former is much avoided by the latter. It is after the former that all theatrical syndicates strive. For the axle around which all wheels of theatrical art revolve, is composed of cheques, payable or unpayable, as the case may be. If the cheque is payable, it matters not whose name may be signed in the lower right hand corner. Therefore, is the quantitative audience much desired.

Now, there are certain stars who make an especial appeal to the quantitative audience. Such stars as can open the evening with a laugh, and close it likewise. Theatrical laughter is much more universally appreciated than theatrical tears. Thus may the real comedienne be assured of a responsive audience. It matters not what means may be employed to provoke the laugh.

One of the greatest laugh producers of recent years concerned a certain awkward person, of the so-called weaker sex. Her chief attributes were a super-abundance of flesh, and the propensity to fall asleep during work hours.

During these daytime sleeps, she sometimes dreamed. One of these dreams took her into divers places. Amongst others, on shipboard. The sea was high, Tillie, the dreamer, was not a good sailor. After a gruelling siege of more or less indelicate stage tactics, which made her audience rock back and forth in unrestrained mirth, she made a very awkward exit over the side of the ship, into a fictitious sea.

Now, such art as this will convulse any quantitative audience, And quantitative

individuals, wishing to dwell in a perpetual convulsion of stage laughter, flock to see such art. Therefore, it is safe to affirm that the coffers of the afore-mentioned Tillie were full. So she travels around the country, enjoying the luxuries afforded by such coffers.

Quite recently, she was desirous of going down into the States, from Vancouver. The American immigration laws are quite severe. One must appear eminently respectable, if one wishes to enter the United States. Now, no one could doubt, for a moment, that our Tillie, even if she is gifted with laugh-producing adipose, is of the extremest respectability. We in Canada would defy anyone to say anything



Marie Dressler as she appears to-day.



"Theatrical laughter is much more appreciated than theatrical tears."

to the contrary. For is she not one of us, born and bred right here on Lake Ontario, in one of the most respectable, yea, even exclusive summer towns? Cobourg, to be more explicit.

It is of Marie Dressler that we speak. And one cannot think of Marie Dressler without thinking, at the same time, of a certain girl Tillie, who had ambitions to be other than she was. A very excellent characteristic, to be sure.

But, as to the American immigration laws. The officials, spying someone from Canada, who was traveling with a man, yes, and appearing happy, giving every evidence of it in fact, concluded that the

someone must be kidnapping someone's else most estimable husband.

Trouble for Tillie. It was decided that her presence in San Francisco would not add a cubit to that innocent town's moral stature. So she was requested to remain in Canada, until the timely arrival of sundry papers, documents and *billets faux* would give her carte blanche to proceed to her desired destination.

Anger reigned in the breast of Tillie, the adipose dreamer. And she and her lawfully wedded husband sojourned for three more days in Western Canada.

Then came the letters. They were given to the officials. She who enjoyed traveling with her husband was an actress! Oh, wonderful, and still again more wonderful! A miracle had been worked. For never before in the history of Western railwayism, had an actress appeared to be happy with her own husband. And there were many theories as to the probable cause of such unwonted conjugal bliss.

"Perhaps they're going to Reno, and are rejoicing in the early dissolution of the bonds," was one conjecture.

"No, that isn't the kind of happiness they have," was another, more versed in the wiles of such things.

And so forth. No solution could be arrived at. But the two proceeded on their way, with no thought for the comments which were being hurled toward them.

Such indifference may be developed until it is an art. In fact, one must develop it, if one is to have any peace of mind. Especially an actress. Just fifteen years after she was born, Marie Dressler became an actress. Lake Ontario seems to be noted for the girls who have left its doors, to enlist in the army of musical



Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Nightmare," her latest and greatest success.

comedy and avoirdupois. May Irwin and Marie Dressler are two of the best possible examples in proof of it.

She had some voice, quite enough to admit her to the ranks of light opera. One needed more at that time, than one does now. So, one might affirm, without any thought of exaggeration, that she must have been able to sing, at one time.

Her first play was "Under Two Flags." She travelled around in this, for a couple of seasons, then had an opportunity to put her contralto notes into active service.

Katisha in "The Mikado," was the part which gave her this opportunity. Two seasons more of tours. For a youngster, Marie Dressler was having plenty of stage experience. Usually, a girl tries to make her debut in New York. She becomes inured to stage technicalities and such, during a long run in one place. New York is the place generally chosen.

Not so Marie. She began "on the road." To start right out on the road is a discouraging thing, surely. And on the road in a sort of barnstorming company, doing one-night stands—well, such a début would try the patience of the proverbial saint.

Naturally, Marie Dressler was anxious to appear in New York, too. She was tired of the everlasting hurry from one small place to another. New York seemed the most natural port at which to anchor. Strange how one involuntarily thinks of that town, when one thinks of gayety, frivolity and thoughtlessness.

On May 28th, 1892, Marie Dressler stormed the theatrical citadel. And she pulled a couple of stones from its palisade. It was really quite an occasion. For her debut was made in the company of Hadyn Coffin, also making his debut as Waldemar in "The Robber of the Rhine."

Luck seemed to light the pathway of Marie Dressler, the Cobourgite. That engagement lasted for the greater part of a season. And it stood her in good stead. For, when she besieged the office of her next manager-to-be, she was able to say that her New York premier was simultaneous with the New York premier of Hadyn Coffin. Such a bit of news, at that time, would have made the most blasé manager look with interest on the new aspirant.

The new manager belonged to the Bennet Moulton Opera Company. The result of Miss Dressler's interview with him was a signed contract, which gave her the privileges of another season on tour. She had quite a repertoire of small parts when the end of the season came.

Then she went back to New York. The end of every season finds Broadway swarming with chorus girls, principals and "extras," all anxious to find some hive where they can turn their buzzing into profit.

In 1893, at the Casino, New York, she appeared as the Duchess in "The Princess of Nicotine." This was her first taste of royalty. There were to be many more parts added to her repertoire, before very long. Many parts and varied.

One cannot remain too long in the guise of assumed royalty. One might forget one's natural behavior. Which would never, never do.

One season sufficed for Marie.

In 1894, her name appeared opposite the name Aurore in the comedy called Girofle and Girofia. This part lasted her the rest of that season. She was a hard worker. She knew that she must work hard, or she would remain in her present state of semi-development, for a long time. Such a state would be uncomfortable, to say the least.



Excessive avoirdupois, accentuated so that it appears even more excessive, will extract a laugh from the most stony-faced of audiences.

In 1895 she was Mary Douclee in some sort of near-classic entitled "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss." She must have had interesting audiences, when she appeared in that play. You can see them, can't you, leaning eagerly forward in their seats, straining to catch each syllable, lest they lose some of the beautiful words that must have accompanied such a title. Terribly intent, to watch for the magic of the caress, anxious to know the result of it. Would the heroine plight her

troth? Would the hero swear to guard and protect her from all harm? Or would the villain intervene, before the magic kiss could be perpetrated?

Such a state of things went on, for some time. It is gratifying to know, however, that the same year saw her in the role of a Queen. The comedy was called 1492. Such costumes as were worn at that time by regal ladies, must have been very becoming. Small wonder that Marie Dressler was chosen for that part.

Then a change. A decided change, too. The scene was suddenly switched to foreign shores. The one-time Queen became a person of more lowly estate. Heaven only knows what part Marie Dressler could have taken in "Robinson Crusoe," but such was the play in which she appeared. Perhaps she was an overgrown Friday. The play did not appear in New York. Chicago was the afflicted town. But Chicago bore up well under the imposed insult to her intelligence. In December, 1895, at the Garden Theatre, New York, she appeared as Georgia West in "A Stag Party." The records do not give any definite information as to the nature of this party, or how it came to be called a stag party, when there was a Georgia West present. However, one may affirm, with safety, that Marie Dressler did everything in her power to make it a success. She was becoming quite proficient in such art.

The following February, she received many and varied columns in the dailies, about the excellence of a certain portrayal she made at the Casino. It was her greatest success, up to that time. This was the role of Flo Honeydew in "The Lady Slavey." What an extensive repertoire she was building up! From grandes dames to lonely beings on desert islands, from queens and duchesses to slaveys! Such were the parts of this erstwhile Cobourgite. And what's more the newspapers were talking about her. It is one thing to have a community talk about a person, but quite another, to call forth extravaganzas of the daily press.

Most decidedly, Marie Dressler was getting on.

In a few months, she inaugurated still another part, Mrs. Malaprop. This met with instant success. More flutterings of the daily sheets. Her next part was that of Flora in "Hotel Topsy Turvy." This was in October, 1898. She was gradually turning her efforts toward farcical comedy. The field of popular burlesque has great capabilities. She realized that she was the possessor of a laugh with a "go" in it. Also, the ability to make others share it. When one realizes such things, it is always well to turn them into the channels of rapid finance.

At the New York Theatre, in 1899, she opened in a new play, "The Man in the Moon." This lasted her for a year. The next season saw her in "The King's Carnival." Always an audience has a theatrical hunger for royal plays.

Another play in which she scored a decided success was "Miss Print." This was at
Continued on Page 102.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The list of Canadian celebrities on the American stage is by no means exhausted yet. A new note is introduced with Marie Dressler—that of rollicking comedy. Fair, fat and funny, Marie Dressler occupies a place all her own on the stage. Her success has been quite as marked in her own line as has that of any other of the long list of Canadian-born footlight favorites.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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The Uplift Work of Gary

Head of the United States Steel Corporation is a Social Worker

From the Outlook.

The accompanying article has been extracted from an interview with Judge Gary, published in the Outlook, in which his views on the relation between employer and employee are clearly set out. Judge Gary has done a wonderful work in improving working conditions and has thereby raised the efficiency of his organization.

JUDGE GARY'S face is inscrutable. It is more perplexing than that of any other major American citizen; it is a harmony of opposite characteristics. His skin is darker, his face is sterner, than his photographs indicate. His cheek-bones are high, rather wide apart; his chin is square and aggressive; yet a thousand kindly, expressive little wrinkles are clustered about his stern eyes. His eyes are near the surface, shadowed by the black mounting of library spectacles. They bristle through banks of gray, yet are kind; they question, yet reassure; and one is pleasantly surprised suddenly to discover that they are not gray but blue. His manner of speaking changes rather than his expression when he speaks; he is patient, yet seems wearied of persisting strife, almost like a man who feels that he has run his course and awaits rest, slowly growing philosophical at last. His eyes look out on things steadily, doubtfully; they are at once in consonance with his short gray bristling mustache and with the friendliness of the whole atmosphere of his office.

Shortly after Judge Gary came from the presidency of Federal Steel, at the first meeting of the Executive Council of the new corporation, the superintendent of one of the subsidiary companies learned, he admits, to respect the bristling strength of the new President. In the directors' room, at the end of the long stretch of office carpet which Judge Gary sometimes paces swiftly hour after hour, this superintendent expressed his own labor policy succinctly: "Hit the first

kicker over the head with the nearest shovel and throw him out!" He remembers Judge Gary's instant remonstrance: "That will never be the policy of this corporation while I am its President." Another superintendent has a letter in which the new President set precedent by telling him never to miss an opportunity in the mines to improve conditions and instill the co-operative spirit. There has never been a serious accident in any of the Steel Corporation mines since. And from no subsidiary company since Judge Gary became President has there come a request for funds to improve working conditions that has been refused. In the hard panic days of 1907 every manager and superintendent and foreman got word to see that no member of the family of any employee suffered, and the superintendent of one of the smaller plants explained to the writer that, in addition to untold orders on grocerymen and shoe men and clothing men, he kept one company wagon busy through the winter doing nothing but hauling free company coal to employees out of work. An employee, by the way, is reckoned as still in employ and as entitled to every privilege of rent, pension, and the like as long as he is idle—till the company asks him to return to work and he refuses.

Judge Gary does not believe in labor unions, because, he maintains, most laboring men themselves do not believe in them; nevertheless his attitude toward the men who toil is commendable, no matter how much one may condone the denial of any liberty whatever to the workingman. He has done good work, and there is no reason why one shouldn't say so. He has preached, almost with wearisome iteration, to his subordinates the moral obligation first and the business expediency afterward of treating men right.

One may conjecture that the President of the Steel Corporation, with his new industrial spirit and with other media of co-operation, such as safety work, volun-

tary relief and pension, and a consistent and absolutely fair stock subscription plan is doing quite as much constructive good as many a professional social worker. The functions of a corporation and of social work are of course different. Organized charity is primarily remedial and influential, confined to Red Cross work on the industrial field. The president of a great corporation can get behind remedial measures. He can do, and in some communities the Steel Corporation has done, all that social work is intended to teach the city how to do.

In its mining towns—in the Connessville district in Pennsylvania, to illustrate—waiving aside the not unimportant question of individual liberty and self-government, there is an admirable lesson of what a city might accomplish for itself. In these towns the corporation has taken responsibility for the public schools and maintains them. It maintains in some of them night continuation and technical schools. It brought in a Panama engineer, established an absolutely pure water supply, street and alley cleaning that New York—and certainly Chicago—cannot begin to boast of, and commissaries that are as much more sanitary than a Boston or New York grocery or a German delicatessen shop as those are cleaner than a bachelor's kitchen, where a fly in an ointment or on a piece of beef or vegetable is a fatal flaw in the life job of a clerk; where there are found some swimming pools and bands and recreation centers; where soda-water replaces the saloon and where 6,296 prize yard gardens thrive—more than ninety per cent. of all yards, averaging in vegetable worth \$27.50 each to every grower, a farmers' committee estimate, or \$173,140 in all, last year.

It would be indeed vain to expect social work in a city such as New York to remedy all the ills bred from all the woes of mal-education, drink, dope, indifference. The influence of that self-same work nevertheless cannot be overesti-

mated. And the social worker labors with an awful handicap—the necessary substitution of persuasion for power; but in the Connellsville mining towns such as those described, towns with social work wholly “municipalized” by the corporation, where professional social workers in the employ of the company show what a tenement can be with the wage of a miner, where “municipal” doctors and visiting nurses go about and a Panama sanitary engineer inspects, and there is a quick and sure hand to pluck out aught that threatens the physical or moral health of the community, there is a lesson for laggard cities and hope for discouraged social workers. Here the father who is a cocaine-user cannot evade responsibility and refuse medical examination; the husband who is a drunkard cannot refuse to support his family, even if his wife will not go to court. Judge Gary does not say much, but it is felt that he believes he is doing right, and wonders why many harass and misunderstand him.

Now and then he gains a little gratification. At the last stockholders' meeting, for instance, a stock-holding laborer got up to testify. In simple workingman's language that split its infinitives as often as does Judge Gary this man said most earnestly that the Steel Corporation is doing more for the laborers of the United States than the United States itself, and then he finished his eulogistic little gem of a speech by asking the President and his distinguished conferees to bow their heads in prayer while he thanked God for the existence of a business employer that cared for a worker's welfare.

“K of K”

Character Sketch of the British War Minister

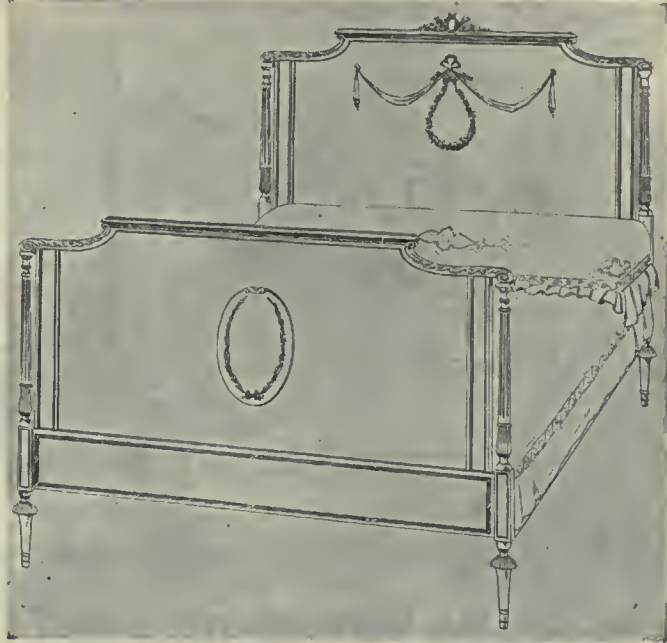
From The Pall Mall Magazine.

One of the figures foremost in the limelight at the present time is Earl Kitchener, who has lately assumed the position of Minister of War in the British Government, and upon whom will devolve the duty of directing the British preparations for the world-struggle now in progress. The accompanying study of his personality will be of especial and timely interest.

THOUGH it is seldom that the true proportions of a man's greatness are appreciable by his own countrymen and contemporaries, it is often possible to anticipate the verdict of history by that of more detached foreign observers. In the case of Earl Kitchener the opinion of Westerns and Orientals alike has very definitely pointed to him as the greatest Englishman of his era.

A MAN NOT OPEN TO IMPRESSION.

When Kitchener visited Manchuria and Japan upon the expiration of his command in India, the Japanese laid themselves out to impress him with various exhibitions of their military power, of which they were very reasonably proud. But the most imposing pageant in the world, its pomps and vanities, are as nothing in



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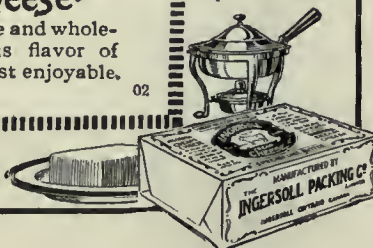
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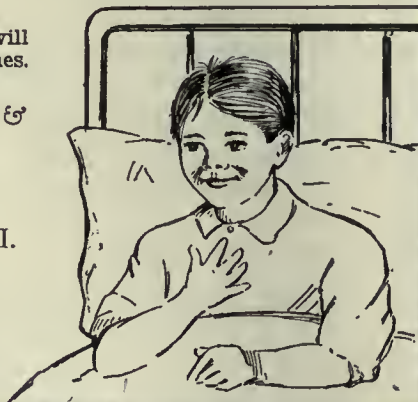
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KINGSTOWN

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Kitchener's eyes. His hosts viewed his silence, his expressionless immobility, if with disappointment, at least with profound respect. It was, in fact, like their own ideal of impenetrable reserve, and, as a Far Eastern friend who was in Kitchener's entourage informed me, Kitchener is regarded by the Japanese to-day as the greatest European they have ever seen.

Incidentally, my object here is to suggest a newer and more accurate estimate of Lord Kitchener's personality. None could be more interesting, if only for the fact that there has been no other modern soldier or statesman whose preparation for the work awaiting him has provided such an example of reversion to the ancient methods of Providence in the fashioning of its heroes—from the days of Moses onwards—amidst the wastes and solitudes of Nature.

THE EVIDENCE OF "RESERVE FORCE."

There is a common factor in the character of great men which an old writer has described as "reserve force acting directly by presence without means." "It is a sort of familiar genius," he says, "by whose impulses its possessors are swayed, but whose commands they cannot impart. Such men are often solitary, or, if they chance to be social, do not need society but can entertain themselves very well alone. What others effect by talent or by eloquence such men accomplish by some magnetism.

When the history of Lord Kitchener comes to be written surely no more fitting words could be found to describe him. It was said of Lord Chatham that there was something finer in the man than anything he said. So with Lord Kitchener there is a strange innate power which has always found expression, not in words, but in achievement, and in the production of achievement in others.

FROM "SILLY SUFFOLK."

Irishmen like to claim Lord Kitchener as a countryman of theirs on the ground that he was born at Gunsborough Villa, County Kerry, on June 24th, 1850. But although his father Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener, had migrated to Ireland from Leicestershire two years before the birth of his son Herbert, the family is East Anglian, and in the little Suffolk village of Lakenheath there are records of the Kitcheners going back to two hundred years ago, when Thomas Kitchener and his wife Abigail came thither from Hampshire in the reign of the third William.

Ireland has given many great soldiers to the Empire—notably Lord Roberts—but "silly Suffolk produced the stock from which sprang Earl Kitchener of Khar-toum and Aspal.

"A SHY, SELF-CONTAINED BOY"

As a boy he seems to have impressed observers in different ways. An old friend of the family describes him as a "manly, active and spirited little fellow who could not keep quiet, and consequently, like all boys of his kind, used to get into scrapes, but had great luck in getting out of them." Another says "he was a smart, intelligent, growing-up lad, promising to be a

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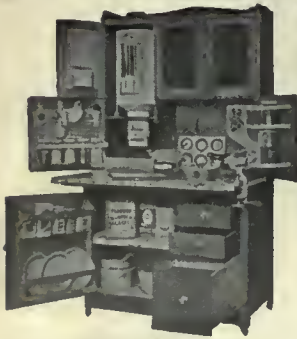
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smart young fellow"; while a third remembers him as "quiet and taciturn, good at books, but taking a bad place in outdoor games and gymnastics." To a fourth he was "a shy, self-contained boy, who early showed a talent for figures."

K's friends of his famous days will readily recognize these early sprouts of his later qualities.

HIS FIRST SCENT OF POWDER.

They soon bore fruit in an eagerness for any useful experience which crossed his path. Thus even before he entered the Army in 1871 he had had a taste of actual war. While still a Woolwich cadet he was staying during a vacation with his father in Brittany, for the Irish estates had been sold. France's last desperate struggle against the German hosts was being fought out by brave but ill-organized armies of hastily-raised levies. Young Kitchener offered his services to the French, was accepted, and fought under General Chanzy in the operations around Le Mans. It was to be remembered afterwards when he and Captain Marchand gallantly drank to one another on the Nile at Fashoda.

A SON OF THE WILDERNESS.

But we need not go out of our way to seek for early germs of K's after greatness. He would be the first to deny that there was any finer quality in his nature than to be found in the generality of young Anglo-Saxon soldiers.

But he was subjected to a noviciate which has produced many of the world's finest souls. He was led forth into the wilderness. He did not adopt a raiment of camel's hair or a menu of locusts and wild honey, but the strong reflective elements in his nature, the self-sufficing, self-reliant were developed and hardened into wondrous temper in the free atmosphere and vast lonely spaces of the deserts.

THE TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

It was characteristic of so unconventional a nature that his first step to fortune and greatness was a piece of indiscipline. He was on leave in Alexandria on the eve of the famous bombardment, and knowing that a telegram recalling him to Cyprus was imminent he arranged with a friendly press-man to delay its reaching his hands until the weekly boat to Cyprus had gone. Lieutenant Kitchener with his, at that time, unrivaled knowledge of the natives and their language, was, of course, a welcome find for any commander like Lord Wolseley, committed to operations in a comparatively unknown country. Accordingly his services were retained, and from that moment his future was assured.

HE WANDERS GARBED AS AN ARAB.

There followed twelve months' unremitting labor, broken only by a journey to Sinai, and then, as an intelligence officer, he disappeared into the desert to the south. His nature had become fully responsive and attuned to the voice of the wilderness, and it was a call he could not resist. For two years he wandered from Cairo to Abu Hamed, from Berber to the Red Sea.

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The Arab whose language he spoke and whose garb he wore met him sometimes in far-away villages, in crowded bazaars, or in desert oases. Living the life of the native, he talked trade and commerce with cross-legged Arab merchants between puffs of his chibouk, or Soudanese politics with Bisbareen Sheiks by palm-shaded wells in the Lybian deserts. And all the time he was absorbing that vast store of information and knowledge which in due season, after fifteen long years, was to materialize in the regeneration of the Soudan.

KITCHENER'S WAY.

Genial, affable, kindly, and fond of a joke at ordinary times, when hard work or fighting is afoot he freezes into an uncompromising severity. Hence the constant triumph of his subordinates over apparently insuperable difficulties.

Once, in a blazing Soudan summer, a young officer on a desert post, to whom an order had been sent, was down with a touch of sunstroke. It was a direct contravention of K's regulations, for every one of his officers had to be fit and ready to march in K's invariable half-an-hour in any direction. One of K's staff thoughtlessly pleaded the young officer's physical incapacity. "Sunstroke!" replied K. "What the devil does he mean by having sunstroke? Send him down to Cairo at once."

As this was K's invariable sentence of professional death, the staff-officer hurriedly wired to his friend a warning that he was under a delusion and was quite well. The order was somehow carried out, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER "TALKED BACK."

Only one man is ever known to have given back-talk to Kitchener in the matter of an order. When at the most critical stage of the long advance towards Khartoum the all-important desert railway was being pushed into the gleaming wastes of rock and sand beyond Wady Halfa, K. one day made a sudden descent upon the officer in charge of the work and strongly objected to some method of construction.

It might well have silenced some men. But the young, and at that time unknown, soldier of French-Canadian extraction, Percy Girouard, looked calmly into the eyes of the dreaded chief and replied deliberately: "Look here, sir, am I working this job or are you?" Kitchener laughed. "Go on," he said. "Do it your own way." He knew his man and the qualities which gave him such faith in himself.

K.'S "MUST."

The following story affords an interesting comparison between K.'s way and that of other commanders. It occurred in South Africa.

Lord Roberts, requiring some important work to be carried out, sent for a senior officer and gave him his instructions. "How soon do you think you can put it through?" inquired the kindly old chief, adding, "I know you'll do the best you can." "I'll try to do it in a fortnight, sir," was the reply. "Well, I know you'll do your best," smiled Lord Roberts, as he bade the other good-bye.

The visitor had no sooner got outside than he ran up against Lord Kitchener. "Well?" rapped out K., abruptly. "Oh, I've just seen the chief," explained the officer, referring to the business in hand. "How soon will you get it done?" was the quick response. "Well, I told him I would try to do it in a fortnight." "Now look here, Colonel," replied K., "unless this is put through *within a week* we shall have to consider your return home." The work was done.

HIS CHOICE OF TOOLS.

No man was ever so independent of his entourage. His office stationery consisted of a bundle of telegraph forms in his helmet and a pencil in his pocket. It was said of him that his chief of staff in South Africa had nothing to do but to smoke his pipe, and that if an earthquake had swallowed up the whole of his staff he probably would not have noticed it.

Yet none knew better than he how much of his success was due to his wise choice of tools he used, and in their choice he was adamant to all suggestions from without.

Upon this implacable son of the deserts the jobbery and backstair influences of civilized communities never made a moment's impression. But woman will often rush in where man fears to tread.

"THAT AWFUL WOMAN!"

It happened in the days of his Sirdarship at Cairo that a lady of considerable social influence but little discretion resolved in the interests of a young soldier to make a direct appeal to K. himself. She besought a personal interview. The Sirdar excused himself. Nothing daunted, the lady presented herself at K.'s official quarters at a time which usually claimed his attendance in the daily routine of business. K. posted an officer on guard with strict injunctions.

Twice the would-be intruder was induced by this look-out man to believe the Sirdar had escaped her. Accordingly she timed her next visit for a more promising hour. The watchman again stood in the breach. "How dare you tell me he is not here!" she gasped. "You shall not stop me." And before the surprised officer could muster sufficient resolution to bar the way the enemy had rushed the position with a wild rustle of silk petticoats and a parasol at the charge.

Down the passage went the attack, and with unerring instinct into a room at the end. Here, lo and behold, was a tall man engaged in some ablutions and garbed in a deshabelle of shirt and nether garments who, with the genius of the great general that he was, at once took cover behind a table and a couple of chairs. The avenger of Gordon afterwards acknowledged that but for the furniture zareba he must have been lost.

But help was at hand, and by a series of masterly operations the siege was raised. It was, perhaps, the closest shave the great chief has ever had, and long after, when reference was made to this terrible adventure, K. would observe with uplifted hands and eyes, "That awful woman!"



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Reforming Trial by Jury

Some Suggestions for Improving this Most Important Feature of Our Law

From Saturday Evening Post.

The following is a partial reproduction from a powerful article by Melville Davisson Post, in which he arraigns, not the jury system, but the method in which it is carried out at present. Although the article deals with conditions in the United States, it applies closely to conditions in Canada also.

THE basic thing from which the jury system suffers is a lack of dignity. So long as an institution is independent and sovereign, the highest type of men in the electorate will gladly act in it. When it becomes dependent and servile they will neglect and avoid it. There is something about independence and sovereignty that appeals strongly to the Anglo-Saxon. If he has no master he is great and noble.

So long as the jury was considered to be a distinct and supreme branch of the administration of justice it stood up with force and independence. As it gradually became subservient to the authority of the judges its force and independence departed, and it became more and more difficult to induce the best men in the electorate to undertake its service.

As the judges came to dominate the jury the independent citizen withdrew further from it, until we are sometimes at this day accused of putting the administration of justice into the hands of the most ignorant and least discriminating of our people.

It is true that the average citizen endeavors to evade jury service and even tries to disqualify himself. When he comes into court he is usually fortified with the stock excuses. He engages in what seems to be a cunning struggle with the presiding magistrate in order to show that he is not a fit person to sit in the trial of a cause. So anxious is he to es-

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cape that cheerfully, and without shame, he will undertake to demonstrate that he is by nature so great a weakling that he ought not to be trusted to pass on a controversy between his fellows.

Consequently the whole machinery of the court, in notorious cases, is often engaged for a long time in the selection of a jury. As many as three thousand men are sometimes examined before a jury is secured. As much as a month may be taken up in endeavoring to procure a jury for a single criminal case, and a small fortune is often expended by the commonwealth before the actual trial of the prisoner begins. This constitutes a formidable indictment in the minds of many against the jury system, and on account of it we are told that trial by jury must be abandoned and some more practical device substituted for it.

It seems not to have occurred to these critics that this condition is not caused by the jury system but, in fact, by the degradation of the jury system. The reason the better class of the electorate avoid jury service is because of its lack of dignity and the actual physical hardship it entails.

If the citizen drawn out of the electorate were asked to sit on the bench in the judge's chair and decide a case, he would consider that an enviable honor. According to the intent of our scheme of justice it ought to be as great an honor to sit in the jury chair. The jury and the judge are co-ordinate branches of our administrative justice each independent of the other and each of equal dignity and honor.

The judge sits for the longer term, but the sovereign powers which he exercises are less than those of the juror. The theory is that the man on the bench is a judge for a term of years or for life, while the man in the jury box is a judge for a single case or a limited number of cases. The juror is judge of both the law and the facts in every case, and he is bound to obey no rule or authority over him in his decision; while the judge is limited in his power and governed by established rules.

Thus, for the time that he sits, the juror under our theory of justice is a more regal and ultimate authority. If this theory of our judicial system were understood by the people the best men in the commonwealth would not only submit to their civic duties as jurors but would seek the distinction of it.

So long as the jury seems to the people to be merely a servile dependency of the judge, and so long as the juror is treated by the court as though he were a weakling, with no established integrity, jury service by an independent electorate will be evaded at almost any cost.

Why should the independent citizen, drawn out of the body of the electorate and clothed with the sovereign power of doing justice between his fellows, be treated by the judge on the bench as so inferior a person that every precaution must be taken in order to prevent him from being forced or persuaded into acts of injustice? He is locked up as the Turk locks up his women. He is subjected to the closest espionage and to hardships



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more severe than those imposed on the felon in a penal sentence.

Who locks up the judge when he has a criminal case on motion or appeal to decide? Who follows and watches him to see that he be not influenced? And if he does not require this isolation and this espionage when he decides a criminal case on motion or appeal, why does the citizen require it when he decides a criminal case at the trial?

Are honesty and integrity the peculiar attributes of any particular class? Do they belong more to the lawyer than to the artisan—to the attorney in the courtroom more than to the farmer in his field?

When a lawyer is elected or appointed to the bench, by that act does any particular virtue enter him by which his moral nature becomes superior to that of other men? The quality of honor, like that of mercy, is not strained. Men do not take it in a superior degree, with a certificate under seal of the commonwealth. In honor, in integrity, men do not sit in rows one above another, the attorneys above the people and the judges above the attorneys.

All the difficulty in obtaining jurors would depart if the jury system were restored to its ancient dignity. Then, with the addition of one or two simple rules governing the selection of the veniremen, a jury could be had in any case without expense or delay.

The first of these rules ought to be that jury service should be freed from every possible restraint consistent with a fair administration of the law—that is to say, the juror ought not to be subjected to any hardship that is not imposed on the judge on the bench. He ought to be as free a judge of cases at law as the presiding magistrate is of cases in equity.

All restrictions that are not binding on the judge on the bench ought to be removed from the venireman in the jury box. He should be made to feel that as high a standard of honor is required of him as of the judge, and that he is a person of equal dignity and of equal responsibility to the commonwealth.

It is a profound error to assume that the citizen who seeks to evade jury service is for that reason dishonest. It is not in any sense that the people are dishonest. They have fallen into the habit of endeavoring to evade this civic duty because unconscionable hardships are involved in it, because of its loss of dignity, and because the courts treat the jurors as though they were irresponsible weaklings, of so frail a moral fiber that only the most elaborate precaution can insure justice at their hands.

If the people can be made to understand that the jury is an independent and sovereign department of the court, if they insist that it be freed from all restrictions that are not imposed on the presiding judge, and that its dignity and independence be recognized—then our judicial system in practice will equal its splendid theory. Everybody feels that he ought to hear and decide a cause for his neighbor, in order that his neighbor may be willing to decide a cause for him, to the end that this duty may not be exer-

cised by the ignorant, inefficient and vicious.

The second rule ought to be that no citizen should be excused from jury service unless he is related to a party, has some interest in the case, or is possessed of some direct knowledge of the matter.

That he has read of the case in the newspaper or has hearsay knowledge of it or has formed a vague opinion with respect to it—or any of the like refinements—ought not to excuse him from jury service. The opinion a venireman has formed of a case, to disqualify him, ought, as some courts have said, to imply malice or ill will; and it ought to appear that it is so strong as to give rise to the inference of hostility or prejudice; in fact, it is doubtful whether, on the whole, any great injustice would result if every man who is not related to a party, and who has no direct knowledge of the matter, were summarily forced to take his place in the jury box.

If it appears that the venireman is merely making excuses he ought to be punished for contempt. There is no lack of law to support such a course. The courts have the power to punish any one for contempt who endeavors to evade jury service by voluntarily forming an opinion of the case after he has become aware that he is going to be called as a juror.

Even with the present difficulties and the present loss of dignity it would be quite easy for any presiding judge to secure a jury quickly in any case by the adoption of these simple rules of procedure. Of course the presiding judge would have to be supported by the judges of the superior courts. He ought to feel that the superior courts would not review his discretion in selecting a jury, except where a case showed an abuse of discretion.

THE GREAT WAR

SOME wars name themselves—the Crimean War, the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Thirty Years' War, the Revolutionary War, and many others.

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It names itself.

The commercial situation needs some placid attention to business and the courage that ignores the war.—*Toronto Globe*.

A despatch from Brussels says the Belgian women along the country roads greeted the soldiers with food, bottles of wine and kisses. General Sherman never said anything about that.—*Montreal News*.

If someone could only send word to the Germans that there are a lot of lacrosse and hockey players in the Canadian contingent he would most likely sue for peace without delay.—*Port Arthur News*.

Parliament has been prorogued after an extraordinary session of five days. Shows what the legislators can accomplish when they quit spitting and get busy.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

Going through the Panama Canal is a kind of healthful recreation that should greatly invigorate Canadian commerce.—*St. Thomas Journal*.



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A Railway to Ceylon

British Engineers are Bridging Space Between the Island and India

From The Technical World Magazine.

A wonderful feat has been undertaken—and nearly completed—in the southern reaches of the Indian Ocean. A bridge from Ceylon to India! It sounds impossible, but under the management of capable engineers, it is rapidly becoming a reality.

SEA-GOING railroads are becoming so common these days as almost to encourage faith in the ultimate materialization of Lindenthal's theoretically possible bridge across the Atlantic. The latest of these sea-going railroads, constituting the so-called "Indo-Ceylon Connection," unites the peninsula of India with the Island of Ceylon. There are certain facts in connection with this railway of peculiar interest:

The new road follows a causeway built a great many centuries ago, but subsequently destroyed by the sea, according to Neville Priestly, managing director of the South Indian Railway.

A glance at a map of India will show that Ceylon lies some sixty miles south-east of the southern extremity of Hindustan, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Manar and Palk Strait. These waters are studded with small rocky islands, some of them overgrown with palms and presenting a singularly beautiful appearance. Between the Island of Manar on the north-west coast of Ceylon and the Island of Rameswaram on the coast of India is the ridge of sand banks called "Adam's Bridge," which almost connects the Island of Ceylon with the continent, being intersected only by three shallow passages, the remainder being covered with two to six feet of water. These channels admit only very small vessels; but between Rameswaram and the mainland is Pambau Pass, a fourteen-foot channel dredged some fifty years ago for the benefit of the coasting trade. This is the only navigable channel between India and Ceylon.

Although so near to each other geographically, India and Ceylon were so far apart in practicable transportation routes that formerly the traveler had to endure a voyage of two hundred miles in a small vessel across the rough waters of the Gulf of Manar between Tuticorin, the southernmost railroad terminus on the mainland, and Colombo, Ceylon. This voyage magnified the horrors of the English Channel ten-fold; and any man who wants to be ten times as seasick as he can get on the passage between Dover and Calais is unreasonable. No wonder the poor coolies used to think twice before venturing on such a trip, even when tempted by the comparatively big wages offered in Ceylon.

Whereas American railroad men are wont to build lines first and figure out where traffic is to come from afterward, Englishmen demand to see the color of the dividends before paying out money in

construction. Although the Indo-Ceylon connection was first proposed in 1876, no definite action was taken in the matter until 1894, when an estimate was prepared which showed the cost of bridging the twenty-two miles of sea known as Adam's Bridge, as likely to be \$8,750,000. As this was more than the prospective traffic seemed to warrant, the idea was abandoned until 1906 when Neville Priestly, then agent of the South Indian Railway Company, proposed a return to the Adam's Bridge route on a compromise basis. That is, he proposed to build a sea-going railroad part of the distance, leaving a gap of twenty miles to be covered by ferry till the growth of traffic warranted the completion of the bridge for the entire distance across the shallow water between India and the Island of Ceylon.

This was such an obviously practical solution that the company took it up. The work consisted of an extension of the South Indian Railway, which runs south from Madras on the east coast of the peninsula, from Mandapam, on the mainland, to Dhanushkodi on the Island of Rameswaram; an extension from Madawachi on the main line of the Ceylon Government Railway to Halaimanar on the Island of Manar and the construction of two piers, and customs, postal, and railway quarters at each of the railway termini for the service of ferry steamers provided between them. There is also a large quarantine camp on Rameswaram Island for the detention of coolies bound for Ceylon.

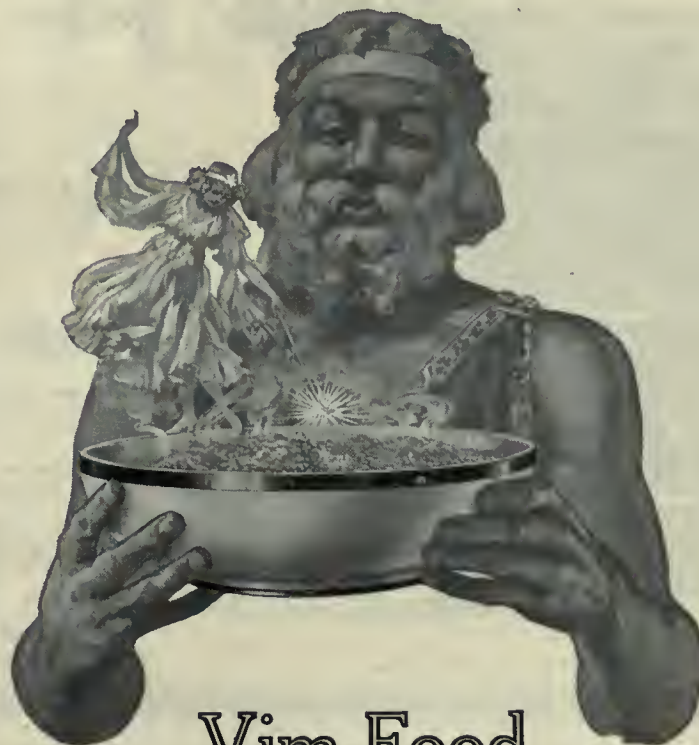
The rolling lift drawbridge is America's contribution to the enterprise. Engineers find this bridge particularly interesting because of its length of span, two hundred and eighty-nine feet, giving a clear way for vessels two hundred feet wide. It was erected entirely by native Indian labor, and, to avoid interference with navigation, with its leaves pointing up at angle of sixty degrees.

The workmen were Moplahs—natives of the Malabar Coast, Western India—who had had little, if any, experience in bridge building, but what they lacked in knowledge they made up in main strength and activity. The pneumatic riveter rather stumped them at first, and much of the early work had to be done over; but the Moplahs soon got the hang of it and then they did good work at the rate of two hundred and fifty rivets a day for each squad.

The Moplahs, unlike the Tamils who live in the neighborhood of the route, are strict Mohammedans and therefore temperate. The pay-day drunk, so familiar to American railroad contractors, was conspicuously absent. Other labor consisted of Eurasian and Tamil foremen, engine men, mechanics, rivet inspectors, painters, and boatmen. The laborers consisted of both women and men, for when it comes to hard work the Hindu believes in equal rights. Everybody worked ten hours a day, Sundays as well as week days, except when an occasional Mohammedan feast caused an interruption. During the Mohammedan fast of thirty days, the Moplahs knocked off at four o'clock. They had to do it, because they abstained rigidly from eating, drinking, smoking, or chewing from sunrise to sunset. Under

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these conditions eight hours' work was all they could stand. Hindu feast days didn't count, for the Moplahs paid no attention to them.

Anchorage for the drawbridge were constructed on artificial islands about sixty feet square. Here steel cylinders twelve feet in diameter were driven deep into the clay of the seabottom and then filled with concrete. Owing to the small space on these artificial islands only a few pieces for the bridge could be brought over at a time. In addition to the usual erection marks for the guidance of the engineers the materials for each half of both leaves of the bridge had been painted a distinctive color—brown and yellow for one leaf, gray and green for the other. Thus the stupidest workman could not fail to distinguish them.

The contractors did go so far as to use steam-driven concrete mixers, but that was the limit. The mixed concrete was handled in the good old-fashioned way, being dumped on the decks of scows from which it was shoveled into galvanized iron dishes about twelve inches in diameter and five inches deep which were carried by boys and women up runways to be deposited in the huge counterweights which balance the ponderous leaves of the bridge to such a nicety that but little effort is required to open or close it.

All hoisting was done by hand winches. In spite of these primitive methods, and in spite of high winds and a daily rainfall of two inches in October the erection of the drawbridge was finished in six months. A terrific storm at the end of November, 1913, did a lot of damage to the embankment across the Island of Rameswaram and to the artificial islands at the bridge site. But by strenuous work the job was finished in time to avoid something much more serious than anything in the power of the elements. According to Hindu religious chronology there are various "inauspicious occasions" in the course of the year, one of which begins at exactly four o'clock on December 14. A new undertaking begun during this inauspicious occasion would be sure to result in misfortune and disaster. By working the track-laying gangs all night the contractors were able to run the first train across the bridge at 3.50 p.m., thus avoiding something dreadful by the narrow margin of ten minutes.

The Indian Government approved the bridge December 29, 1913, and regular passenger traffic was established to Dhanushkodi on January 1, though the usual celebration was not held until February 24.

The temporary gap of twenty miles is now filled in by a fleet of three steamers of only six feet draft, which run first on one side of Adam's Brige, then on the other, according to the direction in which the monsoon is blowing. This monsoon difficulty necessitated two complete sets of piers and terminal facilities at each end of the route.

If the new route to Ceylon proves as attractive for tourists and as profitable in other traffic as the directors hope, the gap will soon be bridged. Then the tourist, can, if he wishes, ride from Madras away up on the east coast of India, through to Colombo, the metropolis of Ceylon, without changing cars.

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British Foreign Policy Explained

Events Which Led to Britain's Participation in Recent Alignment of European Powers

From the London Times.

The accompanying article tells of the reshaping of Britain's foreign policy from one of "splendid isolation" to an active participation in the alignment of European Powers and the reasons for the change. It is an interesting review of international politics from the time of the Boer War to the present.

THE first principle of all British foreign policy is recognition of the fact that England, though an island, forms part of Europe. Forgetfulness of this simple fact has in the past had disastrous consequences. Without reverting to the war of 1870, when England, by abandoning France to her fate, allowed her to be dismembered, and has ever since paid the cost in the growing burden of international armaments, it is necessary only to remember the position held by Great Britain at the end of the South African War. The policy of the late Lord Salisbury had been one of "splendid isolation." When disaster overtook us in South Africa we were without a friend on the Continent, and were only saved from attack by a European coalition because the Emperor of Russia declined to sanction such a policy, and because the question of Alsace-Lorraine formed an insuperable obstacle to military and naval co-operation against us by Germany and France.

The policy of "splendid isolation" became a military and political impossibility, unless we were prepared so to strengthen our army and our navy as to be able to defy any attack or combination of attacks by land and sea. King Edward recognized this fact, and with the advice of his ministers sought to diminish the number of our potential enemies on the Continent. Contrary to many interested or mistaken assertions, neither he nor Lord Lansdowne ever conceived the policy of making friends in Europe as a policy of aggression.

The first step in this policy had little reference to Europe. It consisted in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902. But it was the Anglo-Japanese Alliance that led directly to the Anglo-French Entente of 1904. During 1903, England strove, as she is striving now, to prevent war, by urging Russia to come to terms with Japan. France also sought to restrain her ally, lest entanglement in the Far East should render Russia incapable of supporting France in Europe. Russian support was indispensable to France, who had constantly been exposed to diplomatic and military pressure by Germany, and had, in 1875, only been saved from German attack though the intervention of the Emperor of Russia, and especially of Queen

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Victoria. Queen Victoria then saw that the undisputed predominance of Germany in Europe, and the permanent disablement of France, would create for England a situation as dangerous as that which grew up when Napoleon established his supremacy on the Continent.

Anglo-French efforts failed to prevent the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. Germany, who was anxious to remove the pressure of the Russian army from her eastern frontier, counteracted them. When the war broke out, France and England were obliged quickly to decide whether they would join in the war and fight each other, or would agree to remain neutral and to counterbalance German supremacy. They chose the latter course in February, 1904. A few weeks later the agreement with France, known as the Entente Cordiale, turned this negative agreement into a positive pact.

Russia is now defending a vital interest. France, who is bound to Russia by alliance, and still more by the necessities of her European situation and political independence, is compelled to support Russia. England is bound by moral obligations to side with France and Russia, lest the balance of forces on the Continent be upset to her disadvantage and she be left alone to face a predominant Germany.

A vital British interest is therefore at stake. This interest takes two forms—the general interest of European equilibrium, which has been explained, and the more direct interest of preserving the

independence of Holland, and particularly Belgium. The Franco-German frontier along the Vosges has been so formidably fortified on both sides that a German or a French advance across it seems improbable. The point of contact between the German and French armies would naturally lie in or near Belgium. But a German advance through Belgium into the north of France might enable Germany to acquire possession of Antwerp, Flushing, and even of Dunkirk and Calais, which might then become German naval bases against England. This is a contingency which no Englishman can look upon with indifference.

Because in these days of swift decisions and swifter action, it would be too late for England to act with any chance of success after France had been defeated in the North. This is why the shots fired by the Austro-Hungarian guns at Belgrade reverberate across the English Channel. The safety of the narrow seas is a vital, the most vital, British national and Imperial interest. It is an axiom of British self-preservation. France does not threaten our security. A German victory over France would threaten it immediately. Even should the German navy remain inactive, the occupation of Belgium and northern France by German troops would strike a crushing blow at British security. We should then be obliged, alone and without allies, to bear the burden of keeping up a fleet superior to that of Germany and of an army proportionately strong. This burden would be ruinous.

Flying the Atlantic

A Prominent Aviator Discusses the Chances of Success

Progress in the science of aviation has been so rapid of late years, that no one can reasonably doubt that before long "flying the Atlantic" will have become an accomplished fact. Mr. Claude Graham-White, one of the foremost aviators of the present day, here discusses the chances of success of such a venture.

HERE is a lure always in what we call "the sporting chance." Be the risks great, the odds heavy, the task one which has for centuries seemed a dream, then forth will come the pioneer with an eager eye, sweeping difficulties aside, laughing doubts to scorn. And perhaps he may win through; there is the chance—"the sporting chance." These things can be done, and are done—a victory snatched by daring whilst men who are cautious talk of ways and means.

Can the flight be made? Is a plane possible which shall ascend at Newfoundland and fly those eighteen hundred miles to Ireland? The expert will answer: "It can; it is." Then, plunging from the direct query into a sea of speculation, we welter among difficulties—take this for granted, and that; assume something here and something there—till the man with the machine, who is preparing himself for

flight, will lose all patience and say: "Fill up my tanks; cease talking; I mean to start."

If money is forthcoming, and the man, the machine, at all events, can be built; on that there is agreement. But it will be a new machine, we must remember; and this means that it is experimental and must needs be "tuned" before it is ready for its test, as an athlete is trained for some great race. But assuming the funds for building have been set aside, and the plans discussed, and the project is really serious to win its 50,000 dollars from *The Daily Mail*, what can be obtained in the way of an ocean-going craft?

In schemes most widely discussed, and those which promise an attempt—perhaps this summer—to win the cross-Atlantic prize, the type of craft favored may be described approximately thus: a machine with one thousand square feet of lifting surface or slightly more, driven by a motor of, say, two hundred horse-power, and lifting into the air two pilots and flying with them for approximately thirty hours without descending, at a speed of sixty miles an hour. This is a reasonable proposition in building; but there is a factor that must not be ignored. In stating the

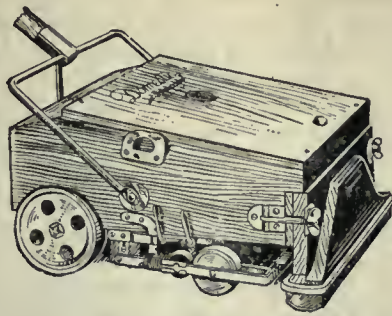
machine's capacity at thirty hours, it is assumed that its single motor will survive without breakdown what must obviously be a severe ordeal. The aeroplane engine of to-day, in those details born of experience which make for daily service, is a wonderful piece of mechanism; it will run for many hours despite the intricacy of its parts; it will stand up to hard constant wear; it has established the record already of carrying a man across country without alighting for more than one thousand miles. But never, so far, has a motor borne a machine through the air, without a halt or respite, for thirty continuous hours. Is there any reason why it should not? No. Bench tests may be adduced to show that a non-stop run such as this, or one longer is within the power of a modern-type engine. But a trial on the bench is not a flight through the air, and a pilot must not deceive himself. The motor is the heart of his machine, the keynote of the problem; and he is asking it, if he uses only one in an Atlantic flight, to do something no motor has done before. Of course such questions are asked; the pioneer is always asking them. And here, as a matter of fact, the airman has what seems a fair "sporting chance." But it is a chance, none the less, and the first and perhaps the most important.

Personally, were I to build a special craft for this flight, I should employ a machine with perhaps one thousand five hundred square feet of lifting surface, and driven by a series of motors, develop one thousand or twelve hundred horsepower. With one motor, should it fail, there is nothing to do but plane down into the water; but if a machine has several arranged so that each is a separate unit, then the stoppage of one of them may mean nothing more serious than a diminution in speed. A really large machine, also, could carry the weight of a couple of mechanics in addition to its pilots; and these mechanics, besides tending the motors constantly while the craft was in the air, would be able to repair the breakdown, say, of one unit, while the other engines, being still in action, would continue to sustain the machine in flight.

There is a factor in the problem to which I have not as yet referred, although it is almost as vital as the endurance of a motor; this is the uncertainty of the weather.

In any flight to-day, and with any type of aircraft, the question of wind direction must arise. Head winds may reduce the pace of a fast machine to that of a slow one; a side wind, pressing constantly upon his craft, may drive a pilot from his course; while a wind astern, should he be so favored, may add many miles an hour to his flying speed. It is sound policy always, in a long-distance flight, for an airman to await a favoring wind.

Time-tables, of course—albeit provisional ones—have been drawn up for the flying of the Atlantic; and in all of them the wind is made to play its part. There is, as a matter of fact, in regard to this flight, some reason to assume that the wind will prove helpful. During the summer months it has been shown that



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the ocean wind, blowing away from the coast of North America, sets eastward towards Northern Europe. The prevalence of such a wind is, indeed, rather more than a "sporting chance"; it has been proved time and again that such a trend does exist, although sometimes it may, in actual direction, be rather to the south of west. So, working upon his time-schedule, the would-be competitor may say: "I shall reckon a following wind, while I am in the air, of from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. This means that, if the strength of the wind is added to the normal speed of my machine, I shall be flying, not at sixty miles an hour, but at ninety. So the flight can be made in twenty hours instead of thirty, and I shall not be in danger of running short of petrol, as I might otherwise have been in the last few hours before landing."

There is another risk in regard to the weather—graver than would be occasioned by any change of wind—and it is one that is appreciated clearly only after studying a storm chart of the North Atlantic. This shows that disturbances may be encountered in mid-Atlantic which sweep down in circles from the North Pole. Thus it is unsafe to assume that, because a craft starts from the North American coast with a favoring wind, such conditions will prevail for the entire crossing. It might happen that one of these circular storms was met in mid-Atlantic; and if this did occur it would not only upset the calculations of a timetable, but might spell disaster.

The question of the weather, indeed, like that of the motor, no matter how it may be argued, remains an uncertain factor. Usually the wind *does* blow to the eastward; a disturbance in mid-Atlantic may be avoided; in nine cases out of ten a motor *will* run without mishap, and so on. But no man has yet crossed the Atlantic by air or, for the matter of that, any very wide expanse of water. The atmospheric conditions through which a machine would fly are therefore unknown, and unexpected phenomena may be encountered.

One is reminded of M. Bleriot, when he took out his monoplane to fly the English Channel. The machine was propelled by an air-cooled motor, the best performance of which, prior to the crossing of the Channel, even after expert "tuning," had been a flight of about twenty-five minutes; and now Bleriot asked it to run for more than half an hour without breakdown. And the penalty he knew, should it fail him suddenly, was a fall into the water that might cost him his life. But quite deliberately, in the cold grey of early morning, he took this chance; and for thirty-six minutes, while he battled with a rising wind, the motor ticked away as smoothly as a clock.

Bleriot played high—and won; and so, should they fly before the feat is within the normal scope of aviation, must the cross-Atlantic airmen play high—higher than Bleriot played, and with a greater and graver risk.

The motor and the weather—here are

two uncertainties. And there is another. Even should their engine run without a hitch, and a stern wind blow smoothly all the way, the pilots have still the problem of steering correctly. Nowadays, when he makes a flight across country, an airman has a map and a compass, and checks it from his map; and he has the advantage also that, should a doubt arise, he may note some landmark that will tell him, beyond any question of error, whether or not he has been adhering to his path.

But there may be fog or a land mist; and then the airman flies alone, with nothing below or around him by empty air. His compass-needle points north, of course, and he has his map; and should the air be calm, or the wind continue, he may still find his way without fear of error. But if while he is flying the wind should change and blow suddenly across his path the machine may be borne steadily sideways, even while its bow points true upon the compass course. To meet this difficulty there is now an "anti-drift" compass, which enables a change of wind to be detected, and an allowance made for it even while flying. But an experienced pilot would be chary of flying for hours through a fog, with no landmark to tell him that his course remained correct. And yet in the attempt to cross the Atlantic, with twenty hours' steering at least before them, the pilots

will be flying under conditions which may be likened to a constant fog—from the moment, that is to say, the coast-line fades behind them, and they face the sweep of ocean, they will have no guide—beyond, perhaps, the sighting of an occasional ship—to aid them in adhering to their course. Such conditions enduring for a few hours might spell no risk of error, but for twenty, and perhaps for thirty! Here we have doubt with a vengeance, a confusion of "ifs" and "buts." The man who is sufficiently bold, however—our ideal pioneer—is not disposed to be nervous even with such a haunting fear as this.

But in men's thoughts none the less there is this elusive and provoking chance, with the knowledge that fame may be won, perhaps, by putting it to the test. Will the motor run? It should. Will the wind blow right? It generally does at this time of year. Can a course be steered? That is difficult to tell, but there is no reason why—etc., etc. As we began, so must we end. The chance is there—very remote, some will argue, and men's lives may be the forfeit should Fate prove unkind. But there is that in us which leaps to such risks, which will only admit their existence as a spur to endeavor; and when all is said and done, one can do no more than write this: Those who fly the Atlantic this year, or even next, will be lucky, very lucky men.

Genius is Vitality

From T. P.'s Weekly.

What makes one man stand out above all others in a certain line? Is genius a divine touch, a form of madness, a capacity attained through hard work? Many explanations have been advanced, but in the accompanying article Hamilton Fyfe seems to get close to the root of matters.

MANY definitions of genius have been suggested. Most familiar of all is Carlyle's "infinite capacity for taking pains." It has been maintained, on the one hand, that any man who stands out from his fellow-men must be endowed with a special admixture of the divine element. On the other hand, we have been bidden to regard all geniuses as insane. Neither hypothesis survives close examination. Benvenuto Cellini was a good deal lower than the angels. If Julius Caesar was a lunatic, whom shall we call sane? Another suggestion attributes to all men of genius a gift for "seizing the essential." But when we ask, "Why do they possess this gift?" the oracles are dumb.

THE ROOT-CAUSE OF SUCCESS.

If they did not fail for other reasons, all the theories offered up to now would be unsatisfactory on this account: that they only apply to great genius. We see around us every day many degrees of the quality which enables certain men to rise out of the ruck. We want to know, not merely why Shakespeare was

a transcendent poet or why Napoleon conquered and ruled, but why Delane became editor of the "Times," why John Burns forced his way into the Cabinet, why Sir Thomas Lipton sells his tea all over the world; also, why in a gang of laborers one man is made foreman, or why, among a pack of schoolboys, one always takes the lead. Any real explanation of genius must help us to understand not alone its striking manifestations, but its lesser workings as well. In short, we want to know what is the root-cause of success.

I use the word "success" in its broadest sense. I mean by it the doing of whatsoever our hands find to do with all our might. I intend it to cover every kind of activity. I suppose we have all been puzzled at times to understand why some attract attention or amass fortunes while others remain obscure and never earn more than a bare living. We cannot explain this by saying that the successful men are superior either in learning or characters, in wisdom or industry, in morals or in mind. Frequently we know that the "ranker" is better informed and better-hearted than the sergeant, the captain, or the general; a more complete, more contented, more companionable man.

HIGH OR LOW VITALITY.

Cicero was more intellectually nimble than Caesar. Ben Johnson had more

What and Why is the Internal Bath?

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards — this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too

long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been regarded as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 249, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in MacLean's Magazine.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

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learning than Shakespeare. Babeuf's intentions were better than Bonaparte's (he lost his head for them). Sir Harry Vane was a far more logical revolutionary than Oliver Cromwell. What was there in the four great men I have named which brought them to the front? Had they any gift or quality in common, setting them apart from other men? Yes, one, and one only. Not deep insight, nor high moral purpose, nor desire for fame. They did not become Super-men by studying for the position, not by taking thought and laying careful plans. They came to the front without apparent effort—make any effort to get there—because they were more alive than other men.

The cause of greatness, of genius, whether on the small scale or on the great, is, I am sure, abundance of Vitality. Examine the record of any man who has made his own way to eminence in any career. You will not find that his principles were purer, his education more extended, or his conscious aims more lofty than those of his competitors. You will find that there worked within him an untiring energy: that he was forced along by this; almost, it seems sometimes, without any will of his own. Men of abounding vitality cannot be still. There is a demon of activity within them which obliges them to be always doing.

They may be inclined to indolence, as Johnson was. They may be lovers of silence, like Carlyle. They may, with Cincinnatus, prefer ploughing to war and statecraft. But they are not able to follow their bent. They are possessed by an insatiable craving to be at work in whatever their line may be. Those who conquer nations and found empires are not moved by ambition. Ambition only works within a restricted sphere. They are moved by the enormous force of vitality, which struggles within them, as the fire and the lava burn and boil in the heat of the volcano, and must find a way out.

The same is true, in a lesser degree, of men who become very rich. They do not become rich because they set their hearts upon riches. Often they do not either care for or know what to do with their money. They become rich because they have to. Stored up in their natures is a certain amount of energy which has to be employed in some way. It might be worked off in the service of God (for example, Dr. Livingstone), or in the service of Man (Plimsoll, John Howard, Dr. Barnardo), in the spreading of ideas (Rousseau, Herbert Spencer), or the patient tracking down of truth (Darwin, Copernicus, Galileo). If they have no special bent, these men destined to become rich, engage in industry or commerce, and their energy is rewarded by great wealth.

A MATTER OF ENERGY.

We loosely say that success is won by concentration, by perseverance, by taking pains infinitely. But how are some men able to concentrate, to take pains, to persevere more effectively than other men? How, except by their more energetic natures, which means their abundance of vitality, an abundance that must be worked off?

When we look round at the men and women we know, we see that most of them have just enough vitality to exist, to make a living, perhaps to bring up a family; and no more. The greater part of mankind are in that condition. They have not energy for any further effort; therefore they do not wish to make any further effort. The more vitality or energy which a man possesses above that amount (which enables him to exist, to earn a living, and to bring up a family), the more of a "genius" he will be, and the more "success" he will have—unless he turns his energy into a wrong channel and comes to grief. If he does not possess that amount, he will be a failure, and nothing save increasing his vitality can make him anything else.

The Ocean as Land Fertilizer

How the Ocean May be Used to Fertilize the Land
When Earth's Fertility is Exhausted

From Popular Mechanics.

Will the human race find a way to recover from the sea the vast stores of fertilizing energy which are constantly being washed away from the land? The Sargasso Sea contains an inexhaustible store of fertilizer in the form of seaweed, and it is here contended that this might be used to provide a never-decreasing supply of important fertilizing chemicals.

STUDENTS of economics have repeatedly warned that some day the fertility of the earth will be exhausted and the human race perish for lack of food. Attention is being given by constructive thinkers, however, to the problem of finding somewhere an inexhaustible store of fertilizer with which to restore plant food to the soil. The latest and in some respects the most interesting suggestion, put forward by a French scientist in Cos-

mos, is that the Sargasso Sea, that strange marine meadow of interlaced sea plants covering a vast area in mid-Atlantic between the Antilles, the Azores, and Cape Verde, may be made to renew the vitality of the farm lands of all the world.

This snarl of marine vegetation, sometimes called "the pasture ground of the seas," fills a romantic place in history and literature. Columbus sailed for a fortnight over it, thinking at first that it was merely an almost endless marsh. A migratory plant forest with an estimated area of approximately 1,600,000 square miles, it holds the wrecks of hundreds of ancient ships and trees and plants from the Amazon and Mississippi rivers. Similar tracts of floating weeds are found in the Pacific Ocean north of the Hawaiian

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Islands. There are others to the south-east of New Zealand and in the South Atlantic, extending from the Falkland Islands, south of Africa and south-west of Australia.

The algae and various other forms of water vegetation which abound in the Sargasso Sea are rich in nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potassium and magnesium sulphate, essential constituents of plant life. Besides this the seaweeds contain sodium, chlorine, iodine, and other materials beneficial to certain crops, and cellulose in quantities estimated to be greater than that obtainable from the combined forests of Scandinavia, Russia, and Canada. All these salts and substances have been washed into the sea from the land, the volume of such waste increasing annually and rapidly.

Seaweed is not an untried fertilizer for farm lands, and even when crudely used has proved of value. Gathered along the coast as it is washed ashore, piled in heaps, allowed to rot, and then plowed into the soil, it is utilized in many lands. The recent development on a commercial scale of the kelp industry, based on the extraction of potash and iodine from sea plants, has aroused further interest in the fertilizing possibilities of the sea and its products. An insight into these possibilities is given by the yield of potassium. In the case of the Pacific Ocean seaweeds, each ton of air-dried kelp gives up a minimum of 500 lb. of pure potash salts and 3 lb. of iodine, besides other by-products.

In investigating the possibilities of the industry, the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture has shown that by exercising care in harvesting the plant it will furnish the world a never-decreasing supply of important chemicals. Providing the weeds are properly cut, the growth within 60 days will equal that removed. What is true of the plants of the Pacific also is true of those of the Sargasso Sea, where their abundance is so enormous that their possible yield of necessary products is inestimable. The plan suggested for gathering these weeds entails the establishment of floating factories for cutting and temporarily drying the vegetation before it is loaded into boats and transported ashore. In being treated for fertilizing purposes it would be macerated and reduced to a paperlike pulp. After being dried by compression it would be ready for use. During this process it is possible that certain properties not needed for soil renewal could be extracted profitably. As a fertilizer, the nitrogen contained in the pulp would stimulate stalk and leaf growth of crops, phosphoric acid would mature the seeds and fruits, potash would go to the formation of carbohydrates, such as sugar and starch, while the sodium chloride would tend to hold the moisture in the earth. The ocean in this manner would be made to give up practically all the chemicals required for the nourishment of the various crops, perpetuating the fertility of the soil.

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Who Caused the War?

American Writer Concludes From Evidence that the Onus Rests With the Kaiser

From Harper's Weekly.

IT was over a quarter of a century ago before all the facts were known in regard to the causes of the war of 1870. The exact division between Germany and Austria of the responsibility for the present war may not be known for as long a time. The documents that passed between them must be published, and certain indiscretions must be uttered before we can be sure. Enough is now available, however, to show that Italy was justified when she retired from the Triple Alliance on the ground that this, on the part of Germany, and Austria together, was a war of offense. There is no doubt that the effort for peace was led by Sir Edward Grey with persistence and with skill, up to the moment when Germany declared war on Belgium for maintaining her neutrality; and there is no doubt that his efforts were in every way seconded by France and Italy, and with one reservation by Russia.

The most essential facts in the situation are these:

1. Austria is not a nation. She is a dynasty. The House of Hapsburg rules over peoples who constantly endeavor to separate. The foreign policy of that house is based on the desire to hold its dominions together. Hungary has been troublesome lately. The new Slav province of Bosnia-Herzegovina has required much repression. Serbia has grown strong and dreamed of leading the non-Russian Slavs. The Hapsburg dynasty needed for its own comfort to reduce Serbia. There are always plots and counterplots on both sides. The Austrian Government knew well ahead of the plot to assassinate King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903. It took a cynical attitude toward the murder until the world's outcry led it to express belated horror. When Serbia completed a tariff union with Bulgaria in 1905 Austria began a tariff war on Serbia. In 1906 in an effort to prove a Serbian plot against her, Austria relied on documents that were forged. The murder of the heir presumptive a few weeks ago gave Austria her next chance, and she took it.

2. Russia has made it clear before, and she made it clear this time, that she would not let a Slav state be trampled on. She had to submit the last time Austria moved, because the Japanese war was so recent. She wished to avoid war this time. Indeed, she would have been indefinitely stronger in three years than she is now. The correspondence fully shows that she accepted all the suggestions of Sir Edward Grey for a settlement and offered in Vienna any arrangement that did not mean destruction of the political independence of Serbia by Austria.

The state of mind of the German cannot yet so confidently be described. Sir Edward Grey on July 20th, urged upon the German Ambassador in London the desirability of having the expected Austrian demands as reasonable as possible. On the 23rd Grey was informed by the Austrian Ambassador to Great Britain that he supposed the Austrian ultimatum to Great Britain would contain something in the nature of a time limit. Grey urged that this point be left out of the first demands in order to let Russia cool down, and if necessary, be introduced later. Grey expressed the opinion that if as many as four great powers, Austria, France, Russia, and Germany, were engaged in a war, a complete collapse of European credit and industry would accompany or follow the struggle. Count Mensdorff merely endeavored to throw all the responsibility on Russian mobilization. Grey remarked that at such a time of difficulty it required two to keep the peace. On the same day the British Ambassador in Rome wrote that the Italian Government explained the situation by Austria's need of a "definite success." On July 24th, the British Ambassador to Russia telegraphed Grey: "President of French Republic and President of the Council cannot reach France, on their return from Russia, for four or five days, and it looks as though Austria purposely chose this moment to present their ultimatum." On the same day Sir Edward Grey urged on Germany, that Germany, Italy, France, and England should work together at St. Petersburg and Vienna in favor of moderation. The next day the Austrian Ambassador stated to Grey that the Austrian demands were not an ultimatum, but a demarche, and if not complied with the result would be not military operations but military preparations. Grey at once telegraphed this to St. Petersburg and Paris, hoping to make the situation less acute. The answer in St. Petersburg by the Minister of Foreign Affairs was that a different view came from German quarters. Also that Russia was quite ready to accept the four-power plan. Also that the obligations undertaken by Serbia in 1908, which Austria says were not carried out, were given not to Austria but to the powers. He believed Austria aimed at overthrowing the status quo in the Balkans and establishing her own hegemony there. He did not believe Germany wanted war and he thought she could be stopped by England. The next day the German Secretary of State said to the British Ambassador that "if the relations between Austria and Russia became threatening he was quite ready to fall in with Grey's

suggestion as to the four powers working in favor of moderation at Vienna and St. Petersburg?" It was the very verge of war, as everybody knew. On the same day the British Ambassador telegraphed Sir Edward Grey: "Language of press this morning leaves the impression that the surrender of Serbia is neither expected nor really desired." It is to be remembered that the most prominent newspapers are official and semi-official organs of the Government. On the same day the British representative in Serbia telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey: "I think it highly probable that the Russian Government has already urged the utmost moderation on the Servian Government."

On the same day Sir Edward Grey telegraphed to his minister in St. Petersburg that the sudden, brusque, and peremptory character of the Austrian demarche made it almost inevitable that in a very short time both Russia and Austria would have mobilized against each other. Presumably Vienna and Berlin knew the inevitability of this as well as Grey. The German Ambassador on the 25th read Grey a telegram from his Foreign Office saying that Germany had not known of the stiff Austrian terms beforehand "but that once she had launched that note Austria could not draw back," On the same day Russia urged that Austria's time limit on Serbia be prolonged to give the powers time to examine the promised data. England backed this request. The Italian Ambassador to England on this day went to see Grey, and expressed strong approval of his position. The next day the German Ambassador to Vienna expressed to the British Ambassador to Vienna the belief that Russia would not go in, as the days of Pan Slav agitation were over and a general war would reopen many matters in which Russia was interested, such as Swedish, Polish, Ruthene, Roumanian, and Persian questions. "As for Germany, she knew very well what she was about in backing Austria in this matter." On July 26th, Grey again urged his four-power conference. France and Italy accepted at once. Germany through headquarters at Berlin said it was "not practicable," although, according to the German Ambassador in London, she approved it in principle, and Russia said the arrangement was satisfactory. Grey called the attention of Austria to the fact that the British fleet was to have been dispersed that day, but as the situation had developed it could not be dispersed. At the same time he was beginning covertly to threaten Austria and Germany. He encouraged Russia. To Austria and Germany he emphasized the fact that England might be drawn in.

To Russia and France he emphasized the equally true fact that it would all depend on developments.

The Russian Ambassador at Vienna urged that the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg be given full power to continue discussion with the Russian Minister, Baron Macchio, the Austrian Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said he would submit this suggestion to the Secretary. The next day the Secretary himself gave Austria's position to the British Ambassador. "His Excellency declared that Austria-Hungary cannot delay warlike proceedings against Serbia, and would have to decline any suggestion of negotiations on basis of Serbia's reply. Prestige of Dual Monarchy was engaged, and nothing could now prevent conflict."

On the same day the German Imperial Chancellor sent word to Grey that he agreed with Austria that Austria's quarrel with Serbia was a purely Austrian concern with which Russia had nothing to do. The next day the Chancellor stated that he had just told Austria he agreed with her position about Serbia's note.

The next day the British Ambassador in Berlin telegraphed Grey that Germany was complaining of France's recalling officers on leave, while Germany was doing the same thing herself but denying it. Partial Russian mobilization was announced this day, as Austria had definitely declined direct conversations with Russia. Russia's Foreign Minister urged revival of Grey's four-power plan. He was asked if she would accept an idea that had been suggested by Italy, that Serbia might be willing to back down still further to the powers than she had to Austria, and he consented to this. He also said he did not care what form the four-power plan took. The British Ambassador in St. Petersburg telegraphed to Grey: "I fear that the German Ambassador will not help to smooth matters over, if he uses to his own Government the same language as he did to me to-day. He accused the Russian Government of endangering the peace of Europe by their mobilization, and said, when I referred to all that had been recently done by Austria, that he could not discuss such matters." On this day came the Austrian Emperor's impassioned appeal to his people.

Meantime Italy was telegraphing Berlin urging it to take part in the effort for peace.

On the 29th, Grey, talking to the German Ambassador, revived his four-power plea. "I urged that the German Government should suggest any method by which the influence of the four powers would be used to prevent war between Austria and Russia. France agreed. Italy agreed. The whole idea of mediation or mediating influence was ready to be put into operation by any method that Germany could suggest if mine was not acceptable. In fact, mediation was ready to come into operation by any method that Germany thought possible if only Germany would press the button in the interests of peace."

Then on the same day came Germany's attempt, fully familiar to the world, to buy British neutrality, promptly refused

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by Grey. On the 29th the Austrian Ambassador informed Grey the war with Serbia "must proceed." Austria could not continue to be exposed to the necessity of mobilizing again and again, as she had been obliged to do in recent years." On the same day the British, French, and Russian Ambassadors in Vienna spoke to the German Ambassador there, who expressed surprise that Servian affairs should be of such interest to Russia. The British Ambassador on the 30th telegraphed to Grey: "Unfortunately the German Ambassador is himself so identified with extreme anti-Russian and anti-Servian policy prevalent in Vienna that he is unlikely to plead the cause of peace with entire sincerity. Although I am not able to verify it, I have private information that the German Ambassador knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia before it was despatched and telegraphed it to the German Emperor. I know from the German Ambassador himself that he endorses every line of it."

Russia, on the 30th, offered to stop all military operations, if Austria, recognizing that her conflict with Serbia had assumed an international character, would declare herself ready to eliminate from her ultimatum points which violated the principle of sovereignty of Serbia.

The Germany Secretary of State stated on the 30th that he had put Grey's proposal before Austria and had received no reply.

The telegrams from Rome during these critical days indicate that Italy had been led to expect a much more conciliatory attitude in Germany. On the 31st Grey again urged his four-power plan, with elaboration, in Germany, even offering to retire from the entente with Russia and France if they did not do their full share, and indicating that if the failure was on Germany's part England would be drawn in.

On the same day the German Chancellor admitted he had heard from Vienna, about Grey's proposal, to the effect that the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs would take the wishes of the Emperor in the matter.

On the 31st Grey asked France and Germany if they would respect Belgium neutrality and he urged Belgium to uphold it herself.

On August 1st, Grey sent to Berlin a most significant telegram, indicating a sudden change in the views of Austria: "The Russian Government has communicated to me the readiness of Austria to discuss with Russia and the readiness of Austria to accept a basis of mediation which is not open to the objections raised in regard to the formula which Russia originally suggested. Things ought not to be hopeless as long as Austria and Russia are ready to converse, and I hope the German Government may be able to make use of the Russian communications referred to above, in order to avoid tension."

No document is more important than this one in the task of deciding whether Austria or Germany most desired the war. It is accompanied by the Russian telegram, which declared the readiness of

Austria to discuss with the great powers the substance of the ultimatum to Serbia.

Another document shows that the Austrian Secretary of State had called in the Russian Ambassador and urged him to explain in St. Petersburg that the door had not been closed on further negotiations.

The German Secretary of State, when confronted with all these proofs that even Austria was ready to make peace, said that Russia had explained that her mobilization did not necessarily mean war, as she could remain mobilized for months. "This was not the case with Germany. She had the speed and Russia had the numbers, and the safety of the German Empire forbade that Germany should allow Russia time to bring up masses of troops from all her wide domains."

So Germany declared war on Russia, and on France, invaded Luxemburg against her protest, and began the bloody assault on Belgium.

These facts, I think, give the critical points as they are known to-day. Probably nobody outside of the German and Austrian Governments knows more, or for a long time will know more. Everybody has here the data for his own guess. Mine is this. The Kiel Canal has just been finished. It about doubles the strength of the German navy. Social troubles in Germany are increasing. Russia's growing strength is a nightmare. Therefore it seems to the German war party to be the psychological moment. It used Austria as a cat's paw, as it has often done before. It encouraged the insulting form of the ultimatum, which fitted in with the Vienna mood. Austrian statesmen at the last moment began to realize what had been done to them as they have realized too late before. So they relented at the end. The German mind had long been made up. Its oligarchy would force the way; it would break any treaties and invade any neutrals; it would crush France, annex Belgium, beat back Russia, and then settle with Great Britain. It possessed a mighty empire of destruction, which might grow less effective, and it would use it now.

Unless to this apparently conclusive proof Germany can pin some very much more effective answer than any she has yet set forth, the moral effect will count in the long run for a great deal. It will not do to talk about "absolute knowledge" that France would have invaded Belgium if Germany had not; or that there was a secret plot between France, England, and Belgium, or that Russia was planning to crush Germany; or any other piece of absolute knowledge, for which no single bit of evidence is brought forward. These first battles are being decided largely by military efficiency and preparedness, although even in the first round the tremendous importance of moral feeling and international ethics was shown by the superb fight put up by Belgium and the delay it caused Germany, by the sudden fusion of British opinion in favor of war when Belgium was invaded, and by the neutrality of Italy. If the war goes to a second round, if it is fought out to exhaustion, those moral considerations will count far more. Every man in France

knows that he is fighting for a Government that desired peace. Every man in England knows that Sir Edward Grey struggled desperately to avoid war. Every man in Belgium knows that an unspeakable outrage was inflicted on his country by a mighty Government, ruthless of the consequences to a smaller power. Men in that mood fight long. On the other hand, when the terrible pinch of poverty is fully felt in Germany and Austria, will the ordinary German and the ordinary Austrian, as the knowledge of the causes of the war slowly filter into his mind, be prepared for as long a death grapple as those countries which can have no possible doubt that war was forced upon them, and that they are fighting for the principles of mediation and neutrality, against a standard of international conduct that the world condemns? Moreover, the citizens of England, France and Belgium know that if they are successful, peace will be established as far as possible on a basis of goodwill to all nations; whereas if Germany wins, the Prussian war party will insist upon terms intended to crush the national life of all the countries now in arms against her.

When I was a small boy I possessed a thirty-six calibre six-shooter. This weapon made a strong impression on my imagination. I had day-dreams of what heroic feats I might perform with it. One day my Newfoundland dog developed a skin disease. He was an old and valued friend, but the gardener said he ought to be shot. I had no reason to suppose the gardener knew anything about it. I was afraid, however, that if I delayed action, the dog might be killed otherwise, and I lose the opportunity to try my revolver. I went upstairs, got my revolver, found the dog asleep and shot him in the head. The bullet glanced, and I shall never forget the look of reproach he gave me as he howled and slunk away. The die was cast and then I had to finish the job. Scarcely has a month passed in all the years since then that I have not remembered this deed with horror. It was not that I was cruel. It was that my mind was affected by the pistol.

FREEZING WATER PIPES FOR REPAIR WORK.

Although the freezing of water pipes is ordinarily avoided, pipe-extension work has been simplified somewhat by intentional freezing. When it is wished to tap a main in order to branch a lead from it, the usual method is to turn off the water. This often deprives temporarily a large number of consumers of water and causes general inconvenience. To overcome this a new system has been employed which consists of freezing the main on both sides of the point at which the tapping is to be made. This forms two ice stoppers in the main, allowing the work to go ahead and at the same time not causing the water supply to be cut off. While the work is in progress the frozen points are maintained at low temperatures. The apparatus used in the process is similar in design and principle to that employed in freezing sand in tunneling.



View of Grounds and Lake, Canadian National Exhibition.

The Canadian National Exhibition

A Retrospection of the World's Greatest Fair—Despite the Handicap of Unsettled Conditions, due to the War, the Exhibition was as Great and Successful as Ever

Had the directors of Toronto's big exhibition been aware sooner of the conditions that have thrown nations of the old world into such disruption they, would no doubt have given this year's exhibition a different appellation than "Peace Year," but despite what appeared a mocking misnomer, to Canadians, the blessings of one hundred years of peace which Canada has enjoyed were only more strongly emphasized by contrast with the conditions inflicted upon those countries under the throes of the ravaging system of militarism gone mad.

Canadian optimism and enterprise could not, however, be downed by the gloom of war, and in consequence the Canadian National Exhibition came through with flying colors and the splendid achievement of last year was in every respect maintained this year, except in the attendance.

It is particularly for the benefit of those who were unable to attend that the chief features and some of the useful attractions are described. For those who visited the exhibition there may be some things herewith detailed which escaped their notice as it is impossible in one day or even a week to take in anything but a smattering of the many things of interest, so attractively brought out and made accessible for the enlightenment of the public through the industrial and mechanical exhibits. It is a matter of congratulation that these exhibits are becoming the chief attractions as well as the most educative factor of this great Fair.

In Toronto's exhibition grounds this year there were epitomised the greatest productions of man's

brain, not only in the industries, but in inventions even to the greatest of achievements of man's ingenuity—the aeroplane; in art and in oratory for at no other time has this Fair had such a notable gathering of Canadian men, mighty in a word as in deed. The produce from the soil showed a gratifying and marked advance in quality over last year's showing. The livestock department though less extensive than in previous years maintained, and in some cases surpassed in quality, any previous years' exhibits.

After even a casual glance over the various departments of soil industry and manufacture, the visitor could not feel anything but optimistic for Canada's future. Nor have Canadian manufacturers been slow to recognize their opportunities as was evidenced by the numbers of booths displaying Canadian manufactured products. These were of such a high standard in construction and workmanship that any fears of Canada's ability to meet the displacement of imported goods were quickly dispelled. Readers of MacLean's Magazine will find a double interest in reading over what the camera depicts and the pen portrays about these various industrial and technical exhibits from which so much knowledge and practical benefit can be gleaned.

Furthermore, the reader will be able to get in touch with these firms for further particulars regarding any of the articles exhibited in which he or she may be interested as a purchaser and by writing to the firms here mentioned will be able to buy just as if they paid a visit to the exhibit in person.

Connell-Ott Company

A New development in economical and dainty cookery was demonstrated by the Connell-Ott Company at the Exhibition this year. Under present conditions

ing results and trifling expense. If you cannot secure *Snow Mellow* from your dealer, mail us 25c for package containing enough fillings for five two-layer cakes or



of the cost of living the housekeeper finds the prices of eggs for baking an item on her market bill to be considered seriously; yet if she is to have cakes, frostings or any of the dainty desserts it is impossible to get along without egg-white or egg albumen in some form. The Connell-Ott Company have solved this problem by manufacturing *Snow Mellow*, an egg substitute composed entirely of egg albumen and vegetable compounds, which, made up in cake fillings and icings had the attention of every woman passing the booth. The *Snow Mellow* preparations were so light, fluffy, and delicious, and the company's principle of good taste and cleanliness so well carried out in decorating the booth with lavender and white bunting and Union Jacks, that this was one of the most attractive exhibits shown.

The economy of using *Snow Mellow* is easily seen when we consider that one spoonful of the compound is equal to the whites of six eggs, a fact not at all incredible since eighty-five per cent. of an egg-white is water. One spoonful of the dry powder beaten up with one-third of a cup of luke-warm water will ice and fill a cake. It can be sweetened and flavored as desired, will brown in the oven just like an egg meringue, or if left uncooked will set and remain stiff for days. With each can of *Snow Mellow* the buyer received a book of recipes prepared by a teacher of domestic science, telling how to use it in place of whipped cream, to make candies, boiled icings, russes, creams and fruit whips, pie fillings, and a number of dainty and new desserts, with most pleas-

five family-size desserts. Connell-Ott Company, 401 Kent Building, Toronto.

THE Connell-Ott Company also had an excellent exhibit of Bass-Island Grape Juice on the grounds. The two

types of non-alcoholic wine were shown, namely, the Catawba, which was so crystal clear and sparkling as to command the attention of every visitor, and the Dark Concord juice which is so rich, heavy and nutritious as to be really a food and medicine rather than a light beverage. Visitors were frequently heard to ask the reason for this difference, and the explanation was so direct as to show clearly the purity and tonic qualities of the products.

In the process of making either grape juice, the grapes are first run through a grinder. In making the Dark Concord, the grapes are ground juice and all, then run into a large kettle and heated, which extracts all the meaty substance and color from beneath the skin of the grape. This heated pumace, juice and all is then dumped into the press and squeezed out. In making the Catawba grape juice this heating process is eliminated, consequently when the unheated, ground grapes are pressed there is little color and meaty substance drawn from beneath the skin, and a light clear juice is the result. The process of pasteurizing is exactly the same in each case. It simply rests with the consumer whether he wants a light refreshing beverage or a rich nutritious food.

As a beverage to serve at social functions the Catawba grape juice cannot be too highly recommended. Its attractive appearance, and its high natural acidity make it even more popular for this purpose than the Dark Concord. The reason for the superior quality, the clear color and the delicate flavor is readily understood after seeing the Connell-Ott manufacturing plant. The majority of grape-juices are produced by running the juice from the press into large steam jacketed kettles, which large body of juice must be heated to almost 200 degrees, in order to



get every particle thoroughly sterilized. It must also be stirred continually to prevent scorching so a great deal of the flavor must be carried off with the steam and vapor.

The Connell-Ott Company use an aluminum vacuum pasteurizer which consists of a series of small aluminum pipes passing through a steam drum, so that the juice when it leaves the press passes through the pasteurizing temperature of 172 degrees in a fine stream with scarcely any exposure to the air. These beverages are chemically pure and wholesome with a high degree of natural acidity and capable of being made into a variety of delicious drinks.

The Planet Bicycle Company

VISITORS to the Exhibition had an excellent opportunity of seeing the perfection that has been arrived at in the manufacture of bicycles. The continued popularity of the bicycle as a means of travel and recreation is largely due to this mechanical perfection. The Planet Bicycle Co. are the pioneers of the bicycle industry in Canada. For nearly twenty-five years this firm has been satisfying the Canadian public with high-grade bicycles so that to-day the Planet wheels have a wide popularity. The integrity of the Planet Bicycle is so well established that numbers of wheel enthusiasts send their orders over the telephone satisfied that they will get perfect satisfaction. Their exhibit displayed various types of bicycles all made in Canada, which were particularly commented upon for their lightness, perfection of finish and workmanship and easy-running qualities. If you are contemplating the purchase of a wheel it will be to your advantage to write or visit the

Planet Bicycle Co.'s showrooms at 69 and 71 Queen street east, Toronto, Canada.

They will be glad to send a catalogue of prices.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

IT was fitting that the exhibit of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited, should have occupied a con-

was not surprising to see so much interest given to the Goodyear exhibit.

To the uninitiated, there appears to



spicuous place in the Transportation Building, as this building was devoted to automobile and accessory exhibits. The right tire equipment has such a great influence on the amount of pleasure and service derived from an automobile, that it

be little difference between one kind of tire and another; but Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires have four exclusive features, which are to be found in no other tire.

The first of these exclusive features, absolutely ends rim-cutting. The Goodyear Company controls the only feasible way of eliminating this trouble. It involves one hundred and twenty-six braided piano wires in the base of each tire. This method is controlled by secrecy.

To save blow-outs, these tires alone get the extra "On-Air" curve which adds to the cost of manufacture tremendously. However, it reduces the risk of blow-outs caused by wrinkled fabric to a minimum.

To combat tread separation, the Goodyear Company paid \$50,000 for the patent rights to a process which is used by them alone. During vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed in the tire at the point where tread separation usually takes place. This process reduces the danger of loose treads by 60 per cent.

The fourth exclusive feature is the All-Weather Tread. This tread is tough, it is double thick, it is as smooth riding as a plain tread. But it grasps wet roads in a resistless way with countless small, sharp-edged grips.

Although no other automobile tire can offer any of these features, the Goodyear tire is not high-priced. In fact it is lower in price than eighteen other Canadian and American-made tires. The Goodyear Company has issued a series of eighteen bulle-



tins which should be in the hands of every motorist. These bulletins describe the reasons tires sometimes go wrong and prescribe a remedy in each case. This series

of bulletins is sent free to any automobile owner upon request to the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited, 152 Simcoe street, Toronto.

Furniture Company to offer suggestions respecting the artistic furnishing of a home as well as to manufacture the furniture. They have an advisory bureau which is always ready to assist with practical suggestions in the suitable decorating and furnishing of homes, and on request will send out booklets on the subject of period furniture. Those interested would do well to write the Toronto Furniture Company at their address 163-187 Dufferin street, Toronto.

Toronto Furniture Company

ONE of the educative features of the Canadian National Exhibition was the display of furnished rooms shown

ported from the famous old English potteries. This idea is after the style used by Robert and James Adam in the deco-



by the Toronto Furniture Company, made up in accordance with the best taste of different historic periods. In material, workmanship and artistic beauty, these rooms would have stood the test of the most severe critic of house furnishings.

The dining-room suite was of solid mahogany, after the design of Hepplewhite (1775-1800), one of the group to which Chippendale, Sheraton and the Brothers Adam belonged. A notable Hepplewhite characteristic, namely, the Prince of Wales feathers, has been worked out most effectively in this suite. An innovation in the form of a fern box, added to the set, received a great deal of attention from visitors. Embodying all the distinguishing characteristics of Hepplewhite design, its decided novelty imparted a pleasing individual touch to the display. The tall, quaint, ornamented knife urns and wine cooler heighten the antique effect, while the cutlery cabinet was sufficiently interesting to keep women looking at it all day. The entire suite, historically correct in every detail, was inlaid with satinwood and ebony. Further, it was *solid mahogany*; and be it noted when the Toronto Furniture Company says "*solid mahogany*" it carries out the customer's interpretation of the term, which means that no substitute woods are used in the sides and backs of drawers, and other hidden parts that invite deception.

The bedroom gave a charming example of Louis XVI furniture in Circassian Walnut. The beautiful matching of the wood, the decorative harmony, the artistic completeness in every line were a delight to the connoisseur. Even the draw-pulls were of French Gilt, hand-carved and chased, with medallions of Wedgwood im-

ration of interior compositions now to be found in English manor houses of the eighteenth century. The bed canopy of silk poplin in a silver blue to match the wallpaper and hanging was a marked feature in keeping with the period. The high-boy or chiffonier with roomy trays and drawers, the graceful design of the writing desk and dressing table, the broad oval front dresser, and tall vanity glass, gave the display an air of dignity and elegance difficult to describe.

After seeing these rooms, the public will be convinced of the ability of the Toronto

Renfrew Electric Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

Made in Canada Products.

NUMEROUS visitors were attracted to the exhibit of Renfrew Electric Mfg. Co. Housewives were particularly interested in the display of Electric Irons, Toasters, Coffee Percolators, Warmers, etc. The utility of these convinced many a housewife that she could not afford to be without these conveniences.

The Renfrew Products are made in Canada and they compare most favorably with imported goods not only in quality of workmanship and finish, but in general utility and economy.

The Canadian Beauty Electric Irons met with popular favor and many orders for this iron were taken at the exhibit. After seeing its convenience and ironing qualities demonstrated one could not resist purchasing. This iron is built for service and convenience and is made in such a way that the heat is evenly distributed over the whole ironing surface, thus accomplishing the greatest amount of



ironing with the least current. This iron is guaranteed for all time.

The *Electric Dish Stove* is beautifully finished, very near and especially designed for use in place of the ordinary cooking stove. Very handy for the sick-room and convenient for a quick lunch. Cooks better than the ordinary stove and is operated at very low cost.

The *Electric Toasters* received a great deal of attention. The toasters displayed

will actually toast two slices each for a family of six in ten or twelve minutes. The beauty and strength of these toasters and the features of convenience such as the top of toaster for keeping the toast or coffee hot, were much commented upon.

Those who were unable to see these electrical devices can get full particulars and prices with detailed illustrations by writing to the Renfrew Electric Manufacturing Co., Limited, Renfrew, Ont.

was one feature that left a very favorable impression. This swivel joint is unique with all "Invincible machines" and is a great convenience. With this swivel the operator can get around the legs of furniture and in and out of corners with the greatest ease. Low furniture is no detriment, the swivel enables to reach under places impossible with the rigid rod. Housewives and janitors were quick to see the advantages of this "Invincible" feature. People unable to visit the Exhibition or who failed to see these "Invincible" machines demonstrated may have a demonstration in their own home without being put to the slightest obligation. Just write the Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., and ask for their booklets or for demonstration. The address is The Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., Ltd., 81 Peter street, Toronto.



The Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co.

A GREAT deal of interest was centred upon the Electric Vacuum Cleaners displayed at the unique exhibit of the Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co. At the exhibit there were various types of cleaners displayed, some suitable for the modern hotels, the Skyscraper Office Building and the Apartment Mansions. These cleaning machines, based upon the only scientific principle of vacuum cleaning—the centrifugal fan met with a general approval. Visitors were impressed with the simplicity of these cleaners. These machines, of portable and stationary types embodied some special features that make them the foremost cleaner in Canada. Outstanding among these features is the construction of the cleaners, there being only two wearing parts, no valves, bellows or pumps to get out of order. A very noticeable feature of these machines was their comparative noiselessness. That these machines *literally eat dirt* was satisfactorily demonstrated. Dirt on the floor underneath the carpet is actually taken right up, making the carpets and rugs as clean underneath as on the surface. The suction of these "Invincible" machines is so even and steady that they will clean the most delicate fabric without the slightest injury.

Housewives were particularly taken up with the "Baby" Invincible cleaner and the slogan, "Ask to see our Baby" aroused curiosity which was gratified by seeing one of these cleaners demonstrated. The

lightness, simplicity and thoroughness of the "Baby" Invincibles with their moderate cost made many sales. These "Baby" cleaners are the very last word in electric cleaners for the home and embody all the improved ideas in vacuum cleaning leaving out all the disadvantages of the older makes. The swivel joint in the hand rod

The Adams Furniture Company

WHAT modern scientific industry is doing to improve and lighten housework was featured strongly in the Adams Furniture Company's display of Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets at the Canadian National Exhibition. The efficient housekeeper is always planning her kitchen to save steps, among other things she realizes that an appreciable part of her time each day is spent in carrying things to and from the table where the work of preparing a meal is actually done. An inventor realized this, too, and the outcome was the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet, which is more than just a handsome piece of kitchen furniture. It is a food supply pantry, a tool and utensil cupboard, and a sanitary kitchen table, grouped together so that the worker can stand, or better, sit before the table and reach any-



thing she wants for her work without taking a step.

The pantry part is roomy and arranged to store conveniently any number of packages needed in ordinary house-keeping. In addition, the flour, sugar, tea, coffee, spices and other supplies needed every day are kept ready in compartments, labeled and arranged conveniently before the worker. The tools are provided for in the same way. Little things used often have a special place where they can be reached easily. A sliding shelf brings out the back part of the pot and pan cupboard. Metal-lined drawers are at one side for cereals, kitchen linen, and for keeping bread and cake. An ingenious food guide with a dial face suggests balanced, economical menus for every season of the year, and a want list and bill

file helps to keep tab on supplies and grocery bills. This may give some idea of the convenience of a Hoosier cabinet.

A thorough examination, however, proves that these cabinets stand for more than convenience. They are built of solid oak to endure hard wear. To prevent warping all panels, bottoms and slides are of "three-ply" construction. The corners are braced with steel bars. Every Hoosier has passed forty examinations, so in buying one you are saved all risk of a costly experiment in your own home.

During the Fair the Adams Company gave away to really interested women a very interesting book by Mrs. Christine Frederic, associate editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, entitled, "You and Your Kitchen." This we understand may be obtained free by writing the Adams Co. in Toronto.

to clean and polish a hardwood floor, or to stand on a chair to dust the moulding or to move heavy furniture to clean under it. It is a long-handled and heavily padded mop. It slides easily between the stair banisters, into the far corners under the bed, beneath the radiator, or over the doors and window frames. Hard rubbing



The O-Cedar Mop

The Channel-Chemical Company

AN excellent demonstration in up-to-date housekeeping efficiency was given at the Channel-Chemical Company's stand at the exhibition. It was clearly shown that the work of keeping a house clean and shining can be cut down to about half by the use of O-Cedar Polish and an O-Cedar Mop. For the interest of visitors these were used on the floor, on highly polished furniture, and on mirrors, with results that seemed marvelous to those who did not understand the chemical make-up of the polish or who did not already know its value as part of their own housekeeping equipment. When we get at the inwardness of O-Cedar goods, however, there is nothing so remarkable about what they can do.

The polish is a vegetable compound for cleaning and polishing all painted, var-

nished and finished woodwork. Being a purely vegetable compound it mixes freely with water, giving a high, hard, durable finish instead of the hazy, gummy, sticky surface left by mineral polishes. Because it is free from all grease, it is absorbed by the varnish, becoming a real varnish food and preserver. From the standpoint of cleanliness, O-Cedar has a distinct advantage over other polishes in that it absolutely prevents the breeding of germs, a feature which is partly responsible for its wide use in cleaning woodwork and floors in hospitals and public halls.

In order that the polish might be used on woodwork, floors and furniture without the old-fashioned, back-breaking, muscle-aching manipulation, the O-Cedar Polish Mop was invented. With this it is not necessary to get down on your knees

is not necessary. Wherever the mop passes, a good lustre is left and the dust is gathered up and held. This is where O-Cedar cleaning has another marked superiority over the dry dusting. The dust is not just removed from one place to mix with the air and settle somewhere else. It sticks tight to the mop; even after cleaning a floor the same mop will polish a plate-glass mirror without leaving a streak, and the dirt is only removed from the fibre when the mop-head is slipped from the handle and washed out on the washboard.

The demonstrator at this exhibit gave an interesting object lesson in saving unnecessary motions in doing housework. Instead of taking one cloth to dust the woodwork, another to clean the floor, and then going over it all a second time to polish, using a great deal of unnecessary elbow grease, the whole room was dusted, cleaned and polished in one operation with the O-Cedar Mop. It is needless to say that the saving of time as well as energy was a matter worth consideration. Before being used, the mop-head was allowed to stand for a few hours in a box containing a little of the liquid polish. In this way it absorbs enough to do the work without any waste. At the price at which the Channel-Chemical Company are selling these goods, they make one of the most economical labor-savers ever put on the market for housekeepers in the city or on the farm.

O-Cedar Mop & O-Cedar Polish

SAVES 80% OF LABOR SOLVES THE DUST PROBLEM

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO. Limited, TORONTO Ont.

Besides its use in the house, *O-Cedar Polish* has no equal for cleaning carriages, and automobile beds, seats and tops, or for removing grease from gears, cylinders

Builders or interested parties can get full particulars and catalogues by writing to Batts Limited, (West) Toronto, Ont., Canada.



and chassis. It is a great deal less expensive and easier to apply than a new coat of varnish and after seeing it used on a mahogany piano case, leaving a surface like a mirror, you have every assurance of certain results. A letter addressed to the Channel-Chemical Company, 369 Sorauren avenue, Toronto, will bring any reader further information concerning *O-Cedar* goods.

Batts Limited

THE exceptional exhibit of Batts Limited, situated at the south-east corner of the Process Building, well exemplifies the spirit of Canadian enterprise, and their display of interior woodwork, artistic wood paneling, verandah columns, pine and hardwood doors was, deservedly, one of the outstanding features of the exhibition.

Batts Limited have had a long experience in catering to the requirements of the building trade throughout the Dominion and the standard they have maintained in the high-grade material and workmanship used for their products is largely responsible for their pronounced success and well established reputation. Their factory is equipped with the most modern machinery and has every facility for turning out a high grade product perfected to the smallest detail.

Many Canadian public buildings as well as residences further testify to the skill of this company in making high-grade doors, artistic columns, newels, stairs, and panelling. The making of pergolas is a particular specialty of this company so that many gardens in Canada have been enriched with their artistic creations.

tional Exhibition. The booth was decorated with red, white and green bunting with a background wall made of packages of the corn flakes. All around the front were white enameled serving counters where girls dressed in the garb of the "Sweetheart of the Corn" served samples of the cereal to hundreds of visitors every hour. Whether it was due to the picturesque make-up of the display, or just the irresistible qualities of the corn flakes, this was one of the most popular stands at the Fair.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are no new thing in the homes of Canada or the United States, and their lasting popularity speaks well for the ingenuity of the manufacturers in finding an inviting way to present to the consumer one of the most wholesome and nutritious foods grown. An old American food authority says: "With a diet of corn-bread and pork, the men of this country are capable of enduring the greatest fatigue and performing the greatest amount of work." Modern scientists do not prescribe this straight bill-of-fare now, but they are still agreed about the corn. Dr. Hutchinson says: Ripened corn is not only a highly nutritious cereal from the chemist's point of view, but has the further advantage of being very well digested in the human body. It is also an economical food." Further speaking of corn flakes, the only prepared breakfast food made from ripened corn, he says: "Corn Flakes consist of cooked maize which has been treated with malt-honey, dried, rolled, and baked. It is a most nutritious and digestible breakfast food." The Kellogg's Corn Flakes make one of the staples of the dietary of the Battlecreek Sanatorium.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes Co.

A STRIKING exhibit was given at the booth of the Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes Company at the Canadian Na-



From the standpoint of the layman, however, it is the delightfully crisp, appetizing, satisfying qualities rather than the food value, that give Toasted Corn Flakes a regular appearance at the breakfast table. To the housekeeper they mean all this and more—a convenient, prepared food, always ready for use without the long cooking required by ordinary cereals; and a safe, wholesome food for children.

The neat attractive display at the Exhibition booth is just the care and cleanliness of the Kellogg's factory showing outside. Perhaps this has had something to do with the marvelous growth in the

sales of this company. A plant of double capacity has had to work to the limit, during the last three years to meet the increasing demand. Something of the spirit of the company was in evidence at the Exhibition in its liberal treatment of the public. It knows the merit of the product, and that the only thing necessary to establish a big market is to let the public test the goods for themselves. It welcomes inspection and thorough examination of the product because it is not only giving honest value, but doing some practical philanthropy in the pure food campaign.

variety of beautiful designs, and a rare stock of handkerchiefs, plain hemstitched, with corner embroiders or made up with the finest of Irish lace, these just begin



to give an idea of the extent of the company's manufactures. The designs in every piece are exquisite and the work perfect in every stitch. In table damasks the variety of the company's patterns run up into the thousands, so the purchaser has no difficulty in getting something individual. The shamrock trademark woven in the corner of every piece is a recognized mark of quality.

So it is no wonder the "Shamrock" linens are known the world over. They have won gold medals at Belfast, London, Paris, St. Louis and in world-wide competitions in other cities. All the manufacturing from spinning the thread to bleaching the woven linen and making the lace and embroiders is done on their own premises in Ireland where the industry has the most skilled and comparatively inexpensive labor. Hence with the experience of one hundred years' standing they can supply this country with a higher class of goods than any other

manufacturer has to offer.

The John S. Brown & Sons, Ltd., do business with the retail trade of Canada from coast to coast. Orders are filled from Belfast or from Toronto stock which comprises a complete range of the entire manufactures. Shipments are being received from Belfast just as regularly as before the war, and the stock is now complete with a full range of goods for the holiday trade. The company issue a catalogue to the trade, giving prices and illustrating patterns. Any dealer can obtain one of these by writing to W. H. Baker, Canadian representative of John S. Brown & Sons, Ltd., 84 Wellington street west, Toronto.

The John S. Brown & Sons Ltd.

It is safe to say that no woman visitor to the Exhibition missed the attractive white showcase sprinkled over with green shamrocks, that held the exhibit of Irish linens made by the John S. Brown & Sons, Ltd., of Belfast. The hand-embroidered pieces, and those trimmed with Irish crochet lace backed with green paper and tied with green ribbon were, in themselves beautiful enough to command the admiration at the first glance, but a close examination of the goods would delight the visitor for hours at a time.

It would be impossible for the company in the limits of an exhibition display to give the public any adequate idea of the variety of goods they manufacture, but the superior quality of linen, the artistic designing and the flawless workmanship was evidenced in every article. The company does not cater to the trade but manufactures only

ered patterns, lace-edges or lace insertions. These fancy linens include everything required in the best furnished homes, tablecloths, and luncheon sets in all sizes, nap-



kins, doilies, centerpieces, five-o'clock tea cloths, bedspreads and dresser covers. The tablecloths with beautiful patterns of hand-embroidery in circular and corner designs, with Irish crochet and Baby Irish lace insertion were decidedly handsome. The bedspreads and dresser covers of sheer and heavy linens in delicate hand-embroidered patterns, some with handkerchief taping, others with Baby Irish insertion and drawn work, were fine enough for a queen's boudoir. Guest towels with embroidered initials and Irish lace or insertion, initialed pillow cases with hemstitched or scalloped edges, daintily embroidered baby towels and carriage pillows, doilies in an endless



the best quality of material in damask, plain linens, huckaback and an exclusive range of fancy linens with hemstitched or scalloped borders, with hand-embroid-

Norton Telephone Company

AN exhibit that was of much interest was that of the Norton Telephone Company of Toronto which was located in

suite letter boxes were shown in many arrangements, styles and finishes. Janitor's switchboards, suite and trade telephones



The exhibit, as we have said, was a very complete one. On one wall of the booth was set up a Norton system specially designed for apartment houses. electrical door-openers were also shown. This particular apparatus attracted more than usual attention because of its special design, its artistic appearance and reasonable cost.

On another wall of the booth was shown a full line of intercommunicating telephones of all kinds—magneto, central energy and the automatic, the latter being specially preferable for larger installations requiring fifteen or more telephones. This exhibit included their very latest designs in this line.

Upon the third wall of the booth were shown hotel switchboards, annunciators of all kinds, loud ringing bells, dry cells, storage batteries and rectifying sets, Phone-Eze telephone brackets and electrical apparatus of all descriptions.

It would seem to be a very reasonable conclusion, taking into consideration the Norton record of twenty-five years' experience and the very up-to-date and complete character of the above lines, that the Norton Telephone Company is the firm with which to do business if you are equipping an apartment house, an office building, a departmental institution, a factory, a residence or any place of business with telephone service.

The Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co.

THE Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co., of Niagara Falls, Ont., manufacturers of foot specialties and particularly of

the Process Building. It included the very latest equipment in intercommunicating telephones of all kinds. A visitor did not have to spend much time to satisfy himself that the exhibit was not only very complete, but that everything shown was of the highest quality and that installations could be designed to suit any special conditions.

The name Norton has been connected with the telephone business in Canada almost as long as the name Bell, for the Norton business was established in 1888, and as a result of these many years of successful business, Norton systems are to be found in all leading centres from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

When installing a telephone system in an expensive modern building it is important to not only select the best equipment that is to be obtained, but to make sure that the work of installation is done by capable and experienced workmen. The Norton Telephone Company with its twenty-five years' experience, with the most up-to-date guaranteed equipment at reasonable cost, with its valuable references from hosts of satisfied customers including the finest bank buildings, largest and most modern apartment houses, leading hotels and hospitals, latest and most up-to-date schools and colleges, enterprising business offices and factories and high-priced residences, the Norton Telephone Company would certainly seem to offer the most reliable equipment; and Vestibule sets, including telephones and

of every type and finish, together with the best possible and safest workmanship.



Arch Supports for the human foot, displayed their products very attractively. A demonstrator was in charge of the booth to enlighten the public with regard to the efficiency of their many foot specialties which are obtainable in all first-class shoe stores.

The First-aid Foot Restur, which was demonstrated, is a patented orthopedic appliance for the foot, constructed of two plates of german silver which bridges the ligaments and tendons that have become stretched and strained by being overburdened by overweight caused often by walking or standing on hard floors, cement pavements, and from other various causes. Weak arches if neglected usually result in flat foot, pain in the heel, heaving, burning, caloused spots on the ball of the foot, under the side of the great toe, cause bunions on the great toe or just back of the small toe. Cramping of the toes, excessive perspiration of the feet are instantly and positively relieved by wearing Arrowsmith First Aid Foot Restur.

Arrowsmith First Aid Foot Restur is so constructed that it will fit any shoe. No larger size shoe being required and may be adjusted by the wearer to conform to any shape or condition of the foot by swinging the upper plate out by use of an ordinary buttonhook and bending the upper plate up or down over the edge of a table or chair until it has the proper elevation to suit the condition of the foot. All first-class shoe dealers are equipped with the Arrowsmith Arch Prop Machine which ensures proper fitting of the Arrowsmith Arch Prop.

They are the pioneer manufacturers of arch supports and have greatly extended their line by adding First Aid to the Feet Foot Resturs, Heel-Cushions, Bunion Shields, Toe Strates, Food Powder, etc. Their display was strictly for advertising purposes in which the public was referred to respective shoe dealers as the Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co. are the only manufacturers of foot specialties who merchandize their goods to shoe dealers only, who are equipped with the fitting facilities thus ensuring proper correction of foot troubles and their permanent relief.

Their souvenir miniature arch support pins, enclosed in a humorous folder, to-

gether with blotters and other advertising matter, were greatly sought after thus giving their demonstrator a splendid

opportunity to show the line to advantage. This literature will be gladly mailed to address.

Nugget Polish Company, Limited

THE Nugget Polish Company's exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition, a photograph of which appears on this page was quite an attraction, and excellent sales were recorded.

It is no idle boast on the part of this company when they state they are the largest manufacturers of shoe polishes in the world. Their products brighten and whiten the boots and shoes of six continents and two hemispheres, and their reputation is world-wide. A world-wide

strives after—that sense of comfort from an easy shoe—that feeling that your shoes will last longer because there are no injurious elements in the polish, are all derived from the purchase of a 10c tin.

When you take a railway journey and get your ticket it is often worth while to pay \$1 extra for the parlor car. It makes all the difference between comfort and discomfort does it not? Similarly when you buy a new pair of shoes it is always worth while to buy a tin of "Nugget" as

well, because it will ensure those shoes being kept in good condition all the journey—good in appearance and comfortable and easy in wearing.

Two years ago, owing to the company's unique position as the largest buyers of raw material in the world in their particular line, they were enabled to considerably increase the size of their tin, thus giving the consumer the benefit of a larger quantity for the same price. It has always been the policy of the Nugget Company to give as much as they can for what they get instead of getting as much as they can for what they give.

At a time like the present when all eyes in Canada are turned to the Mother Country, it is interesting to know that enough men to form a company of the Territorials have

gone from the factory in London, Eng., on active service.

Meantime the active service that is being rendered by the "Nugget Polishes" to your shoes will be continued if you will when ordering shoe polish be sure to say "Nugget please."

The "Golden" All-Metal Weather Strip Co.

A DEMONSTRATOR was kept busy at the booth of the above company showing interested visitors the unique advant-



reputation is not easily built up. It requires years of arduous and unremitting toil, of careful management, of brilliant advertising, but it requires most of all a good sound honest article. And this article the Nugget Company possess. For rendering the leather soft, pliable, brilliant and waterproof there are few to compare with it, and none to equal it.

The millions who use "Nugget" every day do so because it gives satisfaction, performs every promise, and emerges triumphantly from every test.

Have you ever thought how much depends on shoe polish—that well groomed appearance that every man or woman



ages of the All-Metal Weather Strip and Window Slide. This weather strip is "The Twentieth Century Substitute for Storm Sash." Primarily a weather strip is used solely to guard against the discomforts of a hard winter, but to-day a metal weather strip not only replaces the old out-of-date storm window, but also as an *all-year-round* means of keeping out draughts dust, dirt and soot.

The "Golden" Weather Strip gives absolute protection against cold and makes a saving of at least 25 per cent. on fuel consumption. The "Golden" Strip is distinguished from ordinary makes by several special features. As an instance: it is the only interlocking, all-metal strip on the market; the only strip that allows for shrinkage, swelling or warping of the sash without binding or interference. With the Golden Strip the annoyance of rattling windows is eliminated. It is invisible. Indestructible, after first installation no further attention is required. Visitors who saw the utility and effectiveness of these "Golden" Strips will never again tolerate the storm window annoyances. Windows can be opened for ventilation or cleaning at any time. While at the same time they afford all the advantages of the storm window without any single feature of objection. Persons who were unable to see their exhibit should write for interesting booklet to R. K. Woodard, sole Canadian agent, 307 1/2 Clinton street, Toronto.

Wm. Rennie Co., Limited

THE maxim that one's works should prove their words is evidently the keynote of the Wm. Rennie Company, the old well-known firm of Canadian seedsmen. The evidence of their faith in their seeds lay in their splendid exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition.

This firm tests their own seed at several farms through the country as well as on their own at Long Branch, Ont. Their success in developing strains of hardy and prolific Field Roots has been phenomenal. Around the sides of their exhibit were arranged samples of Mangels,

Turnips, Beets, Onions, Carrots, Squash, Pumpkin, Sugar Beets, and Montreal Musk Melon, all of this season's growth. In every case the products were larger than the great bulk of the average products of the field at the end of the growing period several weeks later.

Farmers and feeders were particularly attracted to their Mangels. The Giant Yellow Half Long, the Golden Tankard, the Perfection Mammoth Long Red, the Yellow Leviathan and the Leviathan and Jumbo Sugar Beets, each had their merits and doubtless under their individual conditions would make any arguments as to their relative feeding values.

The Turnips were particularly attractive in that they had obtained so great a size at a time when Field Turnips are supposed to be beginning to size up for the final season's work. Even the Aberdeen Purple Top compared well with the Improved Greystone, the Purple Top Mammoth and the Selected White Globe in size and apparently splendidly constituted flesh.

This has been a good year for Onions where the soil was suitable. Big stories are being told at many centres of the success in raising this vegetable. Rennie's Red, Yellow and White Globe Onions were individually perfect. Special mention must be made of the Montreal Melons, now so justly famous in Canada. Several big beauties grown from Decarie's seed were on exhibition. White Wave Oats, Carrots, Squash, Frame Cucumbers and Sugar Beets were also attractive members of the group.

Above all and decorating the whole display with form and color, were the Giant Crego Asters, dignified Gladioli, faultlessly perfect Dahlias of splendid variation in bloom and development. The developments in the big Asters seems to progress each year. Rennie's have made a special feature of this work and many visitors were attracted to the splendid display.

Another feature of the Rennie firm that is one of the strongest forces at play in their business, is the unfailing courtesy and kindness under all circumstances. No matter what comes or goes, any customer who drops into their offices meets with a pleasant smile and sympathetic hearing to their needs and wishes. This was well exemplified by the young man in charge



of this exhibit. It was his business to assist people and his enthusiasm and genial face made the setting of Asters and Gladioli as attractive to the public as sugar to a honey bee.

The Wm. Rennie Company, Toronto,

would be pleased to send anyone their Catalogue of Dutch Bulbs now and a copy of their Seed Catalogue when issued in January next.

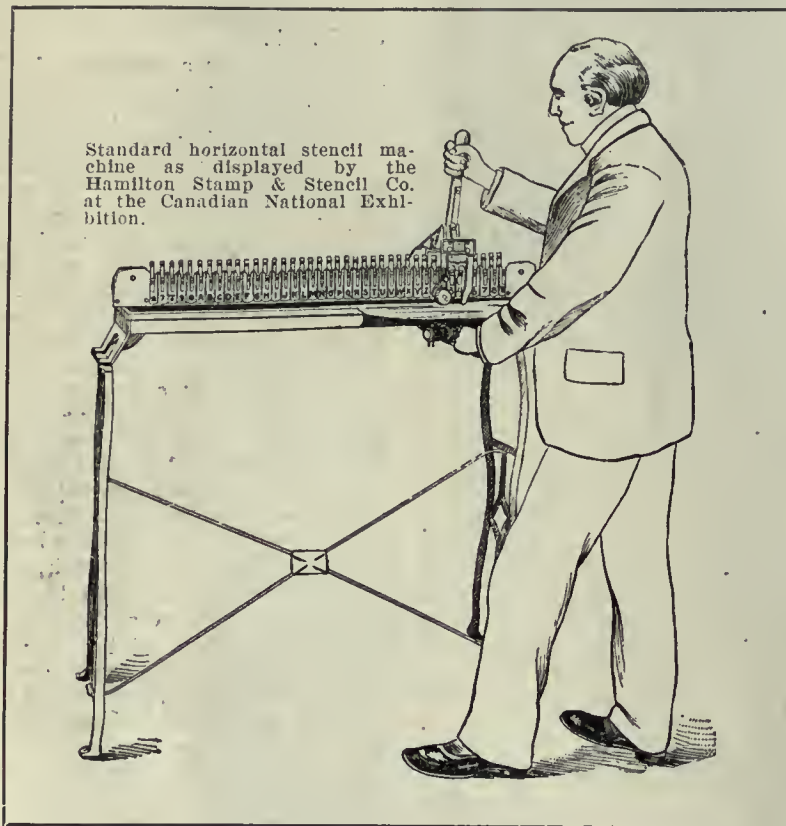
They maintain important branches at Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

The Hamilton Stamp and Stencil Works, Limited

AMONG the many ingenious labor-saving devices at the Exhibition this year, none attracted more favorable attention than the *Standard Horizontal Bradley Stencil Machine*. Merchants and manufacturers who are ever alert for opportunities to increase the efficiency of their shipping department were quick to see the advantages of this machine.

lays makes it a valuable asset in factory, store or warehouse where the shipping of goods is essential.

The *Standard Horizontal* is not the only style *Bradley* but for work where speed is imperative it is most advantageous. The *Bradley* is for cutting stencils from a prepared stencil board which is very durable and will cut in one minute



A demonstrator was kept busy but the simplicity of the machine made his task an easy one. There is nothing complicated about the *Bradley Stencil Machine*. It is solid in construction and sturdy enough to stand more than the average abuse. The rapidity with which a stencil can be cut is amazing. That this machine will revolutionize the old method of marking is apparent even to the casual observer. We learned that most of the largest warehouses and factories in Canada have their shipping departments equipped with the *Bradley* and judging from the number of enquiries at the exhibit the company will be kept busy for sometime to come.

A boy can cut the stencil with a "*Bradley*" just as neat, clean, and business-like as if the stencils were made to order. The clear, legible lettering made by this machine gives added prestige to the house using it and the saving in time and de-

for less than one cent per stencil. The cost of the *Bradley Stencil Machine* is trifling considering its time and labor-saving advantages. It will prove a most valuable asset to any business needing stencil requirements. Stencil paper and inks specially adapted for these machines can also be obtained from this company. This is convenient and saves time. No extra charge is made for cutting the stencil board to size.

Those unable to attend the Exhibition, or who overlooked the *Bradley Stencil Machine* among the countless attractions, if interested, can secure further information and the names of numerous firms already enjoying its benefits. Address your inquiries to the Hamilton Stamp and Stencil Works, Limited, Hamilton, Ont., or to the Superior Mfg. Co., Limited, 9a Church street, Toronto, Ont.

Two Giant Worlds Two Stars Which Together Have Seventy-seven Thousand Times the Light of the Sun

From the Scientific American.

The writer of this article is Dr. Campbell, former president of the Astronomical Department of the Arts and Sciences Institute, Brooklyn. In it he endeavors to enable us to grasp a few facts concerning two stars whose light takes 466 years to reach the earth.

OF all the twenty first-magnitude stars, the inherent glory of Rigel and Canopus is the greatest. Only two are farther than they, while the other sixteen are very much nearer. Antares is 112 light-years distant, its light requiring that number of years to travel to earth; and the next beyond are Rigel and Canopus, 466 light-years distant. Though it takes almost half a millennium to bring us their messages of light, even as perceived from earth Rigel ranks seventh and Canopus second among the entire heavenly host.

Brightest of all as seen from earth, Sirius, 8.7 light-years distant, is the third nearest star of the heavens, the second nearest among those of first magnitude, and the nearest among those of the latter seen from our northern regions. Charmed as mankind has always been with the magnificence of Sirius, what would it be to behold two stars displaying, respectively, 515 and 1,488 times that splendor?

But eleven times as bright as Sirius shines the planet Venus when brightest, next to the moon and sun in effulgence. We have, therefore, only to divide these figures by 11, in order to ascertain that Rigel and Canopus, brought to the proximity of Sirius, would display, respectively 47 and 135 times the marvelous splendor of Venus. Inasmuch as Venus may often be recognized by daylight, it follows that Rigel and Canopus would be plainly visible even in the glare of the sun.

COMPARISON WITH THE MOON.

A step farther. The full moon is 1,727 times as bright as Venus. Consequently, dividing by this number, we ascertain that Rigel and Canopus, brought as near as Sirius, would possess, the former 2.7 per cent. and the latter 7.8 per cent. as much light as that of the full moon. The latter figures mean that even the full moon would outshine Canopus only about 15 times, which is nearly the relation of Sirius to Regulus. Any frequent observer of the full moon knows how its light actually dazzles and partially blinds him. Were the new positions of Rigel and Canopus such as would bring the moon into their vicinity, think of the wonder of an occultation, when the moon would draw near, touch, then extinguish the luminary, and it would spring from behind it an hour later! Think also of the infinitely charming spectacle of a close conjunction, with its star and crescent effect!

Inasmuch as Sirius, despite its comparative nearness, is still so distant that

the largest telescope cannot sensibly magnify its point of light, we feel the need of bringing Rigel and Canopus yet nearer, and setting them beside the expanded disk of our own sun, in order to obtain a true measure of their size. Sirius possesses 48 times the light of the sun. Provided that its general surface brilliancy is the same as that of the sun, we have only to extract the square root of that figure in order to ascertain that its diameter is about 7 times that of the sun. The sun is $1\frac{1}{4}$ million times the volume of the earth, and Sirius is 333 times the sun's volume. Thus we get some conception of the enormous size of Sirius.

But we are speaking of two giant worlds enormously larger yet. Assuming that their general surface brilliancy is the same as that of the sun, and recalling that Rigel has at least 22,000 and Canopus 55,000 times the light of the sun, the square root of those figures gives us Rigel's diameter 150, and Canopus's 235 times that of the sun. Whereas the sun's diameter, as seen in the sky, measures one-half a degree, Canopus's, at the same distance, would measure $117\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the 180 that reach from horizon to horizon, and its disk would cover 55,225 times the sky area occupied by the sun. Canopus would be nearly eight hours in rising, and,

before being fully risen, would already have begun to set; that is, its disk would reach much farther than from the eastern horizon to the zenith. With such a globe brought so near, all life on the earth would instantly perish, seas would be converted into steam, and the very mountains would melt with fervent heat and flow like molten iron. Besides such facts, our corner of the universe seems diminutive, dull, and insignificant.

These two marvelous orbs have been found among a group of twenty to which they belong. Out of the million-million stars known to exist, any twenty, for aught we know, might yield similar specimens. Nothing proves that such worlds are rare. We have not magnified their greatness by bringing them, in the first instance, into unreasonable proximity, but merely to that of their present greatest rival, Sirius, the primate of the order to which they belong, to reach which point, in a mile-a-minute journey, would require 100 million years; and, in the second case, we have not brought them to the proximity of the moon, or even of the nearer planets, but merely to that of the nearest star, our own sun, which itself could be reached, at the same speed, in not less than 177 years.

Training City Girls to Be Useful Women

A School Which Gives Practical Instruction in Running a Home

From The American Review of Reviews.

Much good-humored satire is frequently leveled at the municipal and other schools of cookery which in some way seem to fail in their purpose of turning the average girl into a good plain cook capable of providing economically for the average working man's household. Here we have a description of a school which appears to have been more successful in achieving this end and in turning out real, practical housewives.

THE Washington Irving High School in New York City, occupies one of the largest public-school buildings in the world. More than 6,000 pupils—all girls—through its halls and recitation-rooms five days and evenings in every week during the school terms. The objects of the school are:

To vitalize each subject of the school curriculum and make it interesting, to show the relation of the school studies to real life in this workaday world, to hold up service of the common good as the ideal of every girl, to exalt health and happiness as well as industry, to inspire a love of the artistic, to preach the fundamentals of democracy.

A public school is intended, of course, to serve all the people of the community. The population that is served by a school in the heart of New York City has been drawn from every quarter of the civilized

world and represents various stages of economic progress. The overwhelming majority are the families of wage-earners, living in congested districts. With many the conditions of life are hard and the future holds scant hope of material prosperity, measured by American standards. These facts might be ignored by the school management. As a rule, it has seemed to be the custom to ignore them. Perhaps this partly explains the failure of the American public high school to hold large numbers of its pupils beyond the age of thirteen.

IN TRAINING FOR HOUSEHOLD RESPONSIBILITIES.

In this school the girl's prospective condition in life is considered from the moment of her entrance until graduation day. It is assumed that every girl will marry and become the mother of a family, and the school undertakes to give all its pupils such a training in home management as will enable them to take the serious responsibilities of life and acquit themselves as useful members of society. It is deemed important that the coming mothers of the race should know how to dress and undress babies, and this detail, instead of being left to chance, becomes a definite subject in the curriculum, taught with scientific precision. In the same way

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various other matters that cannot be taught from text-books, but constitute important and useful branches of knowledge in the broad science of everyday living have been admitted to the courses of instruction, until the school work has been differentiated from that conducted by most institutions of its class.

There was much wisdom in the remark of a distinguished visitor to the Chicago World's Fair, concerning a \$500 workman's cottage exhibited there: "Yes, it is a wonderful exhibit of a \$500 home; but it would take a \$5,000 wife to run it." The Washington Irving School maintains a model flat—not a cottage, since the average New York family cannot live in a cottage—and it proceeds to instruct its girl pupils in the care and management of this flat, as well as in the purchasing of food and household supplies, and in all that goes to qualify a New York City girl to become "a \$5,000 wife," fully equipped to preside over a home.

VOCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

Facing the stern realities of life, the school management cannot blink the probability that not only will most of the graduates be required to maintain homes on small incomes, but that very many of them will be, for a time at least, self-supporting units in the community and hence will need to be fitted for earning a livelihood. To this end business and industrial training are given, and many trade-school features have been incorporated. It should be understood, however, that these are introduced, not as substitutes for, but as supplementary to, the usual required subjects of the high-school course.

In the first year of the four years' course, all the girls have an opportunity to study various subjects with a view to deciding where their interest lies and to receiving counsel from their teachers as to suitable lines of work. After the end of the first year the elective system comes into play and most of the girls begin to specialize in their courses. Some choose courses fitting their business and office work; others learn dress-making or book-binding; others still concentrate on studies that prepare for teaching or for an artistic career. More than five-sixths of the Washington Irving girls avail themselves of the vocational training provided by the school. There is, however, a group of about 800 pupils each year who do the general high-school work without reference to any particular calling in after life. It is a theory of the school that just as it is good for all of us in adult life to come into contact with people who work with their hands, whether we ourselves do so or not, so it is good for youth at school to have first-hand knowledge of some of the problems of modern industry. The pupils of the Washington Irving School, whether they specialize in any handicraft or not, cannot fail to leave the school with an enlarged conception of the dignity of every form of honest labor.

JILL'S PLAYTIME.

Because both teachers and pupils take their work seriously, it is not to be inferred that the day's program is an unceasing round of drudgery. On the contrary, there is probably no school in the

city that expends a larger part of its energy in pure fun. For more than ten years dancing has been regularly taught—and practised—and the outdoor sports on the great roof playground of the new building are kept up almost without intermission throughout the school year. Healthful, joy-giving play is as much a part of the school's routine as work at the desk. Talent for dramatic expression finds an outlet in the plays that are frequently produced on the school stage—plays written and acted by the girls themselves, with scenery and costumes of their own designing.

THE SCHOOL AS A SOCIAL CENTRE.

The building that houses these various school activities is one of the most complete of its kind in the world. It is fortunate that the ideals of the school had been largely shaped before the cornerstone was laid, so that when the building was erected it embodied in many of its characteristic features plans that had

been matured in the thought and experience of Principal McAndrew and his corps of teachers. The structure, in fact, houses more than a high school. There are under its roof business offices, a bank, dressmaking and millinery establishments, a book-binding, a restaurant and kitchen, laundries, well-appointed living apartments, a zoological museum, a plant conservatory, and a dozen other institutions borrowed, as it were, from the varied metropolitan life that surges about the school and its interests.

The Gramercy Neighborhood Association, which has its headquarters in the school building, is organized to meet such social needs as are likely to be neglected in a great city. It has already waged a successful campaign against the evil resorts of the district in which its activities centre and in various ways is promoting the cause of civic betterment. Thus the school is brought into contact with a wholesome community movement.

Old Church Bands

An Account of the Musical Instruments Used in Churches Previous to the Introduction of Organs

From the Antiquary.

The church music here described as well as the imposing figure of the church "clerk" will be within the memory of many of our readers. The article recalls one well-known story of the clerk who on the occasion of an episcopal visit to the church at which he officiated signalized the occasion by exclaiming: "Let us now sing to the praise and glory of God a hymn of my own composing." He then in accordance with custom recited the first verse which was a paraphrase of a well-known psalm and ran as follows:

*Why hop ye so, ye little hills?
Ye little hills! Why hop?
Is it because ye're glad to see
His Grace the Lord Bishop?*

THE introduction of the organ into our churches is an event of comparatively recent date. It has taken place within the last fifty years or so. Before that time our village churches had to rely for their music on whatever could be obtained in that direction locally, the usual custom being for the village musicians to form themselves into the village orchestra—an institution that represented the standing musical force in any particular locality, and supplied the music, not only for the village church, but for all the revels and festivities that took place throughout the whole countryside.

We thus see that, as far as matters musical were concerned, the village church had to cut its coat according to the available cloth; and it is not surprising, therefore, to find that the old church bands were made up at times of extremely strange combinations of instruments, or that they varied within wide limits in different parts of the country, both in regard to the number and kind of instruments employed.

In some churches the "band" consist-

ed of only one instrument, played as a rule by the clerk. The latter was a very important and imposing figure in the church in days of yore. He was often quite a good musician, very proud of his voice, and if he happened to be an instrumentalist, would play in church band of which he assumed the role of leader. One well-known clerk of Royston, played the bass viol, and another, for thirty-six years clerk of Stondon Massey, in Essex, played the flute. Then there was a famous clerk who, to quote his own description of himself,

Shaves neat and plays the bassoon,

while still another could

Draw teeth, sing psalms, the hautboy play.

Your old-time parish clerk was a man of many parts. Among his many accomplishments he occasionally included a proclivity for writing poetry—generally of a doggerel type. One of them has made use of this mode of expression to record the general condition of affairs in vogue at the particular church in which he pursued his calling, and his description of the church band, as summed up in the following lines, is both instructive and amusing:

We'd vifes and a horn and a vlute for the
tune,
And vather, I mind, he played the bas-
soon.
My viddle I brought in a bag of green
baize,
Vor we'd not got no organ in Richard-
son's days.

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¶ From many quarters we hear reassuring news about the outlook for the **immediate** future. The prospect is anything but black.

¶ Faith and not fear, work and not worry, preparedness and persistence, not perfunctory pessimism, is the attitude to adopt and follow.

¶ Now is the time to strengthen your connection, to hammer home your sales message, to lay the foundation for future as well as present business. Now is the time to advertise.

¶ Rothschild, remember, laid the foundation for his immense fortune when the world was at war with Napoleon.

Occasionally the village church could not muster a band at all, in which case the clerk again came to the rescue and "sette the tune" by means of a pitch-pipe. This was a wooden pipe "with a long movable graduated stopper, blown by the mouth, and adjustable approximately to any note of the scale by pushing the stopper inwards or outwards." This particular pitch-pipe was formerly used, and is now preserved, in Brede Church, near Hastings. The old church instruments were regarded by the villagers with an affection born of long association, and relics of the old church bands are to be found in several churches in different parts of the country. The old clerk's violin is preserved in a glass case at Warnham Church, in Sussex, and the bassoon that was formerly played in the church band at Church Broughton, is similarly honored.

The process of "setting the tune" was attended with some ceremony. When the time for singing the metrical psalm arrived the clerk gave out the number, using the usual formula "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the (hundredth) psalm." Then pulling out his pitch pipe from the dusty cushions of his seat, he would strut pompously down the church, ascend the stairs leading to the gallery, blow his pipe and give the singers their notes which they hung on to on a low tone till the clerk returned to his place in the lowest tier of the 'three-decker,' and started the choir-folk vigorously.

The great variations in the number and kind of instruments met with in the old church bands has already been mentioned. Three was a very common number, the trio being made up of violin, clarinet, and bass viol—which, in rustic parlance, means the 'cello, not the double-bass. Sometimes a flute, or, maybe, a bassoon would be found in place of, or in addition to, the violin; the clarinet and bass viol were nearly always present.

The cost of maintaining the church band was borne partly by the players themselves, who in most cases provided their own instruments and partly by the church. Various items are to be found in old churchwardens' accounts relating to expenses incurred in connection with the church band. Thus:

For hairing the bowe of the
voile ... 8d.

And again:

Paid for one Haughtboy for
the church 19s.

The bassoon seems to have held an important position in the church band, and the advent of a bassoon-player was looked upon as an occasion to be celebrated in a manner befitting its importance. The following items—

Spent with singers when new
Bazoon came 2s. 3d.

Charges when the Bassoune
came 3s. 6d.

testify to this; while, as the Rev. F. W.

Galpin naively puts it, "a possible carouse is suggested by the entry in the accounts of certain churchwarden 'for beare when the new bassoon came.'"

Times have changed. There are no church bands in existence at the present day. They have gradually died out all over the country, and the village church knows them no more. They lingered on in parts of Dorset long after they had ceased to exist elsewhere, but now even there they are extinct.

THE "MUSICIANS."

Some of the old "musicianers" who played in the church bands are still living, and I delight to seek out these old men and to listen to them the while they wax eloquent about the days when they fiddled and piped in the gallery of the village church.

From all accounts, the music produced by the old church bands was rather terrible. The instruments were not of the

best, and, as often as not, were out of tune themselves and with one another. Of musical education the village musicians had little or none, for who was there to teach them? and whence was to come the wherewithal to pay the teacher, supposing one could be found? But the poor quality of the music was no reason for abolishing the church bands. Rather should they have been improved if for no other reason than that they drew the villagers to their church where, sinking their differences and forgetting their squabbles, the carpenter, the schoolmaster, the thatcher, and the weaver vied with one another in the common cause of music.

Would that the church bands could be revived! They have left a blank that is only partly filled by the organ that has ousted them. Besides, the players themselves thought their music was grand, and so did the villagers. What more could be desired?

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe

A Sketch of the Gallant Seamen Who Heads the British Fleet

From T. P.'s Weekly.

The man in supreme command of the Fleet at this critical juncture is Sir John Rushworth Jellicoe, who was born Dec. 5th, 1859. He is the son of Captain J. H. Jellicoe, was educated first at Rottingdean, and joined the Navy in 1872. He served in the Egyptian War (1882), and was Chief of Staff to Sir E. Seymour in the attempted relief of the Peking Legations (1900). He was, too, one of the survivors of the terrible Victoria-Camperdown collision. The author of the following article saw him in the company of the Kaiser, when that monarch must have been formulating his designs of conquest.

A QUARTER of a century has passed since Spithead was the scene of one of those demonstrations of our strength that have characterized these days of iron ships. Nothing of the kind has been seen since Queen Victoria reviewed the wooden walls with which "Charlie Napier" sailed against Russia in the Baltic. It was a glorious day, and from the flagship, H.M.S. Hood—long since shelved in these days of rapid change—one could look along a line of shimmering ships that extended as far as the eye could see. The Solent was crowded with pleasure boats, tugs, and even liners, all gay with bunting, their decks crowded with eager, happy people.

WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

We were waiting for the Kaiser. The first hint that he was in the neighborhood was the appearance of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, coming out of Portsmouth Harbor in his yacht. She was surrounded by smaller yachts, and, as she disappeared round the Isle of Wight she reminded one of a mother duck leading her brood of young. We were not kept

waiting long before a thunderous salute down our avenues of ships heralded the approach of the young monarch, whose retinue represented the cream of what was his entire navy. Strange vessels they seemed to us, and their novelty was enhanced by the jet black smoke that clouded from their numerous funnels.

OLD CONSTRUCTION.

Their hulls were dark as ink, high out of the water, and unrelieved by a line of color; an easy mark for the guns of an enemy. Their number was little more than could be counted on the fingers of one hand. As they passed down our line we noticed the military precision with which the German bluejackets stood at attention, but opinion among us favored the easy grace with which our own men dressed their ships. The most martial figure of all the Germans was the Kaiser himself, standing erect on the bridge.

As I looked through my glasses at his quick, imaginative face, I wondered whether the miles of cannons' roar had roused in him the same thought that passed through the minds of many of us. No doubt they had, and to that salute and Lord Salisbury's flying squadron at the time of the Kruger telegram, the present German navy is the answer.

THE PROTAGONIST.

From the military form of the Emperor I turned to our own officers standing at the salute. One there was who could compare in distinction with the Kaiser. He was a man of tall, slight, upright form and pronounced heroic features; his martial appearance only threw into greater contrast the homely figure of

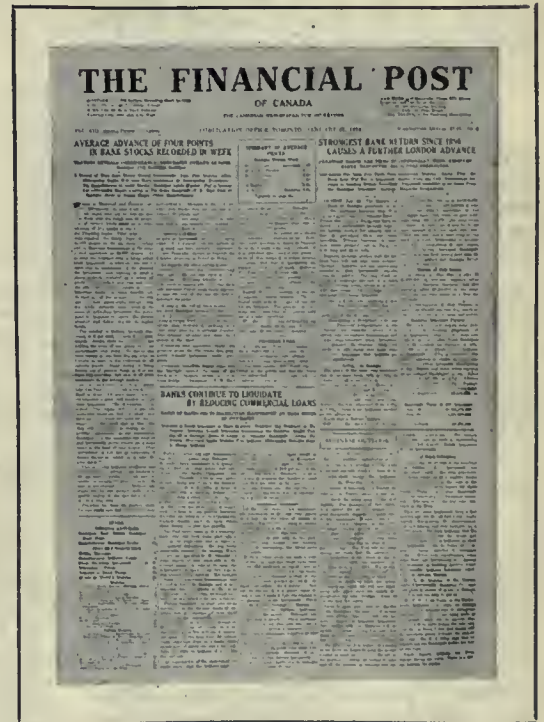
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a very little man standing among the lieutenants. He was quite a small man with sloping shoulders and a prominent nose inclined to what is vulgarly known as a "beak." Undistinguished though he was by physique there was something alert about this officer suggesting the keen active "senior," typical of what was known as the first lieutenant of Nelson's day, and now, under the title of commander, the most active and versatile, if not the most responsible executive in a man-of-war. The German fleet had passed by and I noticed the quick, decided step with which the small lieutenant descended to the ward room to join his friends. It was then I marked the thin, tightly set mouth, the ample head, and the quick, shrewd, though kindly eyes.

A QUIET MAN.

The new Emperor William was the general topic of conversation. And of all those present this little officer alone hesitated to express an opinion on either the German ships, their personnel or the Emperor. But from the respect with which his words on technical matters were listened to, I gathered that he was no ordinary man. Even in those days John Jellicoe was an officer with a distinguished past and a future to which it was difficult to set any limitation. Seaman-ship was in his blood, for his father was one of the most distinguished commanders that our merchant service has known in modern times. As a sub-lieutenant he had passed out of the Naval College at Portsmouth first in three subjects out of a possible five.

He had already seen active service in the Egyptian war of 1822, and a year later won a prize of £80 at the Naval College. There are officers who are brilliant and brave but unfortunate in the matter of opportunities. It cannot be said that Sir John Jellicoe has much to grumble at in this respect, his life has been crowded with adventure.

A HAPPY ESCAPE.

In 1886 H.M.S. Monarch was stationed off "Gib." Proceeding to sea for target practice she followed her usual custom on such occasions and left all her boats behind with the exception of one which was by no means suited to rough weather. After a time the weather became distinctly dirty and pretty heavy seas were experienced. These stranded a steamer on the sands near the famous Rock, and both the vessel and its crew were in a position of great danger. Volunteers were called by the captain of the Monarch, with the result that young Jellicoe started off in command of the boat, he and the crew having equipped themselves with cork jackets. Before long they were all struggling in the water, while their little vessel was tossed away by the waves, keel upwards. Fortune favors the brave and the whole crew with its commander were eventually washed ashore. For this Mr. Jellicoe received the silver medal of the Board of Trade. Another occasion on which Sir John nearly lost his life was when acting as chief officer in the expedition led by Admiral Seymour to the relief of the Embassies at Peking.

On that march he received a bullet from the Boxers and a C.B. from a grateful country. Previously he had, as a commander of Admiral Tryon's ship, the Victoria, been one of the lucky few who survived that terrible disaster.

If the Kaiser William scarcely knew of the existence of Jellicoe at the review in 1887, he recognized his merits fifteen years later by decorating him with the order of the Red Eagle of the Second Class with "Crossed Swords"—an ominous honor in view of Sir John's latest appointment.

What's In a Name?

Story of the City of St. Petersburg—Now Petrograd

By Dr. E. J. Dillon in *The Daily Telegraph*.

St. Petersburg is no more. An Imperial decree lately made it known that in future the Russian capital is to be called Petrograd. The German-sounding name of the city had long been a strange anomaly, and with the outbreak of war there was a widespread demand that it should be altered.

WHAT'S in a name? The Russians hold that there is a good deal in it, else they would not have chosen the present moment to reconsider a proposal made many times during the past thirty-five years to change that of their capital on the Neva. The city heretofore known as St. Petersburg is in future to be called Petrograd. This apparent innovation is in reality a return to the old name which Peter the Great's second capital had borne from the beginning. All the old books published in that city during the latter part of Peter's reign and those of his immediate successors bear the word Petrograd on the title pages. Grad and Gorod are two forms of the same word which means city or town. Etymologically it connotes an enclosed space, and belongs to the same root as the English word garden. It occurs in hundreds of Slav geographical names, as, for instance, in Novgorod—"new town"—Ivangorod, Elizabetgrad, Euxinograd. Constantinople itself is often called in Russian the "Emperor's city," Tsaregrad.

During the reigns of the Empresses Catherine, Anna, and Elizabeth the mania for adopting foreign names was rife in Russia, and on many places known in old Russian history German names were bestowed, most of which remain to this day.

After the Treaty of Berlin, when Count Ignatieff, who had been Russia's Ambassador in Constantinople, became at first Minister of the Interior and then president of the Slavonic Society, he, Komaroff, and a number of other Slavophiles inaugurated a movement in favor of altering those German names to their Russian equivalents, or to the original Slav appellations wherever there were any such. Before making the suggestion public Count Ignatieff asked me to draw up a list of those towns and cities, and to

Sir John Jellicoe has occupied positions of great responsibility at the Admiralty, including that of second naval lord, and has had honors showered on him by both King Edward and King George. Last year he was placed in command of the Red Fleet during the naval manœuvres. Those manœuvres came to an abrupt end, the mystery of which has never been revealed. But the fact that Sir John has ever been talked about as the officer who would command our fleet afloat in the event of a European war gives food for reflection.

open a press campaign in favor of the movement in the columns of the press organ of the Imperial Russian Academy, the *Peterburgskaya Vedomosti*, on the staff of which I was then a leader writer. I did so. But this attempt to Russify geographical names met with little support and encountered fierce opposition. The comic papers in particular made fun of it, and asked whether we would not include Oranienbaum—a summer residence near St. Petersburg—in our list, and call it Apelinsk, or, say, in English "Orange-insk," and a number of other absurd translations were suggested for the benefit of the Slavophile reformers.

But the campaign was not wholly unsuccessful. The Emperor Alexander III., when he heard of it, is said to have remarked: "There is no need of going to extremes. But the cities which played a part in Russian history and had purely Russian names ought to have those names restored to them. And in this list we should include the university city of Dorpat and the city of Dunaburg. Henceforth they shall be known as Yurevo and Dvinsk." Among Russian Germans there was a great outcry at this "profanation," and most German prints and books—even those published in the Russian Empire—continued to refer to those towns as Dorpat and Dunaburg. But to-day they are known only as Yurevo and Dvinsk.

And now St. Petersburg has been added to the list.

In time, no doubt, Peterhof, Oranienbaum, Yekaterinburg, Orenburg, and a host of other places will also be rechristened, and Count Ignatieff's proposal will be fully carried out.

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Madam Melba's Autobiography

The Story of the Great Singer's Life

From T. P.'s Weekly.

In the following article Mme. Melba tells something of the incidents and vicissitudes of the life of the singer. The early disappointments that shadow the career of every artist are hinted at, although Mme. Melba apparently did not have as protracted a struggle as usually falls to the lot of the newcomer in the worlds of music, art or letters.

AS Helen Porter Mitchell I began, in the strict sense of that word, nearly forty-six years ago, my birthplace being Melbourne, Australia. The fact that I possessed a voice made little or no impression upon the first few years of my life; in fact, my musical energies were turned towards the piano, my dear mother being my teacher. She was a brilliant pianist, and played the harp and organ really well, training my sisters and myself with the greatest care. Her sister, I am told, possessed a lovely singing voice, and my father was a bass singer of no mean ability. But I am the one and only member of my family who has turned this gift of Nature to professional use. All my life I have loved music; so much so, that on one occasion, when we moved for a holiday from our Melbourne home to a fresh abode and I discovered that the house held no piano, I taught myself the concertina rather than live for many months without music.

One of my earliest musical recollections concerns a midnight escapade in which I figured largely. I was a tiny child at the time, and had been sent to bed at the usual reasonable hour. But sleep failed to soothe me, and I lay awake till the house was quiet, then stole downstairs, opened the piano, and began to play Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." To this day I can see the door opening and the amazed faces of my father and mother peering in to discover the identity of this mad midnight musician. Protesting loudly, I was thereupon removed to bed.

During my childhood I was allowed to sing in the local church choir, but am afraid that my affection for the piano-forte was greater than my love for vocal music. At the age of six I made my first public appearance, at the Town Hall, Richmond, a suburb of Melbourne, and sang, to my own accompaniment, "Shells of the Ocean" and "Comin' thro' the Rye," the concert being in aid of the church, which numbered "Nellie Mitchell" among its choristers.

It did not take me long to find out that singing, far from being an effort, was a pleasure to me. You see, I happen to be one of the lucky individuals born with a "natural trill." It is a strange and wonderful benediction, this natural trill, and much of my subsequent success as a singer is due, I know, to a gift for which I can never be sufficiently grateful.

Nearly everyone can trace various turning-points in their lives. For myself, I look upon a certain reception at Govern-



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ment House, Melbourne, as marking a big "day" in my existence. This reception occurred while Lord Normanby was Governor-General, and I appeared really as a pianist, but between my pianoforte solos I sang some simple songs at the piano. Afterwards, Lady Normanby came up to me and said: "Dear child, you play brilliantly, but you sing much better than you play. Cultivate your voice, and you will have a great career." That was the first and only prophecy made concerning my future, until I sang to Marchesi, in Paris, and began my operatic studies from that moment.

I've gone on rather far, I think. I wanted to say that I was always keen to give concerts as a child, and I think, in my heart, I always felt that the queer "shake in my throat" would make me a real singer one day. Anyhow, on one occasion I engaged a hall in Ballarat for my first concert. I was unknown and a child, and so few people took the trouble to come and hear my immature vocal efforts that I returned them their shillings and departed home sad, but not discouraged. Later, at the age of sixteen, I visited Sorrento, and noticed that the local cemetery fence needed repairing, "A concert shall provide the funds," thought I; and in spite of the ardent opposition of my family, I had bills printed announcing a wonderful fence-repairing concert. Having no money to pay for bill-posting, I turned "bill-poster" myself, afterwards plodding solemnly through the programme I had arranged—to an audience of two!

A year later I married, and started soon afterwards to learn singing in earnest. It is a strange thing that my first teacher trained me as a contralto, my second as a mezzo-soprano, and my third as a soprano. Personally, I grew thoroughly muddled, and didn't know what type of voice I possessed. During the year between my seventeenth and eighteenth birthdays I studied in Melbourne, and sang in public a good deal, always as an amateur. Then my father came to England for a trip, and, to my great delight, took me with him, for I had always longed to see the Mother Country. Arrived in London, I was taken to see Sir Arthur Sullivan, who did not think much of my voice, I am afraid, though he was kind enough to promise me a small part in "The Mikado." Alberto Randegger, the famous teacher, was not enthusiastic regarding my chance of success as a singer. So after this double rebuff I felt very nervous when we journeyed to Paris, and I sang to the great Madame Marchesi.

She listened with deep attention, and when I stopped she told me, with tears in her kind eyes, that she could only discover one break in my voice. "Stay with me a year, my child," she said, "and I will mend that break." My work, under her marvelous tuition began the following day, and ten months later, at the Monnaie, Brussels, I made my first appearance on any stage, in any opera, as Gilda, in "Rigoletto"!

October 15th, 1887! Shall I ever forget that date? My nervousness, my anxiety, my overwhelming relief when the curtain fell and I knew that I had justified Marchesi's belief in me, that I had really

made a success. It was a wonderful, terrible night; a mixture of terror and joy, such as I shall never experience again—although my nervousness seems to grow with each fresh performance. That night my husband sat in a box with Madame Marchesi, and during an interval they distinctly heard a woman's voice, in the next box, say: "Melba? Debut? Rubbish and nonsense. Why, I heard her hissed ten years ago in Spain!" My husband got up, went out, and knocked on the door of the next lodge. It was opened. "A lady sitting in this box has just made a remark that is a lie," he said, calmly. "Madame Melba is my wife. She has never been in Spain and ten years ago she was a school-girl in Australia. I don't know who this

lady may be, but I demand an apology," It was given.

That performance marked the beginning of my public career, and I hope I may say, without undue conceit or exaggeration, that I have never since looked back. For twenty-seven years I have served the public all over the world, and been proud to be their servant. My first appearance in London was in May, 1888, at Covent Garden, when I sang the role of Lucia in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." My work is my life. It has taken me round the world; it has brought me innumerable friends, known and unknown; it has given me the greatest happiness I have ever experienced in life.

The Political Transformation

How the War Crisis Brought About Unity in British Political Affairs

From the Fortnightly Review.

Germany did the Empire a great service when, by forcing Britain to declare war, she united the warring political factions, eliminated the crisis over Irish affairs and brought about a steadfast oneness of purpose that would have been deemed impossible two months ago. By striking when he thought Britain was too sorely pressed by internal dissension to fight the Kaiser provided us with the one means of curing our trouble. The dramatic scenes in the Commons when out of chaos came unity are well described in the accompanying article.

WONDERFUL is the transformation which the first serious whisper of foreign war effected at Westminster. Nothing remains the same. The whole scene is turned upside down. The main currents of activity are diverted into other channels. The political questions which seemed of such supreme importance only a few weeks ago are forgotten, or if not forgotten are thrust far out of sight. Furious partisans, who then were ready to fly at each other's throats, now stand shoulder to shoulder. Instead of party venom, we see national unity, a new sense of brotherhood, a common resolve, a common front. Instead of turning arms upon one another in fratricidal strife, the single aim of one and all is how to beat the foreign foe. Terrible as is the life-and-death struggle to which this country is committed, the compensations of new-found national unity are great. Great Britain has been forced into a colossal war, but she has been rescued from far more irreparable disaster. Would the Empire have survived the shock of civil war in Ireland? The strain would have been terrific, not only at home, but overseas. But to-day we are witnessing such a closing of the ranks as no one living can remember, while the Dominions are rushing eagerly and enthusiastically to the Mother Country's assistance. The German Emperor will well deserve a statue, when this war is over, in every capital of the British Empire, for it is he and his

ministers who have wrought this miracle of healing in Great Britain and Ireland.

But how did the miracle in the House of Commons come about? Let us rapidly sketch the steps! In the middle of July the feeling between the parties was at its worst. There was no prospect of agreement. Aware that the production of the Amending Bill in the Commons would let loose the tempest, the Government's sole refuge was repeated postponement.

The conference met for the last time on July 24th. On the previous day Austria-Hungary had presented her ultimatum to Serbia, thus deliberately setting the match to the train which lit the flames of war all over Europe. It may well have seemed in Berlin that the stars in their courses were fighting for Germany, when they heard of the Dublin affray on July 26th. The shots then fired sounded like the certain overture to civil war. If ever a situation looked black for a British Government it was that which confronted Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet on the morning of July 27th, with the Amending Bill down for discussion on the morrow, with the Irish Nationalists, inflamed by the bloodshed in Dublin, requiring to be pacified at once, and with the European war-clouds driving up at such a fearful rate that Sir Edward Grey must have known only too well that Berlin and Vienna had set their minds on war. But thanks mainly to a speech of singular moderation from Mr. Redmond, the Dublin debate passed off fairly quietly, and the Amending Bill was again postponed for two days. By that time war was on everyone's lips. And so, when members assembled on that memorable Thursday, they heard that the Cabinet had just decided to postpone all controversial business, and the Prime Minister, in his most solemn tones, emphasized the extreme desirability of Great Britain being able to present an undivided front in the Councils of Europe. In an instant, and with one accord, the House of Commons responded to the clear call of patriotism. Party controversy

ceased. The miracle was accomplished. The temper of the House was noble and magnanimous, and though there was a last despairing splutter of discontent a day or two later from the leader of the Labor party and the extreme Radical left, when Sir Edward Grey revealed war as immediate and inevitable, even they obviously felt that Germany herself silenced the tongues which else would have shrilled excuses in her behalf. The cry which they raised for unconditional neutrality died away on their lips. Its dishonor was too glaring; its poltroonery too manifest even for those who had written in advance that "the role of Great Britain must absolutely end with pressing mediation upon the combatants."

It is an open secret that the crisis in the British Cabinet itself was exceptionally severe. Only two of its members—Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns—actually resigned. But several other resignations were at one time threatened, and it was freely stated that the Attorney-General and Mr. Harcourt had great searchings of conscience, until the brutal ultimatum of Germany to Belgium effectually quieted them. These and other ministers, it is said, fully approved Sir Edward Grey's assurance to France that no attack would be tolerated by the German Fleet on the defenceless northern and western coasts of France, but in their anxiety to avoid being drawn into war, they clung to the fallacy, so crushingly exposed by Sir Edward Grey, that it would be better policy for Great Britain to reserve her intervention, if intervene she must, till such time as the combatants were exhausted. The fact that this was precisely the counsel gratuitously tendered to Great Britain from the German Embassy is its sufficient condemnation. It is reasonably certain, therefore, that if the Germans had refrained from violating the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium, and had given an assurance that they would not use their fleet against the naked coasts of France, the British Government would, at first, have remained neutral. The despatches show how persistently Sir Edward Grey refused to give any unconditional promise of armed support to France and Russia. He kept the hands of the British Government free to the last moment. As late as July 31st he assured the German Ambassador that "if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and France and Russia would be unreasonable if they rejected it, he would support it at Paris and St. Petersburg, and go the length of saying that if France and Russia would not accept it, his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences." But Germany paid no heed. She blundered along her desperate course. Her ultimatum to Belgium and the "infamous proposal" of the German Chancellor to Sir Edward Goschen—that we should "buy our neutrality" by giving Germany license to strip France of her colonial possessions and Belgium of her independence—converted even the most reluctant British ministers to the view that to remain neutral would cover the British name with dishonor. National unity in



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time of war is cheaply purchased at any price. It is a crowning mercy that Germany gave this unity to Great Britain by her frenzied belief in her own might and by her invincible ignorance of British character.

When Sir Edward Grey made his great speech on the Monday afternoon, a considerable section of the Radical and Labor parties listened to him with pained and puzzled incredulity. They seemed to have made up their minds beforehand not to be convinced, whatever the evidence, that neutrality was impossible. One after another they jumped up and declared that there was still time to remove "German misunderstandings"; that if England went to war she would be fighting for Russia; that this was the outcome of our mad policy of armaments, which they had foreseen all along for the Big Navy which for years past they have striven their hardest to reduce.

But these defections were more than counterbalanced by an epoch-making speech from Mr. Redmond. Sir Edward Grey had startled and delighted the House by referring to Ireland as "the one bright spot" in a most sombre picture. No sooner had Mr. Bonar Law pledged the Opposition to support the Government through thick and thin, than the voice of Mr. Redmond was heard ranging himself upon the same side. It seemed at first too good to be true. But there was no hesitancy or equivocation. The Nationalist leader came forth nobly and set Ireland by the side of England, Scotland and Wales. He told the Government, in a glowing passage, that they might withdraw every regular soldier from Ireland, for the Volunteers of Ireland would gladly and proudly defend their own coasts; and, turning to Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Unionists, he warmly offered his co-operation with the Volunteers of Ulster to safeguard Ireland from foreign invasion. It is hard to describe the effect which these sentences produced. The surprise was manifest. The various parties were caught unprepared for any such offer. Was it thus that the long years of bitter conflict on the Irish problem were to end? Was it possible? Or was it merely a fantastic dream? The cheers were hearty enough, but the House was too excited to let itself go. Mr. Redmond spoke with great warmth. His appeal to Sir Edward Carson was made with a sweeping gesture full of emotion. He identified Ireland fully, frankly, cordially, with the cause of England and the Empire in their hour of trial, and if ever statesman held out the hand of brotherhood and reconciliation, Mr. Redmond did so then.

The effect in the country was profound. Now, for the first time, England's Difficulty was proclaimed to be Ireland's Opportunity—to stand at her side.

But let us pass from that to the speeches of the great week! During the days which followed the outbreak of war the tone and temper of the House of Commons were most exemplary. It refused the Government nothing. It was sufficient for a minister to say that a bill was thought desirable, and it was passed

through all its stages at once. Hardly an explanation was demanded. There was an impatience of questions. Rough-and-ready compromises were struck on a number of more or less controversial private bills, and these, too, were hurriedly passed into law. If Parliament had borrowed the old Roman emergency resolution, "*Videant Consules*," it could hardly have placed more implicit confidence in, or bestowed more absolute authority upon the Government of the day. The Opposition proved their single-minded patriotism; the ministers showed they deserved the country's confidence. The inclusion of Lord Kitchener, as War Secretary, was a bold and patriotic stroke, and he and Mr. Churchill make two admirable heads of the services in a great emergency.

Sir Edward Grey bore himself magnificently. At the outset he sounded a grave note of warning that failure would result in an "appalling catastrophe." Then followed, a few days later, the speech which none who heard will ever forget. It was the supreme declaration of British policy; it was the decisive announcement that the Government's mind was made up, and that war was certain. A more consummate and masterly speech at a moment big with fate was never heard in the House of Commons. It was the presentation of an overwhelming case for national self-sacrifice in the name of national honor and national interest. There was no rhetoric; the speaker never lost his superb control. The appeal was always to reason and to duty—never to passion. He stooped to no recriminations. The Sir Edward Grey of the White Paper, the patient, untiring, persuasive "Peacemaker of Europe," as the Prime Minister justly called him, was still the same as he spoke in the House of Commons, quietly laying all the facts before the House, and leaving judgment to the individual conscience. He did not appeal in vain. The moral influence of high character and spotless reputation was never more clearly visible. He convinced all who heard him that the path of duty and the path of honor lay where he led. Let those who will compare it with the parallel speech of the German Chancellor in the Reichstag, with its labored excuses for tearing up treaties, its reckless avowal of wrongdoing, and its cynical justification on the ground that "Necessity knows no law."

Only in one passage did Sir Edward appeal to the emotions of his audience. It was that in which he pictured the defenceless northern coasts of France—defenceless because their defenders had placed implicit trust in British honor—bombarDED and battered by a German Fleet. He invited those who heard him to ask themselves whether they could endure the thought of such a catastrophe befalling our friends. Let each man, he said, look into his own heart and feelings; but for himself—and the passion with which he brought down his clenched fist declared the tumult of his breast. Sir Edward reviewed the whole story of Anglo-French relationship; he revealed how the mili-

tary and naval conversations had come about at the time of the Algeiras Conference; he showed how scrupulous the Government had been to have a clear understanding that there was no obligation on either side to give anything more than diplomatic support, and that each power was absolutely free to decide whether it would go beyond. He dwelt on this aspect so candidly that the malcontent Liberals plucked up courage to hope that, after all, Great Britain might still keep out of the war. Their faces plainly showed what was passing in their minds. But then came the unanswerable arguments of honor and national interest, and the vivid presentation of Germany's ambition to crush France and establish herself in the Low Countries over against Great Britain, in a position of perpetual menace. Even if Germany had respected the neutrality of Belgium, it was plain that, Sir Edward Grey's view, the duty and interest of Great Britain would still have led her to take her place at once by the side of France.

In that speech Sir Edward Grey spoke for England in the grand old English strain, and proved himself the true successor of the greatest English statesmen of the past. The one steadfast cardinal principle of British foreign policy throughout the ages, ever since England aspired to be a Great Power, has been to prevent the ports of the Low Countries from falling into the hands of the dominant military power on the Continent. In defence of that principle we fought with Spain; we fought with Louis XIV.; we fought with Napoleon; and now we fight with Germany. That is the supreme British interest in the neutrality of Belgium.

PANAMA CANAL REGULATIONS.

Among the regulations governing ships seeking passage through the Panama Canal, recently made public in a circular issued by the canal authorities, the most important are the quarantine regulations and those relating to the measurement of the tonnage of ships and the payment of tolls. All tolls must be paid in cash, or payment must be secured in some form satisfactory to the governor of the Canal Zone. Toll charges will be at the rate of \$1.20 for each 100 cu. ft. of "earning capacity" of the ship, the term earning capacity being used to indicate the amount of space left for passengers and cargo after deducting all the space required for the crew, machinery, and ship's stores of every kind. Each ship must have been carefully measured in accordance with the rules by some officer authorized to perform the work, and must have a "Panama Canal Tonnage Certificate" before being allowed to enter the canal. Special concessions are made to ships that go up into the fresh waters of Gatun Lake for sight-seeing or to get rid of barnacles, but do not go through the canal. The quarantine rules are strict.

The Immediate Cause of the European War

The Underlying Reasons for the Assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand

From Everybody's Magazine.

The immediate cause of the present European war was the assassination of the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary. The causes of the ill-feeling existing between the Servians and the Dual Monarchy, and the course of events leading up to the assassination are here explained.

EVER since the news of the recent tragedy in the House of Hapsburg came from the Balkans, hosts of my friends have come to me with questions:

What was the underlying reason for the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife Sophie, Duchess of Hohenberg? Was it the signal for another uprising, another war in south-eastern Europe? Is there any connection between the things which brought about this tragedy and the renewed disturbances and difficulties in Albania?

First of all, it must be understood that this assassination on the 28th of June had nothing in common with the Balkan question in its larger aspects, nor with the Albanian question, and will not probably have anything to do with the eventual solution of them. This happened in Bosnia, the most southerly province of Austria-Hungary, hemmed in between Dalmatia on the Adriatic side and Serbia to the eastward. It is exclusively a Servian question.

The hatching of the plot may be traced back to that day in 1908 when Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was already ripe in 1913, when Austrian shrewd diplomacy in the European concert of nations succeeded in forbidding Serbia to extend its boundaries westward to the Adriatic, thus compelling that circumscribed country to trade with the outside world through Austrian ports. The most active and successful factor in this move in Balkan politics was the assassinated Prince Francis Ferdinand, and his success in forbidding Serbia access to the sea was probably the initial cause of his terrible death.

The young Prince was killed by a subject of his own Government, not a Servian from Serbia, but a Servian from Bosnia, a country taken from the Turks by Austria in 1878 and annexed thirty years later. Even after the Austrian occupation in 1878, the Servians of Bosnia and Herzegovina were anxious to be united with the Servian kingdom. Already in 1900 the Servian papers were laying much stress on the fact that those two countries were once a part of Serbia, and were insisting that they would some day again be annexed. The same thought at this



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time was taking deep root among the Servian residents under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and the fire was steadily fanned by agitators coming over the border from Servia.

THE ASSASSINATION OF 1903.

Here we must recall the assassination of the Servian King Alexander and Queen Draga in their own palace in Belgrade, the capital of Servia, in 1903—one of the most spectacular and bloody tragedies of royalty in recent centuries. This pair belonged to the Obenovich dynasty, who were always on good terms with the Austrian reigning house. The cause of their assassination was really the fact that they were too much pro-Austrian.

Alexander was succeeded by King Peter, a descendant of the Kara-Georgevich dynasty. From that day we note a constantly increasing agitation in Servia proper and on the part of the Servians in Austria, especially in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where they were so predominant. In 1908, with the annexation of these provinces to Austria finally consummated, all the work of the agitators was lost, and the two countries were brought to the brink of war. Diplomacy thereupon used its pressure on Servia to avert conflict. The Servians could not under the circumstances have relied on Russia, their natural ally, for any help, since the latter country was just healing the wounds of the Russo-Japanese war.

The Servians in Bosnia had been so far inspired by the agitators to their demand that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be a part of Servia, that they were already prognosticating a larger Servia, which, united with Bulgaria, should occupy the entire Balkan peninsula from the Aegean Sea to the Adriatic, with the exception of Greece.

To this Servian dream of wider nationality Crown Prince Francis Ferdinand was the visible stumbling-block. It was his ambition to unite all the Slavic provinces of Austria, the south-easterly region along the Adriatic, and reform Austria-Hungary from a dual into a triad Government—that is, the third part of the monarchy should comprise Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Istria and Krain, as an equal factor with Hungary and Austria under the same crown. Actuated by this dream of his own, the assassinated Crown Prince used all his influence to form the new Kingdom of Albania, in order to close the doors of the Adriatic Sea to the Servians for ever.

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A motor car without wheels has been constructed and set to practical tests. Instead of wheels there are three parallel pairs of runners, like those on sleds, except that they are movable. When not in motion the car rests on all three pairs of runners, but as soon as the motor is started one pair is raised, moved forward, set on the ground, and so on. Thus the car is always resting on two pairs and by the forward movement of the runners moved also forward. The motion is said to be much smoother than one would anticipate, without jars or noise.

Must the Big Cities Go

It is Predicted that the Tendency Toward Centralization in Cities is Passing

From The Technical World Magazine.

Not so very long ago people lamented the trend of population and industry toward the great centers, and were looking forward to the time when people should be gathered chiefly in huge towns. Now, according to George H. Cushing, who writes on "The Last of the Cities," this tendency has been reversed by a movement born of the desire for efficient industrial operation that has revolutionized so many of our methods and views. It is possible, Mr. Cushing thinks, that the United States has built its last big city, and that the present great centers have already reached their zenith.

"WITHIN the year, I visited Spartanburg, South Carolina. The place is so small that when you leave the public square you are in the country. One might expect it to be so slow that its movement would not be perceptible. However, I spent two days with one business man who but recently had spent \$2,500 to hire an efficiency expert to teach his workmen how to get real speed. They are, to-day, the fastest men in their line in the country. In the cotton-mills, I found everything keyed to an appreciation of the value of time. Everywhere it is the same. Last week, I heard a carpenter from a hamlet in Michigan criticizing a Chicago carpenter because he was slow. Only last night, a farmer from Iowa said, as we sat together on the car:

"Chicago men let too many things distract them. They work too hard for the results they get. Come out to my farm and I'll show you real speed—eight hours a day devoted to a purpose—to getting things done without delay."

"This other thing is true: The small-town workman is healthier and stronger than the city workman. His living conditions are better; his food is purer. He can go, when trained, faster and further than the city man for those reasons.

"The small-town manufacturer, because of his better workmen, the lower cost of real estate upon which his buildings stand, and his less congested railroad yards, can produce faster, and hence undersell the city manufacturer. That is why so many manufacturing companies are outside the big cities. A few big examples tell the story. The Steel Corporation did not select Chicago as the site for its new mills; it built a town at Gary, Indiana, instead. The National Tube Company did not build at Cleveland, but chose Lorain, Ohio. The Western Electric Company did not locate its new factories in Chicago; it built at Hawthorne, Illinois. The great General Electric Company did not go to New York, but to Schenectady. The tendency is general. The movement is away from the cities.

"With even so little evidence, it is easy to predict the death of the big cities. Great congested centres are doomed, if for no other reason than that they are no longer economical. The one thing that is doing



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more than any other influence to bring this about is the appreciation by nearly every small city in the land that 'time is money.'

"The railroad companies must treat all patrons alike. They do so, apparently; for city and country merchant alike gets his switching facilities free. Yet this means that the city man receives something of immense cost and value, while the country man's service is cheap to the roads.

"The ordinary bustling, jostling, and busy railway makes a bee-line through small towns. It only throws off a few switches here and there to grab up the traffic which such places produce. This is a cheap way of getting the small towns' traffic on and off the company rails.

"The same railroad does not really enter, but stops at the edge, of a big city. There it is broken up into nothing but a labyrinth of switches. It resembles nothing so much as a rope frayed first into strands and then into threads. All semblance to a 'through' line is lost. It has lost all apparent order and direction and has become nothing but a tangled network of tracks. Every track is a switch to somewhere. Every switch goes off after business. This is complex and intricate. The service is costly. The real estate is expensive. It is far from a simple or easy way of getting traffic upon the carrier's rails.

"In a small town, few railroad switches are longer than a thousand feet. The Chicago switching district, for one example, is more than thirty miles long and more than fifteen miles wide. It is filled with tracks, cross-overs, and storage yards.

Although the railroad as well as the merchant must, to-day, call for and deliver the freight it is paid for carrying, the switching charges in both the village and the great city are the same—that is, the service is free. At least, no direct charge is made for it. The railroad may not send out a bill for this service, but that does not say it costs nothing. On the contrary, this switching service costs tremendously. Since it costs money and since that money is paid by the carriers, they must get it in some other way. And they do. They 'lump' the cost of switching and charge it into 'general expense.' Then they adjust their rates generally to cover adequately and fully that expense. Seattle, for example, pays its portion of the expense of maintaining Chicago's big passenger station. Paducah, Kentucky, pays its portion of the expense of maintaining the New York terminal station. All the little towns pay their portion of the expense of maintaining the costly real estate, the myriad of tracks, and the countless switching engines in the freight-yards of the big cities. At least, that has been the system up to now. It is the proposed change from this system which threatens the big cities.

"Again in our present system the country produces the wealth and the city absorbs it. The rural districts are coming to realize this and to resent it. The uprising against the system is, even when standing alone, an influence sufficiently potent to begin the disintegration of the cities. The impending change, foresha-

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dowed by a recent proposal made by Louis D. Brandeis before the Interstate Commerce Commission, is practically that in future there shall be two rates—one for the cross-country haul, paid by all alike; the other a switching or terminal rate, proportional to the extent and complexity of the service.

"Under such a system, the small-town man would have practically only the cross-country rate to pay. To the city man, the cross-country rate would be insignificant; the city rate covering the cost of city real estate would be too high to be paid by any one. His higher cost of transportation alone would rob him of anything but the business in the one city where he did business.

"The thing has become an issue. The country is discriminated against in favor of the city, and knows it. That is plain. The country is vastly in the majority. The majority rules—in the end. The Commission may 'stall,' but that does not dispose of the issue. When the majority rules in this matter, the discrimination will end. That will mean that the city's pre-eminence will be gone. As matters now stand, abundant and cheap transportation alone gives the city any edge on the country in the fight for the nations business. To take away that transportation advantage causes the city to fall. It causes the city to lose the chief thing which holds it together—business advantage."

Preserving the Eskimo

What is Needed to Save a
Gentle Race from Extinction

From The Westminster Gazette.

The following article is from the pen of Dr. W. T. Grenfell, who has done such a magnificent work in the country of which he writes. Is a national duty in respect to the simple races of the icy fastnesses being neglected?

FEW Englishmen realize what a large number of our fellow-subjects of King George the Fifth are to be found in the regions of almost perpetual ice and snow. We have simply annexed all the countries belonging for ages to the Eskimo, without so much as saying "by your leave." We have done, moreover, very, very little to discharge our debt for the advantages derived, which, at present, at least, are almost entirely on our side.

Nansen, Peary, and practically all Northern explorers have testified how very little the Eskimo derive from our unsolicited appropriation of them and their country—in fact, plenty of them are still entirely ignorant of the benefits they gain from being British subjects. Dr. Nansen has protested that the only way to save a possible permanent population of these immense and ever increasingly valuable wilds is never to go near them. The Danes, for the same reason, have made Greenland a country in which no white man may land except in distress, or by permission—and no trader on any con-

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dition. For years I have been trying to obtain one of the inimitable eiderdown blankets made in that country. They are light and portable as feathers, and as beautiful as Chinese silk, and as warm as any known substance. But in spite of having sent round by way of Copenhagen, I have as yet not been able to acquire one.

This is not the place to discuss the question whether this particular or any other aboriginal race can survive contact with us white men, or whether they have sufficient capacity to adapt themselves to an entirely new environment. The fact remains that white men are not, and I question if they can be, prevented from going among them. So the problem is far from being solved, even if Dr. Nansen's thesis is well grounded. But one thing is certain, and that is, we are not discharging what appears to me to be the primary duty of any civilized country annexing that belonging to another race—to take, first of all, every possible precaution that we do not do them more injury than we can help.

In Baffin's Land trading stations are growing up, and trading enterprises, giving the Eskimo our diseases, and depleting very materially their means of earning a livelihood by the importation of modern weapons. Yet there is not a single medical officer in the country to whom a man can go to find out what the new trouble is, or how to avoid dying from it. We are now in correspondence with the Canadian Government in the hope that their excellent Indian Department may grant the expenses of a least one such medical officer.

In the peninsula of Labrador many hundreds of these charming little Eskimo still maintain an existence, and among them the Moravian Brethren have been working for over a hundred years. Though the district in which they live is north of our northernmost hospital, and though our own work lies among the fishermen and white settlers of the country, still it is my privilege each year on my summer trips, on the hospital steamer *Strathcona*, to see and treat as many of the "Innuits," or "the men," as they call themselves, as have the doubtful good fortune to be ill at the psychological moment when the steamer calls.

In the year 1800 they were still numerous as far south as the Straits of Belle Isle, and some five hundred were spread along the northern side of the Gulf and on both sides of the Straits. By 1900, however, not one remained south of Hamilton Inlet, which is two hundred miles north of the Straits. From there to Nain, which is two hundred miles still further on, only a sorry remnant still remain, interspersed with white settlers and half-breeds, who are gradually displacing them.

Unlike the replacing of the Red Indian, the process has been an entirely peaceful one so far as the Eskimo are concerned. For in spite of the stories of their blood-thirstiness and ferocity, diligently circulated by their visitors as an excuse for destroying them—a practice dating from the time of Eric the Red, when the first Christians visited them—the opinions of

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all northern explorers and men of science who have been personally among them are unanimous in testifying to the fact that they are an unusually gentle, long-suffering, and trustworthy people.

From Nain to Cape Chidly there are about a thousand of these "Innuits," all of whom have been more or less under the influence and kindly industrial treatment of the Moravian missionaries, whose emissaries have been among my warm friends in Labrador during the past twenty-one years. Yet in spite of all their unselfish and truly paternal care, these modern Eskimo are not like the "old race." Increasing communication and contact with fishing and trading vessels have been impossible to prevent; and directly one rounds Cape Chidly one cannot help noticing the finer physique, better hunting qualities, and more independent spirits of the real Eskimo.

From time to time I have met men of every calling who have been among them—explorers, traders, and independent vessels. Many of these are among my closest friends. American and English visitors, such as Professor Daly of Harvard, missionary clergy, and Government officials like Professor Lowe, have all alike testified to the excellent qualities of this marvelous little people, and to the great desirability of preserving them from extermination just as long as we possibly can.

Everyone is aware of the admirable manner in which the American Government has dealt with the problem of the preservation of the Alaskan Eskimo. The introduction of reindeer into that country has proved a boon not only to the native people, but to the many mining camps in the country, and in course of time will be an inestimable benefit to the whole North American continent. As the old ranch lands are more and more being converted into areas for grain raising, the meat supply becomes an increasingly serious problem, and little by little the value of those Northern countries, with barren, moss-covered areas which will support little or no animal life, and are not in any way capable of cultivation for ordinary agricultural purposes, becomes apparent. Reindeer have been found north of the Arctic Circle, not only maintaining life, but fat and healthy as well. They are easily domesticated, their milk is excellent, and bland in flavor, and their skins are most valuable.

Some years ago we imported a herd of reindeer from Lapland, feeling that the future of Labrador must be sought elsewhere than in agricultural wealth, and realizing the immense value these animals are to mankind. We let our native Lapp herders go home, as the funds at our command were not sufficient to justify keeping them indefinitely, and we are hoping in future to be able to employ Eskimos for herders, as the little people are admirably adapted for the life.

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Courts of Hope and Good Will

How Chicago is Lessening
Social Evils by Enlightened
Courts

From The Contemporary Review.

Ida M. Tarbell deals in strong terms with the work that is being done in the new system of Chicago courts in dealing with cases that involve personal relations—desertion, wife-beating, divorce. The handling of such cases with understanding as well as justice has led to the reunion of many families and to the alleviation of social evils. A portion of Miss Tarbell's article is given below.

SOME ten years ago the moment arrived when the city of Chicago found it impossible any longer to put up with her method of handling petty crime. It had become so bad, it was ludicrous. Summarily she razed the whole structure to the ground, and devised a substitute. The substitute has now been in operation for six years, and it is undoubtedly the simplest and most businesslike court in this or perhaps any country. Ninety per cent. of its criminal cases are now disposed of within twenty-four hours; and the end of each year sees the docket practically clear. It not only does business, it pays its way, and publishes properly audited accounts to prove it. It is also the only court in the United States which furnishes full statistics of its transactions.

At the head of the bench is a chief justice, whose relation to the court is not unlike that of the chairman of the board of directors to a big business. That is, he is there to see that business is done swiftly and properly. His position is one of so large a latitude that if at the start it had fallen into weak hands infinite mischief might have been done. But it did not. The first chief justice, "Harry Olson," as most of Chicago affectionately call him, came to his task with a strong sympathy for efficiency and simplified procedure, a dislike for wasting time in proving what a defendant admits, and a belief that the merits of a case should have a chance. And all of these things he has insisted on in court. At the same time the chief justice knew from experience all about the old system. He had been for ten years previous to his election an assistant state's attorney, handling criminal cases in Chicago. He knew that if the politicians could find a point in the new organization which they could break in, they were going to do it. One of his greatest services so far has been beating them at their own game in all their attacks.

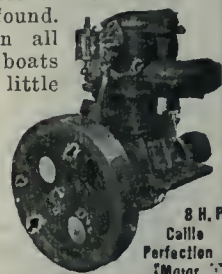
Among the extraordinary powers with which the Municipal Court was endowed at birth was the right to establish at its discretion branches to handle special classes of work. Nothing that it has done in its brief term of life shows better how alert and adventurous its spirit has been, than the exercise of this prerogative some three years ago, when it started what is



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called officially the Court of Domestic Relations. There is an amazing percentage of fair success in marriage. Personally, I am inclined to believe that it is in this relation that life's most terrible battles are fought and the most stupendous victories gained. Nevertheless, failures are many. They range in degree from patient acceptance of the situation to open ruptures. In this gamut of failures there is a percentage in which the wronged party appeals to the law for help.

It is with these cases particularly those where children are involved, that the Court of Domestic Relations was created to deal. As things then stood in the town, family troubles were mixed helter-skelter in the thirteen different districts' courts where the municipal cases were tried along with petty felonies and misdemeanors. Women, often with children old enough to be affected by the scenes of the court, young girls betrayed and seeking redress, with now and then a self-respecting man with a brawling wife, were sandwiched in with rogues, drunks, and women of the street. The whole situation was intolerable, particularly to the group of women who, under the leadership of Jane Addams, have been trying for some years to put an end to the influences which corrupt Chicago boys and girls. They came to Chief Justice Olson with the request that he establish a new court, devoted entirely to home relationships.

The suggestion was eagerly seized, and a committee of associate judges appointed to work out a plan. They soon had something much broader than that originally proposed. Not only did it segregate the cases, but it suggested a handling of them in an utterly new spirit. Punishment was the key to the old treatment. If a man or woman was found guilty of breaking some one or another of the laws of marriage, the practice had been to deal to him the punishment the law prescribed. The judges of the Municipal Court knew well enough how futile as a rule the punishment was, how almost invariably the one result was to make the breach in the family wider. They now broke utterly with the old formula, and laid down a new aim for the court: "To make itself equally as good an agent to keep husband and wife together and thus give the children the home influence, as it had been an agent in separating them." It was proposed to do this by furnishing the great needs of men and women in trouble—a confessional and a hand of authority.

It was a confessional, then, that the new court first supplied to those who sought its help. And as those who come to it are chiefly women (in its first year the Court of Domestic Relations disposed of 2,796 cases—in only 61 of these was the woman the defendant) the confessor is a woman, a "social secretary" she is called. It is to her that the troubled soul first tells her grief. Again and again there are sides to her story which she could tell to no one but a woman, which no one but a woman could fully understand. It is her own story, told to one whom she instinctively knows can understand and sympathize, which determines the action—whether a warrant shall be issued for the

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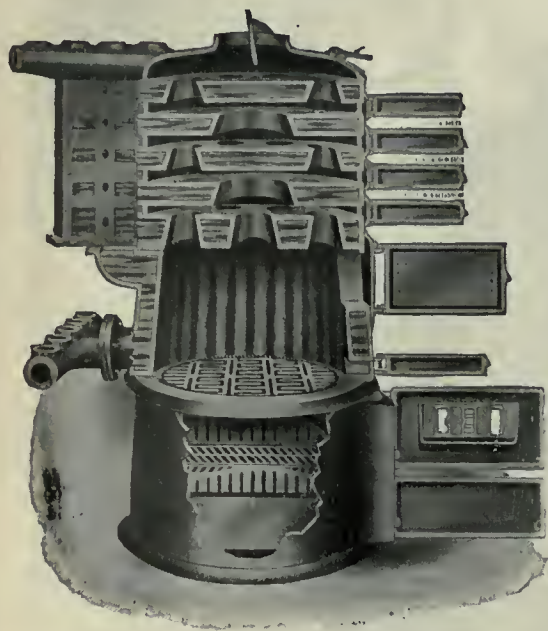
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husband, or whether the woman shall be persuaded "to try again." Again and again a little sensible talk from this sensible social secretary will persuade the woman that she has no trouble compared to that which bringing her husband into court might cause her. Not infrequently it is found, too, that by asking the man to come and talk things over, the matter can be patched up. In the first year Judge Goodnow was able to keep a thousand cases out of court, over one-third as many were tried. Judge William N. Gemmill, who presided over the court in the second year, reports 2,462 cases disposed of without warrants to 3,699 heard and disposed of.

But for every one case that is settled without a warrant, probably three are issued. The confessional has not been enough. The sinner must feel the hand of authority. The amazing fact is the understanding with which that hand works. It is carefully applied, not by hard and fast formulae but by those who believe in the power of men and women to "come back." To discover the cause of their downfall, and remove it if possible; to arouse their deadened sense of family responsibility that the children may have what the court sets out with declaring is their right, a home which is cheerful and decent; to give them work if they have none; to summon to their aid every social force—that, and not punishment, the Court of Domestic Relations believes to be its function. If this programme is to be carried out, an offender must be broken down, made to admit his wrongdoing. The judges become extremely skilful in finding the way to a man's heart, his conscience, or his pride.

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Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About Amelie Rives' "World's End"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Three books which have been reviewed in this department remain at the head of the list of best selling books in Canada, and "World's End" coming next, is the subject of this month's article. Winston Churchill's book which had dropped to fourth place last month is back in the premier position again with a good lead. It will be observed that the only title appearing in both the Canadian and United States lists is Booth Tarkington's "Penrod."

AMELIE RIVES (Princess Troubetzkoy) is best known as the author of "The Quick and the Dead" and sufficient evidence as to the success of her latest book "World's End," is its presence in the list of the six best selling novels this month. The three which precede this title in the Canadian list have already been subjects of reviews in this department. It will be observed that "The Inside of the Cup," which was again ousted from the leadership last month, is back at the head of the list. If this keeps up we will be having a new Churchill book before the popularity of the last one has waned sufficiently to crowd it out of the six best sellers. The long continued universal demand for this religious novel indicates that interest in religious questions has not died out to nearly so great an extent as some would have the public believe.

To get back to the particular book to be considered this month, "World's End" gets its name from the estate in Virginia where the greater part of the action of the story takes place. The novel can scarcely evade the charge of sentimentalism, yet it has an appealing quality which will endear it to the lovers of romance.

The principal characters of the tale are Phoebe Nelson, a heroine who blooms with all the charm of the South, her cousin Richard Bryce and his uncle Owen Randolph.

Richard is a fascinating young man, an abnormally clever artist with untold faith in himself as such and as a poet as well. But he has a twisted view of life, which, in the influence exerted on the girl with her rich and romantic nature, all but wrecks her prospects of true happiness and would have done so but for quiet strength in body, mind, and emotion of Richard's uncle, Owen Randolph, who, stirred to the depth of his compassion and love for her, employs the force of his big character to reconstruct her life. Through deeply pathetic circumstances, by Owen's assistance, she finally wins to triumphant happiness and the telling is lightened along the way by a charming humor and fine descriptive passages making "World's End" a most realistic place indeed, with warmly pictured characters, including funny and lovable negro servants.

Richard had peculiar views as to religion and marriage. He considered them "inartistic." The universe was to him a vast studio. At twenty-six his enthusi-

asms gave him keener delight than they did to those about him. He did not restrict his attention to painting, for besides that he was, at the time of the opening of the story, engaged in writing a one-act opera in accordance with the Chinese laws of music which he maintained constituted the only real tonic-scale; and was also writing a volume of poems, the latest of his poems being "The Daughter of Ypocras." Expounding this poem, he said: "Ypocras was a lovely girl who had been changed into a dragon and doomed to retain this fearful shape until some lover, knowing her plight, should be bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. The lover comes and, being often mirrored in the beautiful eyes which are all that remain to her of her woman's form, is drawn gradually into doting on the rare sinuosities of her dragon-shape, and the play of the light along her scales of gold and violet. So that when at last his kiss transforms her again to woman, his artist heart breaks at the loss of his exquisite dragon, and he sinks dying at the feet of the sweetly normal maiden who has taken her place."

Richard further explained that he had endeavored in the poem to reveal some of the dark yet radiant magic lurking in the mysterious perversities of femininity, as opposed to the common-place attraction of what he called "the daylight charm of the uncomplex woman."

Such twisted views were characteristic of Richard. For instance, when he came suddenly upon Phoebe in her garden, her pet crow "Jimmy Toots" was perched on her shoulder and as she caught sight of Richard she tried with both hands to tear "Jimmy Toots" from his perch but Richard, seeing "a picture of a young woman in an April garden with a bird of ill-omen on her shoulder," urged her not to take it down.

"You with that crow are like a poem by Baudelaire" and forthwith "Jimmy Toots" became "M. Baudelaire" to Richard. How could one of his intensely artistic nature possibly employ such an inelegant term as "Jimmy Toots."

Richard paints her picture in the garden with "M. Baudelaire," calling the painting "Pandore et le Genie du Coffre."

In the painting he exaggerated a likeness he saw in her to a Botticelli, so that the head seemed a little small for the long nymphaean limbs. "But the translation of Jimmy Crow into a bird, of sombre presage was wholly a masterpiece.

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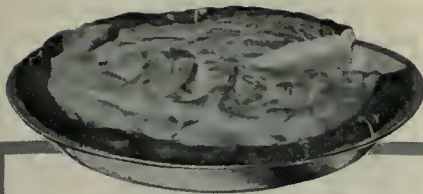
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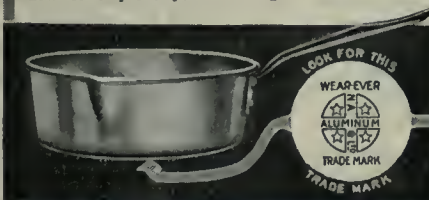
Recipe for Pie Crust. 1½ Cups Flour, ½ Cup Lard, ¼ Cup Butter, ½ Teaspoon Salt, Cold Water. Add salt to flour and work in lard with finger tips. Moisten to dough with cold water. Toss on board sprinkled lightly with flour, pat and roll out. Fold in butter, pat and roll out. Line a "Wear-Ever" Pie Pan with paste and build up a fluted rim.

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The reader can well imagine the effect of an attractive yet wholly self-centred young man in his influence upon the young woman who saw in him the ideal for whom she waited and will realize something of the possibilities which this situation opens to the author in working out the story and it is like getting into God's clear sunshine when the influence of Owen Randolph eventually gains precedence.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS. CANADIAN SUMMARY.

- | | |
|--|----|
| 1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill | 76 |
| 2. The Fortunate Youth. Locke | 49 |
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| 4. World's End. Rives | 35 |
| 5. When Ghost Meets Ghost. DeMorgan. | 30 |
| 6. Penrod. Tarkington | 29 |

NON-FICTION.

1. Love Story of Parnell.
2. A Traveler at Forty.
3. Prophets, Priests and Kings.

BEST SELLERS IN UNITED STATES.

1. Pollyanna. Porter.
2. The Salamander. Johnson.
3. The Price of Love. Bennett.
4. You Never Know Your Luck. Parker.
5. Penrod. Tarkington.
6. Captivating Mary Carstairs. Harrison.

Amelie Rives in private life is the wife of Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, the Russian painter. She was born in Richmond, Va., and is a southerner to the core and the fine old Virginia estate in which the scenes of her latest novel are laid is easily recognized as her own home, Castle Hill, in Albemarle county. She was only seventeen when she stirred the reading world some years ago with her book "The Quick and the Dead." A great deal of romantic interest hinged about the young author at that time and items and paragraphs about herself and the picturesque old house in Virginia were eagerly read. She is gifted with unusual beauty, wit and cleverness with a wonderful charm of manner and she seems, as someone has aptly said, "like the princess in a fairy tale."

At present the Princess is at her summer home in Italy completing another novel entitled "Shadows of Flame" to be published in the spring.

The room in the fine old southern home in which she does her writing is one of stately proportions with finely carved woodwork and walls of plastude panels of pure Georgian type, providing a perfect background for the rare furniture. This is relieved by a mingling of more comfortable looking chairs and a lounge piled high with cushions near the grate open wood fire. The wall space is filled with an exceptionally fine library, books such as one would look for in the collection of the most erudite scholar.

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among her most intimate belongings because then she is at her ease and so much herself that she can do better and more rapid work than in any other place in the world. Among the many fine family portraits which adorn the walls of her home are two copies of originals which had gone to other members of the Rives family. These copies are considered remarkably fine and are the work of the Princess. Speaking of this she has said, "I should, of course, have been a painter had I not been compelled to write," by which assertion she meant that she could not seriously or exclusively be anything else than a writer. The identity of this author is sometimes confused with Hallie Erminie Rives Wheeler, but they are quite distinct personalities Mrs. Wheeler is a cousin of the author of "World's End."

Marie Dressler the Inimitable

Continued from Page 43.

the Victoria Theatre, New York, December, 1900.

Two years later, at the New York Theatre, she played in "The Hall of Fame."

It was about time for her to do something to distinguish herself particularly. Everyone, who is anyone, has felt at least one moment of distinguished conduct, during his life. Marie Dressler's turn came in 1905. The incident was the event of her joining Joe Weber's company in the Weber Music Hall. Her repertoire included such plays as "Higgeldy Piggeldy," "The College Widower," "Twiddle Twaddle," "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West."

So great was the hit she made, that the next season, she toured the country with Weber. She was the cleverest comedienne of her type appearing before the public.

It was time for her to try her luck in other lands. London, through the medium of the Palace Theatre, saw her in 1907. And London laughed with her. London shook her sides with laughter. London rocked with merriment. And Marie Dressler loved London. So much so that she stayed there for three seasons, reaping the reward of tact and avoidupois.

America next saw her in that typical Dressler sort of comedy, "Tillie's Nightmare." Since then, she has made no outstanding success in any role, being content to rest, for a while, on the laurels won already, and incidentally the profits from this elaborately staged comedy.

BRUSSELS TO BECOME A SEAPORT.

The city of Brussels, Belgium, is to become a seaport by the deepening and widening of the Willebroeck Canal, connecting with the Rupel River a short distance from Antwerp, whence there is deep water to the North Sea. This work, as well as the construction of docking facilities for seagoing vessels, is now practically completed, the cost of the whole project being \$12,454,000.

Twisting Trails

Continued from Page 34.

And he started silently back toward the tunnel entrance.

When one hundred feet from the mouth he heard someone coming and flattened himself against the wall. In the raging storm and intense darkness, he could not see the opening. For two minutes he remained, scarcely breathing. Plainly he could hear sounds but they did not come nearer. Suddenly he realized the truth. Someone was working at the mouth of the tunnel.

Slowly he crawled to within fifty feet of the entrance. There he waited for a flash of lightning to reveal who it was and what he was doing. In a moment it came, and he saw Fowler stooping over a box. A match flared in the darkness that followed and he heard a voice:

"I guess that'll tie them up for some time."

Fowler ran from the entrance. The ensuing silence was broken by a sputtering and a sizzling. Standing, up Stover saw a red spark, a red spark that sent out tiny white ones.

For a moment he could not move. Then, with a rush, he started toward the tunnel's mouth.

Suddenly the red spark grew to a red line. He stopped and wheeled.

"Lie down, quick! Lie—"

His shout was drowned in a roar that grew and grew and by a blast of air sweeping into the tunnel that threw him flat on his face and rushed past to where he had left Rea.

CHAPTER X.

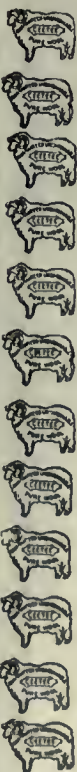
REA STRAINE, tired out by the physical and mental exertions of the past twenty-four hours, sat down on the floor of the tunnel when Stover left her. This, and the fact that she was far from the tunnel's mouth, and was leaning against the wall in a small fissure or alcove, saved her from injury.

The mental shock following the blast was greater than the physical. She sat still, trying to determine what had happened. Her first thought was of Stover. She knew there had been an explosion and that he had gone to the mouth of the tunnel. Had he been hurt, killed or—?

He had had time to reach the mouth, to get out, before the explosion came. Had it been part of his plan? Indignation supplanted fear, made her forget her weariness, even the danger of her position. Stover, in his rush through the darkness, had led her purposely to the tunnel and then had abandoned her while he and Fowler closed the tunnel with dynamite.

"This is probably an abandoned tunnel," she thought, "and—"

Her situation suddenly assumed definite form. She was trapped and not only trapped, but would be left to die of starvation. There never would be a trace of her. The storm would wipe out any foot-prints she may have left since landing at the mine. She had come after dark



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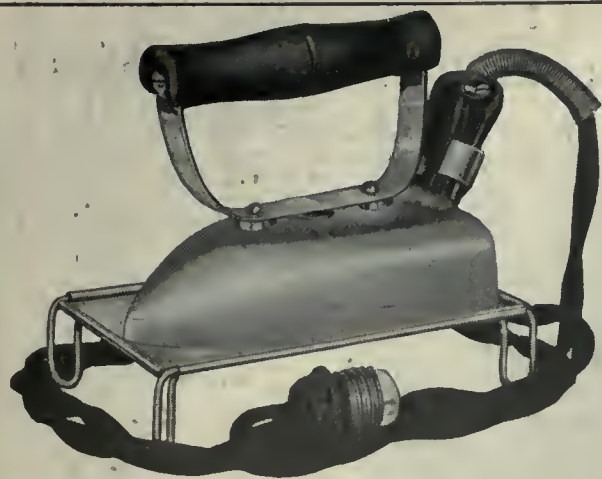
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and none except Fowler and Stover and George knew she was there.

For the first time since she had left Vermilion, Rea became wholly a young woman. Tears came quickly and freely. Once her hold on herself had slipped, she wept hysterically and it was five minutes before her sobbing ceased. Then she shook her head and rose to her feet.

"The gas!" she whispered, snuffing the air for the odor of the burned explosive. It came to her faintly, but more perceptible was a breath of cold air from behind. She turned the side of her wet cheek and felt it. Cold air was blowing through the tunnel and toward the mouth!

Stumbling in the darkness, she made her way toward the entrance. There was the possibility of a crevice not filled by rock brought down by the blast. When she neared the mouth she walked more slowly. Her foot caught something soft and she fell forward onto Stover's body.

Contrition, not joy that he was there, nor fear that he was dead, was her first emotion. The man she had doubted, the man she had believed to have been instrumental in trapping her in the tunnel, had not only been honest in his efforts to aid her, but he had sacrificed his life as well!

Quickly she reached toward the body, lying on the cold, hard floor of rock. She groped for a wrist and there was a little exclamation of joy when she felt the strong beats of his pulse. A brief examination showed that neither arms nor legs were broken. She could not feel blood on his face or head.

Rea remembered that she had stepped into a small pool of water just before striking the body with her feet. Reaching back, she made a cup of her hands and sprinkled the cold drops on Stover's forehead and face.

In a minute she felt him move slightly. Then, in the stillness of the tunnel, she heard his voice.

"Are you hurt?"

"No," she whispered. "Lie still. You have been stunned. You will feel better soon."

She sprinkled more water on his face and lifted his head to her lap.

"He trapped us," she heard Stover whisper. "Blew in the tunnel mouth so that it filled up. Maybe we can get out when daylight comes."

The stillness following his words was broken by the hollow sound of falling rock. Again it came and again. Then there was silence. The man and the girl waited breathlessly, wondering.

"Fool!" exclaimed Stover suddenly; and he rose quickly to his feet. "I'm a fool. That was Fowler filling up a small hole that remained. We might at least have talked with him and made terms. Now there is no chance."

"It's my fault," said Rea. "I might have known. After the blast I felt a cold draught of air blowing toward the tunnel mouth. I might have known it escaped there. Now it is too late."

To Be Continued.

Canadian Women in the Arts

Continued from Page 25.

the former inherited much of her genius. She began her studies at home, and early attracted the attention of the then Premier and his wife, both of whom are always on the lookout for young musicians. They immediately interested themselves in her, and, through their instrumentality, Eva Gauthier was presented to Lord Strathcona, who, recognizing the possibilities in her voice, offered to bear all the expense of her musical education. What an opportunity!

She studied three years in Paris, and then another opportunity came a-knocking at her door. Madame Albani offered to take her as assistant on one of her concert tours. Under these brilliant auspices, Eva Gauthier toured England, Scotland, the United States and Canada.

Three years of study in Italy followed, then she made her debut in Carmen as *Micaela*. The musical critics said: "She does not ask, but *forces* your attention." Shortly after her debut, Miss Gauthier



Margaret Anglin, most justly renowned of Canadian actresses.

conceived the ambitious desire to tour the world. It was certainly a justifiable one. She went to Java, Sumatra, the East Indian Islands, British India, China and Australia. Previous to this, however, she toured Italy, France, Holland, Belgium and Denmark. The Queen of this latter country was so impressed with Madame Gauthier's voice that she conferred a decoration upon her. While in Java, the prima donna had the honor of visiting His Excellency, the Viceroy, and his family.

Many, many times, while on that Eastern tour, Madame was obliged to prolong her stay in order to give a second concert. Her fame spread to such an extent that halls were not large enough to hold the crowds and a second performance had to be arranged.

Miss Juliette Gauthier is a sister of Madame Franz Knoote, and not a whit

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less talented. "She is just bubbling over with music," said a friend, recently. "Fancy, she began her career as a violinist, and was making a splendid reputation for herself, when it was discovered that her voice was too precious a gift to be left untouched, so she gave up the violin and took to singing!"

She was also a protegee of Lord Strathcona, going to Italy to study. Her debut made a great sensation in Florence, when she sang at the opening and dedication of the American Church there. Her engagement to a titled Italian has been recently announced, but the marriage has been postponed, because of Italy's requiring him in his military capacity.

We cannot think of the violin without the name of Mary Kathleen Parlow. Most Canadians have been fortunate enough to have heard her, on one of her several tours. Born in Calgary, she early moved to California, and, when still only a child, was taken to Russia. Since 1908, when she was but eighteen years old, her success has been assured. She has played before many crowned heads, and is unaffectedly delighted to give pleasure with her music. She is perhaps least like a professional person of any one we could mention. Slight, graceful, responsive in a tremendous degree to appreciation, she is more like a lovable, healthy girl, of ordinary

acquaintance, than a Celebrity with a capital C.

THE EARLY SUCCESS OF L. M. MONTGOMERY.

L. M. Montgomery made an exceptionally fortunate debut into the world of letters. She did not write a guide book or a history of the early pioneers—either of which might run a chance of acceptance—she wrote the hardest thing to sell, a plain story—"Anne of Green Gables." The usual procedure in the matter of publication was reversed; Canada took what belonged to her first, and the world took it afterward.

I have heard many people discuss Mrs. Ewan Macdonald's books. People who would seem to know her,

her daily habits and all the characters about whom she writes. I have heard them describe the originals. Here is what she says on the subject:

"Absolutely NONE of the people in my books are 'real characters.' The only possible exception is that of Peg Bowen in The Story Girl, who was suggested to me by a crazy old woman who roamed about the country in my childhood; and even she was very little like Peg Bowen. All my other characters, minor or major, are purely imaginary."

Mrs. M. Macdonald lived in Cavendish, P.E.I., before her marriage and is still "Lucy Maud" to the proud inhabitants of the little Island. They feel, as a whole, that



Mrs. Nellie McClung.



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they have a provincial, proprietary right—almost a family interest in those of their number who are distinguishing themselves in the world of the arts, so they tenaciously cling to "Lucy Maud" (probably with "our" before it) instead of adopting the formal Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, of Leaksdale, Ont.

The authoress comes of an exceptionally clever family, her three uncles, the Rev. L. G. Macneil, Mr. Chester Macneil, and Professor Macneil going a long way to prove this. She has written since she was a small child, stories in which her cats appeared as heroes and heroines, "and whatever else they lacked, they did not lack imagination." She not only wrote but published, at an early age; verses and stories in the local press, many of which attracted favorable comment outside the Island and gave rise to prophecies about Miss Montgomery which have since, been amply fulfilled. She is a prodigious worker, as the number of her publications show; scarcely a month passes without bringing to light at least one story from her pen.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS

And we have another Best Seller—"Sowing Seeds in Danny." Oh, the laughs and weeps between those two covers!

Mrs. Nellie McClung—er—goodness, where to begin? She went West when six years of age, and, in her own words, "narrowly escaped a princely fortune by not investing in real estate, in the city of Winnipeg. Said princely fortune has successfully escaped up to present date." She taught school for five years and then got married. Between rearing and educating five fine young McClungs, she wrote, and latterly (although that is not just the way to put it) she has "gone in" for politics. Working on a temperance platform, she recently stumped the whole of Manitoba against the Roblin Government, holding several enormous meetings, the novel part of which was, that people paid fifty cents to hear her speak! She says: "I went into politics quite without apologies to any one, neither did I go from choice. There comes a time when one cannot do otherwise without loss of self-respect. . . . and I am there to stay, until we get political recognition. . . . God intended men and women to work together in the best of good fellowship and harmony. . . . we receive sympathy to burn about woman suffrage. That is what we do with most of it! Good words, kind talk. . . . and every once in a while we burn it all up."

Intensely earnest and sincere is her espousal of universal temperance; her meetings were largely arranged by the W.C.T.U. She absolutely refused funds from the Liberal party for her campaign.

A writer says of her: "Few of the daughters of Eve have been so endowed by Nature with every gift of mind and body as this idol and darling of the West. Famous as an author, renowned as a public speaker, esteemed as a wife and

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mother, and admired as a beautiful graceful and gracious woman, all this much more is Mrs. Nellie McClung—*woman in Canadian politics.*

THE PREMIERE JOURNALIST.

Nor does that exhaust the sup- Prominent above all others in a pu- journalistic way—although she has w- ten some novels—is Agnes C. Lau- A- rican magazines and weeklies are o- too glad to get a scrap signed with- name, and the scrap they send in ret- fully testifies to their appreciation! M- Laut was born in Ontario, but like M- McClung, she went West when yo- young, was educated at the Manito- University, and went into literature w- a bound. She was editorial writer- the Manitoba Free Press, and later v- correspondent for several American a- English publications. She was also- the staff of the Outing Magazine. Of l- travels in the West when roughing u- roughing it, she can tell better than- Her history of the North reads like- fascinating fairy tale, interspersed w- icy blasts and blinding blizzards. Th- she veered to the far south and did spl- did work in New Mexico, or thereabou- What she does not know about the P- ture Rocks is not worth knowing. A- what she does not know about Canadi- shipping and elevator capacity and i- migration and exports! She has a he- which holds figures as easily as an o- dinary pincushion holds pins.

A very intolerant man went to he- her lecture some months ago; he w- dragged there, otherwise he would n- have gone to hear a woman speak. Th- was the kind of man he was. "But," l- said, "you should have seen her! A litt- fair, frail-looking thing, with a delive- any man might envy, and a grip on h- audience which was astounding. I sa- several of my friends who had gone und- protest and who at the beginning of th- lecture lolled back in their seats ar- looked bored. It wasn't long, howeve- before they were sitting bolt upright an- then leaning forward, so as to catch eve- word. It was a surprise to me, I mus- say. Her head was stocked with all th- information you would want, and figure- and statistics tripped off her tongue a- smoothly as ABC's."

Mrs. McClung says: "Agnes Lau- taught school in Winnipeg about twenty- four years ago. Although she has bee- away from us a long time, she has neve- lost our love and admiration."

This is the third of a series of articles- well-known Canadian women. It gives- partial list only, and others of equal prom- inence will be treated in an article to appe- in an early issue. An unfortunate mistak- occurred in the last number, a likeness o- Mrs. Cotton being referred to as a pictur- of Mrs. Blake.

"TAME" RUBBER.

"Tame" rubber, as that grown in- plantations is termed, is rapidly supplanti- ing "wild" rubber in the markets of the- world. Men interested in rubber manufac- tures have set out plantations of rubber- trees in Sumatra, Ceylon, and other tropi- cal lands, and now much more than half o- the world's supply of rubber comes from- these plantations.

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The Trail of Mooween

Continued from Page 41.

tivities, this one-sided battle was carried on till the bear became frantic with rage and pain. Crombit, thoroughly intoxicated, continued to parry and thrust, even after the poor brute had owned itself beaten by seeking the refuge of its kennel. Then suddenly the bear rushed out at him with a terrific roar. Entirely unnerved Crombit turned and fled. The chain snapped like a strand of cotton, and the infuriated beast was free.

The crowd of revelers tried to turn the bear aside, but they, too, were compelled to flee for their lives. Crombit fell on his face ere he had gone twenty paces. Next moment the brute was upon him, but the man lay motionless as he had fallen. The brute sniffed at his inert body, and then, still dragging half the chain, it charged straight on through the glare of the main avenue.

Exactly what happened to the bear no one knew. No one felt disposed to follow him, and snow fell during the night, blotting out his tracks. In a few days Mooween was forgotten by all but the children who had loved him.

Winter was now far spent but an important packet remained to be delivered at Fort Perry, two hundred miles distant. Crombit was chosen to deliver it, and it was thought that he had just time to make the trip before the ice broke up, when he would return by the first steamer.

One bright crisp morning the young Canadian swept out of the settlement with his team of malamutes and the precious load on his sled. The going was heavy after the recent thaw, for the surface was not properly frozen up. "Mush! Hi! Mush on curse you!" The long lash sang out and the dogs whimpered their willingness—all but the yellow dog which was last in the harness. Its eyes too were yellow, like the eyes of a wolf. It was, indeed, more wolf than dog—it was the turbulent yellow pup. He cast a treacherous look at his master, and there was a suspicion of white fangs under his lips. Next moment he received a cut across the ears, which kept him shaking his head for the remainder of the day.

Crombit threw a kiss to Ninetta as he passed below the shanty, and she stood at the doorway till man and dogs vanished behind the headland of cedars. That was the last that was ever seen of the living Crombit or of the yellow dog.

Four days later the remainder of the team returned to Lake Shimmergreen without sled or master. They trailed no harness, which proved that they had gained their liberty during the night after camp was made. Where was Crombit? Where was the yellow dog?

The factor with his Indian pilot went out to investigate the case and to recover the packet. He found the body of Crombit by the dead ashes of a fire at his second camping ground, one side of his face beaten out of all recognition. The log on which he had sat was undisturbed, and on the snow near by was a half-finished letter addressed to Ninetta. It was



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telling her to take the first boat to Fort Perry where he would await her, when they would go south together for their honeymoon.

Such was the elopement Crombit had planned on the strength of one hundred dollars to be paid him at Fort Perry. The face of the factor was grave as he turned to his pilot.

"See here," said the Indian, "yellow dog circle round camp one, two, three time, then go off into cedar swamp there. It come back soon, big bear following. Bear dragging something between its paws, chain maybe. It jump Crombit from behind, and knock him down once—just once! Then bear and dog back away into swamp—that queer! That heap, blame queer!"

Jacques Druille hid his face and wept when he heard. "C'est l'ours noir!" he muttered softly. "He loved my little girl, and he has saved her. He was always kind to children."

An Irishman Who Started Something

Continued from Page 36.

writing plays, and started producing them. It was a dreary business. To begin with, they had little money. They hired a hall and found themselves after a few weeks up against the stone wall of "No Cash." Yet if the movement was to go on and flourish a deal of advertising was necessary. Lady Gregory in telling of those early days of struggle tells how she and Mr. Yeats went to the newspapers in Dublin and begged the editors to insert their theatre advertising, frankly admitting that it could not be paid for then. Meanwhile the movement seemed to be making little headway. The people scarcely bothered. True there was a band of devotees who had enthusiasm galore, but you can't run a theatre on the enthusiasm of a few and make money on it. To hear Mr. Yeats discuss the real fight that he and his co-workers had to popularize the movement is an experience. All sorts of tricks were resorted to, so that the faith of such as came might be strengthened. Many a night Lady Gregory and her friends would leave the stage door and come into the theatre at the front time after time to induce such as stood idly curious outside, to go in and see what was happening. One would have thought that it would have been an easy thing to recall to Irishmen their heritage in a Celtic twilight—to use the phrase of Mr. Holbrook Jackson. But somehow Irishmen didn't want to remember that their ancestors had delighted in a faery land of imagery.

For years the insular spirit persisted in looking askance at the revival with which Yeats's name became connected. Difference of religion and a clannishness according to whether the "kicker" lived in the north or south seemed inseparable from the production of many of the plays, and when J. M. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" was given, mob tyranny was rampant. Somehow, though it would

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not be safe to aver that an Irishman is necessarily a particularly religious sort of being, theological differences have always been with him a prime consideration. "Do you know Shaun?" says Pat to Mike. "Know Shaun?"—this with an obvious exclamation mark—"Why he's a Catholic!" responds the Protestant Mike. And so, the Irish players found themselves considerably hampered by the unfortunate habit that the people had of staying day and night within reach of a shillaleigh which they might lay about fellow-countrymen with anything but a fellow-feeling, because they hadn't a fellow-faith.

As a corollary to this fanatical opposition, which sprang from religious differences, there was just as strong an opposition because of political bickering. Obviously since the plays dealt with Ireland they were bound to deal with Home Rule and Unionism. This again caused ructions. But Mr. Yeats had one thing clearly in his mind. He realized what Irishmen have never properly grasped themselves; that while they mightn't care a hoot whether they had a National Parliament they did very much want a National Soul. Too long Irish literature, a distinct and definite thing from English literature, had been relegated to a semi-limbo. It was confined to a few; it ought to be the property of the many. Yeats was determined that art such as the Irish possessed should no longer be the pride of the cultured few. He contended that it could be introduced into everybody's everyday life. Yeats burned with a mission. He was an evangelist whose evangel was a revolution in the Spirit of the commonest and the highest alike. He called out in clarion voice that Ireland was forgetting a glorious past instead of weaving it into a half-hearted present. His slogan might well have been 'Wake up Ireland, wake up to your splendid heritage of treasure in literature; and, waking up, live the better for the discovery of your literary possessions.'

For example—when the Irish players were in an Eastern Canadian city recently they were entertained by the Arts and Letters Club. One of the men in the company volunteered to sing two or three songs. He said that he had no music because it wasn't in print. But what he sung both words and music was a treasure well worth preserving. Yet the only way in which this song was preserved was handing it down verbally from generation to generation. Yeats knew that Ireland had a literature of her own which was individual and comparable to the literature of England. He sought to re-discover it, and he and his colleagues worked to put it in keepable form as drama in prose and poetry. How far his movement has gone is well known. Success, delayed for years came at last and the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and touring companies sent out by the Abbey Theatre Company are the results. Ireland has been awakened—in a literary sense at least—to a pride in its individuality and nationality, and the man behind the gun is William Butler Yeats.

Yet ironically enough Mr. Yeats though the man behind was never the gun itself. His was never the personal achievement

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—at any rate along the lines he pioneered. He has given to Ireland a poetic drama; he has added greatly to the store of English lyric poetry, but he has not succeeded in touching the hearts of the common people. I have seen the audience wildly yelling and gavotting up and down the aisle of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin because Mr. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" had "got them going"—to use a colloquialism. Synge wrote plays which so affected the people that a police patrol was necessary. Lady Gregory's works were so powerful that they evoked all sorts of demonstration. But Yeats, whose whole energies have been laden with a desire to awaken the heart of the lowest, has only appealed to the intellectually aristocratic. In one or two of his plays "The Common Chord" or "Kathleen ni Houlihan," he has neared the desired haven, but he never lodged his craft safely therein. "The Land of Heart's Desire," "Shadowy Waters," "On Baile's Strand," and others are poem-plays which have never been equalled since Shakespeare. As a writer of poetic drama, Mr. Yeats has excelled even Stephen Phillips and John Galsworthy and others of the Georgian poets. But in that which he most passionately desired, he has failed. Just as Moses never entered the Promised Land, though he guided the people thither, so Mr. Yeats, whose passion was that his every compatriot might revel in a glorious literature, was never able to accomplish that result directly.

Ireland owes him a tremendous debt. The Irish National Theatre is the outward result of his labors; the striking again of the common chord in the hearts of a thousand thousands was the hidden result of his inspiration and direction. And it is as much worth while to find a soul for a nation as it is to drill soldier with dummy rifles, or drive the final spike and link up a transcontinental.

Be an Artist in Your Line

Continued from Page 38.

only in the well-beaten paths, thinks the thoughts of others, seeks the praise of others, fears to embark upon any line of action until it has the approval of all the others of its little world.

One reason why so many lives are so weak, ineffective, lacking in originality, in vigor of execution, is because they are half committed to their choice of effort or career. The most pronounced, the most conspicuous thing about a person should be his life aim. If he is so dominated by a mighty purpose that everything else about him will only seem to point to that as iron filings to a magnet, then we know such a life will succeed. But unless a man is so completely dominated by a great life aim, that it is his most conspicuous characteristic and dominates his whole personality, then he is probably only an imitator, an artisan, not an artist.

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Adventures of Madelyn Mack

Continued from Page 22.

his eyes flashing, when a low ex-
nation from the policeman, Burke,
ke the tension.
n his right hand he was holding out a
man's white kid glove, with its thumb
ined with a ragged splotch of still
sh blood.

Found it down by the wall, sir! It
s covered up by the door!"

Lieutenant Perry snatched the glove
m the other's hand and held it toward
light. On the wrist was a delicately
brodered monogram in white silk.

Grayson with difficulty smothered a
rp cry. Then his eyes sought Wes-
's face, grown suddenly cold and hard.
h men had recognized the object on the
tant. The glove was the property of
da Wentworth!

H. W." The lieutenant deciphered the
ers slowly. "And pray, gentlemen,"
said mockingly, nodding toward Wes-
with a grin of exultation, "what per-
do these interesting initials fit?"

I think I can answer that question,

he words came in a clear, cold tone
m the doorway, and Hilda Wentworth,
sing her way past Wilkins' resisting
n, stepped into the room.

The glove is mine, officer!"

he held out her hand, but the lieuten-
t, with a low laugh that brought the
yd flaming to the girl's face, thrust the
ve into his pocket.

His eyes flashed from Weston to Gray-
significantly.

I fancy, gentlemen, I have found the
anation of your cock and bull story!"
aid slowly.

Grayson sprang forward with a growl.
You will take those words back or,

Weston caught his shoulder sternly.
e gently, Bob! You are only making a
e of matter worse!"

he lieutenant turned to his man,
ke, ignoring Grayson's threatening
itude. "Clear the room and telephone
coroner! As for you, Miss Went-

th, I am sorry, but—"

What?" asked the girl steadily. Re-

osing the situation of a few moments
uld be, she seemed the calmest member of

by group.

els I am compelled to ask you not to leave
house until I give you permission!"

officer finished brusquely.

sudden pallor swept Hilda Went-

th's face and for an instant her eyes
ed; but she fought back the weakness

ately. With a curt nod she stepped
he door.

am at your service!" she said simply.

ilkins offered her his arm, and Wes-

orld followed the two without a backward
ce. Grayson hesitated, still scowling

he lieutenant's stocky figure. The
er was glaring from the face of the
man to the polished surface of the
ife, with his nerves plainly on a feather

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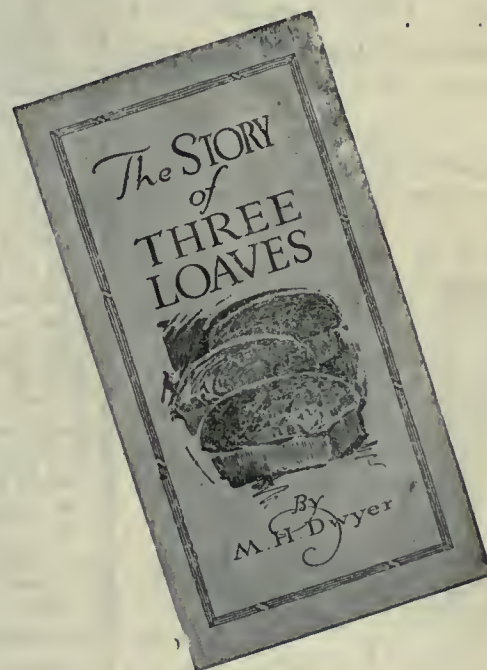
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Grayson shrugged, and had made a step toward the hall when his gaze was arrested almost mechanically by a glitter of green on the red carpet, near the wall at his right. He had taken a second step when a curious impulse—was it the factor of chance?—caused him to turn swiftly. Lieutenant Perry was bending over the body of Homer Hendricks with his face for the moment averted. Grayson's hand felt hurriedly over the carpet and closed about a small greenish object at his feet. Straightening, he walked rapidly through the doorway. In the hall, he glanced at the object in his hand. It was a green jade ball, whose diameter was perhaps that of a quarter. Dropping it into his pocket, the young man ran down the stairs.

III.

"I HAVE earned a vacation, Nora, and I intend to take it."

Madelyn Mack elevated her arms in a luxurious yawn, as she pushed aside the traveling bag at her feet. The eight o'clock train had just brought her back from Denver, and six weeks in the tortuous windings of the Ramsen bullion case. I had received her telegram from Buffalo just in time to meet her at the Grand Central station, and we had driven at once to her Fifth avenue office. As I noted the tired lines under her eyes, and the droop of her shoulders, I could appreciate something of the strain under which she had been laboring. I nodded slowly.

"Yes, you need a vacation," I agreed.

Madelyn impatiently pushed aside a stack of unopened letters. "And I intend to take it!" she repeated almost belligerently. "Business or no business!"

"With a ten-thousand-dollar fee for six weeks' work," I laughed somewhat enviously, "you should worry!"

Madelyn tossed her accumulated correspondence recklessly into a corner of her desk, and drew down its roll top with a bang.

"I feel like dissipating to-night, Nora. Are you up to a cabaret? A place with noise enough to drown out every echo of work!"

At her elbow the telephone shrilled suddenly. Mechanically Madelyn took down the receiver. Almost with the first sentence over the wire, I could see her features contract.

"Yes, Mr. Grayson, this is Miss Mack talking. What is that?" In a moment she clapped her hand over the transmitter, and turned a wry face to me. "Was I foolish enough to talk about a rest, Nora? Homer Hendricks has just been shot—murder or suicide!"

Her next sentence was directed at the telephone. "Never mind what Lieutenant Perry says, Mr. Grayson! I'll be over at once. Yes, I said at once!"

She hung up the receiver, and sprang to her feet.

"Come on, Nora! I'll give you the details on the way!" Her weariness had vanished as though it had never existed.

She slammed the door of the office, leaving her bag where she had tossed it,



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and jabbed the bell for the elevator. Not until we were in her car, that had been waiting at the curb, and speeding up the Avenue, did she speak again.

"You know of Hendricks, the lawyer, of course, and his niece, Hilda Wentworth—"

"You don't mean to say that he has been killed, and the girl is suspected—"

Madelyn shrugged. "The police seem to think so!"

She drew over to her end of the seat, and subsided into an abstracted silence, as we swerved across toward the Drive. I knew that it was hopeless to expect her to volunteer further information, and, indeed, doubted if she possessed it.

When the car whirled up to our destination Madelyn was out on the walk before the last revolution of the wheels had ceased.

We were not more than half way up the steps of the Hendricks' residence when the door flew open, and a young man, who had evidently been stationed in the hall awaiting our arrival, sprang forward to meet us.

Madelyn smiled as she caught his impulsively extended hand.

"Any new developments, Mr. Grayson?"

"None, except that Coroner Smedley is here. He is up-stairs now with the police."

Madelyn led us to the farther end of the veranda.

"Before we go in, it will be just as well if you give me a brief summary of what has happened."

Grayson walked back and forth, his hands clenched at his sides, talking rapidly. Madelyn heard him in silence, the darkness concealing her expression.

"Is that all?" she queried at length. For a moment she stood peering out over the veranda railing. "Miss Wentworth lived with her uncle, I take it?"

"Yes."

"And inherits his property?"

Grayson growled an affirmative.

"Suppose I change my angle, and ask if you are prepared to explain your own whereabouts at the time of the crime?"

"I have done so!"

Madelyn's eyes hardened.

"We won't mince matters, Mr. Grayson.

From the police standpoint, Miss Wentworth and yourself, as her probably favored suitor, are the two persons most likely to profit by Mr. Hendricks' death. It may be awkward, perhaps exceedingly awkward, that you were the only two in the house not accounted for at the moment of the shot!"

"I have told you the truth!" Grayson dug his hands into his pockets sullenly.

Madelyn turned abruptly toward the door, and then paused. "Was Mr. Hendricks aware of your sentiments toward his niece?"

Grayson hesitated. "Certainly."

"And was not enthusiastic on the subject?"

"Well, perhaps not, er—enthusiastic." Grayson's stammer was obvious. "To be quite frank, he preferred—"

"Yes?"

"Monty Weston; but, of course—"

What will he do?

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"I think that is enough," said Madelyn quietly. "Will you kindly lead the way in?"

Grayson's hand, fumbling in his pockets, was suddenly withdrawn.

"By the way, here is something I almost forgot. I picked it up on the floor of Hendricks' room as we were leaving."

He extended the curious green jade ball he had found in the music-room.

Madelyn's eyes narrowed. Then she said casually, "Quite an interesting little ornament," and dropped it into her bag.

The hall of the Hendricks' house was empty. The members of the tragically disrupted theatre party had retreated to the library, and were endeavoring nervously to maintain the semblance of a conversation. The police were still busy up-stairs.

"You had better join your friends," said Madelyn to Grayson. "We will be down presently." And she ran lightly up the broad stairway, as I followed.

The music-room of Homer Hendricks presented a scene of confusion shattering all the precedents of its peaceful history, and almost sufficient, one was tempted to think, to call back its late master to resent the intrusion on his cherished sanctum.

The body of Mr. Hendricks was still stretched on the carpet where it had fallen. It, and the massive piano, were the only objects in the room that had been left unchanged.

Madelyn gave a shrug of disgust as we paused in the doorway and surveyed the scene of ravage.

"Are you expecting to find gold pieces concealed in the furniture, gentlemen?"

Lieutenant Perry whirled sharply. "May I inquire, Miss Mack, since when have you been in charge of this case?"

The officer essayed a wink toward his companions, who had been increased by two plainclothesmen and the coroner since Grayson's telephone call.

Madelyn smiled. "Your powers of humor, lieutenant, are exceeded only by your powers of deduction!"

Her glance wandered over the turn-up room, with its chairs turned upside down, its rugs rolled up from the floor, and even its few objects of bric-a-brac removed from their places, and deposited in a corner. The search for the missing weapon that had done Homer Hendricks to death had been thorough—if nothing else.

Madelyn's eyes rested for a second time on the piano of the dead man. The instrument seemed to exert a peculiar fascination for her. With her glance fixed on the keyboard, which no one had seen fit to close, she bowed to the grinning lieutenant.

"Will I be trespassing if I take a glance around?"

"Oh, help yourself? I reckon we have found about all there is to find!"

"Have you?" said Madelyn lightly.

The police officer righted a chair and sat down heavily on its cushioned seat, watching Madelyn's lithe figure as she walked across to Hendricks' body. As a matter of fact when she dropped to her knees, and held a pocket magnifying lens close to the white, rigid face of the dead

man, she had the unreserved attention of every occupant of the room.

The lieutenant, realizing the fact, shrugged his shoulders. "Miss Sherlock Holmes at work!" he said in a tone loud enough to reach Madelyn's ears.

"I beg your pardon," said Madelyn, without shifting the position of her lens, "have you any information as to when Mr. Hendricks visited this room last, that is, previous to this evening?"

Lieutenant Perry hesitated.

"Why, er—"

"He had not been here for ten days, Miss Mack," spoke up one of his subordinates, and then continuing, before he became aware of the scowl of his superior, "He and his niece were out of town on a visit, and only arrived home to-day."

"Thank you," said Madelyn rising, and leaning carelessly against the piano. "May I trouble you with another question, lieutenant?"

The lieutenant glared silently.

"Did Mr. Hendricks use tobacco?"

"He did not!"

"Thank you!" The suspicion of a smile tinged Madelyn's face.

Lieutenant Perry crossed his left leg carelessly over his knee and thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat. The farther plainclothesman nudged his companion. This attitude of the lieutenant's was a characteristic prelude either to one of his favorite jokes or a verbal fusillade, designed to crush an opponent to the dust.

"If you are quite through with your clue-searching, Miss Mack," he said with mock humbleness, "I would like your expert opinion on a little bit of evidence we have picked up!"

His right hand disengaged itself for a moment and produced the blood-stained glove of Hilda Wentworth. Mr. Perry held it up almost caressingly.

"Would you care to take a squint at this with that high-power lens of yours?"

"Oh, I hardly think so!" said Madelyn indifferently. "That belongs to Miss Wentworth, does it not?"

"Righto!"

"Then, if I might make a suggestion, I would return it to the young lady."

"Oh, you would, would you," exploded the lieutenant. "What do you think of that, men? That is the richest joke I have heard for a month!"

Madelyn sauntered to the door.

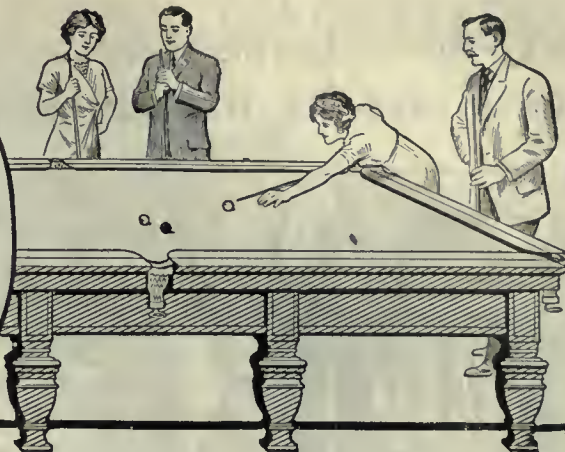
"I may have the pleasure of seeing you below, lieutenant," she said as she joined me.

The moment she had disappeared from the view of the men in the music-room her assumption of careless indifference vanished. Her lips closed in a tense line, as she paused at the head of the stairs.

"If those imbeciles had only left that room as it was!" Her hands were clenched as though every nerve was a-quiver. "Nora, I have got to have ten minutes alone in there! I must manage it!" She turned abruptly. "Will you kindly give Lieutenant Perry Miss Wentworth's compliments, and tell him she desires an immediate interview with him and the coroner in the library?"



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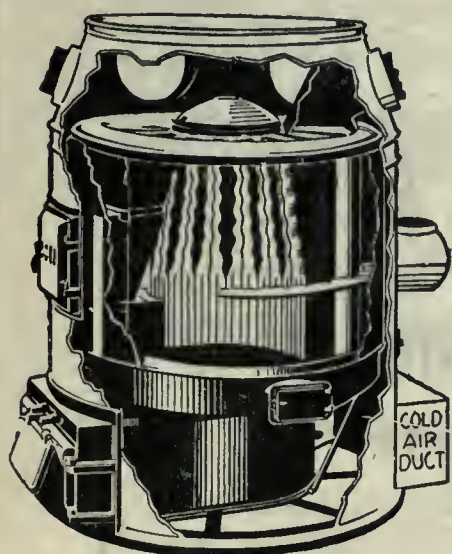
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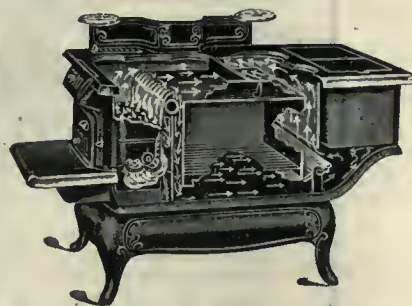
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"But," I stammered, "she doesn't!"
Madelyn glared, and then continued as though I had not interrupted her. "They will probably take two of the policemen down-stairs with them. That will leave only one behind. If you can inveigle him outside, Nora, the obligation won't be forgotten!"

"You speak as though I am a siren!" I snapped.

"Promise him you will publish his picture in *The Bugle* in the morning," said Madelyn impatiently.

She opened the nearest door, and disappeared behind it, as I returned to the music-room in my role of assumed messenger. I managed to repeat Madelyn's instructions without so much as a quiver at Lieutenant Perry's sudden scowl. With a nod to the coroner, he brushed past me at once.

Madelyn's calculation proved uncannily correct. The two plainclothesmen followed Coroner Smedley silently down the stairs in the lieutenant's wake. Only a red-faced roundsman was left twirling his stick disconsolately in the littered room.

"Good evening!" I smiled.

He glanced up with obvious welcome at the prospect of companionship.

I plunged directly to the point. "This is a big case, Mr. Dennis," I began, noting with relief that he was a professional acquaintance of mine. "It ought to mean something to you, eh?"

He grunted non-committally.

"I say, have you a good picture of yourself at home?"

Mr. Dennis looked interested.

"That is, one which would be good enough for publication in *The Bugle*?"

Mr. Dennis looked more interested.

"Because if you have," I continued enticingly, "and will do me a favor, I will see that it is given a good position in tomorrow's story."

"What is the favor?"

"Oh, merely, that you let me talk to you for ten minutes in the hall! A friend of mine wants a chance to look over this room without disturbance."

"You mean Miss Mack?" asked Dennis, suspiciously.

I smiled. "That picture of yours would look mighty nice, with a quarter of a column write-up under it. I expect Mrs. Dennis would be so tickled that she would appreciate a present from me of twenty-five copies of the paper to send to her friends!"

Dennis walked abruptly into the hall. "Come on!" he snapped.

As we reached the end of the corridor, I saw Madelyn step quietly into the room we had vacated.

I wondered curiously if Hilda Wentworth would rise to the occasion sufficiently to hold the attention of the suspicious Mr. Perry, and speculated grimly what would be the result if the lieutenant should return unexpectedly to the upper floor. My fears, however, proved unfounded. Before the ten minutes were over, Madelyn reappeared, beckoned to me pleasantly, and slipped a crumpled bill into Dennis' hand as she passed him.

"I'll look for that picture at the office,

Mr. Dennis," I said cordially. And then I turned anxiously to Madelyn. "Did you find anything?"

"Is it fate, or Providence, or just naturally Devil's luck that traps the transgressor?" returned Madelyn irrelevantly. She was tapping a slender-blue envelope. "Exhibits A and B in the case of Homer Hendricks," she continued. "A small jade ball, and a spoonful of tobacco ashes. They sound commonplace enough, don't they?" And she thoughtfully descended the stairs.

At the door of the library she faced the group inside with a slight bow. The hum of conversation ceased. From an adjoining alcove, Miss Wentworth, nervously facing a battery of questions from Lieutenant Perry and the coroner, noted our arrival with an expression of hastily concealed relief. It was evident that the task of keeping the gentlemen of the law occupied had taxed the girl's nerves to the utmost.

Grayson had taken a position as near the alcove as he could venture, and was glowering at her inquisitors, apparently not caring whether they saw his scowls or not.

"I will be obliged for a few moments' conversation, gentlemen!" said Madelyn pleasantly. "A very few moments, I assure you. I will talk to Mr. Wilkins first, if I may."

John Wilkins rose from his chair, as I found a vacant seat in the library, and joined Madelyn in the hall. In less than two minutes he returned, with his face wearing an expression of almost laughable bewilderment.

"Evidently the famous Miss Mack does not believe in lengthy cross-examinations," commented Miss Morrison as he resumed his chair.

"She asked me just four questions," said Wilkins dubiously, "and only two of them had to do with the affair upstairs. She cut me short when I started the account of our finding the body."

Lieutenant Perry, as though to show his disdain, deepened the rasp in his examination of Miss Wentworth as he saw Weston take Wilkins' place in the hall.

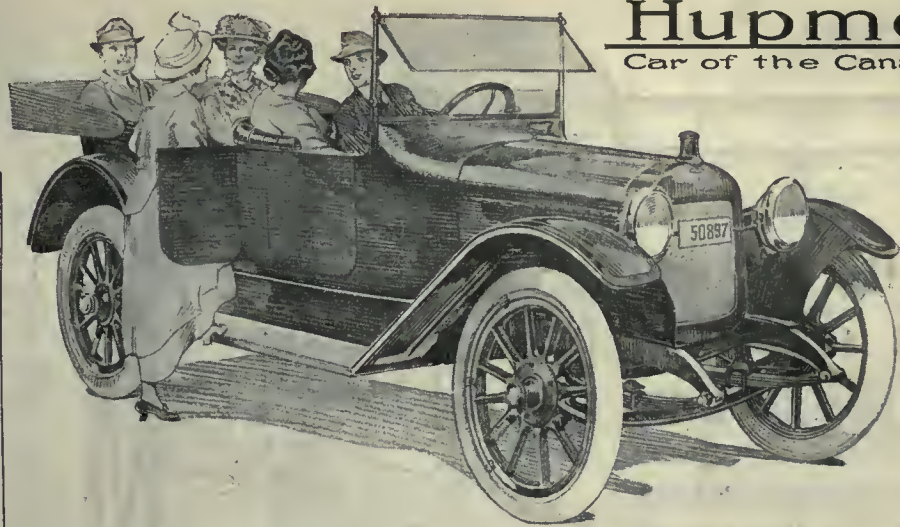
Weston glanced at his watch as he returned. "It took me just one minute more than you to pass through the ordeal, old man," he confided to Wilkins, with something like a grin.

Lieutenant Perry stepped out of the alcove with a gesture of finality.

"Have you a version of the case to give to *The Bugle*, Lieutenant?" I asked, as a ring at the doorbell and the shuffling of feet on the veranda announced the belated arrival of other members of the newspaper fraternity.

The lieutenant darted a sullen glance in the direction of Hilda Wentworth. "You may say for me," he said acidly, "that, whether suicide or murder, a certain near relative of the dead man is holding back the truth, and, and—" his eyes traveled slowly around the room, "the police expect to find measures very shortly to make that person speak!"

A low cry broke from Hilda Wentworth. Darting across the room, she



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caught the lieutenant's arm imploringly.

"Oh, please, sir, don't, don't—"

"I hardly think you need alarm yourself, Miss Wentworth!"

Madelyn was smiling quietly from the doorway. "I trust, Miss Noraker," she continued, addressing me, "that *The Bugle* will do Miss Wentworth the justice, and myself the favor, of announcing that I am prepared to *prove* that no relative of Mr. Hendricks had any connection with his death, or possesses any knowledge of how it was brought about! And furthermore, for Lieutenant Perry's peace of mind, you may add that it is a case not of suicide—but of murder!"

The lieutenant's face went a sudden, pasty yellow. Madelyn slowly drew on her gloves.

"By the way, Lieutenant, if you and the coroner have time to meet me here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I will take pleasure in corroborating my statements!"

She bowed to the other occupants of the room. "I will also include in that invitation Miss Wentworth and the gentlemen who were present at the time of the murder."

She stepped back, and, adroitly skirting the group of newly-arrived newspaper men, ran lightly across the pavement to her car.

At the steps of the motor I caught her. "Madelyn, just one question, *please!* How in the name of Heaven could the murderer shoot, and then escape through a locked door?"

Madelyn drew down her veil wearily. "He didn't shoot!" she said shortly.

IV.

HILDA WENTWORTH, haggard-faced after a feverishly tossing night, was toying with her breakfast grapefruit and tea, which the motherly housekeeper had insisted on bringing to her room, when the bell of the telephone tinkled sharply.

Miss Wentworth took down the receiver wearily; but, at the sound of the voice at the other end of the wire, she brightened instantly.

"Good morning! This is Miss Mack. I am not going to ask if you had a restful night."

"Restful night!" the girl cried hysterically. "Two of those odious policemen have been patrolling the house constantly, and watching my room as though I would steal away with the family spoons if I had a ghost of a chance!"

Miss Mack's exclamation was only partly audible, but the girl smiled wanly.

"I shall be detained perhaps a half an hour longer than I expected this morning, Miss Wentworth. If you will explain this to Lieutenant Perry, and the other gentlemen I will appreciate it."

Miss Mack hung up the receiver abruptly. It was obvious that she was in a hurry. But there was an inflection in her tones that brought a new color to Hilda Wentworth's face, and she was sur-

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prised to find herself return to breakfast with almost a relish.

For a moment, after she had finished the call, Madelyn sat with a pen poised thoughtfully over a pad of writing paper. Then, tossing the pen aside, she turned to the telephone again.

"Hello! Bugle office?" she snapped, as a belated click answered her call. "Oh, is that you, Nora? Can you give me a few moments? Good! I wish you would call at the office of Ambrose Murray, the president of the Third National Bank, and tell him that you were sent by Miss Mack. He may, or may not, have certain information to give you. You will deliver his message to me at the Hendricks' home at a quarter after ten. Wait for me outside? Do you understand—outside?"

* * *

As the tall, old-fashioned clock in the library of the late Homer Hendricks rang out the stroke of half past ten, it gazed down on a group of six persons, whose attitudes presented an interesting study in contrasting emotions.

In the corner nearest the door stood Lieutenant Perry and Coroner Smedley. The lieutenant had refused the offer of a chair, and the coroner, who worshipped at the Perry shrine for political reasons, essayed to copy the other's majesty of demeanor, his smile of supreme boredom, and even his very attitude.

Grayson had drawn Hilda Wentworth's chair thoughtfully into the shadow of a huge palm, and was bending over her in an effort to buoy her spirits, which was apparently so successful that Weston, seated with Wilkins on the opposite side of the room, scowled savagely.

"Ten-thirty!" snapped Mr. Perry, ostentatiously consulting the gold repeater, which the members of the detective department had presented to him on the occasion of his silver wedding anniversary. "I will give Miss Mack just five minutes more. I have work to do!"

"The five minutes will not be necessary, Lieutenant," said a quiet voice from the hall, as Madelyn and I paused in the doorway.

"Quite dramatic!" came from Mr. Perry

Madelyn's eyes swept the room. Her graceful serenity had disappeared in a sudden tenseness. "You will please follow me upstairs," she said, moving back.

"Upstairs?" growled Mr. Perry.

Madelyn turned to the stairway without answer.

Miss Wentworth and Grayson were the first to comply, and the lieutenant, observing that the others were joining them, brought up a sullen rear, with the coroner endeavoring to copy his appearance of contempt.

Madelyn paused at the door of the music-room, and waited silently for us to enter. The shattered door had been temporarily repaired, and placed on a new set of hinges. Madelyn closed it, and stepped to the centre of the room. She stood for a moment, staring abstractedly up at a brightly colored Turner landscape. A silence crept through the apart-



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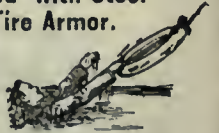
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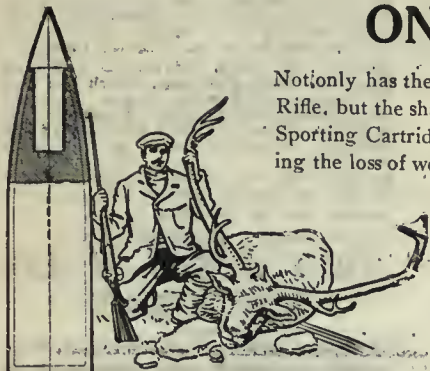
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ment, so pregnant that even Lieutenant Perry squared his shoulders.

"I am going to tell you the story of a tragedy," began Madelyn, with her eyes still fixed on the landscape as though studying its bold coloring.

"In all of my peculiar experience I have never met with a crime so artistically conceived and so diabolically carried out. From a personal standpoint, I may even say that I owe the author my thanks for one of the most interesting problems which it has been my fortune to confront. In these days of bungled crime, it is a relief to cross wits with one who has really raised murder to a fine art!"

Her left hand mechanically, almost unconsciously, dropped a small round object into the palm of her right hand. It was a green jade ball. From somewhere in the room came a sudden low sound like the hiss of a trampled snake.

Madelyn's eyes dropped to the ball almost caressingly. "I am now about to re-enact the drama of Mr. Homer Hendrick's murder. I hardly think it will be necessary to caution silence until I am quite through!"

She stepped to the piano at the other end of the room, twirled the music stool a moment, and, carefully inspecting its height like a musician critical of trifles, took her seat at the keyboard.

Her hands ran lightly over the keys with the touch of the born music-lover. Then, without preamble she broke into the storm scene from "William Tell."

Miss Wentworth was gazing at Grayson with a sort of dumb wonder. The young man pressed her arm gently.

The expression of superior boredom had entirely left Lieutenant Perry's ruddy features.

Madelyn's fingers seemed fairly to race over the keys. The thundering music of Rossini rolled through the apartment. Madelyn was reaching the climax in that superb musical painting of the war of the elements.

Again that low sibilant sound like a serpent's hiss sounded from somewhere in the taut-nerved audience, to be drowned by the sharp, clear-cut report of a revolver!

Madelyn's fingers wavered, her elbow fell with a sharp discord on the keys, and she staggered back from the stool. In the front of the piano, at a point almost directly opposite her left temple, a small hole, perhaps the diameter of a quarter, had opened in the elaborate carving, and from it curled a thin spiral of blue smoke!

With a jagged splotch of powder extending from her temple to her cheek, Madelyn sprang to her feet. From the rear of the room, a man, crouching forward in his chair, darted toward the door. Lieutenant Perry's hand flashed from his pocket with the instinct of the veteran policeman. At the end of his outflung arm frowned the blue muzzle of a revolver.

"You may arrest Mr. Montague Weston for the murder of Homer Hendricks!" came the quiet voice of Madelyn.

The words, instead of a spur, acted

with much the effect of a sledge-hammer on the agitated figure of Weston. For an instant he gazed wildly about the room like a man confronted with a ghastly specter. The steady coolness of purpose, that had marked his brilliant rise at the bar, had shriveled in the heart-stabbing moments of Madelyn's demonstration. As Lieutenant Perry stretched a hand toward him, he fell in a sobbing heap at the officer's feet.

Madelyn jerked her head significantly from the white, drawn face of Hilda Wentworth to Weston's moaning form. The lieutenant fastened his hand on the man's collar and dragged him to his feet as the coroner flung open the door.

The suddenness of it all had gripped us by a magnet. The creaking of a chair sounded in the tension with a sharpness that was almost painful. The denouement had occurred with the swiftness of a film from a moving picture machine—and was blotted out as swiftly as the lieutenant closed the door behind his cowering prisoner.

Grayson breathed a long, deep sigh.

"How, how in thunder, Miss Mack, did—"

Madelyn had resumed her toying with the green jade ball. With a gesture almost like that of a schoolmistress addressing a dense student, she stepped across to the piano, and inserted the ball in the small, round hole in the heavy carving, through which had floated the blue curl of smoke. It exactly matched six other balls of green jade, set into the panels in a fantastic ornamentation.

"Before this instrument is used again," said Madelyn, as she turned, "I would recommend a thorough overhauling. Just behind the opening which I have filled is the muzzle of a revolver—loaded with a blank cartridge for this morning's purpose, but which has not always been so harmless.

"From its trigger, you will find—as I assured myself last night—a wire spring connecting with one of the treble D flats on the keyboard. When Mr. Hendricks struck it in the overture of 'William Tell,' and again when I repeated his action just now, the pressure of the key released the trigger of the weapon, and it was automatically exploded.

"When Weston attached the apparatus—your ten days' absence from the house, Miss Wentworth, giving him ample time—he used a paper substitute for the jade ball he had removed, and probably took occasion, when he entered the room last night, to cover over the exposed opening in the panels.

"Unfortunately for him, the imp of chance was dogging his trail. He dropped the jade ball—and the same perverse imp directed the hand of Nemesis!"

"The psychological effect of my repetition of the crime, after the shock of the discovery of his apparatus, would have taxed a far stronger set of nerves than those of Mr. Weston!"

She paused, and then added in a musing afterthought, "Perhaps, you can tell me, Mr. Grayson, what cynical philosopher has said that all women are fickle?"



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Madelyn shrugged her shoulders as though she were quite through, and then, with a sudden suggestion, continued, "The motive? What are the two greatest factors that sway men to evil?"

"The first, of course, is greed. Weston, himself, will have to supply the details of his betrayal of the trust of Homer Hendricks. It was not until Miss Noraker brought me, just before I entered the house this morning, certain confidential information as to the financial condition of Weston, that I was absolutely certain of this link in my chain of evidence.

"Under an assumed name, he has been engineering certain questionable mining companies, and had even persuaded the man who was his life-long friend to invest a considerable share of his fortune in one of his projects. Faced by the imminence of exposure, and ruin, and unable to conceal longer the truth from Homer Hendricks, Weston's devilish ingenuity suggested the death of the man who had trusted him—and the means of carrying it out."

Madelyn walked slowly to the door, and then turned.

"I have forgotten the second of the two motives that I referred to. Of course, it is the factor of jealousy, or perhaps love. May I mention your name, Miss Wentworth?"

"Goaded by the fear of losing you, he pilfered one of your gloves, and dropped it where a school-boy was bound to see its connection with the crime. I daresay that he would have offered to establish your innocence on your promise to marry him. He could have done it in any one of a dozen ways, of course, without implicating himself.

Madelyn gave a sudden glance toward Wilkins and myself.

"I think that Mr. Grayson wishes to discuss that factor of love somewhat farther with Miss Wentworth!"

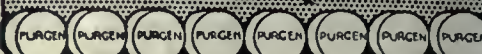
As we stepped into the hall after her, she softly closed the door of the music-room.

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The Hope Chest

Continued from Page 27.

the great key that filled the lock, and tried to decipher the letters on the top. And I told her that no doubt it had been the property of some old pirate of the Spanish Main. But she would not have it so, saying that it had belonged to a princess, at least, and so she had her way.

"And the days passed, and the Hope Chest was beginning to be filled with the efforts of her love, and then you came into her life; and love made her conscious of her womanhood.

"Poor old Granny! I remember she thought you were the finest of men—the soul of honor, a fitting mate for our Lily; but I—I was always suspicious. A man, especially a jealous father or brother, knows his own kind better than a woman and I saw beneath the exterior that you were only pandering to your vanity and egoism.

"Why did you do it, Harry? I say why did you break my little girl's heart? Why couldn't you let her be? Ah no, you must bring your handsome face to startle her young heart to delightful flutterings, and when you had made her care so much for you, you went away, and she died, wilted like a flower in a few short months.

"Sometimes I dream of her laughter. I hear it echoing through this old house, and awaken to find myself sitting up in bed and my arms stretched into the hopeless dusk."

His voice broke, and his shoulders heaved with great sobs. Suddenly, however, he raised his face, and the strange crafty look I had noticed before overspread his features. His lips moved in unintelligible speech. Then he rose with a quickness I had not thought him capable of and, stepping over to the old harpsichord, caught up the sword I have mentioned.

I jumped up, and grasping the heavy chair on which I had been seated, shoved it before my face as he came for me. There was a crash of splintering wood, but his rush had been so fierce that the weapon was knocked from his grasp and went clattering a dozen paces along the attic floor. He gave a low groan and fell with a sickening thud.

For a moment I stood looking at him there, a hundred thoughts flashing through my brain. What if he were dead! What explanation could I give of the affair? Then in a perfect frenzy of excitement I gathered him in my arms.

I don't remember my passage down the narrow stairs, or where I found brandy, but he was lying on a sofa in the dining-room, and I had administered some of the liquid and was standing regarding his bruised, wrinkled face when a door opened, and an old lady stepped into the room.

"Harry!" she cried, then a strange look passed over her face. In fancy I see her now, sweet-faced, grey-haired, trying in vain to still the candle that swayed with her emotion, gazing at me with pitiful, uncomprehending eyes.

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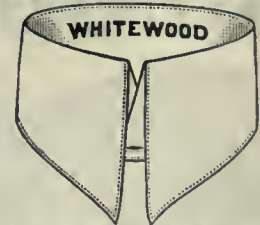
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There are no dust-gathering pigeon holes, no losing of papers, nor interference with air circulation as in most roll-top desks. Its built-for-the-purpose filing drawers are much better than the stick-and-bind old-style storage drawers that were a part of the flat top desk I used previously. My mail and advertising work is sixty per cent. heavier than when I bought the desk and yet it gives me such assistance that I attend to all this with much less effort. Although I am ordering additional filing equipment from you, the system will have its headquarters at this desk.

Solid Oak, Handsomely Finished Golden, Natural or Weathered. Top 28x52. Drawers on Rollers.

Practical Build—Enormous Capacity and Ease of Reference commend this file to you. All Solid Oak, so put together that it is almost wearproof. Roller Bearing Dust Proof drawers have follow blocks and full height sides. As efficient and serviceable as any file at any price. Capacity 20,000 letters. Golden, Natural Weathered finish.

No. 421

A SERVANT AT YOUR ELBOW

Weis Swinging Desk Stand

Swings and Locks into position when wanted. Swings out of way when not in use. Strong, Staunch, Solid. Does not vibrate. Oak Top 14x18. Black Enameled Metal parts.

Name of Canadian dealer nearest you sent promptly on receipt of your inquiry.



The Weis Manufacturing Co.

85 Union Street, Monroe, Mich.

New York Office - 75 John St.

Made in Canada by the Knechtel Furniture Co., Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

HELPFUL BOOKLET

"Filing Suggestions" sent with Catalog "S" of Time-Saving Office Devices and two kinds Expansible Bookcases—Free.

CANADIAN PACIFIC



ATLANTIC FLEET

HOTEL SYSTEM

PACIFIC FLEET

FAST TRAINS FROM COAST TO COAST

ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

The Canadian Pacific offers to the travelling Public, service and equipment second to none. They build, own and operate their Compartment Library Observation Cars, Standard Sleepers, Dining Cars, Coaches and Motive Power.

The Canadian Pacific own and operate a line of palatial hotels along the Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, thus affording their patrons every possible comfort.

The Canadian Pacific can ticket you around the World, and enable you to travel over two-thirds of the World's journey on their own trains and steamships.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature will receive full particulars and literature from any C.P.R. Ticket Agent, or write

M. G. MURPHY

District Passenger Agent

TORONTO

"You're not Harry," she said. Her eyes caught the old man, "What—what has happened?" In a moment she was by his side.

I found words: "He'll be all right in a few moments," I said gently. "He—he fainted; he—he thought I was Harry," I explained.

The old man struggled to a sitting posture and passed a wrinkled hand over his forehead; but I noted a sane look in his eyes as I stepped into the shadow near the curtains.

"Nancy," said he shakily, "I've had a horrid dream. Harry?—Oh never mind. Have you wound the clock, Nancy?"

I pulled aside the curtains and entered the hallway with light, feverish step, found my hat and stick, and in a moment had entered the rain-lashed night. I almost ran to the huge, wrought-iron gate, found and pulled back the bolt and sped like a criminal along the murky, muddy highway.

On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

Continued from Page 30.

who had suffered hardships did not mind a little inconvenience. We found Winnipeg City and regions roundabout wild with enthusiastic welcome and what we saw there was a sample of what took place in cities all over Canada when the boys came home. But at the moment we did not, perhaps, realize as somewhat unthinking lads, the darkness in homes that the rebellion had made desolate. All victories and stages in progress are won at great cost to some one and these darkened homes had at least the chastened joy of knowing that they had laid a sacrifice on the altar of their country's onward march. It is in a great sense true that it is the men who have fallen in warfare rather than the men who survive that have won the victory. And to this day all over the Dominion there are graveplots tended by loving hands that are shrines on the way of the pilgrimage of life for many.

"The muffled drums sad roll has beat Our soldiers last tattoo.

No more on Life's parade shall meet That brave and fallen few.

On Fames eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread

And glory guards with honored round The bivouac of the dead.

Rest on embalmed and sainted dead Dear as the blood you gave.

No impious footsteps here shall tread The herbage of your grave;

Nor shall your glory be forgot While Fame her record keeps

Or Honor points the Sacred Spot Where valor proudly sleeps."

A starchy fluid which is made from potatoes has been found to decrease the porosity of iron submitted to hydraulic pressure. When the metal is treated with this, it is claimed it becomes water-tight.

A Pioneer of Advertising

Character Sketch of the Late
T. J. Barratt, of Pears Soap,

by T. P. O'Connor

From T. P.'s Weekly.

It is difficult for his friends—of whom I was proud to be one—to realize that Tom Barratt—for so he was known to them—is dead. He was a man of such abounding vitality, of such a dominating and vivid personality that it is hard to think of him lying in the impotent stillness of death. It is not so many months ago that he was given a dinner by his grateful company in celebration of the presentation of his portrait, and then he looked the very picture and embodiment of that green and fresh old age which is one of the phenomena of our time.

There are many successful men who are the creatures and inevitable outcome of conditions, but Tom Barratt was not this class. He created and commanded conditions. When he, a little Cockney boy, with no endowment but his nimble wits and his energetic character, joined the firm of Pears—it was but a small and almost tremulous affair. It had descended for some generations from a race of barbers, regarding it as a kind of little perquisite to the main business of the shop; a side-show in every sense of the term. Its turn-over, even after these generations, was about four thousand pounds a year only. Assuredly it was some felicitous freak of fortune—for his first employment was almost a lucky accident—that brought Barratt into the business for which he was above all suited by natural gifts. He had daring, originality, a genius for gathering the mind and the tastes of the public; and yet, let it be added, natural born artistic taste. He came into business at a time when advertising was still a young and rather suspect art in this country—the United States, in this, as in so many other things, preceded us by a generation or two. It is on record that many of the biggest men in the country looked on this new method of doing business as so hazardous, not to say vulgar, that they shrank from it as from an unclean thing. I believe it is true that when Mr. Bryant, of the famous match firm, proposed to Mr. May, his partner, that they should advertise, that good old Quaker calmly asked to take all his capital out of the company. If I mistake not, the eldest Pears, who controlled the business up to the time when Mr. Barratt took hold, also was content to fold up his tent and leave the future of the business to the young and daring hands into which it had got. Mr. Barratt was essentially a daring man, an original man, and what I may call a thorough business psychologist. He grasped what part advertising

You Cannot Place Your Product on the Market to advantage



if the time that you pay dollars for is dwindled away by the irregularities and unpunctuality of your employees. By this unnoticed leak draining your profits each day, your loss may be counted into hundreds of dollars within a year.

The International Time Recording System

stands on guard without fear or favor, checking your employees' time and watching jealously your profits.—

**PREVENTS IRREGULARITIES
PROTECTS PROFITS**

Let us demonstrate a system that will meet your most exacting requirements.

If desirable we will show the Dey Decimal cost keeping system in conjunction with our Time Recording System.

90% of the Time Recorders used throughout the world are International make. Write for Booklet "I." It will assist you in cutting down production cost.

International Time Recording Co. of Canada LIMITED
23 Alice Street, Toronto

This machine binds sheets of finest paper without tearing

There is no device so simple, safe, and convenient as the Acme Stapling Machines for fastening pay-roll envelopes, backing statements, binding legal documents, filing papers, letters and vouchers.

It drives a broad, flat staple, which will hold the finest paper without tearing, and will puncture the toughest and hardest stock. Always in position for instant use. Does not get out of order. It is automatic and self-feeding.

Handsomely nickeled. Our catalog "A" will show you a model that will just suit your requirements. Request for same puts you under no obligation.

THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY, LIMITED,



(Patented)

Camden, N.J., U.S.A.

Without Obligation

There's a wonderful lot of knowledge about designing and executing ornamental iron and bronze that naturally doesn't belong to the public at large.

But the application of such knowledge is yours for the asking. If you are contemplating anything in these lines we extend to you the services of a very complete, expert organization. Tell us as much about your desires as possible and we will work out a solution skilful in design and harmony. This without obligation in any way. Then if you like and want it we'll execute the work with care and promptness.

**THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON
WORKS CO. LIMITED**

**LONDON
CANADA**

*Church Brass Work, Iron Stairs, Balconies,
Fire Escapes, Metal Wickets, Grilles, Mar-
quises, Bronze Tablets, Railings, Stable
Fittings, Iron and Bronze Gates,
Ornamental Fence, Lawn Furni-
ture, Factory Signs, Steel
Lockers and Shelving.*



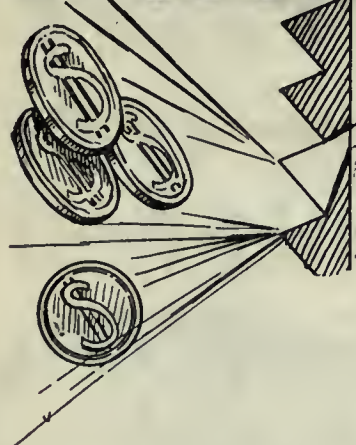
was going to play in the new business world which was coming into being with the railroad, the telegraph, the school board and the other big developments of the Victorian era. Let it be added that side by side with his daring and originality, there was in Mr. Barratt a bump of caution and calculation. As a buyer, he was quite as great as a seller. The hard common-sense, the strong will, the rapid power of calculation, made him a tough man when one came to sell him anything, especially on the large scale on which he had to buy material. And therefore even when Mr. Barratt seemed more cautious men to be embarking on some wild enterprise, it was known to his intimates that he had thought out, worked out, figured out, every detail of what his scheme would cost and what it would bring.

Some of the biggest things he did are known to the whole world, which is the best proof of their genius. "Bubbles, 'You dirty boy!'" "He won't be happy till he gets it!" "Good-morning, have you used Pears' Soap?"—even the splendid tramp picture which was due originally to Harry Furniss, and then for its propagation to Mr. Barratt—are not at these things as familiar to the whole English-speaking world as a quotation from Shakespeare or the Bible? Some of these big things came to Mr. Barratt by inspiration, some after long thought. They all owed their force as an advertising agency's weapon to his extraordinary power of reading the popular mind.

As his business projects were a combination of daring and calculation, so there was the commingling of various elements in his character. He was at once a hardy practical man and a dreamer and an idealist. The idealistic side of him found expression in an intense love of art. He was artistic to his finger-tips. In his house at Hampstead, he had almost a picture gallery. But that was not enough for him. When you entered his chief office in Oxford street, you had something like the sensation of living in the old Roman world of one of Alma Tadema's pictures. The gleaming white marble, the exquisite statuary, the flowing fountain, all seemed to be taken bodily from the life of patrician Rome, and from the designs of that wonderful Dutch artist who reproduced that dead-and-gone world so exquisitely for us. In his own den he was surrounded by fine engravings, and, in short, everything in his surroundings revealed the man to whom an artistic atmosphere was a necessity of his being.

Finally, as a man, Tom Barratt was a warm-hearted and loyal friend. He was never so happy as when he had his friends at his table; and equally good as a listener and a talker, he brought out in conversation all that was interesting and all that was instructive among his guests. Thus it was that he had a vast multitude of friends; and to all of them there will be a sense of irreparable loss in the disappearance from their midst of so vivid, so inspiring and so generous a personality.

DAYLIGHT



Saves

DOLLARS

During the Fall and Winter months artificial lighting expenses become heavy. This can be avoided. Daylight is free. With LUXFER PRISMS you can flood your office, store or factory with daylight. Why tolerate the expense of

artificial lighting when daylight is better and costs nothing?

The scientific accuracy of these prisms make it possible to shoot daylight into the remotest corners. There are over 50 different forms of LUXFER PRISMS, covering every possible requirement. For basements, gloomy stores, interiors or closely built office buildings.

Now is the time to change from expensive artificial lighting to the money-saving LUXFER DAYLIGHT SYSTEM.

ASK YOUR ARCHITECT—HE KNOWS.

Our Catalog "L" shows you how to conserve your profits. Isn't it worth your while to investigate? Write now.

Luxfer Prism Company, Limited

100 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

The Business Outlook

Advantage of Canada's Position—Demand for Her Chief Products Sends Up Their Price—Opportunities for Extension of Her Foreign Trade

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—That Canadian business men will have many opportunities to carry trade abroad when so many great commercial nations are at war, is one of Mr. Appleton's contentions, and he believes that Canadian industrial captains will be as active in their fields as her soldiers are in battle for the Empire. Great Britain maintains a credit system, keeps open the ocean paths, which makes possible almost normal trade in so far as Canada is concerned. To take full advantage of these opportunities it is necessary to have confidence and courage. He deprecates hoarding gold and says that it should be kept moving for the good of the country. No greater traitor exists than the citizen who in such times as those of to-day draws in his cash and bottles it up. Circumstances, Mr. Appleton says, indicate normal business as soon as the people of Canada realize that they are in a very advantageous position and quite immune from the physical menace of war

JUST a month ago the war dogs were let loose in Europe and chaos in the financial market and rupture of the credit system of the entire world followed. The credit system suffered more acutely when England became involved. It was then, for a brief time, chaos reigned. As they have so often done in great crises British statesmen and business men rose to the occasion. Statesmen in their dilemmas arising from world events of so cataclysmic a character as those of to-day are driven to seek the aid and advice of business men. Happily for the United Kingdom, and incidentally for the entire world, the British politicians and British business men draw very close together when danger threatens. When war was actually declared by Britain, confidence for a moment was under the influence of chaos. Promptly adopted methods restored order and gave confidence a chance to return. The way was paved for putting business on a footing that enabled it to get back to normal.

Before we can outline how the present war is likely to affect the course of business it will be necessary to enumerate superficially, at any rate, what effects in Canada were traceable to the European war. Germany's cruisers present on the Atlantic as well as the Pacific threatened the safety of ocean transport. Shipping was tied up in our Canadian seaports and in consequence foreign trade did not move, a serious result, the effects of which were instantaneous. Canada was not able to ship out the wealth she produces and with which she pays her debts.

In one respect the war situation has brought home to us a better realization of our fortunate position, geographically speaking. It will be noted, or will have been noted, that during the past few weeks our trade with 90,000,000 of people south of the international boundary has proceeded without interruption. It

will continue to do so irrespective of any possible development within the war zone. But all our trade is not with our immediate neighbors. Our best customer across the sea is the United Kingdom. We shipped to her ports a very large proportion of our exportable surplus of cereals. Interruption did not last very long. At the end of August just a month after England became involved in the war vessels were leaving Canadian ports for British ports very freely. For strategical reasons we are not permitted to know to what extent British vessels have covered those of the enemy. Some of the latter still menace the high seas and in consequence the marine insurance rates are high and add substantially to the cost of transportation.

INTERRUPTION NOT OF LONG DURATION.

It should be nourishing to our confidence that Britain, although involved in war with the greatest military power known to mankind, and next to herself the greatest naval power, was able within a few days to open up the high seas to the commerce of all nations except her enemies. At the same time through her bankers she repaired the credit system on which world commerce had for centuries relied, but which was temporarily shattered by the momentous war decisions of early August. After the lapse of a month we find the seas clear, international commercial relations again on the way to normal, and in so far as Canada is concerned, all obstacles removed that stand in the way of normal business.

Some difficulties have arisen of a minor character. Debts becoming due to the United Kingdom during the past month had to be settled by buying exchange at a very high rate, which added to the cost of goods originally purchased abroad something like three or four per cent. At the close of August it cost any merchants

An Authorized Trustee Investment

The Debentures issued by this Corporation are a security in which Executors and Trustees are authorized to invest Trust Funds.

They are issued in sums of one hundred dollars and upwards, as may be desired by the investor, and for terms of one or more years.

They bear interest at a special rate, varying according to the term for which the debenture is issued.

Interest is computed from the date on which the money is received and is payable half-yearly.

They have long been a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British and Canadian Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS.

A miniature specimen Debenture with interest coupons attached, copy of Annual Report, and all particulars will be forwarded on application.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

ESTABLISHED 1855

Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund exceed
TEN MILLION DOLLARS

Toronto Street - - - Toronto

Tried and True

True and Tried. Away back in 1870, The Mutual Life of Canada first undertook the business of life insurance. Since that time, forty-four years ago, every promise that has matured has been redeemed, while every undertaking for the future is absolutely guaranteed.

Tried and True. So now for nearly half a century the company has made good. It has distributed the enormous sum of fourteen and a quarter millions of dollars to policyholders and beneficiaries, and has become one of Canada's strongest financial institutions.

You cannot insure more safely and profitably than with

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

50% Saved on Pencil Bills

The "BOSTON" PENCIL POINTER sharpens every size and kind of pencil. Works with lightning speed and stops cutting when pencil is pointed.



Prevents waste and saves time. Can be attached to either horizontal or vertical surfaces. Transparent sharpening receptacle easily removed.

A BIG ECONOMY TO ANY OFFICE
MAILED POSTPAID FOR \$3.50.

THE A. S. HUSTWITT CO.

4 Adelaide West

TORONTO

SUPERIOR RUBBER & STEEL
MFG. CO. LIMITED STAMPS
93 CHURCH ST. STENCILS
TORONTO SEALS &c



The Whole House Shines

HOUSE-CLEANING is much easier and twice as effective if you moisten your dust-cloth with

LOCO
LIQUID GLOSS

A dry dust-cloth merely scatters the dust. Ioco Liquid Gloss gathers up all the dirt and leaves a bright, disinfected surface. It feeds the varnish and makes soiled furniture and woodwork look like new.

Ioco Liquid Gloss is especially good for cleaning and polishing all highly finished surfaces, such as pianos, automobile and carriage bodies.

In half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, and five-gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half-barrels at furniture and hardware stores everywhere.



**The Imperial Oil Co.
Limited**

Toronto
Ottawa
Halifax
Montreal
Quebec
St. John

Winnipeg
Calgary
Regina
Vancouver
Edmonton
Saskatoon

in Canada who had an account to settle in the United Kingdom over \$5 for every £1. This was an unpleasant fact, but not one that should materially interfere with the normal course of business.

Substantial interruption to Canadian business arose from the inability of our large jobbers to get merchandise from Germany, Austria, Belgium, France, or other countries which were in the war zone. It would be unwise to minimize the importance of this interruption. From Belgium, France, Germany and Italy for the year ending March 31st, 1914, Canada imported goods to the value of \$35,000,000 and those countries obtained merchandise from Canada to the value of approximately \$15,000,000. We may be able to get the goods we ordered from France in the course of a few weeks, but with Germany and Belgium we cannot expect to do our usual trade. Already many manufacturers are fully alive to the opportunity of supplying to Canadians those articles which hitherto have been obtained from Germany, Belgium, and France. To readjust business, however, will take a little time. It would appear, however, to be quite obvious that it is no disadvantage to Canada to provide more of the commodities she consumes than hitherto she has been in the habit of doing.

Disadvantages to which Canada is subject through the war may be summed up as interruption to her business with countries in the war zone amounting in volume to approximately \$50,000,000, and in addition the impairment of her capital supply. Wholesale destruction of wealth will make capital for some time very much dearer. Already Canada finds the high rate of interest a burden and she is in great need of capital. During the past few years, however, much new capital has been placed in Canada. Europe's coffers have been generous to us in that respect, but that continent's calamities will close them tight against us for some time. There is a silver lining even to this cloud. Not being able to get all the capital we ask for we will perhaps make much better use of that which we have procured. Within the past few years capital has been liberally spent in housing our new peoples, in building cities and industries and railroads. Tremendous is the only word that fully describes the extent of railroad building in Canada during the past few years. We may not be able to get money to continue this rate of expenditure on capital account, but it must be remembered that without railways on the prairies we could not gather their wealth in cereals or livestock, nor would it be possible to knit together the land or the people into compact Canadian nationality.

With so much new railroad mileage; so many cities, mere hamlets a decade ago, built up and equipped with modern improvements; and so many farms, not in existence a few years ago, equipped efficiently, we should now consider ourselves in a very fortunate position even though we cannot continue to borrow money as freely as we did. The war has brought,

for practically everything we produce, much higher prices.

We have just completed two transcontinentals and have laid firm foundations for many great industries and have established on the prairies 50,000 or 60,000 farmers. While we have not reached a state of development to which every Canadian aspires we must admit that at this particular stage it is fortunate for us that the world is in such great need of the particular products which the Dominion is fitted to produce. This cannot but have a very favorable effect upon the business outlook.

WHAT CANADA HAS TO SELL.

We cannot believe that business will long remain dull in Canada when what we have to sell abroad is largely agricultural produce. In 1913 our exports amounted to \$474,413,664, and of this amount no less than \$208,642,660 was in the form of agricultural produce. We are at the present moment in the middle of another harvest. It is quite true that in bulk it will not compare favorably with that of 1913 or 1912. However, what is lost in bulk is made up for in price. Assuming that we obtain for our agricultural produce this year prices that will make its value as great as the value of the crop a year ago, there does not appear to us to be any sound reason for very dull business during the closing months of the present year.

HIGH PRICES THAT COUNT.

To get an idea of what Canada has to sell it may be of some advantage to business men to study our exports. We have prepared a small table from the Government returns which shows what they were according to broad groups in the years 1912 and 1913 and for the first six months of the present year.

What We Sell Abroad.			
	1912	1913	1914*
The Mines	\$54,340,640	\$59,073,167	\$25,536,126
Fisheries	16,350,174	20,237,348	7,310,743
Forest	43,586,853	42,532,673	16,497,723
Animal Products	43,494,758	51,612,569	19,668,960
Agricultural Products	142,305,275	208,642,660	47,282,925
Manufactures	41,798,920	54,010,873	31,786,495
Miscellaneous Domestic Products	95,262	108,777	145,751
Coin and Bullion	341,980,882	436,218,067	148,231,721
Foreign Products	15,128,410	13,894,418	17,786,096
Grand Total	20,984,698	24,301,179	8,537,784
	378,093,990	474,413,664	174,555,601

* For six months.

WHEAT CROP VALUES.

A very large proportion of the agricultural product which we ship and which constitutes so large a proportion of the total exports of the Dominion is wheat and wheat products. Just a year ago October wheat sold at Winnipeg at 89c, and at the present time, that is August 30th, 1914, the price was \$1.11, or 32 per cent. higher.

Compare These Prices.

	August, 1914	August, 1913
Wheat	1.11	89
October	1.11	87
December	1.11	87
May	1.17	92

At the time of writing there is practically the same increase in wheat for delivery next May. Last year the Western crop was approximately 180,000,000

bushels of wheat; at 89c its value is \$160,000,000. Authorities appear to agree that this year's crop of wheat in the West will be approximately 150,000,000 bushels. At prevailing prices it will bring \$165,000,000. Likewise with the coarser grain. The yield this year is very much less than a year ago, but the price is higher. If to the advantage of higher prices we add that of an early harvest permitting the farmer to get his cash early and save interest charges he will be as well off this year as in any previous year. He should therefore be a good purchaser.

OUR LIVESTOCK PRODUCT.

Wheat is admittedly the great product of Canada. It is not the only one, however. We attach great importance to it because of the large proportion of wheat products which we export. If hay could be exported at a profit we would have brought to our minds the fact that the value of the hay crop of Canada is very much greater than the value of the wheat crop. But because of its being so large a factor in our exports abroad wheat is looked upon as our principal product. Very soon we believe it will have a rival in livestock. During August *The Financial Post* estimated that for the first six months of the present year the farmers of Western Canada had received for hogs sold not less than \$10,000,000. They received, of course, very much more for cattle. But this hog industry is a new one. Two years ago the West imported bacon and hogs. Now it is looming up as an important factor on the continent in pork production. Cattle also, it will be noted, is figuring to a large extent, in our exports.

THE BUSINESS REVIVER.

In a foregoing trade table the value of cattle and hogs exported is included under the head of "Animal Product." In the case of cattle the price is very much better to-day than a year ago. Choice steers were marketed in August at \$7.50 a hundred as compared with \$6 a year ago. An advance of 25 per cent. What is more to the point is that the price is liable to remain firm. Here are two sources, cattle and hogs, from which Canadians are drawing cash to a much larger extent than they have hitherto done. They are becoming greater factors in shaping our prosperity. We have suffered some ups and downs because of the specialization of wheat farming in the West. To-day the wheat-grower of the West is becoming also a cattle raiser. Trading with him, therefore, will become as steady as with the farmers of the eastern provinces from Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean.

SOME CHANGES WORTH NOTING.

It may be of advantage to review somewhat the movement in the prices of cattle. We have stated that the cattle exports are becoming a factor in Canadian prosperity. At no time have prices generally in Canada been as high as they are at the present moment. In 1892 cattle in the West were very scarce and reached \$5.50 a hundred, but in 1894 the price dropped as low as \$3.50. In 1909 it rose to 4.1. At these

To The Lonely Soldier Boy— To The Busy Statesman— To The Worried Financier

History makers, in these times, times that will outlive all history. The soldier writing by campfire, the Statesman signing documents of worldwide interest, the business man doing his share at his daily post, in any place, in any climate, and every time, can depend on an "Aromac" Fountain Pen giving service. Prices \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

The "Aromac" series of steel pens include all popular Canadian patterns. A perfect pen, for every purpose. Made of high-grade steel, beautifully finished, by the world-renowned house of Macniven and Cameron, Limited, Edinburgh.

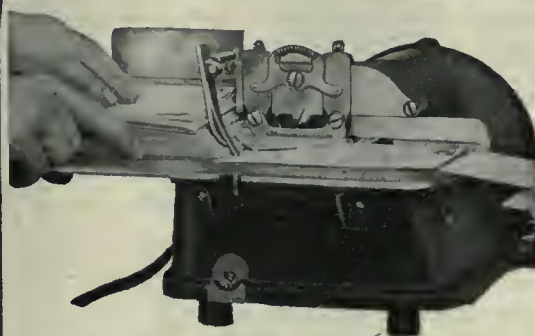
If you want to make an acceptable present to a friend going to the war, give him a "Trussell" cowhide-covered, loose-leaf Memo, or Diary. The covers are just one piece of solid, flexible leather. No layers to separate. No boards to break or warp. The metal parts are guaranteed (barring abuse) to last as long as the cover.

A. R. MacDougall & Co., 266 King St. West, Toronto

(95-G)

The Morning Mail Rush—How do you handle it?

You should have it distributed to your large-salaried Executives and Managers practically as soon as received. Why not try a



Lightning Letter Opener

Hand or Power Model
for ten days and have your mail opened from ten to thirty times faster than it can be done by hand and without cutting enclosures? All models cut a thread from the folded edge of the envelope as it passes flat-wise through the cutters, thereby eliminating possibility of enclosures falling out. Any boy or girl can run a Lightning satisfactorily. Hundreds of Lightnings in busy offices have paid for themselves and are now declaring daily dividends. We can send you copies of very favorable letters from firms that you know demand "100% plus" from any equipment they buy. Write for details and tell us your average daily mail, so that we can advise what model will pay you best.



Representatives wanted in unassigned territory.
71 Exchange St., Rochester, N.Y.
44 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

LIGHTNING LETTER OPENER COMPANY, INC.

A PRIVATE BOOTH ON YOUR DESK

You can insure absolute privacy and secrecy with

SCHER'S IMPROVED TELEPHONE MUFFLER

(A New Silencer Principle)



You need not leave your desk or go to a private booth to talk freely, and confidentially over the phone. This invention gives the equivalence of a Telephone booth. It is instantly attached and detached on the Telephone transmitter. No complicated parts. Occupies 3½ inches of space on the mouthpiece of phone and is at your elbow when in need. It is unquestionably the most useful telephone accessory of to-day. Made of aluminum, lasts a lifetime. Used by U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE, FIRST NATIONAL BANK, GUARANTEE TRUST CO., and thousands of others over the world. If dealers can't supply you, we will forward one prepaid anywhere in Canada on receipt of \$4.50. U.S. price, \$3.50.

Agents wanted. Write for territory

Old Way

Amalgamated Sales Corp., Mfrs., 1478 Broadway, Dept. C. S., N. Y. City
Canadian Sales Agents: **FREDERICK E. ROBSON & CO., 26 Front Street East, Toronto, Canada**

Well-Filled Sheaves in October Farmer's Magazine

The leading agricultural journal in Canada, with high-class illustrations, presents in its October number many choice farming articles and stories that will appeal to every lover of the farm and our Canadian Out-of-Doors.

Why Wales' Poultry Paid—By Walter B. Perry.

Tells of a successful poultry venture in the historic old county of Glengarry. Its information and results will be of much service to every producer of eggs and market poultry.

Marples—Ingenious Prairie Farmer—By F. C. Mackenzie.

Describes how an Englishman came to Canada 35 years ago, spent some time in Grimsby, and with \$50 and a family landed in Manitoba and is to-day worth \$60,000 and surrounded with all the comforts of an electric and mechanical paradise on his 2,200-acre farm near Hartney. It is well illustrated.

Apples on Vancouver Island—By W. G. L. Hamilton.

This is a particularly good article on the growing of apples in British Columbia. Varieties are given.

Money-Making Bee Women—By Thos. McGillicuddy.

This is a symposium of what several women have written themselves on the profits and pleasures derived from bee farming in Canada. It is an entertaining story.

A Blueberry Harvest—By W. A. Craick.

Not many people know that one of the chief summer sources of income to Nova Scotia farmers is from blueberries. Mr. Craick has been down there this summer.

Farmers in Peace and War—By Frank M. Chapman.

Following the article of Agriculture in War Times, the writer gives in this article much fresh matter regarding the present war troubles on the farm. Connected with this are the advices given by the leading agricultural ministers of Canada. Some war pictures illustrate the article.

Pen Pictures of the Peace—By W. D. Albright.

This talented ex-farm editor of Ontario, has told in his pleasing style something more about this great agricultural field in Northern Alberta.

Tree Ramparts Against Waste—By W. L. Smith.

This well-known journalist of national reputation gives his own experiences in pine plantings on barren hillsides. It is well illustrated.

Colonial Farm Residences—By Genevieve. A Staff Writer.

This series of farm architectural articles is doing great service in assisting farmers on the prairies and in the East to a better planning and construction of their farm buildings.

The City Man on the Soil—By Harris K. Adams.

This article gives positive evidence of what can be done on a small piece of ground by even an inexperienced city man who was out of work.

Her Chances of Happiness—By Ethel M. Chapman.

This with several other sketches forms absorbing interest to every girl and woman on the farm. The writer knows from experience the facts and fancies of farm life and she has probed the problems with the touch of a master. Her sympathetic and practical work runs through the whole issue.

Land O' Gold—By Justus Miller. Concludes in this issue.

It is a masterful story of absorbing human interest on the farm. Other fiction—the choicest to be secured—also appears in this issue. Many other features, such as the Month's Work, Questions Answered, Girls' Questions, Casserole Cookery, Young Folks' Evenings, etc., appear in this issue.

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prices there was not much encouragement for farmers. In the meantime, that is between 1909 and 1914, the price has doubled. The general shortage of cattle in the world indicates also that the price will remain high and there is an appreciable increase in the number Canada exports at these figures. Tabulated the year's changes in cattle prices are indicated with approximate accuracy by the following:

The Advance in Cattle Prices		
	August, 1914	August, 1913
Choice Steers	7.50	6.00
Best Butcher	7.25	5.75
Common Cows	4.50	3.25

WHAT CANADA PRODUCES.

At the close of 1913 *The Financial Post* estimated the wealth production of Canada for 1913 at \$2,509,295,000. It is opportune at the present moment when business tends to be quiet and when there is an obvious lack of confidence to point to the fact that our production this year will be as great as it was a year ago for all practical purposes. Because of the slight cessation of activity in mining and manufacturing there may be some slight decline as compared with a year ago. For every brief period there was little market for silver and in consequence operations were reduced to a minimum. This was not done in all cases. Interruption of this kind and from the same cause may result in Canada's wealth production this year being slightly less than a year ago. However, the difference will not be material and for that reason the following figures, covering the production of 1913, are given as a gauge:

What Canada Produces in a Year.	
Wheat	\$145,302,500
Oats	125,353,500
Barley	17,739,200
Other Cereals	23,938,230
Hay	137,691,120
Roots	58,441,000
Flax	17,769,600
Total	\$526,295,410
Fisheries	\$ 35,000,000
Mineral	145,000,000
Manufactures	1620,000,000
Forest	183,000,000
	\$2509,295,410

With our wealth production great in value as in any preceding year and with our trade routes open and a manifestly better demand for everything Canada produces we cannot possibly see any prolonged period of depression following the outbreak of war in Canada. It is quite true that our source of capital may be interfered with. That is if we get as much capital as before we would pay a very high price for it and the probability is that our demands will be lighter until such times as capital is lower priced. That will be a few years. Possibly, however, the geographical location of Canada and its immunity from the physical menace of war will make it look attractive to investors. Canada should nurse her credit and be as careful to preserve it as she has been in the past. A good reputation in this respect and our advantageous location may so impress the investors of Europe as to cause them to place their money in Canada. War's ravages will leave in the minds of the investing public of Europe the fear that they will again

return. Meanwhile in Canada the people are celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of peace with their neighbors. We need no forts to protect our boundaries, nor resort to compulsory military service. Our land is free from the physical menace of war. No war lords can thrive in the civilization north or south of our international boundaries. These are blessings under which capital can be profitably employed and therefore should attract to our shores a large share of the available supply of that commodity. Our hopes then of getting new capital are well founded and if our trade is materially less in the present year than last it will be largely due to our lack of adaptability and initiative. In a very short space of time confidence will return to business as already Great Britain, and her sons and daughters, are manifesting the same doggedness as in the past, a doggedness and perseverance that does not know defeat. The same qualities are essential in business.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR BUSINESS.

Commercial experts on the Continent and some eminent men in England and Europe are of the opinion that the present war in Europe provides the United States with an opportunity of becoming the great manufacturing centre of the world. No doubt our neighbors stand to profit very largely and they are fully alive to that fact. There are, however, certain lines which can be supplied from Canada as advantageously, or more so, than from the United States. As yet, when compared with the great industrial countries, Canada does not rank as a large factor in supplying manufactured goods. However, we should bear in mind the fact that our industries are growing. Having at their doors vast natural resources and big supplies of raw material and cheaper motive power than can be obtained elsewhere, there is every reason to hope that the present may be the time from which Canada's greater industrial expansion will date. There will never again occur such an opportunity. Germany, France, Austria, Belgium, Russia and to a limited extent Great Britain, are all handicapped by the war. Their activities in the markets of the world are now reduced to a minimum. When will we find a period in which the vigor of strong competitors is so handicapped as at the present moment?

WHAT IS THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

With great competitors disarmed and placed in great need of our chief products; with a credit system that has withstood the strain of a world-catastrophe without resort to a moratorium as in so many countries of the world; and being immune from the physical menace of war there does not appear to be any reason why business should not proceed normally. There is, however, depression which has its chief cause in lack of confidence. It is psychological. Some factories had to close for other reasons than lack of confidence or lack of courage. Our implement manufacturers who supply the needs of Russian and German farmers would have been very unwise not to close their doors

Motoring Dust Nuisance Mastered

You must have noticed that the grass and flowers which grow within fifty yards or more of much-used macadam roads are oft-times as grey-looking as the road itself.

Motoring Did That!

Because all tires create a certain amount of dust, some motorists are unaware that one make of tire creates less dust than the others. That Tire is **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD**.

Less dust in motoring means more comfort for everybody—those in your car, those in the passing car, those in the on-coming car, those wending their way as pedestrians.



66 Cubic Inches Larger
No Loosened Treads

Never Did Rim-Cut
Only Real Anti-Skid

Road suction is the cause of the dust disturbance. It is also the cause of heated treads. Naturally, a tire which churns up less dust because it comes in less contact with the road, also heats up less and air-cools itself that much quicker.

Well, to see the point we are leading to all you have to do is examine the first **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD** you come across. That will be very soon.

Once you press one of your fingers on one of the **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD "V's"** and note its solidity, you will quickly see that the air space between it and the next "V" never touches the ground—is always clear for the circulation of air. No other tire has this feature. That's why every other make of tires raises more dust than **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD**.

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Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

213 Lakeside Ave. - Orange, N.J.

when the markets were closed to them and when they saw little chance of getting back the money already due to them for implements supplied to farmers now carrying rifles. It will take time to put these plants to work by either adapting them to new purposes or finding new markets. Behind them is the shrewdness equal to both. But give them time.

Outside of these factories and our steel plants to a partial extent, what others have cause to be idle? What are the commodities that we manufacture that are not at present being consumed and must be sooner or later in demand? The time of dullness will be when the great nations cease war and turn again to the arts of peace—when the great cost will have to be met. Prices will then decline. But with the continuance of war the greater will be the demands on Canada and business will be good or bad in exact propor-

tion to our energy and faith. If business men pull in their cash, cut out their activity, and "throw up their hands," so to speak there will be dullness. On the other hand courage and enterprise, not so much with a view to accumulating gold, but in keeping it moving, will maintain business in Canada at normal. Early in August, Mr. Lloyd George, who has proved himself to be a stalwart when danger hove in sight, stated in the House of Commons:

"In this tremendous struggle finance is going to play a great part. It will be one of the most formidable weapons in this exhausting war, and any one who, from selfish motives, caution or cowardice, goes out of his way to attempt to withdraw sums of gold and appropriate them to his own use is assisting the enemies of his native land, and assisting them more effectively than if he were to take up arms."

The Tortoise

Continued from Page 16.

collar around his neck and he would have passed for a blood brother of the British bull dog. And his motto, as might be expected, was: "What we have, we'll hold."

No one had ever sold anything to Silas Hennesly. He had sometimes bought certain commodities from certain parties; and that is a distinction with a difference. To interest old Silas in the financing of a new enterprise, one that had a certain element of doubt attached to it, was just as easy ordinarily as to teach the Maxixe to a one-legged drayman. But on the present occasion I approached him with a certain degree of confidence, remembering how the Star, at the dictate of interests behind it, had several times in the past hammered old Silas unmercifully.

"We're in a bad position in this town with only one newspaper," I began. "When that one paper is prejudiced, like the Star, it becomes a menace to business."

"My opinion about the Star is well known," said Silas.

"We need an opposition paper," I urged.

"We do. Badly," replied Silas. "But, son, I'm willing," and he almost smiled, "to let someone else have the undoubted credit that would go with the financing of the scheme."

It was always his way to beat the other fellow to the point. His heavy bilious eyes seemed to see right into you the moment you began to talk. And convincing Hennesly, once he had your drift, was like arguing with a devil-fish. His habit was to shoot an argumentative tentacle at you, that wound itself right around you and choked you off. Your only chance was to get him in a vital spot before he had an opportunity to incapacitate you. Accordingly I jumped into the breach without further sparring.

"If you had the interests that are cutting down the earnings of Union Electric snugly cased in a coffin and the last nail

could be driven in by advancing \$2,500 would you see that the lid was made secure?"

That interested him. His eyes blinked as dully as ever, but he let me go on.

"The men behind the Star have an advantage in every deal they start; the advantage of influencing public opinion in the hundred and one ways that a newspaper possesses. They control the council, they swing conventions, they hush up matters that would expose their own methods and they ruthlessly show up their opponents when opportunity arises. If you owned the Star what would you do to Harvey, J. K. Wilson and Barlow?"

Hennesly let me go on. I had set him thinking how his old business enemies, Jim Harvey and "Fifty-percent" Wilson, had used their newspaper to not only beat him but to hold him up to public ridicule as well. The thoughts I had aroused would leave his mind in plastic mood for the suggestion I had to make.

I continued to enlarge upon my scheme. To start a daily paper in opposition to the Star would require an initial capital of \$20,000. If he would come in for \$2,500, I could get six other citizens—I intended to take an equal amount myself—to come in on the same basis. A good location was available the need was keenly felt by all classes in the community; it was an opportunity that should spell big profits.

"I'll think it over," said Hennesly, when I left him. And that was almost as good as a promise.

The Times Publishing Co. was launched a month afterward, with Silas Hennesly president, myself secretary, and every cent of stock paid up in eight equal shares. A month later the Times made its first appearance. I got the first sheet off the press, capturing it after a struggle with Jimmie Wallace who had rushed out of a glass cage, marked "managing editor," to get the precious copy him-

self. For Jimmie, of course, was managing editor of the new paper; also city editor, telegraph editor, sporting editor, financial editor, society editor and art editor. Some of the titles were more or less ornamental as the Times would devote its columns very largely at first to local news and the telegraph service would consist of a few special wires sent through to us by a correspondent on a Toronto newspaper, engaged at a fixed remuneration of \$10 a month. Jimmie's duties, therefore, simmered down pretty much to covering the local news, in which occupation he was to be assisted by a gangling cub reporter, just out of school. The editorial page was to be handled by an old newspaper man who had once held some important position or other on a London paper, and who had settled down in Martinville on a small competence. Poor management had considerably reduced this competence, however, and he was glad of the opportunity to take over the dual part of editorial writer and proof reader on the new born Times.

Jed Jarvis was in charge of the composing room and had a page to himself in the Saturday edition. We gave him the title "mechanical superintendent and Saturday editor," and that more than satisfied old Jed.

The plant consisted of three linotype machines, a hoe press and a small press for job work (all bought on time), a fairly good supply of type and printing accessories, a typewriter for Jimmie, a set of office books and a safe.

We carried a fairly good showing of advertising matter in the first issue, including a half page from myself. Jimmie had seen to it that the first issue was a credit editorially. He had half a dozen "scoops" featured up on the front page in panels, under double column headings and so on—items of local news that the Star had missed.

Time will not permit of any extended account of the ups and downs of the Times. It had plenty of them; mostly downs. We got over three thousand subscribers in no time, but collections on at least half of the number were very slow. The advertising slowly dwindled to a minimum, due to caution on the part of the merchants who did not want to spend money on a medium in the experimental stage. In five months from the date of the first issue we reached a position where we had to either secure more capital or go out of business unless business picked up. Business did pick up, however. Advertising started to come back slowly, circulation increased rapidly and in the course of a year we reached the point where the paper was carrying just enough revenue to make both ends meet. Men who have had experience in the publishing business tell me that this was a record seldom equalled.

Our success was largely due to the energy of Jimmie Wallace. He turned out a brisk paper, full of live local news, presented in snappy style. With all repression removed, he developed beyond the work he had done for the Star and he scooped that paper right along. It was due to his almost uncanny faculty



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REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

We have an attractive proposition for you. We want men and women to act as our representatives in their spare time. The work is attractive, educative and profitable. You should know about it. For full particulars write a postcard to

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
143-153 University Avenue
TORONTO

for picking up readable news that the circulation of the Times started to climb up and that ultimately our advertising patronage increased.

We kept up an active campaign against the civic authorities, pillorying them at every opportunity and turning the strong white light of publicity on every move that they made. But, by prearrangement with me, Jimmie kept his heavy artillery under cover.

But I am getting in advance of my story. During June I found an opportunity to invest my current profits—they were getting better all the time—in a new venture. The country around Martinville was noted for its fruit products but there was no apple evaporator in the district so that the products of the orchards were shipped to neighboring towns. An apple and turnip buyer saw the opportunity to work up a good business by establishing an evaporator and talked me into the venture with him. The business paid us almost from the start, and inside of three years we had a string of evaporators throughout the country. The first foundations of what has developed into a fairly substantial fortune in my case were laid in the apple business.

But once again am I getting ahead of myself. I continued to see Alice Holworth regularly; and so did Charlie. The latter had taken on a shade more pompous manner than before and had changed his signature to C. Forrest Cutshaw. His practice was growing fast and he was justifying the confidence of the public by winning his cases right along. Perhaps this accounted for the fact that the race between us continued. He did not have sufficient time to really press his suit and I did not feel that the time was ripe to come to the point myself.

That was how matters stood on August when Hartley Herman, the member for our riding at Ottawa, died very suddenly. The Government opened the riding at once, setting the day for the election during the first week of November. Charlie started in to canvass the riding from Roach's Crossing to Parkinville, and did it so thoroughly that his party almost unanimously nominated him to succeed the late member. His election followed and in due course C. Forrest Cutshaw, M.P., departed for Ottawa, one of the youngest men ever to attain that exalted post.

About the time that my rival took his plunge into the political field, I started to work out a plan that I had been figuring on ever since the previous civic election. I did almost as much canvassing as Charlie did, but my work was entirely beneath the surface. I did not let my activity show. It is surprising how many men there are in a small city who can be depended upon to keep a secret. All the men I approached were of this class, and no one was taken into the confidence of those working with me until we were convinced that he could be relied upon to the fullest extent.

And in that way a new civic reform association was quietly built up, without our opposition getting any wind of the matter at all. I am convinced that they

thought the reform movement had received its quietus at the last election and were not giving us a thought. Thus we perfected our plans under cover.

Nominations were held one week prior to election and the candidates we had selected were quietly nominated along with a number of others who could be counted upon to drop out. I was among those nominated for alderman. Charlie had given notice of his intention not to run for a second term as mayor, so Halbery was entered by the other side in his place, and we nominated Alfred Hutchings, one of the shareholders of the Times and a solid reliable business man. It had been customary for the well-intentioned citizens of Martinville to nominate a number of reputable men for office but, with the exception of the previous year, few had ever stood for election. Little attention was paid to our movements therefore.

The candidates had until 9 o'clock the succeeding evening to qualify. At eight o'clock John Connel and Larry Barlow walked over to the city hall and looked over the papers that had been filed. None had qualified but the "machine" candidates who had filed their papers early. The pair stood around and chatted for a quarter of an hour and then Larry turned to go.

"It's all over but the voting," he said. "We have a walkover this year. You'd better come along with me to Darwin's. I'm driving."

They went out together and drove off. At exactly twenty minutes to nine, there was a sudden hum of voices and a clatter of many feet on the stairs leading up to the city clerk's office. That official stared over the tops of his spectacles with amazement as a steady stream of reform adherents flooded into the room. By five minutes to nine every reform candidate had duly qualified; and the big fight was on.

Larry Barlow and John Connel drove back to town about 10.30, and were surprised to find quite a lively crowd still in the streets. Newsboys were calling out Times extras, bill-posters were busily pasting up huge bills on all the boards around town.

"What's all the fuss about?" asked Connel, as they drew up at a livery stable near the city hall. "Somebody assassinated? War broken out?"

"The church crowd have put one over on you," said the livery keeper. "They've put a good ticket in the field this time."

"The hell you say!" exploded Connel, who was always moved to profanity by bad news. "Why Barlow and I were at the city hall until nearly closing time and not one of the Band of Hope crowd had as much as showed his face all day."

"That's all right," said the liveryman. "They were too busy to get around before. They just piled in at the last minute and announced their intentions. They've kind of caught you napping."

"We'll beat them again," said Larry. "Don't you worry about us, Sims. How about your rigs for election day?"

"Sold," announced Sims. "I hear the church crowd have bought up everything that runs on wheels. They engaged all

the halls and have the bills printed for their meetings already. Some bang-up speakers have been secured. They've bought up all the bill-boards. And their committees have been out working all evening. The town's divided up and each canvasser has his own district to cover. Jim Harvey was in half an hour ago and he seemed as happy as a little dickie bird over the way things were going. I wouldn't want to be bitten by him in the state of mind he was in."

"Suffering cats!" growled Connel, "we're left at the post this time, Barlow."

"Who engineered this deal, anyway?" demanded Larry. "It's not the way of the moralists to run things so quietly. Somebody must have planned it out for them."

"The Times extra gives Harry Haven as the president of the new association," announced Sims.

"Haven!" roared Larry. "Connel peel off your coat! We won't have a second's rest until after this election is over. Do you get me? We've got to beat this gang to a pulp!"

This conversation reported back to us in due course, spurred our forces on to renewed action. Our organization was beautifully complete and the work proceeded without a hitch. We canvassed the town from top to bottom. Every evening saw a meeting somewhere and we made sure that the speakers gave their audiences something to keep their interest up. The bill-boards blazed with "clean-up" literature.

But the big feature of the campaign was the work done by the Times. Immediately after the declaration of war, Jimmy Wallace unlimbered his heavy guns and brought them into action. Every night during the rest of the week, he shelled the enemy with corruption charges. Civic contracts were analyzed and facts about them exposed. The financial administration for the past few years was raked fore and aft. The charges made were not mere generalities. Wallace had facts, and in some cases affidavits, to back him up.

To say that the broadsides of the Times created a sensation would be expressing it mildly. The Star attempted a defence but its efforts simmered down to mere violent fulminations. The Times had "the goods" on the "machine," and no amount of invective could clear away that fact. There was some talk of legal proceedings against the leaders of the administration on the strength of the Times charges, but no definite steps were taken; we did not encourage the idea, being content with the prospect of a thorough housecleaning.

Election day came and it was apparent from the first that the tide had turned. Barlow kept his cohorts working with frenzied energy. But public opinion had been aroused at last, and the good citizens of Martinville flocked to the polls in sufficient numbers to sweep the old crowd clean out; and a sufficient number stayed around after the polls closed to make sure that there was no switching of ballots or juggling with the ballot-boxes. There was not a time when any of the ballot-boxes

Don't Let This One Bounce Off

Counting seven white horses with your fingers crossed is never going to lose that smoke jinx that's been making you wince in the windpipe. But if you slip around to the nearest shop and say, "P. A.," careless like, the man will hand you some pipe food that is bona-fide smokings.



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were out of the sight of our scrutineers. We took no chances on the fruits of our hard work being stolen from us.

As the time for the returns to come in drew near I confess that I grew nervous. Barlow and the other leaders had worked feverishly and they would stop at nothing, I knew. In addition Charlie Cutshaw had been induced to come out in favor of Halbery and the moral effect of this would perhaps be sufficient to turn a large number of votes. There was a strong feeling against Charlie as a result of his action. I could hardly understand why he had entered the civic fight at all, unless very strong pressure had been brought to bear on him.

But my fears were soon dissipated. The first returns showed heavy majorities for our candidates. My own election was assured early and as one sub-division after another came in it was apparent that we had made a clean sweep. Halbery was snowed under and every one of the old aldermen went by the boards.

Final figures showed that we had elected our entire slate.

About eight o'clock that night I again met Charlie Cutshaw. As on a previous occasion we were going in the same direction.

"Well, you beat us," said Charlie, grudgingly.

"Yes, we won," I replied. "And I want to tell you this, Charlie. Unless I am very much mistaken, you will find it difficult to secure your own election next time. You should have stayed out of this."

"How could I help it?" exclaimed Charlie. I could see that he was chafing at the part he had played. "But look here, Haven, don't run away with the foolish idea that my hold on the people of this riding has been weakened. I'll win in a walk next time."

"I hope so," I said, in all earnestness.

"Where are you off to?" he asked, after a pause.

"Upper town. Coming along?"

"No—I—I think I'll go home to-night."

The Manicure Girl

Continued from Page 10.

and trying to figure out what had hit him.

"Maybe they wasn't the grateful ones, young Hardy and his girl. They made me come to the wedding, and Mother was quite chocolate creams. She recognized me as the poor, embarrassed girl at Churley's, but not as the manicure girl of the Belveigh, and she seemed quite anxious about my family.

"Williams?" she repeated, as she shook my hand. 'Williams? Are you by any chance connected with the Williamses of Narragansett?'

"No; the Williamses of Park Row," I said, and the dear old soul was perfectly satisfied. She didn't know New York nor the names on the lamp-posts down Bowery way, and Park Row sounded real aristocratic to her, I guess."

The Advent of the Citizens' Hotel

Continued from Page 13.

make overtures to the citizens' committee with a view to having the latter take over their businesses. If a challenge was implied, it was promptly taken up. A regulation joint stock company, known as Bowmanville Limited, was formed and a board of directors elected. The two hotels were taken over, something like three thousand dollars was spent in thorough renovation and refurnishing and they were reopened as temperance houses, one being called Hotel Bowman and the other, the Balmoral.

DIVIDEND WAS PAID.

The subsequent history of the Bowmanville experiment embraces two changes, a little over a year ago one of the local industries approached the hotel company with an offer for the purchase of the Balmoral building, its purpose being to convert the property into a club house for its employees. The sale was ratified at a meeting of the shareholders of Bowman Limited, and the premises were duly transferred, thus leaving only Hotel Bowman in the hands of the company. The other development was the leasing of the latter house. The original plan was to operate both hotels directly through the board of directors and two managers. This was found rather burdensome as so much detail work had to be undertaken by the directors, who had as well their own interests to look after. So, it was agreed to lease the Hotel Bowman and the place is now being run on this basis. Last year a dividend of six per cent. was paid to the shareholders which makes a substantial return for a public-service enterprise of the kind.

THE NEWMARKET PROJECT.

The town of Newmarket had a somewhat similar problem confronting it, when local option was carried by its citizens, as had to be met by the merchants of Bowmanville. There was the same fear prevalent that the hotel-keepers would close up their houses and deprive the town of the benefit of places of public entertainment. To prevent any such contingency occurring, fifteen prominent business men got together and signed an agreement to the effect that, if local option went into force, they would pledge themselves to see that the town would suffer no set-back through the possible loss of suitable hotel accommodation.

When the vote was taken a year or so ago, Newmarket declared itself in favor of the abolition of the bar and forthwith the hotelmen announced that on the enforcement of the act they would cease to do business. The fifteen merchants had therefore to make good their pledge. They proceeded to interview the hotel proprietors with a view to buying out one or two of them but such large prices were demanded that at first it was thought

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better to consider the advisability of acquiring land and erecting a new building. The latter scheme proved impracticable for several reasons. A suitable site was not available for one thing and for another there would be a serious delay in building, which might prove injurious. Accordingly the committee having the matter in hand decided to put up the additional amount of money required to buy out one of the existing hotels.

A joint stock company was formed, the old Forsyth Hotel was purchased and the business continued, minus the bar, without interruption. The other two hotels in town closed their premises, leaving an open field to the new citizens' venture. Plans were at once made for improving the building and adding to its capacity. Part of the structure was torn down and replaced by a modern wing, an additional storey was run up on the main portion, the yard was enlarged, a new brick barn and garage were erected and eighty feet of new driving-shed built. Besides which the interior fittings and furniture were renewed and the whole place brought right up to date. The name also was changed to The King George, under which it now flourishes.

From the financial standpoint, the Newmarket experiment has proved highly successful. Altogether an investment of \$14,000 was made, \$8,000 of which went into the purchase of the old hotel and the balance into its improvement. A dividend of six per cent. on all the paid-up stock has so far been paid, the receipts being sufficient not only to cover this change but also to make possible all needed repairs.

TO ENCOURAGE TOURIST TRADE.

There is at least one good example of a citizens' hotel in the Maritime Provinces. This is the Grand Hotel at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. As the motive behind its promotion was a little different from that in the four cases mentioned, some reference might well be made to it. In Yarmouth it was not so much the absence of licenses that led to the building of the Hotel as it was the desire on the part of the business men of the town to promote and encourage tourist business. Yarmouth was and had been for years a Scott Act town and it was by no means due to the sudden cutting off of the liquor business that the agitation for a first-class hotel was started. The port lay on the main tourist route between Boston and the Annapolis Valley and thousands of Americans passed through it annually for Nova Scotia summer resorts. To hold a portion of this influx was one of the main objects kept in view by those who projected the hotel.

There was also a desire to have a good local hotel for other reasons. The other hotels in the town were small and inefficient, quite inadequate to meet necessities and not in keeping with the size and importance of the place. Even without the tourist business, which as a matter of fact never developed to the extent anticipated, there was need for something better in hotel facilities.

About fifteen or twenty years ago a citizens' company was formed to build a hotel and most of the merchants in the town took shares. The building was erected and opened and has ever since been doing business. It is, for the size of the place, one of the finest hotels in the country. Unfortunately its financial history has not been altogether satisfactory. A good deal of money was lost in its early days. Latterly, however, thanks to careful management there has been improvement and during the past few years it has been possible to declare a small dividend to shareholders. The hotel, of course, has no bar and is therefore to be classed as a temperance hotel.

A PERSONAL ENTERPRISE.

In the village of Millbrook, Ontario, local option went into effect about six years ago since when the hotels deteriorated considerably. Here, unlike the other towns mentioned, it remained for an individual and not a company of citizens to cope with the problem. One of Millbrook's foremost merchants, John C. Kells, realizing what the place was losing by not having a first-class hotel, determined to do what he could personally to improve the situation. Early this year he acquired an unused furniture warehouse and proceeded to turn it into a hotel. Furnishing it well and arranging it conveniently, he succeeded in converting the warehouse into a most comfortable place of entertainment that is well spoken of by all who have patronized it. He himself turned over the management to a capable married couple.

Though owned by an individual, the Waverley Inn, as it is called, is regarded by Millbrook people as more of a municipal undertaking than a private venture, for the motive that impelled Mr. Kells to attempt it was not that of personal gain so much as a desire to serve his home town. Accordingly, when it was opened last April, the people assembled in large numbers to participate in the ceremony and expressed their appreciation of the public service that had been rendered by their fellow-townsmen in no uncertain way. Since it was started, the Waverley Inn is reported to have made a satisfactory return on the investment.

There are doubtless other examples of citizens' enterprise, both collective and individual, in the matter of the provision of hotel accommodation, to be found in Canada, but the foregoing will give a fairly good idea of some of the more outstanding experiments that have so far been attempted. That it is possible for citizens to combine effectively for this purpose is obvious and that hotels such as those established in Renfrew, Ingersoll, Bowmanville, etc., can be operated profitably is demonstrable. The remedy for inferior hotel accommodation would therefore appear to rest in the hands of the citizens themselves and where such backward conditions exist it might be well worth the while of the people to follow the example of one or other of the towns mentioned.



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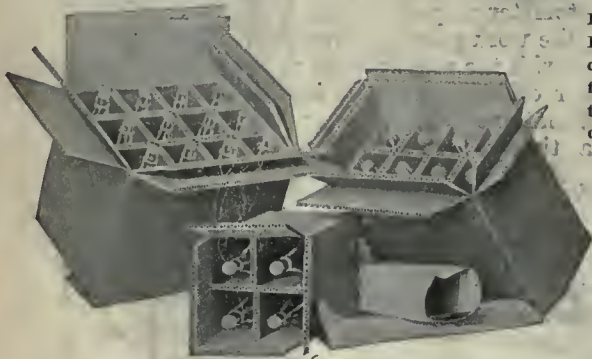


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If Canada Were Invaded

Continued from Page 7.

very markedly more thorough; training has been leveled up in some respects and, under the supervision of the general staff the education of all ranks, and especially of the higher ranks, has been improved. Let Sir John French's 'considerable period' be represented by 'a'; the militia should now be able to undertake active operations in time. I honestly think that as great an advance has been made during the past three years as it would be reasonable to expect, seeing that the stimulus of danger has been entirely wanting. But there is no scope for any resting on the oars. Let there be none; and if the recommendations I have made are in the main carried out, another four or five years should put Canada quite at her ease as to raids, great or small."

A summary of the recommendations to which Sir Ian Hamilton alludes are as follows:

Increase in the instructional staff of the active militia.

Localization of instruction in divisional areas by means of provisional schools.

Increase in the remuneration of officer instructors.

Direct engagement from outside sources of some of the sergeant instructors.

Increase in the peace establishment of the active militia.

Amalgamation of weak units.

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Training of rural troops at other times than during camp period.

Assimilation of permanent force units, if concentrated, to the regular model.

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Scientific treatment of horse registration in peace.

Institution of a national reserve.

Preparation of classified muster-rolls of men liable and fit for service.

Organization on paper of the reserve militia.

The recommendations, in essence, can be classed as changes in organization and improved methods of training and organization.

A STRONG ORGANIZATION.

In event of the Canadian militia taking the field at home to repel threatened invasion its first eastern organization would probably be made upon the lines laid down by Field Marshal Sir John French. That organization would comprise one cavalry division of four brigades, five army divisions, and two field forces and garrisons.

This first force, or an organization approximating its arrangement and strength, could be placed in the field for home defence almost immediately upon the completion of mobilization. With the war organization complete machinery will exist for absorbing 160,000 troops. There are, however, no reserve cadres, nor is

here any machinery for replacing the gaily gaps war makes in the ranks. It is not to be doubted, notwithstanding, that any call for volunteers would meet with a tremendous response, and practically the whole male population, between the ages of 18 and 60 years, would be instantly available for service.

The command and staff of the Canadian forces are, to some extent, modeled on the lines of the Imperial army. The Militia Council, of which the Minister of Militia is the head, is a body which, in times of peace, is charged with the functions of a commander-in-chief. In time of war a commander-in-chief is specially selected and appointed by the Government. The officer thus appointed takes supreme control of the entire Canadian army and upon him rests the direction of the entire campaign.

To the commander-in-chief would be deputed the responsibility for resisting any threatened invasion, and upon his efficient disposal of the troops and strategic ability would largely depend the length and scope of the enemy's incursion.

While the ready army undertook the first check thousands of recruits would be rounding into shape and coming to the assistance of their comrades. The horsemen from the prairie provinces would be exceedingly effective in service. Of them Sir Ian Hamilton was eulogistic. "The Western cavalry," said he in his report, "are fine. The physique of the men is just right. They ride daringly and well. They are keen as mustard, and their horses, the bronchoes of the prairie, show blood and stamina." These corps would be an extremely formidable force, augmenting with their dash the steady cavalry of the Eastern provinces. The artillery, too, could be depended upon to give a good account of themselves. "Certainly most of the militia artillery I have seen surprised me by the standards they had attained," declared Sir Ian. "The men are able to ride and bring their guns into action with considerable dash. I have seen them move fast, keeping their intervals, for quite a distance along a narrow, bad winding track through the forest."

But the backbone of Canada's defence would probably be her rural troops and volunteers. "Their hearts are in the right place," was the British Inspector-General of the Overseas Forces' comment, "and it is necessary to add in fairness that their physical fitness also, as well as the habits of their daily life, would go far in practice to bridge over the want of elementary military training which seems at first sight to separate them, to their disadvantage, from their comrades in the city corps. These latter suffer from the prevailing Canadian habit of preferring any other mode of locomotion to making an appeal to their legs, whose chief function seems very often to consist in standing at a street corner waiting for a car. The rank and file of the rural corps can, from the first day, cover a lot of ground. Again the rural men are quite at home in bivouac. They settle down right away and know how to accommodate themselves to heat and cold, wet and dry, wind or

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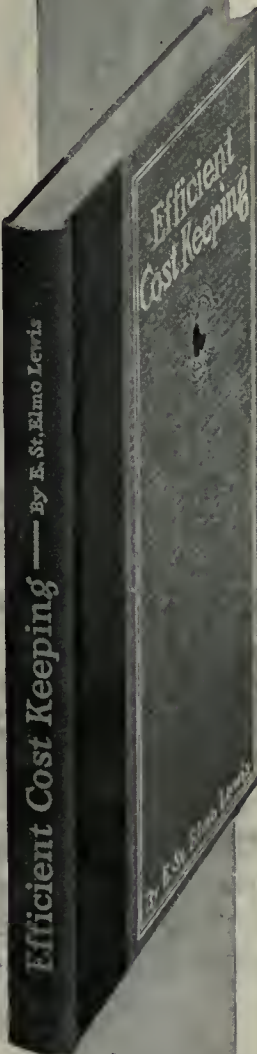
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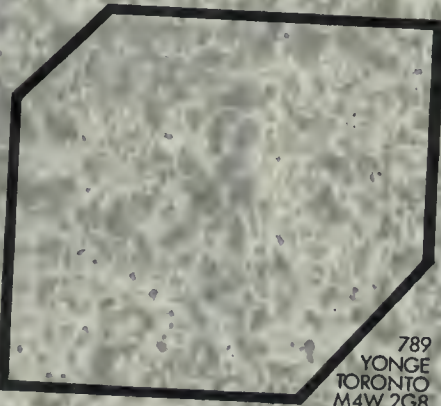
Here Canada's climate would come impassably to her defence. No force of invaders could live and feed themselves under the necessities of out-of-doors advance in her zero months of snow and ice. The problem of clothing and supplies would be gigantic; the problem of keeping alive the all-absorbing one. Meantime English Canada, Scottish Canada, Irish Canada, French Canada, Iceland Canada, Scandinavian Canada, and all the other cosmopolitan units in this great new-world melting pot of nations, every one intensely loyal to the land of its adoption and the flag that flies over it, would be arrayed, should to shoulder, against the impudent intruder.

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